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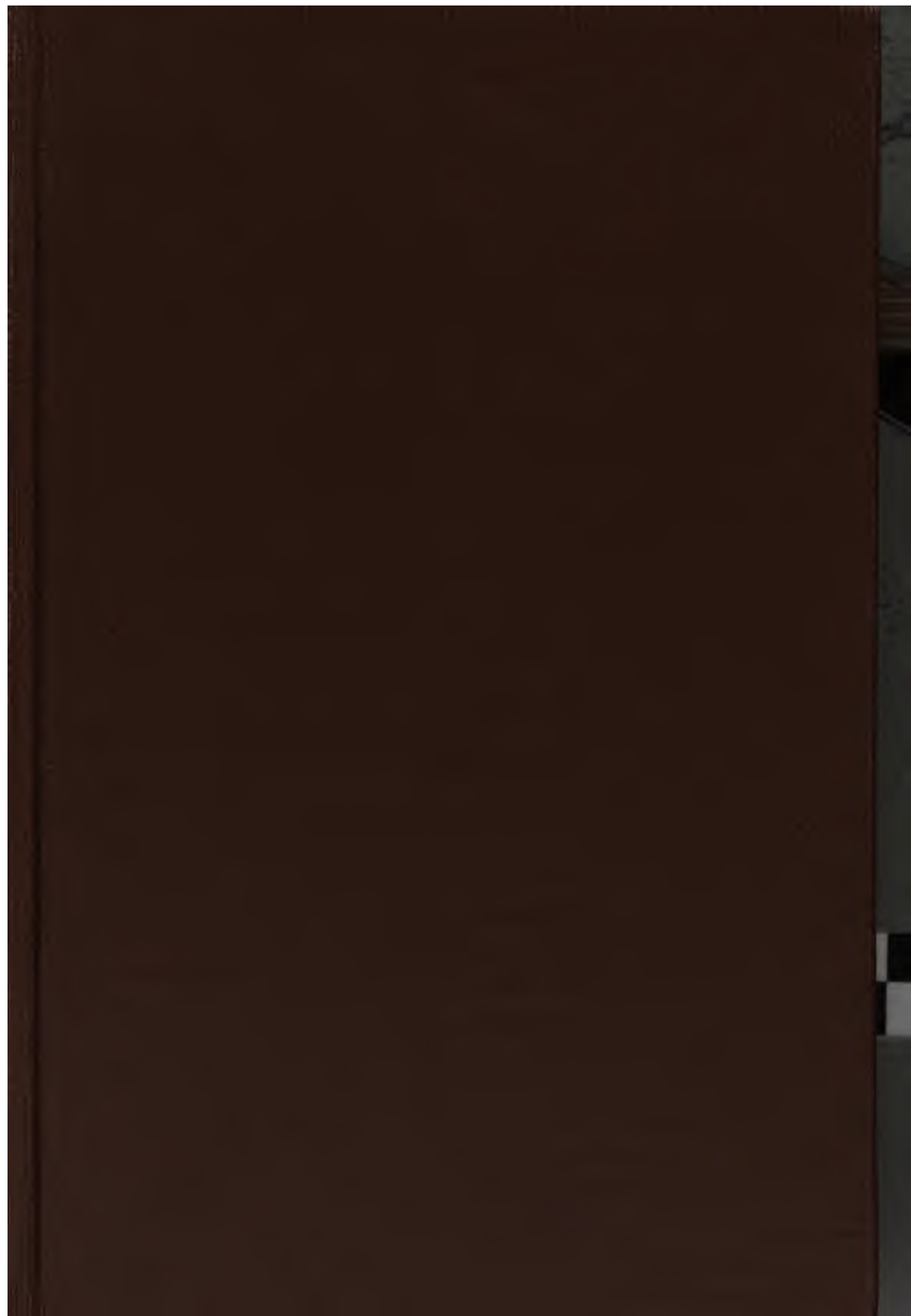
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THE
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REVIEW

VOLUME XLIV. JULY—DECEMBER, 1883

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LUTHER.

Luther's Leben. Von JULIUS KÖSTLIN. Leipzig,
1883.

PART I.

AT last we have a Life of Luther which deserves the name. Lives there have been many in various languages, and Collections of Letters, and the Table Talk, and details more or less accurate in Histories of the Reformation; but a biography which would show us Luther in all aspects—as a child, as a man, as the antagonist of Popes and Princes, and as a father and householder in his own home, as he appeared to the world, and as he appeared to his wife and children and his personal friends—for such a biography Europe has waited till the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The greatest men, strange to say, are those of whom the world has been contented to know the least. The “lives” of the greatest saints of the Church are little more than legends. A few pages will contain all that can be authentically learnt of Raphael or Shakspeare.

Of Luther at all events this can no longer be said. The Herr Köstlin in a single well-composed volume has produced a picture which leaves little to be desired. A student who has read these 600 pages attentively will have no questions left to ask. He will have heard Luther speak in his own racy provincial German. He will have seen him in the pulpit. He will have seen him in Kings' Courts and Imperial Diets. He will have seen him at his own table, or working in his garden, or by his children's bedside. He will have seen, moreover—and it is a further merit of this most excellent book—a series of carefully engraved portraits from the best pictures, of Luther himself, of his wife and family, and of all the most eminent men with whom his work forced him into friendship or collision.

Such a volume is singularly valuable to us, now especially, when

the forces of the great spiritual deep are again broken up; when the intellect, dissatisfied with the answers which Luther furnished to the great problems of life, is claiming on one side to revise those answers, and his great Italian enemy, whom he and the Protestant world after him called Antichrist, is pretending on the other that he was right after all, and that we must believe in him or in nothing. The Evangelicals are faint-hearted. The men of science are indifferent. The Romanists see their opportunity of revenging themselves on the memory of one who in life wrought them so much woe and shame; and had no such effort been made, Luther's history would have been overgrown, like a neglected grave, with the briars and nettles of scandal. The philosophy of history undervalues the work of individual persons. It attributes political and spiritual changes to invisible forces operating in the heart of society, regarding the human actors as no more than ciphers. It is true that some great spiritual convulsion would certainly have shaken Europe in the sixteenth century, for the Papal domination was intellectually and morally undermined; but the movement, inevitable as it was, might have lasted a hundred years, and the results might have been utterly different. If it had been left to Erasmus and the humanists, the shell of Romanism might have survived for centuries, while a cultivated Epicureanism took the place of real belief and dissolved the morality of mankind. If the revolt had been led by fanatics like Carlstadt, or Zwingli, or Münzer, the princes of the Empire would have combined to drown an insurrection in blood which threatened the very existence of society. That the Reformation was able to establish itself in the shape which it assumed was due to the one fact that there existed at the crisis a single person of commanding mind as the incarnation of the purest wisdom which then existed in Germany, in whose words the bravest, truest, and most honest men saw their own thoughts represented; and because they recognized this man as the wisest among them, he was allowed to impress on the Reformation his own individuality. The traces of that one mind are to be seen to-day in the mind of the modern world. Had there been no Luther, the English, American, and German peoples would be thinking differently, would be acting differently, would be altogether different men and women from what they are at this moment.

The Luders, Luthers—the name is the same as Lothair—were a family of peasants at Möhra or Möre, a village on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the Electorate of Saxony. "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote; "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, were all peasants." The father, Hans or John, was a miner. He learnt his trade in a copper mine at Möhra, but removed in early manhood to Eisleben, where business was more active; and there, being a tough, thrifty, industrious man, he did well for him-

self. The Möhra people were a hard race—what the Scotch call “dour”—and Hans Luther was one of them. He married a peasant woman like himself, and from this marriage, now just 400 years ago, on the 10th of November, 1483, came into the world at Eisleben his first-born son Martin.

Six months later, still following his mining work, Hans moved his family to Mansfeld, a few miles distant, in a valley on the slopes of the Hartz mountains. He continued to prosper. He worked himself with his pick in the mine shafts. The wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. Hans, steadily rising, became the proprietor of a couple of smelting furnaces; in 1491 he became one of the four Church elders—what we should call churchwardens. He drew the attention of Count Mansfeld himself, whose castle overhung the village, and was held in high esteem by him. Melancthon, who knew both Hans and his wife, admired and honoured both of them. Their portraits were taken afterwards by Cranach—the features of both expressing honesty, piety, and clear intelligence. Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honoured and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own later life that they had been overharsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles, worse than his fault deserved.

Of the village school to which he was early sent his recollections were only painful. He was taught to read and write, and there was what pretended to be an elementary Latin class. But the schoolmasters of his childhood, he said, were jailors and tyrants; and the schools were little hells. A sense of continued wretchedness and injustice weighed on him as long as he remained there, and made his childhood miserable. But he must have shown talents which encouraged his father to spare no cost on his son's education that his own scanty means would allow. When he was fourteen he was sent to a more expensive school at Magdeburg, and thence, after a year, to a still better school at Eisenach, where he was taught thoroughly well, and his mind began to open. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself what God was, what he was, and what God required him to do; and here the impressions of his home experiences began to weave themselves into what he learnt from books.

The old Hans was a God-fearing man, who prayed habitually at his children's bedside; but he was one of those straightforward people who hated arguments about such things, who believed what he had been told by his priest, but considered that, essentially, religion meant the leading a good life. The Hartz mountains were the home of gnomes and demons, or at least of the popular belief in such things. Such stories Father Luther regarded as lies or tricks of the devil;

But the devil himself was a grave reality to him while the mother believed in witches and was terrified about of them. Hans himself could see straight into a good many things. He was very ill used. The parish priest came to instruct him in the faith and suggested that he should leave a legacy to the church. Hans answered, 'I have many children. I will give what I have to them. They need it more.' He had something of his son's imagination. Looking one day over a letter from Martin he said to his son, 'How strange it looks if the millions of men and women sitting and thinking all over the earth—and all to be gathered into bundles like those cartloads.' Many such suggestions young Martin must have remembered and pondered on. He had a happy life in the village at the school at Eisenach. He is described as having been a merry quick young fellow fond of German proverbial and popular songs and stories. He had a passion for music and helped out the work of his education by singing psalms at night from house to house with three or four companions. A Frank was born the wife of a poor Eisenach merchant took notice of him in these occasions, made acquaintance with him and invited him to her house.

His promise was well kept. His father who had no feelings for the priest, designed him earlier for the law than the church, and when he was eighteen sent him to Erfurt which was then the best university in Germany. It was the period of the reform of learning, scholarship becoming was begun from the time when it required so long and young men were beginning to become freer in the broad atmosphere of truth and truth and reason. Luther was rapidly by the ordinary steps, became a humanist, and Magister and showed himself on the way with distinction. He attended all lectures and valued not the *Verba Verba* but hearts were growing in him which these studies failed to satisfy. In the University library he found by accident a Latin Bible which opened other views of what God required of him. He desired to be good, and he knew that he was not good. He was conscious of ambition, pride, vanity and other young men's passions, of which the Bible told him to cure himself. He was not a man in whom impressions could be lightly formed, and lightly lost. What he felt he felt intensely. His life had been untroubled if any great doubts, but he was conscious every moment of many little ones. 'Lord,' he said one day when he was washing his hands, 'the more I wash them the fouler they grow.' The line of an enormous beam brought rapidly before him the meaning of death and judgment. The popular story of the young Martin, said to have been killed at his side by lightning as it itself a legend, but the essence of it is true. Returning to Erfurt in the summer of 1515, from a visit to his family at Meissen, he was overtaken by a storm. The lightning struck the ground before his feet. He fell from his

horse. "Holy Anne," he cried to the mother of the Virgin, "help me; I will become a monk." Next day at Erfurt he repented of his vow, for he knew how it would grieve his father; but his life had been spared; he believed that the vow had been heard and registered in heaven; and without waiting for his resolution to be shaken, he sought and found admittance in the Augustinian Monastery in the town. His career hitherto had been so brilliant that the old Hans had formed the brightest hopes for him. He was bitterly disappointed, knowing, perhaps, more of monks and monkdom than his son. He consented with a sore heart perhaps hoping that a year's experience, and the discipline of the novitiate would cure a momentary folly. The Augustinians owned no property; they lived on alms, and the young Martin, to break his pride, was set to the lowest drudgery in the house, and was sent about the town to beg. Luther, however, flung himself with enthusiasm into the severest penances. He fasted, he prayed, he lay on the stones, he distracted his spiritual adviser with the refinements of his confessions. The common austerities failing, he took to hair shirts and whips, and the brethren supposed that they had a growing saint among them. To himself, these resources availed nothing. The temper which he hoped to drive out of himself clung to him in spite of all prescribed remedies. But still he persevered; the novitiate ended, and he took the vows and became full monk and priest. His father attended the ceremony, though in no pleasant humour. "You learned men," he said at the convent dinner, "have you never read that a man should obey his father and mother?" They told him his son had received a call from Heaven. "Pray God," the old man answered, "it be not a trick of the devil. I must eat and drink with you, but I would gladly be gone."

Two years passed away. Luther occupied himself with eagerly studying the Bible, but his reading would not pacify his restless conscientiousness. The Vicar General of the Order, Father Staupitz, a wise open-minded man, saw him, heard his confessions, and understood them. He perceived that his mind was preying upon itself, and that he required to be taken out of himself by active employment.

The Elector Frederick, Frederick the Wise, as distinguished from his brother and his nephew, had lately founded a university at Wittenberg, a considerable town on the Elbe. The Augustinians had an affiliated house in Wittenberg, and Staupitz transferred Luther thither, to teach theology and philosophy.

Luther was now twenty-five, and there is a gap of two years in his history. He must have observed and thought much in these years, or the tinder would scarcely have been kindled by the sparks which fell upon it at the end of them. The air of Germany was growing thick with symptoms of storm. After long sleep men were beginning to think for themselves, and electric flashes were playing about—sheet

lightning, still but strange and menacing. Religion as it professed to be, and religion as it was embodied in the lives of church dignitaries and priests and friars, were in startling contrast, and the silence with which the difference had been long observed was being broken by malicious mockeries in the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Vivorum*."

In 1511, business of the Augustinian Order requiring that two of the brethren from the Electorate should be sent to Rome, Luther was chosen, with another monk, for the commission. There were no carriages in those days, or at least none for humble monks. He walked, and was six weeks upon the journey, being fed and lodged at religious houses upon the way. He went full of hope that in Rome at least, in the heart of Christendom, and under the eye of the vicegerent of Christ, he would find the living faith, which far off had grown cold and mildewed. When he came in sight of the sacred city, consecrated as it had been by the blood of saints and martyrs, he flung himself on his knees in a burst of emotion. His emotion made him exaggerate his disappointment. He found a splendid city, a splendid court, good outward order, and careful political administration. He found art on its highest pinnacle of glory. But it was Pagan Rome, not Christian. The talk of society was of Alexander the Sixth and the Borgian infamies. Julius, the reigning Pontiff, was just returning from the Venetian wars, where he had led a storming party in person into the breach of a besieged city. The morals of the Cardinals were a public jest. Luther himself heard an officiating priest at the altar say scornfully, "Bread thou art, and bread thou remainest." The very name "Christian" was a synonym of a fool. He was perhaps an imperfect judge of what he observed, and he remained in the city only a month. But the impression left upon him was indelible. "I would not," he said afterwards, "for a hundred thousand gulden have missed the sight of Rome. I might have thought else, that I did the Pope injustice."

He returned to Wittenberg convinced probably that Popes and Cardinals were no indispensable parts of the Church of Christ, but still with nothing of the spirit of a rebel in him, and he flung himself into his work with enthusiasm. His sermons became famous. He preached with an energy of conviction upon sin and atonement; on human worthlessness, and the mercy and grace of the Almighty; his impassioned words drawn fresh, through his own heart, from the Epistles of St. Paul. His look, his manner, his "demonic eyes," brilliant black with a yellow rim round the iris like a lion's, were startling and impressive. People said "this monk had strange ideas." The Elector heard him once and took notice. The Elector's chaplain and secretary, Spalatin, became his intimate friend.

The incidents of his life are all related with clear brevity by Herr Köstlin. In this article I must confine myself to the critical

epochs. From 1512 to 1517 he remained busy at Wittenberg, little dreaming that he was to be the leader of a spiritual revolution. It was enough for him if he could walk uprightly along the line of his own private duty. The impulse with him, as with all great men, came from without.

Pope Julius was gone. Leo the Tenth succeeded him; and the cultivated Pontiff desired to signalize his reign by building the grandest church in the world. Money was needed, and he opened his spiritual treasury. He had no belief himself in the specific value of his treasures; but others had, and were willing to pay for them. "Christianity," he observed, "was a profitable fable." His subjects throughout the world were daily committing sins which involved penance before they could be pardoned. Penances in this life were rarely adequate, and had to be compensated by indefinite ages of purgatory. Purgatory was an unpleasant prospect. The Pope had at his disposal the superfluous merits of extraordinary saints, which could be applied to the payment of the average sinners' debts, if the average sinners chose to purchase them; and commissioners were appointed for a general sale of Indulgences (as they were called) throughout Catholic Europe. The commissioner for Germany was Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, Cardinal and Prince of the Empire, a youth of twenty-seven, a patron of the fine arts like his Holiness—loose, luxurious, and sensual—a rather worse specimen than usual of the average great churchmen of the age. Köstlin gives a picture of him, a thick-lipped heavy face, with dull eyes, a long drooping nose, and the corners of the mouth turned contemptuously up. The Pope had made him pay lavishly for the Pallium when he was admitted to the archbishopric. He had borrowed 30,000 gulden from the Fuggers at Augsburg, the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century. Leo in return had granted him the contract for the Indulgences on favourable terms. The Cardinal was to collect the money; half of it was to be remitted to Rome; half was to go to the repayment of the loan. It was a business transaction, conducted with the most innocent frankness. Cardinal Albert could not wholly be relied upon. An agent of the Fuggers accompanied each of the sub-commissioners, who carried round the wares, to receive their share of the profit.

A Dominican monk named Tetzl was appointed to collect in Saxony, and he was as accomplished as a modern auctioneer. He entered the towns in procession, companies of priests bearing candles and banners, choristers chanting and ringing bells. At the churches a red cross was set upon the altars, a silk banner floating from it with the Papal arms, and a great iron dish at the foot to receive the equivalents for the myriads of years of the penal fire of Tartarus. Eloquent preachers invited all offenders, the worst especially, robbers, murderers, and adulterers, to avail themselves of the opportunity;

insisted on the efficacy of the remedy; and threatened with excommunication any wretch who dared to question it.

In a world where printed books were beginning to circulate, in a generation which had been reading Erasmus and the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Vivorum*," this proceeding was a high flight of insolence. Superstition had ceased to be a delusion, and had passed into conscious hypocrisy. The Elector Frederick remonstrated. Among the laity there was a general murmur of scorn or anger; Luther wrote privately to several bishops to entreat their interference; but none would move, and Tetzel was coming near to Wittenberg. Luther determined to force the question before public opinion. It was common in universities, when there were points unsettled in morals or theology, for any member who pleased to set up propositions for open disputation, to propound an opinion, and offer to maintain it against all comers. The challenger did not commit himself to the adoption of the opinion in his own person. He undertook to defend it in argument, that the opposite side might be heard. Availing himself of the ordinary practice, on October 31, 1517, the most memorable day in modern European history, Luther, being then thirty-four years old, fixed ninety-five theses on the door of Wittenberg church, calling in question the Papal theory of indulgences, and the Pope's right to sell them. In itself there was nothing unusual in such a step. No council of the Church had defined or ratified the doctrine of Indulgences. The subject was matter of general conversation, and if the sale of Indulgences could be defended, an opportunity was made for setting uneasy minds at rest. The question, however, was one which could not be set at rest. In a fortnight the theses were flying everywhere, translated into vernacular German. Tetzel condescended only to answer that the Pope was infallible. John Eck, a professor at Ingolstadt, to whom Luther had sent a copy in expectation of sympathy, thundered against him as a Hussite and a heretic. Louder and louder the controversy raged. The witches' caldron had boiled, and the foul lees of popular superstition and priestly abuses came rushing to the surface. Luther himself was frightened at the storm which he had raised. He wrote humbly to Pope Leo, trusting his cause in his hands. Leo was at first amused: "Brother Martin," he said, "has a fair wit; it is only a quarrel of envious monks." When the theses were in his hands, and he saw that the matter was serious, he said more impatiently: "a drunken German has written them—when he is sober he will be of another mind." But the agitation only grew the wilder. Almost a year passed, and Leo found that he must despatch a Legate (Cardinal Caietan) into Germany to quiet matters. Along with him he wrote an anxious letter to the Emperor Maximilian, with another to the Elector requiring him to deliver "the child of iniquity" into the Legate's

hands, and threatening an interdict if he was disobeyed. A Diet of the Empire was summoned to meet at Augsburg, in August, 1518. Caietan was present, and Luther was required to attend.

The Elector Frederick was a prudent experienced prince, who had no desire to quarrel with the See of Rome; but he had seen into the infamy of the Indulgences, and did not mean to hand over one of his subjects to the summary process with which the Pope would have closed the controversy. The old Emperor Maximilian was a wise man too. He was German to the heart, and the Germans had no love for Italian supremacy. Pregnant sayings are reported by Luther of Maximilian: "There are three kings in Europe," he once observed, "the Emperor, the King of France, and the King of England. I am a king of kings. If I give an order to the princes of the empire, they obey if they please; if they do not please, they disobey. The King of France is a king of asses. He orders what he pleases, and they obey like asses. The King of England is king of a loyal nation. They obey him with heart and mind as faithful subjects."

A secretary had embezzled 3,000 gulden. Maximilian sent for him, and asked what should be done to a confidential servant who had robbed his master. The secretary recommended the gallows. "Nay, nay," the Emperor said, and tapped him on the shoulder, "I cannot spare you yet."

Luther was told that he must appear. He looked for nothing but death, and he thought of the shame which he would bring upon his parents. He had to walk from Wittenberg, and he had no money. At Nuremberg he borrowed a coat of a friend that he might present himself in such high company with decency. He arrived at Augsburg on the 7th of October. The Legate would have seized him at once; but Maximilian had sent a safe-conduct for him, and Germany was not prepared to allow a second treachery like that which had sent Huss to the stake. The princes of the Diet were out of humour too, for Caietan had been demanding money from them, and they had replied with a list of grievances—complaints of Annates, first fruits, and Provisions, familiar to the students of English Reformation history. The Legate saw that he must temporize with the troublesome monk. Luther was told that if he would retract he would be recommended to the Pope, and might look for high promotion. Caietan himself then sent for him. Had the Cardinal been moderate, Luther said afterwards that he was prepared to yield in much. He was still young, and diffident, and modest: and it was a great thing for a peasant's son to stand alone against the ruling powers. But the Legate was scornful. He could not realize that this insignificant object before him was a spark of living fire, which might set the world blazing. He told Luther briefly that he must

retract his theses. Luther said he could not without some answer to them. Caietan would not hear of argument. "Think you," he said, "that the Pope cares for the opinions of Germany? Think you, that the princes will take up arms for you? No indeed. And where will you be then?" "Under Heaven," Luther answered. He wrote to the Legate afterwards that perhaps he had been too violent. If the sale of Indulgences was stopped he promised to be silent. Caietan replied only with a scheme for laying hold on him in spite of his safe-conduct. Being warned of his danger, he escaped at night through a postern, and rode off with a guide, "in a monk's gown and unbreeched," home to Wittenberg.

The Legate wrote fiercely to the Elector. Luther offered to leave Saxony and seek an asylum in Paris. But Frederick replied that the monk had done right in refusing to retract till the theses had been argued. He was uneasy; he was no theologian; but he had a sound instinct that the Indulgences were no better than scandalous robbery. Luther for the present should remain where he was.

Luther did remain, and was not idle. He published an account of his interview with the Legate. He wrote a tract on the Papal supremacy and appealed to a general council. The Pope found that he must still negotiate. He had for a chamberlain a Saxon noble, Karl Von Miltitz, a born subject of the Elector. He sent Miltitz to Frederick with "the Golden Rose," the highest compliment which the Court of Rome could pay, with the politest of letters. He had heard with surprise, he said, that a child of perdition was preaching heresy in his dominions. He had the utmost confidence that his beloved son and the magistrates of the electorate would put this offspring of Satan to silence. Miltitz arrived in the middle of the winter 1518-19. He discovered, to his astonishment, that three-fourths of Germany was on Luther's side. So fast the flame had spread, that an army of 25,000 men would not be able to carry him off by force. He sought an interview with Luther, at which Spalatin, the Elector's chaplain, was present. He sobbed and implored; kisses, tears—crocodile's tears—were tried in profusion. Luther was ready to submit his case to a synod of German bishops, and wrote again respectfully to the Pope declining to retract, but hoping that the Holy See would no longer persist in a course which was creating scandal through Germany.

Perhaps if Maximilian had lived the Pope would have seen his way to some concession, for Maximilian, it was certain, would never sanction violent courses; but, in January, 1519, Maximilian died, and Charles the Fifth succeeded him. Charles was then but twenty years old; the Elector Frederick's influence had turned the scale in favour of Maximilian's grandson. There were hopes then young prince, coming fresh to the throne in the bitter throes of

a new era, might set himself at the head of a national German reformation, and regrets since have been wasted on the disappointment. Regrets for "what might have been" are proverbially idle. Great movements which are unresisted flow violently on, and waste themselves in extravagance and destruction; and revolutions which are to mark a step in the advance of mankind, need always the discipline of opposition, till the baser parts are beaten out of them. Like the two horses which in Plato's fable draw the chariot of the soul through the vaults of heaven, two principles work side by side in evolving the progress of humanity—the principle of liberty and the principle of authority. Liberty unchecked rushes into anarchy and license; authority, if it has no antagonism to fear, stagnates into torpor, or degenerates into tyranny. Luther represented the new life which was beginning; Charles the Fifth represented the institutions of 1500 years, which, if corrupt in some parts of Europe, in others had not lost their old vitality, and were bearing fruit still in brave and noble forms of human nature. Charles was Emperor of the Germany of Luther, but he was also the King of the Spain of Saint Ignatius. The Spaniards were as earnestly and piously Catholic, as the Germans were about to become Evangelicals. Charles was in his religion Spanish. Simple, brave, devout, unaffected, and wise beyond his years, he believed in the faith which he had inherited. Some minds are so constructed as to fly eagerly after new ideas, and the latest born appears the truest; other minds look on speculative novelties as the ephemeral productions of vanity or restlessness, and hold to the creeds which have been tested by experience, and to the profession in which their fathers have lived and died. Both of these modes of thought are good and honourable in themselves, both are essential to the development of truth; yet they rarely coexist in any single person. By nature and instinct Charles the Fifth belonged to the side of authority; and interest, and indeed necessity, combined to hold him to it. In Germany he was king of kings, but of kings over whom, unless he was supported by the Diet, his authority was a shadow. In Spain he was absolute sovereign; and if he had gone with the Reformers against the Pope, he would have lost the hearts of his hereditary subjects. Luther was not to find a friend in Charles; but he was to find a noble enemy, whose lofty qualities he always honoured and admired.

After the failure of Miltitz, the Princes of the empire had to decide upon their course. In the summer of 1519, there was an intellectual tournament at Leipzig, before Duke George of Saxony. Luther was the champion on one side, John Eck, of Ingolstadt, on the other. We have a description of Luther by a friend who saw him on this occasion: he was of middle height, so lean from study and anxiety that his bones could be counted. He had vast knowledge, command

of Scripture, fair acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew ; his manner was good ; his speech pregnant with matter ; in society he was lively, pleasant, and amusing. On his feet, he stood remarkably firm, body bent rather back than forward, the face thrown up, and the eyes flashing like a lion's.

Eck was less favourably drawn : with a face like a butcher's, and a voice like a town crier's ; a hesitation in speech which provoked a play upon his name, as being like the eck, eck, eck of a jackdaw. Eck called Luther a disciple of John Huss ; and Luther defended Huss. Luther had appealed to a general council. Eck reminded him that the Council of Constance had condemned Huss, and so forced him to say that councils might make mistakes. Papal supremacy was next fought over. Did Christ found it ? Could it be proved from the New Testament ? Duke George thought Eck had the best of the encounter. Leipzig Catholic gossip had a story that Luther's mother had confessed that Martin's father had been the devil. But Luther remained the favourite of Germany. His tracts circulated in hundreds of thousands. Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen offered him an asylum if he had to leave the electorate. He published an address to the German nation, denouncing the Papacy as a usurpation, which rang like the blast of a trumpet. He sent a copy to the Elector, who replied with a basket of game.

Eck, meanwhile, who thought the victory had been his, was despatched by Duke George to Rome, to urge the Pope to action. Charles had signified his own intended attitude by ordering Luther's writings to be burnt in the Low Countries. Pope Leo thus encouraged, on the 16th of June, 1520, issued his famous Bull, against "the wild boar who had broken into the Lord's vineyard." Forty-one of Luther's propositions were selected and specially condemned ; and Eck was sent back with it to Germany, with orders if the wild boar was still impenitent, to call in the secular arm. Erasmus, who had been watching the storm from a distance, ill contented, but not without clear knowledge where the right lay, sent word that no good was to be looked for from the young Emperor. Luther, who had made up his mind to death as the immediate outlook for him, was perfectly fearless. The Pope could but kill his body, and he cared only for his soul and for the truth. The Pope had now condemned formally what Luther conceived to be written in the plainest words in Scripture. The Papal chair, therefore, was "Satan's seat," and the occupant of it was plainly Antichrist. At the Elector's request he wrote to Leo once more, but he told him, in not conciliatory language, that the See of Rome was worse than Sodom and Gomorrah. When Eck arrived in December, on his commission, Luther ventured the last step, from which there could be no retreat. The Pope had condemned Luther's writings to the

fire. On the 10th of December, Luther solemnly burnt at Wittenberg a copy of the Papal Decretals. "Because," he said, "thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, let eternal fire consume thee." The students of the university sang the *Te Deum* round the pile, and completed the sacrifice with flinging into the flames the Bull which had been brought by Eck. Luther trembled, he said, before the daring deed was accomplished, but when it was done he was better pleased than with any act of his life. A storm had now burst, he said, which would not end till the day of judgment.

The prophecy was true in a sense deeper than Luther intended. The intellectual conflict which is still raging is the yet uncompleted outcome of that defiance of established authority. Far and wide the news flew. Pamphlets, poems, satires, showered from the printing presses. As in the dawn of Christianity, house was set against house, and fathers against their sons and daughters. At Rome the frightened courtiers told each other that the monk of Wittenberg was coming with 70,000 barbarians to sack the Holy City, like another Attila.

The Pope replied with excommunicating Luther and all his adherents, and laying the country which harboured him under the threatened interdict. The Elector gave no sign; all eyes were looking to the young Emperor. An Imperial Diet was called, to meet at Worms in 1521, at which Charles was to be present in person, and there Luther was to come and answer for himself. The Elector remembered the fate of John Huss at Constance. Charles undertook for Luther's safety; but a safe-conduct had not saved Huss, and Popes could dispense with promises. Luther himself had little hope, but also no fear. "I will go," he said, "if I am to be carried sick in my bed. I am called of the Lord when the Kaiser calls me. I trust only that the Emperor of Germany will not begin his reign with shedding innocent blood. I would rather be murdered by the Romans."

The Diet met on the 21st of January. The Princes assembled. The young Emperor came for the first time face to face with them, with a fixed purpose to support the insulted majesty of the spiritual sovereign of Christendom. His first demand was that Luther should be arrested at Wittenberg, and that his patrons should be declared traitors. Seven days followed of sharp debate. The Elector Frederick dared to say that "he found nothing in the Creed about the Roman Church, but only the Catholic Christian Church." "This monk makes work," said another; "some of us would crucify him, and I think he will hardly escape; but what if he rises again the third day?" The princes of the empire naturally enough did not like rebels against lawful authority; but the Elector was resolute, and it was decided that Luther should not be condemned without a hearing. The Pope as such had few friends among them—even Duke George himself insisted that many things needed mending.

Kaspar Sturm, the Imperial herald, was sent to Wittenberg to command Luther's attendance, under pain of being declared a heretic. The Emperor granted a safe-conduct, and twenty-one days were allowed. On the 2nd of April, the Tuesday after Easter, Luther set out on his momentous journey. He travelled in a cart with three of his friends, the herald riding in front in his coat of arms. If he had been anxious about his fate he would have avoided displays upon the road, which would be construed into defiance. But Luther let things take their chance, as if it had been a mere ordinary occasion. The Emperor had not waited for his appearance to order his books to be burnt. When he reached Erfurt on the way, the sentence had just been proclaimed. The herald asked him if he still meant to go on. "I will go," he said, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops. Though they burnt Huss, they could not burn the truth." The Erfurt students, in retaliation, had thrown the Bull into the water. The Rector and the heads of the University gave Luther a formal reception as an old and honoured member; he preached at his old convent, and he preached again at Gotha and at Eisenach. Caietan had protested against the appearance in the Diet of an excommunicated heretic. The Pope himself had desired that the safe-conduct should not be respected, and the bishops had said that it was unnecessary. Manœuvres were used to delay him on the road till the time allowed had expired. But there was a fierce sense of fairness in the lay members of the Diet, which it was dangerous to outrage. Franz von Sickingen hinted that if there was foul play it might go hard with Cardinal Caietan—and Von Sickingen was a man of his word in such matters. On the 16th of April, at ten in the morning, the cart entered Worms, bringing Luther in his monk's dress, followed and attended by a crowd of cavaliers. The town's people were all out to see the person with whose name Germany was ringing. As the cart passed through the gates the warder on the walls blew a blast upon his trumpet. The Elector had provided a residence. As he alighted, one who bore him no good will, noted the "demonic eyes" with which he glanced about him. That evening a few nobles called to see him who had been loud in their complaints of churchmen's exactions at the Diet. Of the princes, one only came, an ardent noble-minded youth, of small influence as yet, but of high-spirited purpose, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. Instinct, more than knowledge, drew him to Luther's side. "Dear Doctor," he said, "if you are right, the Lord God stand by you."

Luther needed God to stand by him, for in all that great gathering could count on few assured friends. The princes of the empire solved that he should have fair play, but they were little so far to favour a disturber of the public peace. The Diet

sate in the Bishop's palace, and the next evening Luther appeared. The presence in which he found himself would have tried the nerves of the bravest of men; the Emperor, sternly hostile, with his retinue of Spanish priests and nobles; the archbishops and bishops, all of opinion that the stake was the only fitting place for so insolent a heretic; the dukes, and barons, whose stern eyes were little likely to reveal their sympathy, if sympathy any of them felt. One of them only, George of Freundsberg, had touched Luther on the shoulder as he passed through the ante-room. "Little monk, little monk," he said, "thou hast work before thee, that I, and many a man whose trade is war, never faced the like of. If thy heart is right, and thy cause good, go on in God's name. He will not forsake thee."

A pile of books stood on a table when he was brought forward. An officer of the court read the titles, asked if he acknowledged them, and whether he was ready to retract them.

Luther was nervous, not without cause. He answered in a low voice that the books were his. To the other question he could not reply at once. He demanded time. His first appearance had not left a favourable impression; he was allowed a night to consider.

The next morning, April 18, he had recovered himself; he came in fresh, courageous, and collected. His old enemy, Eck, was this time the spokesman against him, and asked what he was prepared to do.

He said firmly that his writings were of three kinds; some on simple Gospel truth, which all admitted, and which of course he could not retract; some against Papal laws and customs, which had tried the consciences of Christians, and had been used as excuses to oppress and spoil the German people. If he retracted these he would cover himself with shame. In a third sort he had attacked particular persons, and perhaps had been too violent. Even here he declined to retract simply, but would admit his fault if fault could be proved.

He gave his answers in a clear strong voice, in Latin first, and then in German. There was a pause, and then Eck said that he had spoken disrespectfully; his heresies had been already condemned at the Council of Constance; let him retract on these special points, and he should have consideration for the rest. He required a plain Yes or No from him, "without horns." The taunt roused his blood. His full brave self was in his reply. "I will give you an answer," he said, "which has neither horns nor teeth. Popes have erred, and councils have erred. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

All day long the storm raged. Night had fallen, and torches

were lighted in the hall before the sitting closed. Luther was dismissed at last; it was supposed, and perhaps intended, that he was to be taken to a dungeon. But the hearts of the lay members of the Diet had been touched by the courage which he had shown. They would not permit a hand to be laid on him. Duke Eric of Brunswick handed to him a tankard of beer which he had himself half drained. When he had reached his lodging again, he flung up his hands. "I am through!" he cried, "I am through! If I had a thousand heads, they should be struck off one by one before I would retract." The same evening the Elector Frederick sent for him, and told him he had done well and bravely.

But though he had escaped so far, he was not acquitted. Charles conceived that he could be now dealt with as an obstinate heretic. At the next session (the day following), he informed the Diet that he would send Luther home to Wittenberg, there to be punished as the Church required. The utmost that his friends could obtain was that further efforts should be made. The Archbishop of Treves was allowed to tell him that if he would acknowledge the infallibility of councils, he might be permitted to doubt the infallibility of the Pope. But Luther stood simply upon Scripture. There, and there only, was infallibility. The Elector ordered him home at once, till the Diet should decide upon his fate; and he was directed to be silent on the way, with significant reference to his Erfurt sermon. A majority in the Diet, it was now clear, would pronounce for his death. If he was sentenced by the Great Council of the Empire, the Elector would be no longer able openly to protect him. It was decided that he should disappear, and disappear so completely that no trace of him should be discernible. On his way back through the Thuringian Forest, three or four miles from Altenstein, a party of armed men started out of the wood, set upon his carriage, seized and carried him off to Wartburg Castle. There he remained, passing by the name of the Ritter George, and supposed to be some captive knight. The secret was so well kept, that even the Elector's brother was ignorant of his hiding place. Luther was as completely lost as if the earth had swallowed him. Some said that he was with Von Sickingen; others that he had been murdered. Authentic tidings of him there were none. On the 8th of May the Edict of Worms was issued, placing him under the ban of the empire; but he had become "as the air invulnerable," and the face of the world had changed before he came back to it.

The appearance of Luther before the Diet on this occasion, is one of the finest, perhaps it is the very finest, scene in human history. Many a man has encountered death bravely for a cause which he knows to be just, when he is sustained by the sympathy of thousands, of whom he is at the moment the champion and the

representative. But it is one thing to suffer and another to encounter face to face and single handed, the array of spiritual and temporal authorities which are ruling supreme. Luther's very cause was yet unshaped and undetermined, and the minds of those who had admired and followed him, were hanging in suspense for the issue of his trial. High-placed men of noble birth are sustained by pride of blood and ancestry, and the sense that they are the equals of those whom they defy. At Worms there was on one side a solitary low-born peasant monk, and on the other the Legate of the dreaded power which had broken the spirit of Kings and Emperors—sustained and personally supported by the Imperial Majesty itself and the assembled princes of Germany, before whom the poor peasantry had been taught to tremble as beings of another nature from themselves. Well might George of Frendsburg say that no knight among them all had ever faced a peril which could equal this.

The victory was won. The wavering hearts took courage. The Evangelical revolt spread like an epidemic. The Papacy was like an idol, powerful only as long as it was feared. Luther had thrown his spear at it, and the enchantment was broken. The idol was but painted wood, which men and boys might now mock and jibe at. Never again had Charles another chance of crushing the Reformation. France fell out with him on one side, and for the rest of his life gave him but brief intervals of breathing time. The Turks hung over Austria like a thunder cloud, terrified Ferdinand in Vienna, and swarmed over the Mediterranean in their pirate galleys. Charles was an earnest Catholic; but he was a statesman also, too wise to add to his difficulties by making war on heresy. What some call Providence and others accident had so ordered Europe, that the tree which Luther had planted was allowed to grow till it was too strongly rooted to be overthrown.

Luther's abduction and residence at Wartburg is the most picturesque incident in his life. He dropped his monk's gown, and was dressed like a gentleman; he let his beard grow and wore a sword. In the castle he was treated as a distinguished guest. Within the walls he was free to go where he liked. He rode in the forest with an attendant, and as the summer came on, walked about and gathered strawberries. In August there was a two days' hunt, at which, as Ritter George, he attended, and made his reflections on it. "We caught a few hares and partridges," he said, "a worthy occupation for idle people." In the "nets and dogs" he saw the devil entangling or pursuing human souls. A hunted hare ran to his feet; he sheltered it for a moment, but the hounds tore it in pieces. "So," he said, "rages the Pope and Satan to destroy those whom I would save." The devil, he believed, haunted his own rooms. That he threw his ink-bottle at the devil, is unauthentic; but there were

noises in his boxes and closets which, he never doubted, came from his great enemy. When he heard the sounds, he made jokes at them, and they ceased. "The devil," he said, "will bear anything better than to be laughed at."

The revolution, deprived of its leader, ran wild meanwhile. An account of the scene at Worms, with Luther's speeches, and woodcut illustrations, was printed on broadsheets and circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies. The people were like schoolboys left without a master. Convents and monasteries dissolved by themselves; monks and nuns began to marry; there was nothing else for the nuns to do, turned, as they were, adrift without provision. The Mass in most of the churches in Saxony was changed into a Communion. But without Luther it was all chaos, and no order could be taken. So great was the need of him, that in December he went to Wittenberg in disguise; but it was not yet safe for him to remain there. He had to retreat to his castle again, and in that compelled retreat he bestowed on Germany the greatest of all the gifts which he was able to offer. He began to translate the Bible into clear vernacular German. The Bible to him was the sole infallible authority, where every Christian for himself could find the truth and the road to salvation, if he faithfully and piously looked for it. He had probably commenced the work at the beginning of his stay at the castle. In the spring of 1522, the New Testament was completed. In the middle of March, the Emperor's hands now being fully occupied, the Elector sent him word that he need not conceal himself any longer; and he returned finally to his home and his friends.

The New Testament was printed in November of that year, and became at once a household book in Germany. The contrast visible to the simplest eyes between the tawdry splendid Papacy and Christ and the Apostles, settled for ever the determination of the German people to have done with the old idolatry. The Old Testament was taken in hand at once, and in two years half of it was roughly finished. Luther himself, confident now that a special Providence was with him, showered out controversial pamphlets, not caring any longer to measure his words. Adrian VI., Clement VII., clamoured for the execution of the Edict of Worms. The Emperor, from a distance, denounced the new Mahomet. But they spoke to deaf ears. The Diet answered only with lists of grievances, and a demand for a free Council, to be held in Germany itself.

J. A. FROUDE.

WITHOUT GOD, NO COMMONWEALTH.

I WILL set down, as briefly as I can, the meaning and reasons for the proposition I here affirm—namely, “that the social and civil commonwealth of mankind had its origin, and still has its perpetuity, in the knowledge of God, and in obedience to Him springing from that knowledge,” so that without God no commonwealth is possible. If this can be shown to be true, it follows that the theory now so easily and commonly accepted—namely, that religion and politics ought to be separated; that between Church and State there ought to be no union; that the State in its origin and action is secular, that it has neither religion nor religious duties; that religion must be left to individuals as a matter between each several man and God, or at most ought to be treated by churches, or communions, or voluntary associations of such individuals; that the abolition of oaths, judicial and parliamentary, has no bearing on religion; and that the effacing of the Name of God from the public acts of the State would even tend to the promotion of Christianity, cannot stand. All this rests upon the theory that the State has no relation to God. Such is the teaching of such writers as Comte, Buckle and Macaulay. But this theory is contrary to the belief of the Old World, and, until the last generations, to the faith of the New. It is at variance with the experience of mankind, and in direct opposition to the order which God has constituted both by nature and by revelation.

I say by nature and by revelation, because, though I am conscious that I am dealing with many who deny all revelation, I am dealing also with more who profoundly believe in it; because some who deny the facts of revelation will not, or cannot, deny the facts of nature; and, lastly, because I cannot consent to argue this question as if God were already not only deposed from His Sovereignty but

also outlawed from the world which He, and not our politicians and philosophers, has made.

1. I will begin, then, by defining the terms of the proposition, that without God no commonwealth is possible. By commonwealth I mean a condition in which men are bound together, and protected by laws, for their common welfare. By civil life I mean the public life of men, as united in cities, or confederations of cities, or in nations. By social life I mean the private life of such cities or nations, in all their voluntary commerce and intercourse external to the civil law, as between families and families, or between the several members of the same family. By political I also mean civil, its Latin equivalent. When a cedar of Lebanon shall rise to its stature and spread its branches without a root, then such a commonwealth may arise and endure without a root. The civil and social relations of men imply duties and obligations to each other, and these spring from and are enforced by law. But law must also spring from a root which is immutable, or there can be no common obligation; and this common obligation must have a sanction to enforce it higher than the halter of the hangman, and more imperative in conviction and persuasion than any Act of Parliament. What, then, is this law, and where is it written?

2. The root of the commonwealth is in the homes of the people. The civil and social life springs from, and is controlled by, the domestic life of mankind. There are three imperishable relations in human life—authority, obedience, and brotherhood. When the first son of man was born into the world, authority and obedience, which were latent, unfolded themselves into vigour; when a second was born, brotherhood, with all its equities, was constituted for ever. And these three relations were not the result of original compact, or of enactments of men, but are inseparable from the order of human life, and intrinsically contained in the essence and structure of the human family. Authority, obedience, and brotherhood are the three ultimate and all-sufficing laws of the human commonwealth. Equality, liberty, and fraternity are the parody and perversion of this divine order. Authority is, therefore, founded not in the human will, but in the nature of man; obedience is an obligation not created by man for himself, but imposed upon him. Brotherhood is a natural law which binds all men to do to others as they would be done by; to render to every man his due; and in mutual benevolence, when needed, to go beyond it. If any man shall say that these relations, obligations, and duties are of human creation, or that they are enactments of the human will, I will not dispute with him, except by saying that I could as soon believe the law of gravitation, or the ebb and flow of the tide, to be by human legislation. It is to be noted that they who deny to these primary laws a foundation in nature, are precisely

those who maintain the parody of equality, liberty, and fraternity, which, as I hope to show, is a denial of all law except the licence of the will of man.

3. There can only be conceived two fountains of law. It springs either from the will of God, or from the will of man; and this inevitable alternative we will examine, so far as we can in so narrow a space. If the primary laws of the human family be from nature, they are from God; and all human society—domestic, social, civil—springs from God, and has its coherence and perpetuity from God. The root of all Commonwealth is then planted in the will of God. Therefore even the heathen world was nearer the truth when it venerated a *Dea Roma*, than they who deny the natural or divine law as the foundation of human society. For if these primary laws be only from man, they have no sanction higher than human coercion to enforce them, and no intrinsic obligation over the conscience or will of man. They would be only penal laws, which men of their free choice might disobey and risk the penalty. Then there could exist no Commonwealth, because no common law of higher authority than the will of man. Such an aggregate of men can be called a State only by courtesy. It is an inorganic and unsocial multitude.

4. Let us first take the hypothesis that the primary laws of the human family are not from man but from nature—that is, from God.

There does not exist, so far as I know, in the history of the world any Commonwealth in which these laws of domestic life are not treated as divine. Take the Hebrew Commonwealth simply as a secular history. Compare with it the domestic, social, civil life of the Greek or Roman world. With all the relaxations of divorce, and all the severities of its penal code, the Commonwealth of Israel was in justice, equity, mercy, moral purity, and rectitude as high above the highest civilization of Athens or Rome, as it was below the Christian Society which has been grafted upon it. What then was the foundation of that Commonwealth but the recognition of the laws of nature as the laws of God, and of God as the Supreme Lawgiver and Judge of men?

But even the Greek and Roman world as distinctly and precisely recognized these primary laws of human society to be divine. Every hearth in Greece was sacred to *Hestia*, and the fire that burned upon it was the emblem of the purity of domestic life. Every hearth therefore was a domestic altar. *Hestia* was partaker in the honours paid at every shrine. In the *Prytaneia* of the cities, where the sacred fire was kept for ever burning, *Hestia* had a share—for a Commonwealth is but an organic aggregate of homes; and as the order and relations of home were sacred, so were the order and relations of the Commonwealth.

So also in the Roman world. The fire on the hearth was sacred,

Hestia, or *Vesta*, the Divine Guardian of the sanctities and purities of home, was the lawgiver of domestic life. The sacred fire burned perpetually in the *Regia*, which was the hearthstone of the Commonwealth. I refrain from saying, what everybody knows, that the recognition of Divine power and law and government in the old world was so profuse that the whole private and public life of man was enveloped in it. The pantheism of the educated, and the polytheism of the people, both alike prove all that I am contending for. The old world believed the primary laws of human society to be divine; and that a supreme God, the Lawgiver and Judge, presided over all the private and public life of man. They recognized their responsibility to Him; they bound themselves to Him by vows and by promises; they also bound themselves to each other by oaths, of which He was the witness, and, if violated, the avenger. *Dea Roma* had a sanctuary, surrounded by 420 temples; and in every city of the empire *Dea Roma* had a shrine. If any man shall say that the Hebrew Commonwealth would have been as just, equitable, merciful, and enduring without the knowledge of God and of His laws, and without a conscious relation to Him as their Lawgiver and Judge, I may be silent. Such words need no answer. If any man shall say that the Greek and Roman world would not have corrupted with greater speed and intensity if the sacredness of the home and of the State had not been recognized; or that Athens or Rome would have been no less pure and moral in its private life, and as upright and just in its public life of commerce and legislation, if it had recognized no divine laws, no divine presence, no divine Judge, no divine sanctions, no obligation in an oath—I can only point to the history of the world, and hold my peace.

5. Now I have confined my notice of the old world to the two centres of its life, the sacredness of the home, and the sacredness of the Commonwealth. The notion of a home without a divine protector, or of a State without a divine lawgiver, is not to be found in the old world. Nor is it to be found in the modern world. The Greek and Roman civilization passed away by the law of its own corruption. It died a natural death, and was buried. The civilization of the Christian world is not the continuity of an older civilization patched up and purified. It is a new creation, springing from a new principle of life and order. The Christian world is the offspring of Christian homes; and Christian homes were created by the law and grace of Christian marriage. The laws and relations of the natural home, the authority of parents, the obedience of children, the brotherhood of sons, were confirmed by a higher sanction and invested with a deeper meaning. If there be anything sacred upon earth, it is a Christian home. The fire upon its hearth is holy. The first foundations of the Christian world were laid in households;

and the social and civil life of Christendom is the expansion of its domestic life, as its domestic life is the collective life of men bound together by laws more perfect than the law of nature. The Christian law says to children, "Obey your parents ;"^{*} and to subjects, "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers,† for there is no power but from God." I still confine the subject to the same two points, the home and the Commonwealth ; and I affirm that both, by the law and order of nature, and by the law and order of the Christian world, are sacred. They have their origin, their order, and their perpetuity from God. It may be said of homes and Commonwealths as of men one by one—in Him "we live, and move, and are."

— 6. For clearness' sake I have confined our thoughts thus far to these two points ; but they contain the whole subject of the civil order of mankind.

Towards those who deny the existence of a Creator, I have no further duty until they have made up their mind to say whether mankind is created, uncreated, or self-created. Until they have written down their proposition, we may go on with those who honestly acknowledge that man has a Creator. In the creation of man, both the family and the State were virtually contained ; and in these the three relations of authority, obedience, and brotherhood are inherent. Authority, then, is not the creation of man, or by the compact of men. It is antecedent to all social and civil states, and is itself of divine ordinance. In like manner, obedience is not of human origin or of human choice. It springs from a relation of the natural order, but the natural order is divine, for its author is God. Brotherhood, the nearest approach to equality—though it is not equality but in gradations of inequality in age and maturity—is also of the divine order. And as in the family, so in the Commonwealth. The whole structure of society is pervaded by the will and power of God. Without authority, obedience, and brotherhood, no society can exist.

7. As to authority, the old world profusely believed that its origin was from a divine source. The changes of dynasties, and successions, and forms of Government by kings, or consuls, or dictators, or emperors, did not create authority. They were no more than the designation or election of the persons who should be invested with authority. But authority in itself was imperishable and independent of the will of men. Conquest does not create authority. It is only a sanguinary investiture of the person who shall bear the authority. God gives authority *immediately* to the society of men ; and He gives it *mediately* through society to the person or persons whom society may select to wield it. The theory of compacts and conventions is of recent and revolutionary origin. It is a mutilation of the

* Col. iii. 20.

† Rom. xiii. 1.

truth. It suppresses the *formal* authority of the ruler when once elected, and it exaggerates the power of society which, though authority *materially* resides in it, is incapable of exercising it by any direct action beyond the act of designating the person of the Ruler.

8. And as with authority so with obedience. The *Potestas patria* was a sovereignty extending to the power of life and death. Will any man say that any human authority could bind men to obey such a power? The civil ruler, from the beginning of the world, as known in history, has wielded the undisputed power of life and death, and men have both obeyed and executed his decrees, or without denial of his authority have undergone his sentence. Now no men, except fathers and rulers, have authority to extort obedience from others. Slavery is defined in canon law as a violation of the law of nature. Except filial obedience and civil obedience—that is, in the home and the State—there is no obedience except by voluntary consent or contract between man and man. And this twofold obedience springs from one root, and has one and the same sanction, and is in its essence of divine ordination.

9. What is true of authority and of obedience is true also of brotherhood. Among the sons of a family there is equality and inequality. But the inequality is evanescent, and has in it no subjection of the younger to the elder. In all the liberties and rights of man the sons of a house are equal. In endowments of body and mind, and in the possessions and privileges of life, they may become unequal, and the younger may outstrip the elder; but before the law, both natural and divine, they are equal. This equality of man has been outraged from the beginning by fraud and by violence. It can exist only where obedience and authority are recognized as divine laws. Obedience and authority are the conditions of liberty, and liberty of equality.

These three relations were created in man, and are not of men, nor by men, but of God, the author of all order, law, and liberty.

10. And now I am prepared to hear an objector say, "You are assuming the existence of law, and nature, and God." I do assume these truths. I assume the existence of law in the moral world, as I assume it in the material world. I find that the same soil, and the same rain, and the same sun, and the same air, from divers seeds will bring forth wheat and fruits, each in its kind differing in bulk, colour, texture, odour, and flavour. And I find the same phenomena uniform, universal, and perpetual. Every year the wheat in harvest is the same wheat and the fruits in vintage and fruitage are the same fruits. And every seed and grain has a law of its own. No man willed it, and no man can repeal it. The laws of nature are indestructible. Uniformity, universality, and perpetuity are the sign and seal of a Lawgiver who is divine. Even the men of the old

world could see this in the material universe and they thought these laws to be deities. They could see it also in the moral world, and they recognized a law which man never made and man can never rescind. "There is not one law at Rome, another at Athens,—one now, and another hereafter; but one law, perpetual and immutable, will bind together all nations and all time, of which the common Teacher and universal Ruler is God."*

What Cicero could say by the light of reason another could more surely say by the light of faith. "Is it your will that we prove the existence of God from His own manifold and mighty works by which we are encompassed, sustained, and delighted, and also terrified? or shall we prove it from the witness of the soul itself, which, though it is straitened in the prison of the body, circumscribed by bad teaching, weakened by lusts and passions, surrounded by false gods, yet when once it comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, or a sickness, and attains its health, it pronounces the name of God—by this name alone, because it is the proper name of the true God? 'Great God,' 'Good God,' 'May God grant it,'—this is the voice of all; and it calls on Him also as Judge, 'God sees,' 'To God I commend it.' 'God will repay.' O witness of the soul, Christian by nature!"† I will not believe that what Cicero could say to the pagans of Rome, and Tertullian to the heathen of Africa, I may not say to the Christians of England without being told that I beg the question.

11. The conclusion, then, that I would draw from all that I have said is this, that the domestic, social, and civil life of mankind, in homes, and nations, and commonwealths, is by its origin, nature, laws, and duties, of divine creation: or, in other words, that the political society of men or the State is not a creation of man but of God. Let no one say that I affirm any particular form of state or government to be of divine institution. Forms may vary, but authority and obedience, and the relations and mutual duties of man with man, are of divine origin, imperishable and immutable.

Such was the political order of mankind as shown in the history of the nations, before an event which has changed the face of the world, the foundation and expansion of the Christian Church and the creation of the Christian world. To this we must go on.

12. That the Christian Church claims, and is by the Christian world believed to be, the creation of a Divine Author, and to be governed by divine laws, is an historical fact, undeniable even by those who reject its claims to be divine. That it arose from a source of belief, and of authority, external to the political state and civilization of the old world, and maintained its independence of all civil authority, except in things of civil obligation, is undisputed by all, except those

* Cicero, *de Repub.* lib. iii.

† Tertull. *Apolog.* xviii.

who have not read history. A new society appeared in the world, claiming to be divine in a sense higher, ampler, more direct, than the original society of mankind. And this new society, though independent of the political order of the world, was in perfect harmony with it. The two societies had one and the same author; all the primary laws of the first are also inscribed in the statute book of the second. The second society was ordained to elevate, consolidate, and consecrate the first. Or in a word, the Church is ordained to fill up and to perfect the work of the State even in this world, and to guide man beyond this world to an eternal end.

13. These two societies, though distinct and designed for distinct ends, nevertheless reciprocally co-operate with each other. The primary end of the State is the material and moral welfare of men in this world, and it therefore in its moral action tends to the eternal welfare which in itself it cannot bestow. The primary end of the Church is to bring men to their eternal welfare, and in aiming at this end it promotes also the material and moral welfare of mankind in this life. There can be no collision or opposition between these two societies, except so far as the members of the one or the other are untrue to the laws of their office and obligation.

14. In the first period of the Church, the collision was persecution on one side and patience on the other. Nevertheless the Church was a standing violation of the imperial laws. It was a *Societas illicita*, and if its existence had not been divine it ought not to have existed. It was a *Religio illicita*, and if its religion had not been the revelation of truth it ought not to have been practised. But the fault was not in the Church; it was in the civil power, and the fault was amended by the Empire in the day when the Decree of Milan was affixed to the columns of the Forum—*Christianam religionem profiteri liberum*.

15. From that time the divine law began to penetrate and to elevate the imperial law, until the leaven in the meal assimilated all that was just and true; and created a Christian empire and a Christian world. This is neither the time nor place to trace out the second period of the history of Christendom, when the two societies, civil and spiritual, were in amity and co-operation. I touch upon it only to affirm that the natural society of man, which existed outside of all revelation, Hebrew or Christian, in the Oriental, Greek, and Roman world, has ever been held to be, not the work and creation of human conventions or original contracts, but to be a divine order: for the order of nature is the work and creation of God. When, in the second period of Christian history, the political order was pervaded by the Christian law, it did not for the first time become religious. From the beginning of time it has always had God for its author and the religion of nature for its worship, and the laws

of nature for the rule of its legislation. Christianity bestowed upon it a perfection; and with the unction of truth, set a crown upon its head. *Dea Roma* became the mother of kingdoms, and "the kingdoms of the world became the kingdom of God and of His Christ."

16. And this brings us at last—after, I fear, a wearisome journey, with wheels driving heavily, for which I must ask the patience and pardon of any perchance who may read what I am writing—to the conclusion I desire to prove. I have asserted that God is the author and sustainer, the foundation and the coherence of the commonwealth of man; and as a consequence, that without God no human commonwealth is possible. Without foundation or coherence, no house can stand. The whole domestic and political order of the world is bound together by religion; for religion is the bond which binds men to God and to each other. The very word is equivalent to obligation; and the twofold obligation of the reason and of the will of man to God as his lawgiver and judge, and to men in all the manifold relations of private and public life, holds together the members of families and of states. The public solemnities of divine worship are the recognition of the religion or bond which binds us to God and to each other. The mutual service of free will springs from the bond of charity. The sacredness of contracts, and oaths, and promises, all rests upon the obligations of religion. Without mutual confidence society would perish by fraud and violence; without mutual trust in words and promises, no civil life could be knit together. The sanction of all morality, personal, domestic, political, is God, the present Witness and the future Judge, as the Roman law puts it of false oaths, *Deus Vindex*. The last and only security a people can have for the justice of rulers and legislatures, is that they recognize a supreme law as their guide, and a supreme Lawgiver to whom they must give account. The issue of such a state of ordered legislation is the reign of law, the highest maturity of civilization. But law can only reign over men whose conscience bears witness to the right of authority and the duty of obedience. Where law reigns coercion relaxes its hold, for the free will of the subject anticipates and asserts the just authority of rulers.

17. Let us reverse all that has been said. Let us suppose that the civil society of mankind is of human origin; that there is no sanction to enforce obedience to law but coercion and penalties; that there is no sanctity or obligation in oaths, no immutable law of right and wrong as the rule of legislation, no duties towards God, who, perhaps, does not exist, or who, if He exist, has no care or providence over men, and therefore of whose existence the legislature and the State have no recognition, and need take no cognizance. By what moral obligation shall obedience be enforced to an authority which has no sanction above its own decrees, and no rule of right or wrong except either conven-

tional usage or its own arbitrary will? On what basis shall the credit, and commerce, and trust among men repose? and what motive is there to ensure fulfilment to an unprofitable bargain, or fidelity to an inconvenient promise? Without a higher sanction, and the cohesion of a moral law, the whole political order would be disintegrated, the whole social order would be dissolved, the whole domestic life would be confusion. Every house would be divided against itself, every commonwealth would fall asunder. As the moral forces of law, and right, and conscience, and mutual trust, grow weaker, the material forces of coercion become stronger, authority without law becomes tyranny—the tyranny of one head, or, worst of all, the tyranny of many heads—that is, lawless democracy: not the popular government of self-governed men, but the conflict and clashing of turbulent masses, goaded by rival demagogues, and led by rival parties bidding for place by out-bidding one another. In such a civil state there is no law, for there is no recognition of a legislator, no judge above the will of the many, or the self-will, the *liberum veto*, of each man for himself. The outcome of this is chaos, and the end is political and national suicide.

I can foresee that all this will be treated as exaggeration. It will be asked, "Do you believe all this will come out of such minor changes as the abolishing of a Parliamentary oath?" I believe that the starting of a bolt may sink a ship. I believe, too, that if the religious instincts of public men had not already long declined, the abolition of the Parliamentary oath would not for a moment be entertained. So many public recognitions of the Divine Law have already been effaced, that the last remaining witness of a higher moral sense is all the more to be maintained. It is bad enough to have the laws of the land broken by men who do not believe in God. It is worst of all to have the laws of the land made by a legislature that effaces the name of God from its solemn obligations.

18. We have been told by a writer on civilization, who once had his day, that as the actions of individual men are determined by the ends for which they act, so also the collective action of society is determined; and that as if we knew the ends for which men act we could foretell their actions, so in like manner we could foretell the action and the course of society. If, that is, we could know the cumulus of ends for which a society of men would act, we could prophesy its history. This is, indeed, a philosophy rather undeniable than deep.

We may, however, say that if we knew the principles which govern a man we can approximately foretell how he will act. A merciful man will act mercifully, a just man will act justly, a truthful man will act openly. So it may be said of a society, a nation, or a State. Collective morals are, however, for the most part perverted by the avarice, ambition, or passion of the majority. Still, we can confide, and foretell, from the character of a people, what its

laws will be. There are certain immoral and impious laws in force in other countries which we can foretell, at least at present, that our legislature will not consent to enact. There are certain laws enacted by our legislature which the Chambers and Parliaments of other countries at this day refuse to enact. The plain reason of this is, that the people of England are Christian, and they would not allow anti-Christian legislation. So long, then, as a belief in God, in His law, in the immutable morality of right and wrong, in the sanctity of homes, in the obligation of oaths, in conscience, in responsibility, and in judgment to come, pervades and sustains the people of England, we can foretell the course of our legislature, and we can confide in its acts.

19. But suppose a State or a legislature composed of men who hold none of these principles of our moral nature, or who, if they hold them, hold them only as uncertainties, or opinions for their private life, not as governing laws of their public legislation; let us suppose an agnostic Parliament of unconscious, because uncultured, Epicureans, innocent of Lucretius, but believing in no Supreme Will or Law that guides the course of man and nations—who could foresee the ends for which they would deliberate? and who could foretell what laws such men would make? What should restrain such a legislature from abolishing the legal observance of Christmas, of Good Friday, and of the Sunday; of rescinding all restraint on the employment of women and children in mines, factories, and poisonous trades, thereby destroying what remains of home life among the poor? What shall hinder the multiplication of causes justifying divorce by the adoption of foreign and Oriental codes? What shall prevent the abolition of the Tables of Consanguinity and Affinity, and the reversal of the profound legislation by which the Christian Church has created and fenced the sanctity of Christian homes, thereby creating and constructing the fabric of Christian civilization and of Christian commonwealths? Why should not such a legislature abolish all oaths of every kind, and in all judicial and legislative acts cease to remind men of a Divine Lawgiver who is Witness of all their words and actions, and will be the Judge of their whole life at last? Why should it not recognize the inevitable presence and indulgence of all that is natural in man, and regulate its existence under protection of law? Why should it not revoke every gift which piety and charity has given for the service of God and the care of His poor—the *oblaciones fidelium, et patrimonium pauperum*, as the Christian law of early days has it. Why not disestablish and disendow not the legal religion only, but the Free Churches which have inherited the gifts of their forefathers, and are handing them on with well-earned increment to their successors? Why should not a Parliament which has ceased to call God to witness to

its fidelity, not only to an earthly Crown but to a Divine Lawgiver, abolish its chaplain, and cease to take its seat at prayers? Why not hold morning sittings on Sunday, and general elections on Sunday, and throw open not museums only, but theatres on Sunday? Why not legalize all labour and traffic, thereby adding a seventh of time and gain, as political economists have argued, to the national wealth? Why should it not abolish all laws against blasphemy? Has the legislature any custody of the honour of God and His truth, when it has ceased to know Him as the source and sanction of its authority over men and the witness of its acts? Libel against men may be punished, but libel against God hurts nobody. How can it hurt Him if He does not, or probably does not, exist?

When the statues of Hermes were mutilated in the night at Athens, the city was struck with horror. When Socrates was accused of atheism, he was condemned to hemlock. If any man in Rome had extinguished the fire of Vesta, or profaned the Sanctuary of the *Regia*, the pontiffs would have inflicted fine, or even death. Both the Greek and the Roman world, immersed as they were in superstition, polytheism, pantheism, which, all of them, are the parasites of belief in a Divine Lawgiver, Ruler, and Awarder, were profoundly and profusely religious. A Commonwealth or State without a Divine Lawgiver, law, and worship, in its private and public life, was a conception which, not to the Hebrew only, but to the Greek and Roman, was impossible to thought, and beyond the stretch of imagination. It has been reserved for these latter times. It is the delirium of men who, having known God, have turned their faces from Him. The theory that the recognition of God can be removed from the public acts and legislature of the Commonwealth is to strip the political order of mankind of its divine character. It is to relegate religion to the private life of men, and to desecrate the public life of the State. Such a desecration no Christian ever imagined to be possible till the Lawless One should come, who shall exalt himself above all that is called God or worshipped. Even the Emperor in the days of persecution was *hominem a Deo secundum—solo Deo minorem*.*

20. The Commonwealth of England has indeed been robbed of its first unity and perfection; but it has continued still to be profoundly Christian, and in admitting the theism of Israel within its precincts, it has in no way obscured its public recognition of God and its witness to His authority and laws. It rests not only on this divine foundation, but upon another, which is also divine; that is, upon the order and the religion, the lights and the laws of nature, which also are the creation of God and the witness of His sovereignty.

In stripping the public life and action of our Commonwealth of the recognition of God, they who are doing it are not stripping off

* Tertullian, ad Scapulam, sect. 2.

only the recognition of the God of the Old Testament and of the New, but of the God of Nature, and of His all-pervading presence in the public life of the empire. An empire without God cannot stand ; for an empire which effaces God from its legislature has no longer a principle of unity. It will, by a natural law of dissolution, return to the dust ; it will sink lower than the 'old world ; for an apostate world is lower than a superstitious world. It is better to have an altar to the Unknown God, than no altar and no God. Such a commonwealth has no foundation in the order either of Christian law or of natural law. It is lawless and descending—slowly, it may be imperceptibly, at first, but surely—and in another generation, it will descend more swiftly and irresistibly into confusion. When the relations of authority, and obedience, and brotherhood, and the obligations which bind men to God and to each other, are stripped of their divine sanction, the commonwealth is death-struck ; the vital warmth may linger for awhile, but the life has fled.

HENRY EDWARD, *Cardinal Archbishop.*

IDEALISTIC LEGISLATION IN INDIA.

SIR ARTHUR HOBHOUSE, in the last number of this REVIEW, writing on "Mr. Ilbert's Bill," says that we may feel confidence that "we are acting most wisely when we advance towards the highest ideal by the most cautious and well-considered steps;" and he adds, that there is no reason to believe that the present Government are departing from this "animating principle" now.

It is not easy to say what the highest ideal referred to is. Turning to a former part of the article, it would appear that it was uniformity, absolute uniformity, or, at any rate, uniformity within limits which we are as yet far from reaching. If so, Procrustes undoubtedly aimed at "the highest ideal" when he sought to make all strangers coming within his grasp of the same height, by cutting down the tall ones and stretching out the short ones; and inasmuch as he took them in hand one at a time, and he had doubtless devoted much time to elaborating his scheme, it might be difficult to show that he did not advance towards the highest ideal "by the most cautious and well-considered steps." Montesquieu evidently does not think that uniformity is the highest ideal, for in a passage which has a very close application to the present case, he says:

"There are certain ideas of uniformity which sometimes strike great geniuses (for they even affected Charlemagne), but infallibly make an impression on little souls. They discover therein a kind of perfection, because it is impossible for them not to see it; the same weights, the same measures in trade, the same laws in the State, the same religion in all its parts. But is this always right and without exception? Is the evil of changing constantly less than that of suffering? and does not the greatness of genius consist rather in distinguishing between those cases in which uniformity is requisite, and those in which there is a necessity for differences? In China, the Chinese are governed by the Chinese ceremonial, and the Tartars by theirs; and yet there is no nation in the world that aims so much at tranquillity. If the people observe the laws, what signifies it whether these laws are the same?"

Having regard to what is here said as to those who look upon uniformity as the highest ideal, we cannot think uniformity is "the highest ideal" of Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Turning then further back, we find the following passage:—

"The question raised, not by the Government of India, who are only moving on well marked lines, but by the non-official community and their abettors in England, is between two methods of governing India. What good shall we aim at? What ideal shall we set before our eyes? 'Our own supremacy,' says one set of thinkers; 'The welfare of the Indians,' says another."

Now discarding the term Indians as a very misleading term without any definite signification, and substituting for it "the people of the country," most right-thinking men will agree that the goal we should aim at—the ideal we should set before our eyes—is the welfare of the people of the country. The strongest advocates of "our own supremacy" would, no doubt, and I believe rightly, hold that it was necessary to maintain that supremacy, if for no other reason, for the welfare of the people of the country, who, so far from forming a homogeneous body properly described by one name, comprise a great variety of races. Again, Sir Arthur Hobhouse says, that "those who put our supremacy in the foreground would not admit that it is for the welfare of the Indians to attain such mental and political stature as would enable them to manage their own affairs." However that may be, many of the opponents of this Bill, as I know full well, are strongly and earnestly desirous that the people of the country should attain the highest measure of mental and political, and, I would add, moral stature. Hence Sir Arthur Hobhouse is wrong in treating the issue as being, whether or no we are to legislate for the welfare of the people of the country. The issue being a false one, as is clear from the speeches in Council against the Bill—which I cannot help thinking Sir Arthur Hobhouse has not had time to read—it is unnecessary to go into the many pages of very excellent arguments and quotations which he gives us upon this point.

But before leaving this passage, I must observe that it is a matter of surprise to find Sir Arthur Hobhouse representing the question as one between the Government of India and the non-official community and its abettors in this country. Where is the official community? Few persons have had better opportunities than I have had of ascertaining official opinion in Bengal upon this subject, and I unhesitatingly assert, that official opinion in Bengal is all but unanimous in condemnation of the measure. Neither do I believe that the rest of India is far behind Bengal in this respect. Any doubt as to this will soon be set at rest by a perusal of the reports of the Local Governments upon the Bill which the

Government have promised to present to the House of Commons. It is to be hoped that these reports will, in every case, not only represent the opinion of the head of each Local Government, but also embody the opinions of the principal officers under him. One more observation upon this passage. I fail altogether to understand how it can be said that the question was not raised by the Government of India, or to see the force of the reason alleged in support of the assertion—namely, “they were only moving on well-marked lines.” Had the Government not raised the question, would or could the non-official community and their abettors in England have raised it? And if Sir Arthur Hobhouse’s argument proves anything, it proves that the question has not been raised at all, for the whole tenor of the article goes to show that the non-official community are moving on lines only too well-marked and too often trodden.

I regret to see the abuse and contempt which Sir Arthur Hobhouse thinks fit to pour upon his countrymen in India, and I know it is undeserved. Is it not strange that, after five years’ residence in India as the successor of Mr. Justice Stephen, he even now “hardly knows” the reason of what he calls the “unwonted quiescence” of his countrymen in India when the Act of 1872 was passed? The fact is that it was due, firstly, to the tact and judgment of his predecessor, who, finding it necessary that a change should be made, put the matter fairly and frankly before the leaders of the European community, and, secondly, to the reasonableness of that community, who at once accepted the change, when it was shown that there was an administrative necessity for it. The cases cited at this point have nothing whatever to do with the question. Let me take one of them: a European was charged before a European magistrate, and convicted; he appealed to the High Court, and the case was heard before two judges of the High Court, one a barrister judge, and one a civilian judge of great experience, reputed to be an exceptionally good judge of fact. They differed; the latter holding that the evidence for the prosecution was unreliable. A third judge was called in, and eventually the conviction was affirmed. The European community was generally of opinion that the decision was incorrect, and there was much excitement. Whatever may be said about this case, it has nothing more to do with the matter in hand than the Tichborne case has to do with the Criminal Code Bill now before the House of Commons.

There are a few points which I wish to advert to very shortly, in order to show that they have not been overlooked. The pleasantry about the definition of “European British subject” in the Act of 1872 must be taken, not as any kind of argument in favour of the Bill, but as a criticism on the drafting of the section by Mr. Justice

Stephen. Whatever its faults, they do not seem to have been such as to have called for amendment at the hands of his successor. Again, whether "what is to be required to be removed" is properly described as an anomaly, or a hurtful obstruction, can in no way affect the question. Even the Temple Bar griffin is unaffected by the many names it has been called. It was the Government of India, in its circular letter to the Local Governments, that first described the existing state of the law as an anomaly; and in that letter the anomaly is put forward as the chief, if not the only, reason for the proposed change. But it is said that there is both administrative inconvenience and personal indignity resulting from the present law; and in order to show that this is so, we have a quotation from what I presume is a revised edition of Dr. Hunter's speech. What does this amount to? Dr. Hunter had been arguing to the effect that as natives had been deprived of the privilege of burning their widows, and other like privileges, they ought to be compensated by being allowed to try Europeans on criminal charges. Coming down to a lower and more practical level, he said, "Nevertheless, if a distinct administrative necessity had not arisen, I should decline to support a change which must be painful to an important section of the community." In this he was undoubtedly right. But after adverting to the reports of the Local Government, which, by the way, are very far from justifying the present Bill, he goes on to cite instances to prove the administrative necessity. I am sorry that the case of Mr. Dutt has been brought up at all, and I feel sure that Sir Arthur Hobhouse would have left out this instance had he known that Dr. Hunter and the Lieutenant-Governor differed in Council as to the facts, and that this difference appeared upon the original report. Dr. Hunter cannot claim much, if any, practical experience of the working of the Act of 1872, whilst no one has had more experience of it than the Lieutenant-Governor; and in his speech he said that there were many facts which he could bring forward to support the contention of a previous speaker that there was no administrative difficulty in connection with the matter. As regards Bengal, his testimony upon this point must be taken to be conclusive. Let us see how it stands as regards the solitary instance in Bombay. The argument is in effect, that if a dropped railway scheme were revised, and if Europeans came in to superintend the making of the railway, and if these Europeans committed crimes, and if these crimes were of such a serious character as to require to be tried by the Sessions Judge, and if they were not of such a serious character as to be fit to be tried by the High Court, an administrative difficulty would arise. There are too many "ifs" here for any reasonable man to say that the law ought to be altered to meet such a hypothetical case; and even in case the hypothetical criminal did

turn up, the administrative difficulty would be at once solved under the present law by his being sent for trial to the next district, and Mr. Tagore would be relieved from discharging a very unpleasant duty. Dr. Hunter says, that if it were necessary he could multiply examples, but he clearly could not without going into the realms of fiction, as these are admittedly the only two instances in the whole of India. So much, then, for the administrative necessity. I see no personal indignity that either of these gentlemen are suffering under; and if they do think themselves slighted, that can afford no reason for subjecting all the Europeans in India to tribunals which would give them no satisfaction, but would, on the contrary, inspire the strongest possible distrust.

If there is an invidious distinction which it is thought desirable to remove, let us give the natives, so far as conveniently may be, the right of being tried by natives. No European can object to this; and if natives show a preference for being tried by their own countrymen, it will much stimulate the demand for native magistrates and judges. If we went on in the direction of giving natives as full a right of appeal, and of obtaining their release from illegal custody as we give to Europeans, we should be doing the natives some practical good, and vastly improving their position, without in any way lowering the position of the Europeans. And that this Bill does lower their position is sufficiently clear from the important provisions, entirely unnoticed by Sir Arthur Hobhouse, which disqualify for the first time all Europeans, who are not Government servants of the classes specified in the Bill, from being appointed Justices of the Peace.

What have been the results of the introduction of the Bill? They have already been most disastrous and deplorable. Having known India more or less for the last twenty years, I can say that I have never seen race feeling and race antagonism so rampant as at the present time; and men who are able to speak for a somewhat longer period, say, and I believe truly, that no such feeling has existed since the Mutiny. It is all very well here at home to say that the excitement is not worth consideration; but a perusal of even the speeches in Council in favour of the Bill will show that this is not the view held in India. From the speeches of the Commander-in-Chief and the military member of Council, it appears that the Bill has not only caused the volunteers to contemplate resigning *en masse*, but has even created disaffection amongst the European troops; still we are to persist in this step towards the highest ideal? Surely it is for those who advocate this change, to show that some great practical benefit is to be derived from it which will amply compensate for the great evils which even its introduction has caused. But Sir Arthur makes no attempt to show

anything of the kind. Had Lord Ripon foreseen the results already brought about, I feel sure that nothing would have induced him to take in hand such a measure. The story of its origin is instructive, and I give it in Lord Ripon's words, when speaking on the Bill of 1882 :—

“And now I will proceed to state, very briefly, the history of this transaction. Something was said, upon the occasion of the introduction of this Bill, by Sir Jotindro Mohun Tagore about an undertaking which had been given him last year, that this subject would be considered by the Government of India. What took place on that occasion was this: when the Criminal Procedure Code was before the Council last year, one of my honourable colleagues, I cannot exactly remember which, who was a member of the Select Committee on that Bill, came to me and said that Maharajah Jotindro Mohun Tagore had told the Select Committee that he intended to raise the question of the powers of native magistrates to exercise jurisdiction over European British subjects. That was at a time when the Bill had nearly reached its last stage; and my honourable colleague said, with perfect justice, that it would be entirely impossible to take up a question of such magnitude upon that stage of the Bill; and he said to me, ‘I think if you were to speak to the Maharajah and tell him that if he did not bring the matter forward now, the question would be considered by the Government, he probably would not press his notice of amendment.’ I replied, ‘I will consult my colleagues,’ and I did consult the members of the Executive Government at that time, and it was with their full consent that I told the Maharajah Jotindro Mohun Tagore that the subject in which he was interested should receive the full consideration of the Government. Of course, by so saying, I gave no pledge whatever to the Maharajah as to what would be the decision at which the Government would ultimately arrive. All that I did say was, and that promise I and my colleagues intended to keep, that we would consider this question after the Criminal Procedure Code had passed.”

The Maharajah having obtained this promise, was not likely to rest without moving Sir Ashley Eden on his behalf; and it seems to have been thought desirable that the representation to Sir Ashley Eden should be put into writing. At any rate, in course of time the Viceroy receives the well-known but somewhat ambiguous letter of Sir Ashley Eden, containing the representation of Mr. Gupta; and, unfortunately, Lord Ripon read the letter as meaning that the time for action was the present, whereas according to another construction the time for action would only come when a fitting opportunity arrived. Wherever the chief blame ought to rest—and it seems that it ought to rest with those of Lord Ripon's advisers who had most experience of the country—it is to be hoped that some remedy may be found. But it will assuredly be idle, and worse than idle, to persist, as Sir Arthur Hobhouse would have the Government of India do, in a reckless disregard of facts, which force themselves only too painfully upon their notice, and to seek to justify their action by pleading that they are aiming at “the highest ideal.”

L. P. FUGH.

COUNT RUMFORD.

ON a bright calm day in the autumn of 1872—that portion of the year called, I believe, in America the Indian summer—I made a pilgrimage to the modest birthplace of Count Rumford, the originator of the Royal Institution. My guide on the occasion was Dr. George Ellis of Boston, and a more competent guide I could not have had. To Dr. Ellis the American Academy of Arts and Sciences had committed the task of writing a life of Rumford, and this labour of love had been accomplished in 1871, a year prior to my visit to the United States. The name of Rumford was Benjamin Thompson. For thirty years he was the contemporary of another Benjamin, who reached a level of fame as high as his own. Benjamin Franklin and Benjamin Thompson were born within twelve miles of each other, and for six of the thirty years just referred to, the one lived in England and the other in France. Yet, Dr. Ellis informs us, there is nothing to show that they ever saw each other, or were in any way acquainted with each other, or, indeed, felt the least interest in each other. The name and fame of Rumford, which were resonant in Europe at the beginning of this century, have fallen in England into general oblivion. To scientific men, however, his figure presents itself with singular impressiveness at the present day. This result is mainly due to the establishment, in recent times, of the grand scientific generalisation known as the Mechanical Theory of Heat. Boyle, and Hooke, and Locke, and Leibnitz, had already ranged themselves on the side of this theory. But by experiments conducted on a scale unexampled at the time, and by reasonings, founded on these experiments, of singular force and penetration, Rumford has made himself a conspicuous landmark in the history of the theory. His inference from his experiments

was scored in favour of those philosophers who held that heat is a form of motion.

The town of Woburn, connected in my memory with a cultivated companion, with genial sunshine and the bright colouring of American trees, is nine miles distant from the city of Boston. In North Woburn, a little way off, on March 26, 1753, Rumford was born. He came of people who had to labour for their livelihood, who tilled their own fields, cut their own timber and fuel, worked at their varied trades, and thus maintained the independence of New England yeomen. Thompson's father died before he was two years old. His mother married again, changing her name to Pierce, and had children by her second husband; but the affection between her and her first-born remained strong and unbroken to the end of her life. The boy was placed under the care of guardians, from whom his stepfather, Josiah Pierce, received a weekly allowance of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance. Young Thompson received his first education from Mr. John Fowle, graduate of Harvard College, "an accomplished and faithful man." He also went to a school at Byfield, kept by a relation of his own. At the age of eleven, he was placed for a time under the tuition of Mr. Hill, "an able teacher in Medford," adjoining Woburn. The lad's mind was ever active, and his invention incessantly exercised, but for the most part on subjects beside his daily work. In relation to that work, he came to be regarded as "indolent, flighty, and unpromising." His guardians, at length thinking it advisable to change his vocation, apprenticed him in October, 1776, to Mr. John Appleton, of Salem, an importer of British goods. Here, however, instead of wooing customers to his master's counter, he occupied himself with tools and implements hidden beneath it. He is reported to have been a skilful musician, passionately fond of music of every kind; and during his stay with Mr. Appleton, whenever he could do so without being heard, he solaced his leisure by performances on the violin.

By the Rev. Thomas Barnard, minister of Salem, and his son, young Thompson was taught algebra, geometry, and astronomy. By self-practice, he became an able and accurate draughtsman. He did not escape that last infirmity of ingenious minds, the desire to construct a perpetual motion. He breaks ground in physics, by questioning his friend Mr. Baldwin as to the direction pursued by rays of light under certain conditions; he desires to know the cause of the change of colour which fire produces in clay. "Please," he adds, "to give the nature, essence, beginning of existence, and rise of the wind in general, with the whole theory thereof, so as to be able to answer all questions relative thereto." One might suppose him to be preparing for a competitive

examination. He grew expert in drawing caricatures, a spirited group of which has been reproduced by Dr. Ellis. It is called a Council of State, and embraces a jackass with twelve human heads. In 1769, he changed his place in Salem for a situation in a dry-goods store in Boston, and soon afterwards began the study of medicine under Dr. John Hay, of Woburn.

Thompson keeps a strict account of his debts to Dr. Hay; credits him with a pair of leather gloves; credits Mrs. Hay with knitting him a pair of stockings. These items he tacks on to the more serious cost of his board from December, 1770, to June, 1772, at forty shillings, old currency, per week, amounting to £156. The specie payments of Thompson were infinitesimal, eight of them amounting in the aggregate to £2. His further forms of payment illustrate the habits of the community in which he dwelt. Want of money caused them to fall back upon barter. He debits Dr. Hay with an amusing and diversified list of articles the value of which no doubt had been previously agreed upon between them. The love of order which afterwards ruled the actions of the man, was incipient in the boy. At seventeen, he thus spaced out the four and twenty hours of a single day: "From eleven to six, sleep. Get up at six o'clock and wash my hands and face. From six to eight, exercise one half, and study one half. From eight to ten, breakfast, attend prayers, &c. From ten to twelve, study all the time. From twelve to one, dine, &c. From one to four, study constantly. From four to five, relieve my mind by some diversion or exercise. From five till bedtime, follow what my inclination leads me to; whether it be to go abroad, or stay at home and read either Anatomy, Physic, or Chemistry, or any other book I want to peruse."

In 1771 he managed, by walking daily from Woburn to Cambridge, and back, a distance of some sixteen miles, to attend the lectures on natural philosophy, delivered by Professor Winthrop in Harvard College. He taught school for a short time at Wilmington, and afterwards for six weeks and three days at Bradford, where his repute rose so high that he received a call to Concord, a town of New Hampshire, situated higher up than Bradford on the river Merrimac. The Indian name of Concord was, according to Dr. Ellis, Penacook, but Appleton's Cyclopædia states it to have been Musquetaquid. Emerson's poem of this title is in harmony with the Cyclopædia. In 1733 it had been incorporated

a town in Essex county, Massachusetts. Some of the early in that county had come from our own Essex; and, pronunciation, they carried with them the name of sh Essex town, Romford, of brewery celebrity. They,

however, changed the first *o* into *u*, calling the American town Rumford. Strife had occurred as to the county or State to which Rumford belonged. But the matter was amicably settled at last; and to denote the subsequent harmony, the name was changed from Rumford to Concord. This sweetly quiet spot is historically famous from its being the place where British soldiers first fell in the American war; and within the present century its fame has been enhanced by the life and death of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In later years, when honours fell thick upon him, Thompson was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. He chose for his title Count Rumford, in memory of his early association with Concord.*

In Concord, at the time of Thompson's arrival, there dwelt the widow of a Colonel Rolfe with her infant son. Her husband had died in December 1771, leaving a large estate behind him. Rumford was indebted to Mrs. Rolfe's father, the Rev. Timothy Walker, for counsel, and to her brother for civility and hospitality. There the widow and teacher met, and their meeting was a prelude to their marriage. Rumford, somewhat ungallantly, told his friend Pictet in after years that she married him rather than he her. She was obviously a woman of decision. As soon as they were engaged, an old curricie, left by her father, was fished up, and, therein mounted, she carried her betrothed to Boston, and committed him to the care of the tailor and hairdresser. This journey involved a drive of sixty miles. On the return they called at the house of Thompson's mother, who, when she saw him, is reported to have exclaimed, "Why, Ben, my son, how could you go and lay out all your winter's earnings in finery?" Thompson was nineteen when he married, his wife being thirty-three.

On two critical occasions in the life of this extraordinary man his appearance on horseback apparently determined the issues of that life. As he rode at a review of the British soldiers at Dover, New Hampshire, on the 13th of November, 1772, his figure attracted the attention of Governor Wentworth, and on the day following he was the great man's guest. So impressed was Wentworth with his conversation

* In the autumn of 1872, accompanied by my high-minded friend and relative, General Hector Tyndale, I spent a charming day with Emerson at Concord. Some time previously his house had been destroyed by fire, and while it was rebuilding he occupied the old Manse rendered famous by Hawthorne. He showed us the spot beside the Merrimac, where the first two English soldiers fell, on the 9th of April, 1775. We also saw there the Concord obelisk, marking the ground

"Where once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

We were afterwards driven by Emerson himself to Lexington, talking on the way of poets and poetry, and putting science for the time under a bushel. We halted near the Common, so as to enable me to inspect the monument. The inscription contained some strong expressions regarding British aggression. On returning, I remarked that they were all Britons at the time—the colonists being truer Britons than their assailants. It was, in fact, Essex against Essex; and when I spoke of the undesirability of embalming in bitter words the memory of a family quarrel, Emerson smilingly assented.

that he at once made up his mind to attach him to the public service. To secure this wise end he adopted unwise means. "A vacancy having occurred in a majorship in the Second Provincial Regiment of New Hampshire, Governor Wentworth at once commissioned Thompson to fill it;" thus placing him over the heads of veterans with infinitely stronger claims. He rapidly became a favourite with the governor, and on his proposing, soon after his appointment, to make a survey of the White Mountains, Wentworth not only fell in with the idea, but promised, if his public duties permitted, to take part in the survey himself. At the time when he exercised this influence, Thompson was not quite twenty years old.

Through official unwisdom, unhappily not confined to that age, the ferment of discontent with the legislation of the mother country had spread in 1774 throughout the colony. Clubs and committees were formed which often compelled men to take sides before the requisite data for forming a clear judgment had been obtained. "Our candour," says Dr. Ellis, "must persuade us to allow that there were reasons, or at least prejudices and apprehensions which might lead honest and right-hearted men, lovers and friends of their birthland, to oppose the rising spirit of independence as inflamed by demagogues, and as forboding discomfiture and mischief." Thompson became "suspect." He was known to be on friendly terms with Governor Wentworth; but then the governor, when he gave Thompson his commission, was highly popular in the province. Prior to his accession to office Wentworth had strongly opposed every measure of Great Britain which was regarded as encroaching upon the liberties of the colonists. He thought himself, nevertheless, in duty bound to stand by the royal authority when it was openly defied; and this naturally rendered him obnoxious.

"There was something," says Dr. Ellis, "exceedingly humiliating and degrading to a man of an independent and self-respecting spirit in the conditions imposed at times by the 'Sons of Liberty,' in the process of cleansing himself from the taint of Toryism." Human nature is everywhere the same, and to protect a cherished cause these "sons of liberty" sometimes adopted the tactics of the papal inquisition. Sullen defiance was the attitude of Thompson, and public feeling grew day by day more exasperated against him. In the summer of 1774, he foiled his accusers before a committee appointed to inquire into his conduct. The acquittal, however, gave him but little relief, and extra-judicial plots were formed against him. The Concord mob resolved at length to take the
into their own hands. One day they collected round
ase, and with hoots and yells demanded that he should be
ed up to them. Having got wind of the matter, he escaped

in time; and on the assurance of Mrs. Thompson and her brother Colonel Walker that he had quitted Concord the mob dispersed. "To have tarried at Concord," he writes to his father-in-law at this time, "and have stood another trial at the bar of the populace would doubtless have been attended with unhappy consequences, as my innocence would have stood me in no stead against the prejudices of an enraged infatuated multitude—and much less against the determined villany of my inveterate enemies, who strive to raise their popularity on the ruins of my character."

He returned to his mother's house in Woburn, where he was joined by his wife and child. While they were with him, shots were exchanged and blood was shed at Concord and Lexington. Thompson was at length arrested, and confined in Woburn. A "Committee of Correspondence" was formed to inquire into his conduct. He conducted his own defence, and was again acquitted. The committee, however, refused to make the acquittal a public one, lest, it was alleged, it should offend those who had sought for a conviction. Despair and disgust took possession of him more and more. In a long letter addressed to his father-in-law from Woburn, he defends his entire course of conduct. His principal offence was probably negative; for silence at the time was deemed tantamount to antagonism. During a brief period of farming, he had had working for him some deserters from the British army in Boston. These he persuaded to go back, and this was urged as a crime against him. He defended himself with spirit, declaring, after he had explained his motives, that if this action were a crime, he gloried in being a criminal. He had made up his mind to quit a country which had treated him so ill; devoutly wishing, "that the happy time may soon come when I may return to my family in peace and safety, and when every individual in America may sit down under his own vine and under his own fig tree, and have none to make him afraid." On October 13th, 1775, he quitted Woburn, reached the shore of Narragansett Bay where he went on board a British frigate. In this vessel he was conveyed to Boston, where he remained until the town was evacuated by the British troops. The news of this catastrophe was carried by him to England. Thenceforward, till the close of the war, he was on the English side.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Thompson was the readiness with which he caught the manners and fell into the ways of great people. This quality probably connects itself with that "over-love of splendour" which his friend Baldwin ascribes to him. On the English side the American War was begun, continued, and ended, in ignorance. Blunder followed blunder, and defeat followed defeat, until knowledge which ought to have been ready at the outset came too late. Thompson for a time was the vehicle of such belated

knowledge. He was immediately attached to the Colonial Office, then ruled over by Lord George Germain. Cuvier, in his 'Eloge,' thus described his first interview with that Minister. "On this occasion by the clearness of his details and the gracefulness of his manners, he insinuated himself so far into the graces of Lord George Germain that he took him into his employment." With Lord George he frequently breakfasted, dined, and supped, and was occasionally his guest in the country. At Stoneland Lodge, the residence of Lord George, his celebrated experiments on gunpowder began. He was a born experimentalist, handy, ingenious, full of devices to meet practical needs. He turned his attention to improvements in military matters; devised and procured the adoption of bayonets for the fusees of the Horse Guards, to be used in fighting on foot. The results of his experiments on gunpowder were communicated to Sir Joseph Banks. He soon became intimate with Sir Joseph, and in 1779, he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society.

When the war had become hopeless, many of the exiles who had been true to the Royalist cause came to England, where Thompson's official position imposed on him the duty of assuaging their miseries and adjusting their claims. Though no evidence exists "that he failed to do in any case what duty and friendliness required of him," he did not entirely escape the censure of his outlawed fellow countrymen. One of them in particular had been a judge in Salem when Thompson was a shop-boy in Appleton's store. Judge Curwen complained of his fair appearance and uncandid behaviour. He must have keenly felt the singular reversal in their relations. "This young man," says the judge, "when a shop-lad to my next neighbour, ever appeared active, good natured, and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now Under-Secretary to the American Secretary of State, Lord George Germain, a Secretary to Georgia, Inspector of all the clothing sent to America, and Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of Horse Dragoons, at New York; his income from these sources is, I have been told, near £7000* a year—a sum infinitely beyond his most sanguine expectations."

As the prospects of the war darkened, Thompson's patron became more and more the object of attack. The people had been taxed in vain. England was entangled in Continental war, and it became gradually recognized that the subjugation of the colony was impossible. To Thompson's credit, be it recorded, he showed no tendency to desert the cause he had espoused, when he found it to be a failing one. In 1782, his chief was driven from power, and at this critical time he accepted the commission of lieutenant-colonel in the British army, and returned to America with a view of rallying for a final stand such forces as he might find capable of organization. He took with him four pieces of artillery, with which he made experiments during

* This Dr. Ellis considers to be a delusion.

the voyage. His destination was Long Island, New York, but stress of weather carried him to Charleston, South Carolina, where the influence of his presence was soon felt. "Obliged to pass the winter there, he was made commander of the remains of the cavalry in the royal army, which was then under the orders of Lieutenant-General Leslie. This corps was broken, but he promptly restored it, and won the confidence and attachment of the commander. He led them often against the enemy, and was always successful in his enterprises."

He quitted Charleston, and about the middle of April, 1782, reached New York, where he took command of the King's American Dragoons. But early in April, 1783, before the war was formally concluded, he obtained leave to return to England. Finding there no opportunity for active service, he resolved to try his fortune on the Continent, intending to offer his services as a volunteer in the Austrian army against the Turks. The historian Gibbon crossed the Channel with him. In a letter dated Dover, September 17, 1783, Gibbon writes:—"Last night, the wind was so high that the vessel could not stir from the harbour; this day it is brisk and fair. We are flattered with the hope of making Calais Harbour by the same tide in three hours and a half; but any delay will leave the disagreeable option of a tottering boat or a tossing night. What a cursed thing to live in an island! this step is more awkward than the whole journey. The triumvirate of this memorable embarkation will consist of the grand Gibbon, Henry Laurens, Esq., President of Congress; and Mr. Secretary, Colonel, Admiral, Philosopher Thompson, attended by three horses, who are not the most agreeable fellow-passengers. If we survive, I will finish and seal my letter at Calais. Our salvation shall be ascribed to the prayers of my lady and aunt, for I do believe they both pray." The "grand Gibbon" is reported to have been terribly frightened by the plunging of his fellow-passengers, the three blood horses.

Pushing on to Strasburg, where Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, then a field marshal in the service of France, was in garrison, Thompson, mounted on one of his chargers, appeared on the parade ground. He attracted the attention of the Prince, who spoke to him, and, on learning that he had been serving in the American war, pointed to some of his officers, and remarked that they had been in the same war. An animated conversation immediately began, at the end of which the stranger was invited to dine with the Prince. After dinner, it is said, he produced a portfolio containing plans of the principal engagements, and a collection of excellent maps of the seat of war. Eager for information, the Prince again invited him for the next day, and when at length the traveller took leave, engaged him to pass through Munich, giving him a friendly letter to the Elector of Bavaria.

The Elector, a sage ruler, saw in him immediately a man capable of rendering the State good service. He pressed his visitor to accept a post half military and half civil. The proposal was a welcome one to Thompson, and he came to England to obtain the king's permission to accept it. Not only was the permission granted, but on February 23, 1784, he was knighted by the king. Dr. Ellis publishes the "grant of arms" to the new knight. The original parchment, perfect and unsullied, with all its seals, is in the possession of Mrs. James F. Baldwin, of Boston, widow of the executor of Countess Sarah Rumford. "The knight himself," observes his biographer, "must have furnished the information written on that flowery parchment." He returned to Munich, and on his arrival the Elector appointed him colonel of a regiment of cavalry and aide-de-camp to himself. He was lodged in a palace, which he shared with the Russian Ambassador, and had a military staff and a corps of servants. He soon acquired a mastery over the German and French languages. He made himself minutely acquainted with everything concerning the dominions of the Elector—their population and employments, their resources and means of development, and their relations to other powers. Holding as he did the united offices of Minister of War, Minister of Police, and Chamberlain of the Elector, his influence and action extended to all parts of the public service. Four years of observation were, however, spent in Munich before he attempted anything practical. Then, as now, the armies of the Continent were maintained by conscription. Drawn away from their normal occupations, the rural population returned after their term of service lazy and demoralized. The pay of the soldiers was miserable, their clothing bad, their quarters dirty and mean; the expense being out of all proportion to the return.

Thompson aimed at making soldiers citizens and citizens soldiers. The situation of the soldier was to be rendered pleasant, his pay was to be increased, his clothing rendered comfortable and even elegant, while all liberty consistent with strict subordination was to be permitted him. Within, the barracks were to be neat and clean; and without, attractive. Reading, writing, and arithmetic were to be taught, not only to the soldiers and their children, but to the children of the neighbouring peasantry. He drained the noisome marshes of Mannheim, and converted them into a garden for the use of the garrison. For the special purpose of introducing the culture of the potato, he extended the plan of military gardens to other garrisons. They were tilled, and their produce was owned by non-commissioned officers and privates. The plan proved completely successful. Indolent soldiers became industrious, while through the prompting of those on furlough, little gardens sprang up everywhere over the country. Bavaria was then infested with beggars, vagabonds, and thieves, native and

foreign. These mendicant tramps were in the main stout, healthy, and able-bodied fellows, who found a life of thievish indolence pleasanter than a life of honest work. "These detestable vermin had recourse to the most diabolical arts, and the most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade." They robbed, they stole, maimed and exposed little children, so as to extract money from the tender-hearted. All this must be put an end to. Four regiments of cavalry were so cantoned that every village had its patrol. This disposition of the cavalry was antecedent to seizing, as a beginning, all the beggars in the capital. The problem before him might well have daunted a courageous man, but he faced it without misgiving. He brought his schemes to clear definition in his mind before he attempted to realize them. Precepts, he knew, were vain, so his aim was to establish habits. Reversing the maxim that people must be virtuous to be happy, he resolved on making happiness a stepping-stone to virtue. He had learnt the importance of cleanliness through observing the habits of birds. Lawgivers and founders of religions never failed, he said, to recognize the influence of cleanliness on man's moral nature. "Virtue never dwelt long with filth and nastiness, nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain." He had to deal with wretches covered with filth and vermin, to cleanse them, to teach them, and to give them the pleasure and stimulus of earning honest money. He did not waste his means on fine buildings, but taking a deserted manufactory, he repaired it, enlarged it, adding to it kitchen, bakehouse, and workshops for mechanics. Halls were provided for the spinners of flax, cotton, and wool. Other halls were set up for weavers, clothiers, dyers, saddlers, wool-sorters, carders, combers, knitters, and seamstresses. In the prosecution of his despotic scheme all men seemed to fall under his lead. To relieve it of the odium which might accrue if it were effected wholly by the military, he associated with himself and his field officers the magistrates of Munich. They gave him willing sympathy and aid. On New Year's morning 1790 he and the chief magistrate walked out together. With extended hand a beggar immediately accosted them. Thompson, setting the example to his companions, laid his hand gently upon the shoulder of the vagabond, and committed him to the charge of a serjeant with orders to take him to the Town Hall. At the end of that day not a single beggar remained at large.

With his iron resolution was associated in those days a plastic tact which enabled him to avoid jealousies and collisions that a man of less self-restraint would infallibly have incurred. To the school for poor students, the Sisters of Charity, the hospital for lepers, and other institutions had been conceded the right of making periodic appeals from house to house; German appren-

tices had also been permitted to beg upon their travels; all of these had their claims adjusted. After he had swept his swarm of paupers into the quarters provided for them, his hardest work began. Here the inflexible order which had characterized him through life came as a natural force to his aid. "He encouraged a spirit of industry, pride, self-respect, and emulation, finding help even in trifling distinctions of apparel." His pauper workhouse was self-supporting, while its inmates were given the means of enjoying life. He constructed and arranged a kitchen which provided daily a warm and nutritive dinner for a thousand or fifteen hundred persons; an incredibly small amount of fuel sufficing to cook a dinner for this multitude. The military workhouse was also remunerative; its profits for six years exceeding a hundred thousand dollars. He had the art of making himself loved and honoured by the people whom he ruled in this arbitrary way. Under stress of work he once broke down at Munich, and fearing that he was dying, the poor of the city went in procession to the church to put up public prayers for him. In 1793 he went to Italy to restore his health. Had he known how to employ the sanative power of Nature, he might have longer kept in working order his vigorous frame. But he was a man of the city. The mountains of Maggiore were to him less attractive than the streets of Verona, where he committed himself to the planning of soup kitchens. He made similar plans for other cities, so that to call his absence a holiday would be a misnomer. He returned to Munich in August, 1794, slowly recovering, but not able to resume the management of his various institutions.

Men find pleasure in exercising the powers they possess, and Rumford possessed, in its highest and strongest form, the power of organization. In him flexible wisdom formed an amalgam with despotic strength. He held undoubtingly that "arrangement, method, provision for the minutest details, subordination, co-operation, and a careful system of statistics, will facilitate and make effective any undertaking, however burdensome and comprehensive." Pure love of humanity would at first sight seem to be the motive force of his action. Still, it has been affirmed by those who knew him that this was not the case. Fontenelle said of Dodard, that he turned his rigid observance of the fasts of the Church into a scientific experiment on the effects of abstinence, thereby taking the path which led at once to heaven and into the French Academy. In Rumford's case the pleasure of the administrator outweighed, it was said, that of the philanthropist.

When he quitted America, he left his wife and infant daughter behind him, and whether there were any communications afterwards between him and them is not known. In 1793, in a letter to his friend Baldwin, he expressed the desire to visit his native country, and to become personally acquainted with his daughter,

who was then nineteen. With reference to this projected visit, he asks, "Should I kindly be received? Are the remains of party spirit and political persecution done away? Would it be necessary to ask leave of the State?" A year prior to the date of this letter, Rumford's wife had died, at the age of fifty-two. On January 29, 1796, his daughter, who was familiarly called "Sally Thompson," sailed for London to see her father. She "had heard him spoken of as an officer, and had attached to this an idea of the warrior with a martial look, possibly the sword, if not the gun by his side." All this disappeared when she saw him. He did not strike her as handsome, or even agreeable, a result in part due to the fact that he had been ill and was very thin and pale. She speaks, however, of his laughter "quite from the heart," while the expression of his mouth, with teeth of "the most finished pearls," was sweetness itself. She had little knowledge of the world, and her purchases in London he thought both extravagant and extraordinary. After having, by due discipline, learnt how to make an English courtesy, to the horror of her father, almost the first use she made of her newly acquired accomplishment was to courtesy to a housekeeper.

In 1796 Rumford founded the historic medal which bears his name, and the same year, accompanied by his daughter, he returned to Germany. France and Austria were then at war, while Bavaria sought to remain rigidly neutral. Eight days after Rumford's arrival, the Elector took refuge in Saxony. Moreau had crossed the Rhine and threatened Bavaria. After a defeat by the French, the Austrians withdrew to Munich, but found the gates of the city closed against them. They planted batteries on a height commanding the city. According to an arrangement with the Elector, Rumford assumed the command of the Bavarian forces, and by his firmness and presence of mind prevented either French or Austrians from entering Munich. The consideration in which he was held is illustrated by the fact that the Elector made Miss Thompson a Countess of the Empire, conferring on her a pension of £200 a year, with liberty to enjoy it in any country where she might wish to reside.

The New England girl, brought up in the quietude of Concord, transplanted thence to London, and afterwards to Munich, was subjected to a somewhat trying ordeal. After a short period of initiation, she appears to have passed through it creditably. Her writing does not exhibit her as possessing any marked qualities of intellect. She was bright, gossipy, "volatile," and throws manifold gleams on the details of Rumford's life. He kept through the year a box at the opera, though he hardly ever went there, and hired by the year a doctor named Haubenal. She amusingly describes a quintuple present made to her by her father soon after her arrival in Munich. The first item was "a little shaggy dog, as white as snow,

excepting black eyes, ears and nose;" the second was a lady named Veratzy, who was sent to teach her French and music; the third was a Catholic priest, named Dillis, who was to be her drawing-master; the fourth was a teacher of Italian, named Alberti; and the fifth, the before-mentioned Dr. Haubenal, who was to look after her health. She did not at all like the arrangement. She was particularly surprised and shocked at a doctor's offering his services before they were wanted. In fact the little dog "Cora" was the only welcome constituent of the gift.

The Elector put the seal to his esteem for Rumford by appointing him Plenipotentiary from Bavaria to the Court of London. King George, however, declined to accept him in this capacity. He was obviously stung by this refusal; and the thought which had often occurred to him of returning to his native country now revived. Mr. Rufus King was at that time American Ambassador in London: and he, by Rumford's desire, wrote to Colonel Pickering, then Secretary of State for the United States, informing him of the Count's intention to settle down at or near Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he proposed to live in the character of a German nobleman, renouncing all political action, and devoting himself to literary pursuits. In reply to this communication Mr. King was authorised to offer Rumford, in addition to the post of Superintendent of the Military Academy, that of Inspector-General of the Artillery of the United States; "and we shall moreover be disposed to give to you such rank and emoluments, as would be likely to afford you satisfaction, and to secure to us the advantage of your service."

The hour of final decision approached, but before it arrived another project had laid hold of Rumford's imagination, a project which in its results has proved of more importance to physical science, and of more advantage to mankind, than any which this multifarious genius had previously undertaken. This project was the foundation of the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

His ideas on this subject took definite shape in 1799. They were set forth in a pamphlet of fifty pages, the introduction to which is dated from Rumford's residence in Brompton Row, March 4th, 1799. His aim is to cause science and art to work together; to establish relations between philosophers and workmen; and to bring their united efforts to bear on the improvement of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and on the augmentation of domestic comforts. He specially dwells on the management of fire, it being, as he thinks, a subject of peculiar interest to mankind. Fuel, he asserted, cost the kingdom more than ten millions sterling annually, which was much more than twice what it ought to cost. In the pall of smoke which hung over London, defacing its edifices and works of art, he saw "unused material which was turned equally to waste and made a means of annoyance and

insalubrity." He would bind himself, if the opportunity were allowed him, "to prove to the citizens that the heat and the material of heat thus wasted would suffice to cook all the food in the city, warm every apartment, and perform all the mechanical work done by fire." With his hope, strength, and practical insight, and with the sympathy which he would command, there is no knowing what might be accomplished in the way of smoke abatement were he now amongst us.

Rumford could at this time count on the sympathy and active support of a number of excellent men, who, in advance of him, had founded a "Society for bettering the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor." He sought the aid of the committee of this Society. It was agreed on all hands that the proposed new Institution promised to be too important to permit of its being made an appendage to any other. A committee consisting of eight members of the old Society was, however, appointed to confer with Rumford regarding his plan. The committee met and ratified Rumford's proposals. Subscribers of fifty guineas each were to be the perpetual proprietors of the Institution; a contribution of ten guineas was to secure the privileges of a life subscriber; whilst a subscription of two guineas constituted an annual subscriber. The managers, nine in number, were to be chosen by ballot by the proprietors. A Committee of Visitors was also appointed, the same in number as the Committee of Managers, and holding office for the same number of years. At a general meeting of the proprietors held at the house of Sir Joseph Banks, in Soho Square, on the 7th of March, 1799, fifty-eight persons, comprising many men of great distinction, were found to have qualified as proprietors by the subscription of fifty guineas each. The Committee of Managers was chosen, and they held their first meeting at the house of Sir Joseph Banks on the 9th of March, 1799. Mr. Thomas Bernard, one of the most active members of the Society from whose committee the first managers were chosen, was appointed Secretary. On the 13th of January 1800, the Royal Seal was attached to the Charter of the Institution. The King was its Patron, and the first officers of the Institution were appointed by him. The Earl of Winchester was President. Lord Morton, Lord Egremont, and Sir Joseph Banks were Vice-Presidents. The managers were divided into three classes of three each; the first class serving for one, the second for two, and the third for three years. The Earls of Bessborough, Egremont and Morton, respectively, headed the lists of the three classes of managers. Rumford himself was appointed to serve for three years. The three classes of Visitors were headed by the Duke of Bridgewater, Viscount Palmerston, and Earl Spencer respectively. The first Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry was Dr. Thomas Garnett, while the first Treasurer was Mr. Thomas Bernard. A home and foreign secretary, legal counsel,

a solicitor and a clerk, were added to the list. One rule established at this time has been adhered to with great fidelity to the present day. No political subject was to be mentioned in the lectures.

The word "Institution" was chosen because it had been least used previously, and because it best indicated the objects of the new Society. The mechanical arts have promoted civilization and refinement. Nations, provinces, towns, and even villages thrive in proportion to the activity of their industry. "Exertion quickens the spirit of invention, makes science flourish, and increases the moral and physical powers of man." The printing-press, navigation, gunpowder, the steam-engine, have changed the whole course of human affairs. The slowness with which improvements make their way among workmen arises from prejudice, suspicion, jealousy, dislike of change, and the narrowing effect of the subdivision of work into many petty occupations. But slowness is also due to the greed for wealth, the desire for monopoly, the spirit of secret intrigue exhibited among manufacturers. Between these two the philosopher steps in, whose business it is "to examine every operation of Nature and Art, and to establish general theories for the direction and conducting of future processes." But philosophers may become dreamers, and they have therefore habitually to be called back to the study of practical questions which bear upon the ordinary pursuits of life. Science and practice are, in short, to interact, to the advantage of both.

Houses in Albemarle Street were purchased, and modified to suit the objects in view. Rumford's obvious intention was to found an Institute of Technology and Engineering. The Institution was to be made a repository for models of all useful contrivances and improvements: cottage fireplaces and kitchen utensils; kitchens for farm-houses and for the houses of gentlemen; a laundry, including boilers, washing, ironing, and drying-rooms; German, Swedish, and Russian stoves; open chimney fireplaces, with ornamental grates; ornamental stoves; working models "of that most curious and most useful machine, the steam-engine;" brewers' boilers; distillers' coppers; condensers; large boilers for hospitals; ventilating apparatus for hot-houses; lime-kilns; steam-boilers for preparing food for stall-fed cattle; spinning-wheels; looms; agricultural implements; bridges of various constructions; human food; clothing; houses; towns; fortresses; harbours; roads; canals; carriages; ships; tools; weapons; &c. Chemistry was to be applied to soils, tillage, and manures; to the manufacture of bread, beer, wine, spirits, starch, sugar, butter, and cheese; to the processes of dying, calico-printing, bleaching, painting, and varnishing; to the smelting of ores; the formation of alloys; to mortars, cements, bricks, pottery, glass, and enamels. Above all, "the phenomena of *light* and *heat*—those great powers which give life and energy to the universe—

powers which, by the wonderful process of combustion, are placed under the command of human beings—will engage a profound interest.”

In reference to the alleged size of the bed of Og, the king of Bashan, Bishop Watson asked Tom Paine to determine the bulk to which a human body may be augmented before it will perish by its own weight. As regards the projected Institution, Rumford surely had passed this limit, and by the ponderosity of his scheme, had ensured either change or ruin. In such an establishment Davy was sure to become an iconoclast. He cared little for models, not even for the apparatus with which his own best discoveries were made, but incontinently broke it up whenever he found it could be made subservient to further ends.

The experimental lectures of Davy were then attracting attention. Rumours of the young chemist reached Rumford, and, at his request, Davy came to London. His life at the moment was purely a land of promise, but Rumford had the sagacity to see the promise, and the wisdom to act upon his insight. Nor was his judgment rapidly formed. Several interviews preceded his announcement to Davy, on the 16th of February, 1801, the resolution of the managers, “That Mr. Humphry Davy be engaged in the service of the Royal Institution, in the capacity of Assistant Lecturer in Chemistry, Director of the Chemical Laboratory, and Assistant Editor of the Journals of the Institution; and that he be allowed to occupy a room in the house, and be furnished with coals and candles, and that he be paid a salary of one hundred guineas per annum.” Rumford, moreover, held out to Davy the prospect of becoming, in the course of two or three years, full Professor of Chemistry, with a salary of 300*l.* per annum, “provided,” he adds, “that within that period you shall have given proofs of your fitness to hold that distinguished situation.” This promise of the professorship in two or three years was ominous for Dr. Garnett, between whom and the managers differences soon arose which led to his withdrawal from the Institution. Davy began his duties on Wednesday, the 11th of March, 1801.

The name of a man who has no intellectual superior in its annals, now appears for the first time in connection with the Institution. At the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, Rumford had an interview with Dr. Thomas Young, destined to become so illustrious as the first decipherer of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and as the foremost founder of the undulatory theory of light. Young accepted an engagement as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Institution, as Editor of its Journals, and as superintendent of the house, at a salary of £300 per annum.

A portion of the motive force of a man of Rumford's temperament may be described as irritability. During the possession of physical vigour and sound health, this force is grasped by the will and

directed by intelligence and tact. But when health slackens and physical vigour subsides, that which had been a firmly ruled power becomes an energy wanting adequate control. Rumford's success in Bavaria illustrates his pliancy as much as his strength. But before he started the Royal Institution his health had given way, and his irritability, it is to be feared, got the upper hand. In point of intellect, moreover, he came then into contact with people of larger calibre and more varied accomplishments than he had previously met. He could hardly count upon the entire sympathy of Young and Davy, though I believe he remained on friendly terms with them to the end. They were gems of a different water, if I may use the term, from Rumford. The chief object of his fostering care was, at that time, mechanical invention, applied to the uses of life. The pleasures of Young and Davy lay in another sphere. To them science was an end, not a means to an end. In his excellent work on the Royal Institution Dr. Bence Jones informs us that difficulties were gathering round it in 1803, and it was even proposed to sell it off. Rumford, being in Paris, with the aid of Davy, Mr. Bernard, and Sir John Hippisley, carried on the work, "without workshops, or mechanics' institute, or kitchen, or model exhibition." The place of these was taken by experimental and theoretical researches, which instead of dealing with things achieved, carried the mind into unexplored regions of Nature, forgetful whether the discoveries made in that region had or had not a bearing on the necessities of material life.

Rumford and his Institution had to bear the brunt of ridicule, and he felt it; but men of ready wit have not abstained from exercising it on societies of greater age and higher claims. Shafts of sarcasm without number have been launched at the Royal Society. It was perfectly natural for persons who had little taste for scientific inquiry and less knowledge of the methods of Nature, to feel amused, if not scandalized, by the apparently insignificant subjects which sometimes occupied the scientific mind. They were not aware that in science the most stupendous phenomena often find their suggestion and interpretation in the most minute—that the smallest laboratory fact is connected by indissoluble ties with the grandest operations of nature. Thus the iridescences of the common soap-bubble, subjected to scientific analysis, have emerged in the conclusion that stellar space is a *plenum* filled with a material substance capable of transmitting motion with a rapidity which would girdle the equatorial earth eight times in a second; while the tremors of this substance in one form constitute what we call light, and, in all forms, constitute what we call radiant heat. Not seeing this connection between great and small; not discerning that as regards the illustration of physical principles there is no great and no small, the wits, considering the

small contemptible, permitted sarcasm to flow accordingly. But these things have passed away, while the ridicule and intolerance from which she once suffered, are now, I think unfairly, sometimes laid to the charge of science.

This lapsing of the technical side of Rumford's scheme can hardly be called a defeat, for his Institution flourishes to the present hour. The real defeat of his life was yet to come, and it came through a power pronounced on high authority to be the strongest in the world. While in Paris, he made the acquaintance of Madame Lavoisier, a lady of wealth, spirit, social distinction, and, it is to be added, a lady of temper. Her illustrious husband had suffered under the guillotine on the 8th of May, 1794; and inheriting his great name, together with a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, she gathered round her, in her receptions, the most distinguished society of Paris. She and Rumford became friends, the friendship afterwards passing into what was thought to be genuine affection. The Elector of Bavaria took great interest in his projected marriage, and when that consummation came near, settled upon him an annuity of 4,000 florins. In a letter to his daughter he thus describes his bride elect: "I made the acquaintance of this very amiable woman in Paris, who, I believe, would have no objection to having me for a husband, and who in all respects would be a proper match for me. She is a widow without children, never having had any; is about my own age (she was four years younger than Rumford), enjoys good health, is very pleasant in society, has a handsome fortune at her own disposal, enjoys a most respectable reputation, keeps a good house, which is frequented by all the first philosophers and men of eminence in the science and literature of the age, or rather of Paris. And, what is more than all the rest, is goodness itself."

All preliminaries having been arranged, Count Rumford and Madame Lavoisier were married in Paris on the 24th of October, 1805. He describes the house in which they lived, Rue d'Anjou, No. 39, as a paradise. In a letter written to Countess Sarah two months after his marriage, he refers to their style of living as really magnificent; his wife was exceedingly fond of company, in the midst of which she made a splendid figure. She seldom went out, but kept open house to all the great and worthy. He describes their dinners and evening teas, which must have been trying to a man who longed for quiet. The dinners, his daughter says, he could have borne, but the teas annoyed him. Instead of living melodious days, his life gradually became a discord; and on the 15th of January, 1806, he confides to his daughter, as a family secret, that he is "not at all sure that two certain persons were not wholly mistaken

in their marriage, as to each other's characters." The dénouement hastened; and on the first anniversary of his marriage he describes his wife as "a female dragon." On the second anniversary, matters were worse. The quarrels between him and Madame had become more violent and open. He gives the following sample of them:—"I am almost afraid to tell you the story, my good child, lest in future you should not be good; lest what I am about relating should set you a bad example, make you passionate, and so on. But I had been made very angry. A large party had been invited I neither liked nor approved of, and invited for the sole purpose of vexing me. Our house being in the centre of the garden, walled around, with iron gates, I put on my hat, walked down to the porter's lodge, and gave him orders, on his peril, not to let any one in. Besides I took away the keys. Madame went down, and when the company arrived, she talked with them—she on one side, they on the other, of the high brick wall. After that she goes and pours boiling water on some of my beautiful flowers." The wrangling went on, and he made up his mind for a separation, purposing to take a house at Auteuil. It would be unfortunate if he could not live more independently than with this unfeeling, cunning, tyrannical woman. "Alas! little do we know people at first sight!" He describes his habitation as no longer the abode of peace. He breakfasts alone in his apartment, while to his infinite chagrin most of the visitors are his wife's determined adherents. "A separation," he says, "is unavoidable, for it would be highly improper for me to continue with a person who has given me so many proofs of her implacable hatred and malice."

The lease of the villa at Auteuil was purchased by Rumford in 1808, and the separation took place "amicably" on the 13th of June, 1809.* Ever afterwards, however, anger rankled in his heart, and he never mentions his wife but in terms of repugnance and condemnation. His release from her filled him at first with unnatural elation, and on the fourth anniversary of his wedding-day he writes to his daughter, "I make choice of this day to write to you, in reality to testify joy, but joy that I am away from her." On the fifth anniversary he writes thus: "You will perceive that this is the anniversary of my marriage. I am happy to call it to mind that I may compare my present situation with the three and a half horrible years I was living with that tyrannical, avaricious, unfeeling woman." The closing six months of his married life he describes as a purgatory sufficiently painful to do away with the sins of a thousand years.

* From 1772 to 1800, Rumford's house at Auteuil had been the residence of the widow of a man highly celebrated in his day as a freethinker, but whom Lange describes as "the vain and superficial Helvetius." It is also the house where, in the month of January, 1870, the young journalist Victor Noir was shot dead by Prince Pierre Bonaparte.

Rumford, in fact, writes with the bitterness of a defeated man. His wife retained her friends, while he, who a short time previously had been the observed of all observers, found himself practically isolated. This was a new and bitter experience, the thought of which, pressing on him continually, destroyed all magnanimity in his references to her. Notwithstanding his hostility to his wife, he permitted her to visit him on apparently amicable terms. The daughter paints her character as admirable, ascribing their differences to individual independence, arising from their having been accustomed to rule in their own ways: "It was a fine match, could they but have agreed." One day in driving out with her father, she remarked to him how odd it was that he and his wife could not get on together, when they seemed so friendly to each other, adding that it struck her that Madame de Rumford could not be in her right mind. He replied bitterly, "Her mind is, as it has ever been, to act differently from what she appears."

The statesman Guizot was one of Madame de Rumford's most intimate friends, and his account of her and her house differs considerably from the account of both given by her husband. Rumford became her guest at a time when he enjoyed in public "a splendid scientific popularity. His spirit was lofty, his conversation was full of interest, and his manners were marked by gentle kindness. He made himself agreeable to Madame Lavoisier. She married him, happy to offer to a distinguished man a great fortune and a most agreeable existence." The lady, according to Guizot, had stipulated, on her second marriage, that she should be permitted to retain the name of Lavoisier, calling herself Madame Lavoisier de Rumford. This, it is said, proved disagreeable to the Count, but she was not to be moved from her determination to retain the name. "I have," she says, "at the bottom of my heart a profound conviction that M. de Rumford will not disapprove of me for it, and that on taking time for reflection, he will permit me to continue to fulfil a duty which I regard as sacred." Guizot adds that the hope proved deceptive, and that "after some domestic agitations, which M. de Rumford, with more of tact, might have kept from becoming so notorious, a separation became necessary." Her dinners and receptions during the remaining twenty-seven years of her life, are described as delightful. Cultivated intellects, piquant and serious conversation, excellent music, "liberty of thought and speech without any distrust or disquiet as to what authority might judge or say—a privilege then more precious than any one to-day imagines, just as one who has breathed under an air-pump can best appreciate the delight of free respiration."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1814 describes the seclusion in which Rumford's later days were spent. After the death of the

illustrious Lagrange, he saw but two or three friends, nor did he attend the meetings of the National Institute, of which he was a member. Cuvier was then its perpetual secretary, and for him Rumford always entertained the highest esteem. He differed from Laplace on a scientific question, and his dissent was probably not without its penal consequences. Rumford always congratulated himself on having brought forward two such celebrated men as the Bavarian General Wieden, who was originally a lawyer or land steward, and Sir Humphry Davy. The German, French, Spanish, and Italian languages were as familiar to the Count as English. He played billiards against himself; he was fond of chess, which however made his feet like ice and his head like fire. The designs of his own inventions were drawn by him with great skill; but he had no knowledge of painting or sculpture, and little feeling for either. He had no taste for poetry, but great taste for landscape gardening. In later life his habits were most abstemious, and it is said that his strength was in this way so reduced, as to render him unable to resist his last illness. Fêted, honoured, titled, and endowed; enrolled as a member of all the leading academies and learned societies of Europe; the correspondent and friend of potentates, princes, viceroys, and ministers; the recipient of grateful and deferential addresses from great city corporations, this wonderful man tripped at last over the chain which bound him to a wife who lacked the loving pliancy which he demanded, but which, even had it existed, his peremptory nature would have rendered him unable to reciprocate. Though forgotten in England, he is remembered in Bavaria. One of his great works there was the transformation of a piece of desert land into the so-called English garden, at Munich. Here in 1795, during his absence in England, the inhabitants erected a monument to his glory, while his figure was afterwards embodied in a noble statue in the finest street in the Bavarian city. In 1814 he was on the point of returning to England, when he was seized with a nervous fever, which in three days brought him to his end. He succumbed on the 21st of August, 1814, and was buried in the small and now disused cemetery of Auteuil. So passed away the glory of Count Rumford.

The limits assigned to this article have prevented me from touching on the scientific labours of Rumford. This, if time permit, may be done in a subsequent number of this REVIEW.

J. TYNDALL.

THE FOUR CHIEF APOSTLES.

PART I.

WHEN the wisest of the Greeks had drunk the hemlock, and when, keeping up to the last his tone of playful irony, he had given to his friend Phædo his last commission,—the offering of a cock to Esculapius, as an expression of gratitude to the god of medicine for that perfect remedy for all the ills of life, and for the immortal health he was henceforth to enjoy in the society of the gods,—his disciples left the prison in tears, and went away together to the country-house of one of them, Euclid of Megara, where they remained for some time, dwelling on the rich memories of wisdom and affection left to them by their departed master.

But the ties of grateful remembrance could not long suffice to bind together minds so different. The natural diversity of tastes and temperaments soon broke out, and proved too strong for this momentary union. Flinging himself forward into that sublime domain of the ideal into which the teaching of Socrates had given him the first glimpse, the divine Plato placed the sovereign good of man in his approach to the likeness of God by the participation of his intellect in those ideas which are the eternal and immutable principles of things. The gentle Aristippus, in his adoration of pleasure, asserted that the end of existence is enjoyment, and that virtue itself is a good only as it becomes one pleasure the more. The austere Antisthenes, on the other hand, found the highest good in the fulfilment of duty, irrespective of its pleasure or its pain, and even, if need be, at the cost of all social conventions; while the wise Phædo, the favourite disciple of the master, modestly sought to pursue that line of practical morality which Socrates had traced out in his doctrine and in his life. Thus, as the happy time of the visible presence of their friend and father faded away into the back-

ground, the bond that had held together these divergent spirits gradually gave way. The spiritual monarchy of the greatest of Greek philosophers suffered the same fate which afterwards overtook the political monarchy of the greatest of Greek captains. As the empire of Alexander broke up into four kingdoms, so the empire of Socrates broke up into four opposing schools, and the image of the leopard with four heads, which in the prophetic vision of Daniel represented the former, might with equal justice represent the latter.

Four centuries later, in Jerusalem, another company of disciples mourned in like manner the departure of Him who had gathered them about Him. In the retirement of the upper chamber they fed together on the sweetest and most sacred memories. But the bond between these men was not one of simple remembrance; their spirits were sustained by a great and common hope. Their Master had told them in the hour of farewell:—"It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. . . . I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you." The expectation was quickly realized. A new work, completing that which had been done by His visible presence, was accomplished in them. That which they had seen with their eyes, which they had heard with their ears, and their hands had handled, His holy life, His filial communion with the Father, the marvellous works which His Father had given Him to do, His death resplendent with love and meekness, His resurrection from the dead by the glory of the Father, His ascension, in which the whole amazing history culminated—all these things had been seen by them as through a veil. But, from the Pentecostal morning, the revealing sunbeam had scattered the mists; the light in which Jesus lived enveloped them; they beheld Him in His glory. The unimaginable promise was fulfilled, "My Father and I will come unto you, and make Our abode with you;" and under the domination of that inspiring breath they declared to the inhabitants of the sacred city the wonderful works of God. This inward work, the creation of the living Master within them, completed the indissoluble union which His visible presence had begun to form, and made it impossible that the differences which existed among them should ever degenerate into causes of division.

It is one of the most remarkable features of the action of the Holy Ghost that it has no tendency to obliterate the varieties of human personality. On the contrary, it frees the individuality and accentuates its profoundest characteristics. In this, as in all else, it is the very opposite of diabolic possession, by which the sense of personality is first suppressed, and at last entirely confiscated. Was it not to awaken this consciousness, and thus begin the work

of liberation that Jesus asked an apparently incurable demoniac, "What is thy name?" The Holy Spirit is no distant power, foreign to the essence of the soul, coming to it as an oppressor. It is that breath of life of which every human being is the destined agent. Where it penetrates, all the natural forces are set free and the natural gifts multiplied. Then alone the soul begins to be fully herself, and ready for her sublime function as the organ of God. This was the work that took place in the disciples of Jesus.

From that moment all the disciples drew their life from that Jesus whom they beheld, whom they inwardly possessed; and for Him alone they laboured; He was their all. And yet each one of them knew Him in ways of his own, knew Him as He best answered to his own aspirations, to his own past experiences. Each possessed Him as he most needed Him for his individual taste. We can even now perceive this when we study the life and writings of the four chief representatives of primitive Christianity. We observe among them a very marked variety; but each one of them in what he possesses of his Master, possesses the whole Christ. It is this common possession of Him which keeps the bond unbroken. The disciples of Socrates had found in him only a Master and a model; the Apostles found in Jesus their Lord and their God. They did not stand in admiration before Him; they were prostrate at His feet.

The four men who played that leading part of which we have just spoken are: first, Peter, whom Jesus had placed at the head of the college of Apostles; next, James, the eldest of the Lord's brothers; then His bitterest adversary and most active Apostle, Paul; and lastly, John, His intimate and personal friend. They were very dissimilar in character, in qualifications, and in aspirations; their antecedents were different, the functions to which they were providentially destined were no less so. Their distinctive characters appear in the manner of their coming to Jesus, and in the nature of the link which unites them to Him. It is this diversity which forms the subject of the present study, not for the sinister purpose of opposing one to another and in some sort neutralizing one by another, but rather in order to show forth His greatness who could so satisfy these four chosen spirits as to become to each of them his all for ever.

There is one occasion in their lives—the only one, perhaps, and at all events the only ascertained one—when the four are found together. It was in Jerusalem, about the year 50, twenty years after the departure of their Master. On this occasion the divergence between them is perceptible enough, and it is not without difficulty that it is subordinated to their unity. Nothing could so well have taken us to the very heart of our subject as this palpitating scene. We have two accounts of the meeting; that given in the Book of

Acts* preserving especially those of its features which are important in relation to the general history of the Church; that of St. Paul in the Epistle to the Galatians,† having a more autobiographical character, and bringing out the facts which bear on his personal ministry and his relations with the three others. This is just as it should be; and if only a few years ago the famous head of the Tübingen school, Baur, maintained that the two accounts were contradictory, and that we were reduced to choose between them, the account in the Acts, which he rejected, has already been well avenged. For never was finer homage rendered to the veracity of that record, than that which is the outcome of the recent work of one of the most eminent men who have sprung from that very school.‡

At this important moment we find them all at their work, each according to the part assigned him by his Lord. But how various are their parts! Paul arrives from the Syrian capital, Antioch, where the first Greek Christian Church has been founded, and whither he had lately returned from the first Christian mission, properly so called, to the Gentile world. Peter has interrupted his evangelistic journeys through the Holy Land, and his apostolic mission to the Jews of the East, for a brief visit to Jerusalem. The work of James lies in the capital itself, where the confidence of the apostles has placed him at the head of the mother church and of the communities of believing Jews already formed and forming all around. For John, the hour of his public activity has not yet come. He is bound as yet by that filial task confided to him by Jesus on the Cross—"Behold thy mother!"

The diversity of their work would have presented no danger to the union of these four men, if it had not covered far deeper differences. The three last, following the example of Jesus, had continued to realize the new faith under the old forms of Jewish national life. Paul, with his fellow-labourer, Barnabas, who had accompanied him to Jerusalem, had already cast those forms away. The Cross of Christ had from the first been revealed to the apostle of the Gentiles as *the end of the law*.§ It was this very question which was under discussion at the moment, and which brought Paul to Jerusalem. No graver problem will probably ever have to be solved in common by any company of men. James, Peter, and John, "the three pillars," were keenly alive to the necessity of remaining attached to the Mosaic ceremonies, while announcing to their compatriots the appearance of Messiah, for they must otherwise be regarded as apostates, and could have no hold on the chosen people. Paul and Barnabas, on the other hand, just returned from their mission to the

* Chap. xv.

† Chap. ii.

‡ Pfeiderer in his "Jahrbücher für Protestantische Theologie," 1883, ii. I may, no doubt, have to make certain reservations as to the end of this noble work.

§ Rom. x. 4 Gal. ii. 15, 16; iii. 25.

Pagans of Asia Minor, felt no less keenly the impossibility of successfully preaching salvation among the Gentiles, if salvation must be presented to them in conjunction with the rite of circumcision and the Levitical ordinances. The question was the more critical, because a violent party under the leadership of the believing Pharisees and priests* had ranged itself on the side of the three apostles. This party demanded a formal condemnation of the views and conduct of Paul, and the extension of the legal system in a compulsory form to the Gentile Christians.

In this severe crisis through which primitive Christianity had to pass we may observe the triumph of the spirit of Christ over the spirit of man. Notwithstanding the clamours of the extreme party, Peter and James carried the assembly in favour of the liberty of the Gentiles, while Paul on his side fully admitted the maintenance of the Mosaic observances among Christians of Jewish origin. Hence the compromise which was arrived at—a compromise, no doubt, theoretically imperfect, and which in the long run proved inadequate; but its very imperfections showed the strength of the spirit of union which ruled the minds of these men, and the preponderance of their interest in the work of salvation over their attachment to their own ideas. The church of Jerusalem recognized the churches of the Gentiles as her legitimate sisters. The young Gentile Titus, whom Paul had purposely brought with him, was allowed fully to associate with the Christians of Jerusalem, and to take part, though uncircumcised, in the assemblies of the Church.† The apostolate of Paul himself was expressly recognized by the first apostles; and this recognition was ratified by that "right hand of fellowship" which they solemnly gave him before parting. Two modes of preaching the gospel—not two gospels, fundamentally distinct, nor two regions geographically defined—were henceforth recognized as legitimate, the one accompanied, in view of the Jews, by legal observances, the other dissociated from such observances in favour of the Gentiles. The first of these two forms of evangelization was to be led by Peter, and the second by Paul—each holding his office in virtue of the special call addressed to Him by the Lord Himself.

Never could the frail bark of the infant Church have succeeded in doubling this perilous cape had not the work of Christ and of the world's salvation been supreme in their hearts over every personal

* Acts. xv. 5; conf. vi. 7.

† Dr. Farrar, in his "Life of St. Paul," holds that Paul agreed to have Titus circumcised. He understands Gal. ii. 3 in the sense that Titus was not indeed compelled, but that he nevertheless consented, to be circumcised. But this rendering appears inadmissible. The word "compelled" must in that case be strongly emphasized, and should be placed at the head of the sentence, even before the subject itself; and the latter part of verse 5, "that the truth of the Gospel might continue with you," would be incomprehensible. Such a concession, under such circumstances, would, on the contrary, have compromised, once for all, the Gentile cause which Paul was defending.

thought. To these four men the gospel was not simply a new doctrine committed to them to propagate; it was a Person dearer to them than themselves, and living by the power of the Holy Ghost within their hearts.

There came indeed a time, later on, when the difference thus set at rest rose again to the surface, and seemed to take an even harsher character. St. Paul has preserved an account of it in the second chapter of his epistle to the Galatians. The incident, which has often been misunderstood, arose simply from the inconsequent action of the apostle Peter, who, finding himself at Antioch in a church composed for the most part of Greek Christians, had in the first instance considered himself free to diverge from the arrangement agreed upon at Jerusalem, and, being a man of feelings rather than of principles, had abandoned for a moment the Levitical observances to live in more perfect fellowship with the new Gentile brethren. He had thus used the same liberty as Paul and Barnabas. But certain emissaries of James, arriving at Antioch, on what errand we do not know, were disagreeably surprised at this course of conduct. They recalled to the apostle the agreement to which he had been a party at Jerusalem, by which the Gentiles alone were exempted from the Mosaic law. The argument was just, and, strictly speaking, Peter was in the wrong. It would have been the moment for a man of energy to break the yoke, to rise to the liberty of Paul, and to declare with him that the coming of Messiah had put an end to the obligations of the law. But he dared not. He had once before been put on his trial for a similar freedom,* and he would this time be less favourably circumstanced, on account of the compact at Jerusalem. Breaking off, therefore, the brotherly communion in which he had been living with the Gentile portion of the Church, he shut himself up within the narrow circle of the Jewish believers. It was a rejection of the Gentiles as unclean after admitting them as clean. It was an avowal that he had himself participated for a moment in their uncleanness, and that Christ had thus led him into sin. Before the whole assembly, in a scene which has left long traces in the life of the Church, and which the Judaizing extremists never forgave, Paul laid bare before him the full consequences of his inconsequence. To Paul, the Cross had put an end to the Law, whether for Jew or Gentile, having fulfilled it once for all; while Peter, with all the Twelve, was yet awaiting some signal event, some divine token—perhaps the return of Messiah in His glory—before venturing to act on its abrogation.

Thus gradually were the several parts* of the first and greatest agents in the work of evangelization determined. St. Peter, with the Twelve, at whose head he was placed, had received the

* Acts. xi. 1, *seq.*

original mission, to teach and to baptize *all nations*,* beginning, of course, with the Jews in Palestine, then following them into all the countries where they were settled, and thus passing from Israel to the Gentiles. In this way the two evangelizations would have been closely connected. This would have been the normal progress. But the normal progress too often remains an ideal progress: it rarely becomes a reality. It serves rather as a standard by which the reality must be tested and condemned. It was even thus with the evangelization of the world. The refusal of the Sanhedrin and of the people of Palestine to accept the salvation preached to them by the Apostles brought about the necessity for a division in the work. It was practically impossible for the Twelve to become missionaries to the Gentiles so long as, for the sake of the Jews, they maintained the observance of the law. If they gave up the observance of the law, it was equally impossible to carry on their ministry among the Jews. Hence the inevitable separation into two distinct missions, the one to the Jews under Peter, the other to the Gentiles under Paul;† while James, in proportion as the Twelve left Jerusalem on their mission to the tribes of the Dispersion, naturally became the director and pastor of the Christian flock in the capital, and of all that section of the Church which was already won from Judaism. John, for the moment, remains aside, like a battalion in reserve, destined for some special duty. The missionary work, at all events, went on without him.

In a religion which is all spirit and life, no function can be purely external. A diversity of tasks cannot fail to correspond to some deeper diversity in the lives and minds of those to whom the tasks are committed. If these men, whom we hail as the chief agents in the primitive work of the Gospel, were destined to labour each under different conditions, it must mean that they had themselves taken in the message each under a different aspect, and one adapted in each case to the conditions under which it was to be again given forth. We now arrive at the investigation of this deeper and more subtle difference. We may indicate it directly and without circumlocution under the four terms which appear to us the most characteristic.

To James the salvation brought by Christ presented itself under the form of an accomplished *work*; to Peter, under that of promised *glory*; to Paul it was a *righteousness* secured; to John it was a *life* in full possession. Work, glory, righteousness, life—these four things are indeed included in the salvation which Christ offers to the world; we may almost say that they exhaust its contents; nor is it

* Ma't. xxviii. 19, 20.

† Gal. ii.

possible to possess one of them without in some measure possessing all. Yet in the personal aspirations and past history of the individual man there may be that which predisposes him to receive the whole through the medium of one of these elements rather than another. And Providence willed that the four chosen men, who by their writings were to transmit this salvation in its totality to all the world, should each of them perceive it under one of these four characters, which in their combination constitute its fulness. Thus was fulfilled in them the word that Jesus had spoken: "I am glorified in them."*

We may observe, to begin with, that James and Peter, in regarding salvation as a work fulfilled, and as an expected glory, were still holding in some sense to the forms and terms of the older covenant, the essential elements of which were the law, which commands work, and prophecy, which promises glory. Paul and John, on the other hand, fixing their eyes rather on the righteousness accorded to faith in the expiatory work of Christ, and on the life which is found in communion with God through Him, disengaged themselves more completely from their Jewish past, though without exactly breaking with it, and penetrated deeper into the new domain which Christ had opened to the world. To the two first, salvation in Christ was a flower yet folded in the bud; to the two last it was the flower opened wide, and the fruit forming within the flower.

James sees in the Gospel the fulfilment of the law; it is as such that he loves it and commends it to his brethren. In reading him, one feels how, under the law, his heart had sighed for the fulfilment of the law, and one perceives that what he has found in Christ is a word of love, engrafted by the Spirit in the heart, which has power to regenerate the soul!† "The law of liberty," "the royal law,"‡ these are the noblest terms he can apply to the Gospel. A law of liberty is a law fulfilled without constraint, for the very love of it, and in a perfect fellowship of will with the Will which imposes it—a law like that by which we spontaneously reject a rotten fruit, and choose one which is fresh, pure, and perfect. The expression "the royal law" is applied especially to the command to love one another. It is generally understood to mean that this commandment reigns supreme over all others. But does it not include the idea that he who keeps it becomes himself a king; that he who has love in his heart holds in his hand the sceptre of the world? This love James had received from Jesus. This is what he calls having the word "engrafted" in one.

There is another word which he uses to designate the condition of the soul which has been animated by the breath of the Gospel, the

* John xvii. 10.

† James i. 21.

‡ James ii. 8, 12.

word "wisdom."* The Jews already used this term to denote the inward illumination of a soul enlightened by the divine revelation; they applied it also to the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, which they regarded as emanations of this light. The most famous of their religious books composed in the interval between the Old Testament and the New were also known as books of "Wisdom."† To James, "wisdom" also still represents the law, but the law as the inward guide of life. The law, taking possession of the human will, becomes work; identifying itself with the human intellect, it becomes wisdom.

To us, this mode of regarding the relation between the gospel and the law, seems surprising. Trained, most of us, in the school of Paul, and on the model of the Epistle to the Romans, we are amazed to find in this conception of James no trace of that opposition between grace and works, between faith and the law, with which the writings of Paul everywhere abound. Some persons may perhaps be startled at what we are about to say, but we are nevertheless bound to say it. There was, amongst the Jews themselves, a way of regarding the law which contrasted it with the Divine grace; this was the Pharisaic conception of the law, in which Paul had been brought up. From this point of view, the commandment was seen as a task ordained, by the accomplishment of which man was to earn the reward of salvation and celestial glory. It was, therefore, natural that the doctrine of salvation by grace should come into violent collision with the views of Saul of Tarsus, and seem to him a stumbling-block and an offence. He must still go about to establish his own righteousness, until, by the light of the law itself, he should see it crumble in hopeless ruin at the feet of the Thrice Holy. But there was also, among the Jews themselves, a very different way of regarding the law, by virtue of which the gospel of grace was not the contrast but the fulfilment of the legal covenant. This was the conception of the psalmists when they cried, "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. . . . More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."‡ "I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold."§ "The law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul."|| "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters."¶ "Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation; and uphold me with Thy free spirit."** This state of mind, characteristic of the truly humble Israelite, has nothing in common with that of the Pharisee. He makes no pretence of accomplishing the law in his own strength in order to claim the merit of its accom-

* James iii. 17.

† "The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach." "The Wisdom of Solomon."

‡ Ps. xix. 8, 10. § Ps. cxix. 127. || Ps. xix. 7. ¶ Ps. xxiii. 2.

** Ps. li. 12.

plishment. Recognizing in the law itself a gift of Jehovah's grace, he does not presume to receive it but in His fellowship and by His aid. If there be a salvation which he yet awaits, he expects it in the shape of a deeper and more perfect law and a still more potent grace.* Thus regarded, the law was indeed a way of life, and in this character it had been solemnly represented by Moses: "Ye shall therefore keep my statutes and my judgments; which if a man do, he shall live in them."† For the law, thus understood, includes not only commandments, but promises and sacrifices; and thus answers at all points to the needs of the contrite soul seeking to be at peace with Jehovah.

Clearly, then, this state was in no way opposed to the gospel grace; it led directly towards it. The gospel was but another step along the same line. Something was yet wanting to the heart of the most faithful Israelite—that fulness of reconciliation which could only grow out of faith in a perfect sacrifice, and the possession of that filial spirit which the sending of God's Son could alone prepare, and which the reconciled heart could by His death alone receive. See how these humble believers, with their feet already in the way of salvation, still sighed and panted for the salvation of God! These were the Lord's hidden ones, known to him alone; the New Testament calls them "those who were waiting for the consolation of Israel." To such as these the law was not the antithesis of grace; it was a grace not yet made perfect.

It was in this fashion that James the brother of Jesus had known the law. Far from being to him, as to St. Paul, a ministration of condemnation and of death,‡ the commandment, received and acted upon in the fellowship of Jehovah himself, had been his introduction to the double grace of justification and of life. This is what we find in his epistle. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting here the words of Professor Ritschl:—

"James, having never used the law as a means of establishing his own righteousness, according to the Pharisaic view, had never felt the gospel as a deliverance from the legal yoke, but rather as a deeper union between the moral law and his personal life, presenting itself under the form of Wisdom. Like the Psalmist, he had found in the law the strength of his moral life; and the gospel only made it more and more a second nature."

Paul, himself, recognized this mode of development as a distant ideal when he spoke of "the commandment which was ordained unto life."§

By thus picturing to ourselves the religious history of James, we come to understand the conflicting impressions made upon him by the life of Jesus, his brother. The personal sanctity of that life, drawn from habitual communion with God, no doubt attracted and

* Jer. xxxi. 31-34.

† Lev. xviii. 5.
§ Rom. vii. 10.

‡ 2 Cor. iii. 6, 9.

satisfied him. But those exorbitant pretensions, that arrogation of the title of one sent from God to fulfil the prophecies and bring in the Kingdom of Heaven, must have seemed to him signs of overweening self-exaltation, and even of madness. The Gospels bear witness of this. In the third chapter of Mark, the brothers of Jesus go out to lay hold on Him, because people say that He is beside Himself. In the seventh of John: "His brethren, therefore, said unto Him: 'Depart hence and go into Judæa. . . . For there is no man that doeth anything in secret, and He himself seeketh to be known openly. If Thou do these things, show Thyself to the world.'" That is, "appear at once at Jerusalem." The words convey no absolute rejection of His claims; they knew not what to think. Weary of suspense, they pressed for a decision. This is the meaning of the Evangelist when he adds: "For neither did His brethren believe in Him."* And, indeed, the decision was not long delayed. For a brief moment the death of Jesus seemed to have annihilated His cause for ever; His resurrection announced its eternal triumph. It was then that James surrendered. An appearance of the risen Jesus† revealed his brother to him as "the Lord of glory."‡ From that time forward the sacred teaching he had heard, the sacred life he had witnessed, the sacred Person he had known and loved, dominated his heart and soul. That divine law which had always been his delight was henceforth personified to him in this glorified brother. In loving Christ, he loved the law; in loving the law, he loved Christ. The idea of the expiatory sacrifice of the Cross was not indispensable to his heart, because for him the daily sacrifices of the older covenant subsisted, and were still what they had always been; the work and the sufferings of Jesus mingled with them in his thought. But the example of Jesus, His love, His patience, His gentleness, and His instructions, such as the Sermon on the Mount, of which the whole Epistle of James, from one end to the other, is a faithful echo, were made to him henceforth, by the Holy Spirit, wisdom and sanctification. It was thus that he came to be recognized by the Apostles as the leader providentially designed for the churches of Palestine, and indeed of all the Judæo-Christian churches, to which he addressed the pastoral letter included in the canon of the New Testament. The writer of that epistle bore amongst the Jews themselves the name of "The Just;" and also that of "Obliam," an Aramæan word, signifying "Wall of the People."§ It was felt that this just man, lifting up holy hands perpetually towards heaven, was a wall of defence to Israel against the wrath of God and the hostility of the Gentiles. Struck down by the blow of an axe, and stoned to death

* John vii. 5.

† 1 Cor. xv. 7.

‡ James ii. 1.

§ From the account of Hegesippus in the second century, according to the Jerusalem tradition.

by a few fanatics, he died saying: "I pray Thee, Lord God the Father, forgive Thou them." His memory lived long in Jerusalem, and his episcopal chair was still shown there for several centuries after his death.

As James is the transition from Judaism to Christianity along the line of the law, so Peter is the transition from Judaism to Christianity along the line of the prophets. "Think not," said Jesus, "that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." James has shown us Christ fulfilling the law; Peter shows us Christ realizing the prophecies. His epistle plainly shows that the guiding star of his life and ministry was the hope of glory—that glorious reign foretold by the prophets which was to be in the last days, and which the coming of Messiah was destined to realize—a salvation, he says, concerning which the prophets have inquired and searched diligently, "searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow."* "Rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy."† It is this hope of glory which sustains him under the toils of his ministry: "The elders which are among you I exhort, who am also an elder, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed."‡ This abundant hope with which his heart is welling over, all through the epistle, springs mainly from that great event which, after the darkest night, had risen on his heart as the day-star of an eternal day. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope *by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead*, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."§ The allusion in the last words is to that once "promised land" of Canaan, the earthly heritage of Israel, which they had not ceased to profane with their crimes, which they had polluted by shedding the blood of the Son of God, and which was soon to be taken from them. Not thus shall it be with the imperishable inheritance assured to the Church beyond the reach of sin or the touch of time, whose beauty shall be as a fadeless flower. Here we already see how, to the mind of this apostle, the facts of the older covenant had been transformed into symbols of the new. The new economy is just the old transfigured. The Christian Church inherits the splendid titles bestowed on the chosen people: "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a purchased people."||

* 1 Pet. i. 10, 11.

† 1 Pet. iv. 13.

‡ 1 Pet. v. 1.

§ 1 Pet. i. 3, 4.

|| 1 Pet. ii. 9, *margin*. Conf. Ex. xix. 5, 6; Deut. vii. 6.

To the Church, dispersed throughout the Roman Empire, he applies the names formerly given to the tribes of Israel, dispersed after the Babylonian captivity among all the countries of the East and throughout the whole world: "To the elect, who are sojourners of the dispersion."* The Church has her metropolis in the heavenly Jerusalem, as the scattered tribes had theirs in the earthly Zion; and her members are here below as strangers and sojourners, as every Jew felt himself to be so long as he lived beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Since the Kingdom of God, in the hope of possessing which Peter had at first attached himself to Jesus, had been by the resurrection and ascension of Christ transported into the celestial sphere, the apostle's whole theocratic system had been transformed along with it, and had taken a superterrestrial range. Thus, for the lamb set apart by every Israelite householder on the 10th of Nisan, and sacrificed on the 14th, was substituted henceforth in his thoughts the "Lamb without blemish and without spot, who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world."†

The teaching of James was principally drawn from the moral part of the discourses of Jesus, and particularly from the Sermon on the Mount, from which we have as many as ten quotations in one short letter. The instincts of Peter led him rather to dwell on those great foreshadowings of the end of the world, such as the discourse recorded at the end of the three Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, which set before us the return of the Son of Man in His glory and the final establishment of His kingdom. Thus, in that Gospel in which James found the consummation of the law, Peter perceived the accomplishment of the prophecies.‡

We must call attention to yet another element which strikes us in the writings of Peter as compared with those of James—namely, his vivid recollections of the earthly ministry of Jesus, and especially of His sufferings in life and in death. When we contemplate the picture he sets before us of the unalterable meekness of Jesus amidst the outrages which were heaped upon Him, of the trustful submission with which He "committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously," of His infinite pity in "bearing our sins in His own body on the tree,"§ it is impossible not to be reminded that he is, as he describes himself, "*a witness* of the sufferings of Christ."|| Of these sufferings he realizes the value, not only as giving us an example, but as obtaining for us the pardon of our sins. This aspect of the work of Christ, so conspicuously absent from the writings of James, Peter brings into striking prominence. The first privilege of the elect is to participate in "the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus

* 1 Pet. i. 1. *Revised Version.*

† 1 Pet. i. 19, 20.

‡ 1 Pet. i. 10, 12.

§ 1 Pet. ii. 22-25.

|| 1 Pet. v. 1.

Christ.”* The words which he had heard from the lips of Jesus at the Last Supper had taken deep hold on his heart: “This is my blood which is shed for the remission of sins.” By virtue of this element in his teaching, Peter takes an intermediate place between James and Paul from a dogmatic as well as from an historical point of view. For it is in the expiatory death of Christ that Paul finds the centre of gravity of the Gospel.

* 1 Pet. i. 1.

F. GODET.

TWO POEMS.

LEAD thou me, Spirit of the World, and I
Will follow where thou ledest, willingly ;
Not with the careless sceptic's idle mood,
Nor blindly seeking some unreal good ;

For I have come, long since, to that full day
Whose morning clouds have curled in mist away—
That breathless afternoon-tide when the Sun
Halts, as it were, before his journey done ;

Calm as a river broadening through the plain,
Which never plunges down the rocks again,
But, clearly mirrored in its tranquil deep,
Holds tower and spire and forest as in sleep.

Old and yet new the metaphor appears,
Old as the tale of passing hopes and fears,
New as the springtide air, which day by day
Breathes on young lives, and speeds them on their way.

This knew the Roman, and the Hellene too ;
Assyrian and Egyptian proved it true ;
Who found, for youth's young glory and its glow,
Serenest life and calmer tides run slow.

And these oblivion takes, and those before,
Whose very name and race we know no more,
To whom, O Spirit of the World and Man,
Thou didst reveal Thyself when Time began.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

They felt, as I, what none may understand ;
They touched through darkness on a hidden hand ;
They marked their hopes, their faiths, their longings fade,
And found a solitude themselves had made.

They came, as I, to hope which conquers doubt,
Though sun and moon and every star go out ;
They ceased, while at their side a still voice said,
" Fear not, have courage ; blessed are the dead."

They were my brothers—of one blood with me,
As with the unborn myriads who shall be :
I am content to rise and fall as they ;
I watch the rising of the Perfect Day.

Lead thou me, Spirit, willing and content
To be as thou wouldst have me, wholly spent.
I am thine own, I neither strive nor cry :
Stretch forth thy hand, I follow, silently.

If any tender sire,
Who sits girt round by loving faces,
And happy childhood's thousand graces,
Through sudden crash or fire
Should 'scape from this poor life to some mysterious air,
And, dwelling solitary there,
Should feel his yearning father's heart
Thrill with some secret pang and smart ;
And, longing for the dear lost lives again,
Should through his overmastering pain
Break through the awful bounds the Eternal sets between
That which lives Here, and There, the Seen and the Unseen ;

And having gained once more
Our little Earth should find the scarce-left place
Which greets him with unchanged familiar face—
The well-remembered door,
The rose he gathered blooming yet,
Nought to remember or forget,
No change in all the world except in him,
Nor there save in some sense, already dim
Before the unchanged past, so that he seem
A mortal spirit still, and what was since, a dream ;

And in the well-known room
Beholds the blithe remembered faces
Grown sad and blurred by recent traces
Of a new sorrow and gloom,
And when his soul to comfort them is fain
Finds his voice mute, his form unknown, unseen,
And thinks with irrepressible pain
Of all the happy days which late have been,
And feels his being's deep abysses stirred,
If only of his own he might be seen or heard ;

Then if, at length,
The father's yearning and o'erburdened soul
Bursts into shape and voice which scorn control
Of its despairing strength,—
Ah Heaven ! ah pity for the new-born dread
Which rising strikes the old affection dead !
Ah, better were it far than this thing to remain,
Voiceless, unseen, unloved, for ever and in pain !

So when a finer mind,
Knowing its old self swept by some weird change
And the old thought deceased, or else grown strange,
Turns to those left behind,
With passionate stress and mighty yearning stirred,—
It strives to stand revealed in shape and word
In vain ; or by strong travail visible grown,
Finds but a world estranged, and lives and dies alone !

LEWIS MORRIS.

THE ETHICS OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE art of biography is one of the oldest in the world—if not the first, at least a very early form of literary composition. If before Homer and Moses there burst forth into lyrical lament the overburdened soul of the early homicide who “slew a man to his wounding and a young man to his hurt,” making, before law began, the discovery that the criminal is always the most miserable of all the sons of Adam—his is, perhaps, the only human utterance which has preceded story-telling: and primitive story-telling is always a kind of biography. The ancient history of the Old Testament is entirely of this description. It concerns itself less even with law-giving, though the first theory of a constitution is involved in it, than with the records of the life of one man after another—Moses, Joshua, David, the leading spirits of their generations. The art of the minstrel takes a somewhat different development, and selects the dramatic incidents which count most in a man’s career, but still follows Ulysses through all his wandering course, and leads the reader back through intervening centuries to the footprints of an individual man across an undeveloped world. It is the same in the sacred books of all religions, which are secondarily the storehouse of thought, of moral injunction and teaching, but primarily the records of the life of Brahma, Buddha, Mahomet. And of all religions, that which to us is the one entirely divine, the greatest and purest inspiration of heaven, what does our Gospel mean but the biography of Christ, the most perfect of lives and portraitures, so transcending all others that either the fishermen of Galilee must have been men of a divine genius, before which neither Plato nor Shakespeare could lift their heads, or He whom in their simplicity they knew, such a Man as never man before or after was. These are all biographical

works upon which the faiths of the world are founded. And so are those legends of the saints in all ages, to which the affectionate imagination of the simple have lent a thousand embellishing touches beyond the simplicity of Nature, and adorned with garlands of miracles, but which hold every one a living soul of humanity, a human life commending itself to the admiration, the instruction, the following of men.

These are perhaps rather too magnificent examples to be brought down to the experiences of an age which scarcely permits a man to be cold in his grave before it turns forth from his old drawers and wardrobes such relics of his living personality as he may have left there, and displays his vacant clothes, with any twist that attitude or habit may have lent to them, as characteristic of his soul. And yet as the rules that Titian worked by, must still direct the modern art of portraiture, even though descended into the hands of Dick Tinto—and our object is not to gather specimens from present performance, but rather to elucidate the laws by which the workmen in this art of moral portrait-painting ought to be guided—it is scarcely possible to go too high for our examples. The saints and heroes, however, if we believe what is now told us on every side, were neither heroic nor saintly to their valets, and it might have been, for anything we can tell, quite possible to deprive us of every noble name that now gives lustre to humanity, and to leave the past as naked of all veneration or respect as is the present. That fine St. George, who has given an emblem of spotless valour and conquest over the impure image of fleshly lust and cruelty to two great nations—he who tilts against his dragon with such concentrated grave enthusiasm in that little chapel on the Venice canal, which Mr. Ruskin has made one of the shrines to which we all go on pilgrimages—turns out, they say, to have been an army contractor, furnishing the shoddy of his time to the commissariat; and a great deal the better we all are for that exquisite discovery. And St. Francis was a dirty, little half-witted fanatic, and Oliver Cromwell a vulgar impostor with a big wart, and Luther a fat priest, who wanted to marry. How many more could we add to the list? till at the end nobody would be left towards whom we could look with any sentiment more reverent than that which we feel for our greengrocer. That this is not the true sentiment of humanity, nor in accord with any law of natural right and wrong, must be evident to the most cursory observer, and it is worth while, perhaps, to make an attempt to discover what are the tenets on this subject which ought to guide the artist, and which commend themselves to the impartial sense of mankind in general. Though there is a great deal of unconfessed cynicism in the common mind as respects matters within its practical range and immediate vicinity, there is something underlying

this of a nobler strain, which does not permit even the man who doubts his neighbour's motives, and thinks the worst of his actions, to refuse a higher justice to those who stand apart on the vantage-ground of age or distance. Man is more just, more charitable than men; and an appeal from the individual to the general is a privilege which we all seek instinctively, and in which, in the majority of cases, our instinct is justified.

In this investigation we are met at once by a rule universally respected and very generally acquiesced in—the first and broadest expression of natural feeling towards our contemporaries who are dead, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Nothing can be more entirely justified by the instincts of human nature than this. In the hush of the death-chamber, by the edge of the grave, there is even a sort of benevolent fiction which comes naturally to our lips and to our thoughts, so that not only do we say nothing that is not good of the dead, but we go further, and during that moment in which judgment is suspended, do actually take the most charitable view of him, and find explanations for what is doubtful in his conduct, which would not satisfy us either before or after. Thus the French custom of a speech over a man's grave becomes necessarily, instinctively, an *éloge*. That it should be anything else would outrage every feeling of humanity. If we cannot praise we are silent, by a law of Nature more strong than any written law, and shrink as from a blow if any unnatural voice is raised in disapproval. This, however, is not a rule which can be applied in any case to biography. The sentiment of the death-chamber is one thing, the judgment of history another. When we speak of the dead we mean our own contemporaries, those who have gone along with us through the conflicts, and probably competed with us in the rivalries, of life. The personages of previous generations are not in this sense the dead at all. They have passed through that period of softened regard, and are now beyond all such temporary courtesies, permanent figures upon the clear horizon of the past. It is one of the mysterious qualities of human nature that, though we all share the natural awe of that extraordinary and unfathomed wonder of death to which we are in our turn universally subject, yet an instinctive appreciation of the effects of it as temporary is equally universal. A man who has been dead twenty days is enveloped in a mystery and solemnity which the most heartless will not disturb. We speak of him with subdued voice, and recognize his right to the utmost stretch of tenderness of which charity is capable, and say nothing of him if not good. But he who has been dead twenty years, has, as it were, emerged from death altogether. He has been, and to our senses is, no longer; but the mystery and awe have departed, and he is restored to the cheerful atmosphere of our day, though of a day that is past. It is probable that we

know him better than in his lifetime, when he brushed shoulders with us, and we found him now in one mood, now another, but could not, so near were we, ever get him in perspective, or divine what he was thinking about, even while he walked with us by the common way. We saw the best of him, or we saw the worst of him, but we never saw all of him. By degrees, however, he emerges out of that close vicinity and neighbourhood, and rises greater, smaller, as it may be, but at last complete in the perfection of an atmosphere which no new events can disturb. To say nothing, if not what is good, of a man in this monumental position, would be a foolishness beyond even the foolishness of human kind. Biography would in that case become a senseless series of *éloges*, in which all character and individuality would be lost; for praise is the dulllest of all expressions of feeling, just as a round of unbroken happiness is dull, and there is little or nothing to say about those who do well all their lives and neither offend nor suffer. Thus it is at once false in art and in Nature to apply this proverb beyond the immediate period of the conclusion, when all hearts are soft, and every man who is not a monster receives from his race a natural tribute of sympathy at least, if not of regret.

That it continues, however, largely to influence the minds of those to whom it falls to write the records of men's lives, is due to various very simple causes. When this is done by a wife or a child, natural affection and family pride unite to make such a result almost inevitable. They know more about their subject, and they know less, than any stranger. It is a rare gift, indeed, to be able to fathom the characters of those most dear to us, and we doubt much whether it is a very desirable one. They are to us not men and women in the first place, but father and mother, husband or brother, a portion of ourselves. To judge their actions at any crisis of their lives is as difficult as to judge our own, and disturbed by the same perception of all the trifling motives that come in to interfere with the influence of the greater, which confuses us in our own case; and to judge unfavourably would be an act of natural impiety which would outrage the reader as well as the reverence due to the closest ties of humanity. Impartiality is not to be looked for, scarcely to be desired, in such a case; and it would be a greater harm to mankind if a son, much less a wife or daughter, were capable of setting forth the darker shades in the character of the father, than the proportionate gain of a complete and well-balanced picture could be to the world. Such is by far the larger class of biographies; they are written in the shadow of the great event, which has separated from the writer the man from whom, perhaps, he derives consequence, the most notable person of the family, the most beloved friend. He does not attempt to criticize or judge, he

records; and as all things small and great are important to his affectionate recollection, he crowds the annals with detail and explanation, or accumulates every scrap of writing which fell from that pen, and every word, however trifling, which dropped from those lips, in fond unnecessary fulness, though skimming lightly over every dubious point, and leaving us without guidance or enlightenment where elucidation is most required. And while we regret we can scarcely censure such a principle; it is not the part of a son to set forth his father's faults, still less that of a wife to unfold the imperfections which, perhaps, she is all the more jealous of revealing because fully conscious of them, and perhaps, more happy, has never discovered. It is not from such witnesses that we can expect the uncoloured chronicle of absolute truth.

Something of the same kind must be said, though with at once less excuse and a better reason, for the disciple-biographer whose enthusiasm for his subject is of a different kind, yet for whom we feel a sympathy almost more strong than that with which we regard the family exposition of a great name. He whom the character and work of another so captivates, that he is ready to be his champion and defender in all the conflicts that may rise around him, and defy the world on behalf of his hero, conciliates our regard for himself in affording us proof of so generous a devotion, and for his subject by making it apparent that one man at least cordially believes in him. The disciple's defence is usually even warmer than the son's; for he is better aware what are the objections, and knows that he cannot be permitted to ignore them, and with the instinct of adoration establishes his strongest bastions where the natural defences are most weak. He who formulated Hero Worship as one of the creeds, adopted this system to its fullest extent, and never is more hot and fiery for his gruesome hero, than at points upon which other writers, less thorough, would give up Frederick. The enthusiast-biographer gives nothing up. If he makes a demi-god of his subject when right, he deifies him altogether when wrong, and forces his errors upon the world as virtues too dazzling to be understood, with a determination which no evidence can shake. Not only does he say nothing if not good, but he turns with the adroitest partizanship the evil itself into a heroic adaptation of the instruments of evil to a good purpose, and will rather affront the world to its face with high scorn, as unworthy to hear of and incapable of understanding a character so elevated, than allow that there is a speck on the sun of his idolatry. Such passionate interest and appreciation carry us away; the warmth, the generosity, the devotion, give of themselves a certain greatness to the subject. We cannot believe of him that he could be put on such a platform without some natural worthiness, some real claim upon our admiration. Neither Cromwell nor Frederick were heroes

congenial to the ordinary mind; even those who maintained most strongly the historical greatness of the Lord Protector, were willing to admit that sentiment and romance were on the other side, and that his great figure was not one to charm or attract though it might overawe. And Frederick, called the Great, was a still less likely object of popular admiration. Yet we were all dragged at the chariot wheels of these conquerors, making protests, perhaps, that were scarcely audible in the roar of the royal progress, and, to our astonishment, were compelled to approve of everything so long as the spell lasted, and found that even Drogheda and Wexford, even Silesia, instead of crimes upon which charity itself could do nothing but drop a veil, were but additional glories on the hero's crest, deeds for which our approval, our applause, were challenged, as a sort of test of our own capability of judging. There is something grand in the impetus of such enthusiasm as this. It takes away the reader's breath; it casts dull justice into the shade, as a sort of humdrum and unheroic quality, judging by line and measure, incapable of the greater inspirations of a heroic code. The result may not indeed be permanent, but it is overwhelming while it lasts.

It might afford a cynic amusement to consider upon whom the great contemporary example of an opposite class of biography has been exercised. The enthusiast-biographer passes away, and his system with him. It is not a true system; but there is a large and generous warmth in it which appeals to the universal heart, and, for the moment at least, subjugates the judgment. The opposite plan has no such sympathetic emotion to appeal to; but it has other sentiments less noble on its side. This paradoxical human race, which cannot refuse its admiration, its applause, its adhesion of sentiment, to any generous champion, and whose universal breast thrills at the warm touch of a genuine enthusiasm, is also, and almost at the same moment, pleased to be informed that all goodness is a pretence and all enthusiasms hollow, that the idols are clay and the heroes contemptible. We do not attempt to explain how it is that the two are compatible, nor are we at all concerned for the consistency of mankind. Enthusiasm of the highest and cynicism of the lowest description exist, we are aware, in the same circle, even sometimes in the same mind; and the man who one day puts all his breath into one lusty cheer for the good and true, and acknowledges, with the eloquence of suppressed tears and a voice quivering with sympathy, any noble appeal to his emotions, will send forth peals of laughter the next on the discovery that the hero is a humbug and that he has been cheated out of his sympathy. Perhaps the pleasure there is in finding out that, after all, no one is so much elevated above the ordinary level as the idealist would have us believe, is a more widely-spread sentiment than any other. Even

those who are ashamed of so unworthy a feeling are moved by it. We are so conscious of a lower strain ourselves, so well aware that the higher mood is temporary in us, and that even from the height of an occasional elevation we drop into selfishness and stupidity, by some dismal law of gravitation which we have little power and perhaps less will to resist, that it consoles us to find others no better than ourselves. It is from this sentiment, no doubt, that all the developments of scandal-mongering take their origin: we do not say of gossip, which is not necessarily scandal, and may have a kinder source in the inalienable human interest in everything that illustrates our common life. The cynic principle, as applied to biography, is, however, to the credit of human nature, of far more rarity than that of the enthusiast. Perhaps this fact gives it, when it appears, the greater power. But there is a difficulty at the very outset in explaining what motive a writer can have in choosing as his subject a character of which his moral estimate is very low. Friends there are, no doubt, who love without approving; and it cannot be questioned that the prodigal in a family, the black sheep in a group of companions, is very often the individual whom the others regard with the greatest tenderness. But in most cases their faults are those of youth; they produce almost invariably tragic consequences, and they are often compatible with qualities so genial and lovable that the judgment refuses to condemn, and the heart clings to the victims of their own folly, those who themselves are the greatest sufferers by their imperfections. Save in such instances as these, however, it is difficult to understand why a biographer, himself a man of intellect and character, should voluntarily seek the society living, or devote himself to the elucidation of the life when ended, of a warped and gloomy soul, whose temper is odious to him, and whose defects he sees in the clearest light. The meaning of the enthusiast's work is simple, but not that of the detractor. We ask ourselves, What is its motive? Is it a cynic's gratification in proving that to be the "wisest, meanest" of mankind is possible to more than one historical personage, and that no one can be more petty and miserable than he who is most great? Is it a pleasure in associating moral deformity with genius, and showing, in one who has strongly demanded veracity as a condition of life, a character ignoble and untrue? These are questions somewhat apart from the question we set out by asking, Whether a work executed in this spirit can fulfil the true objects of biography? But they are inevitable questions. Impartially, the cynical record is no more biography, in any true sense of the word, than is the enthusiast's; but it is almost impossible to be impartial in such a discussion, and we must add that, according to all our capabilities of judging, it is less so. For the enthusiast by turns justifies himself by discovering the latent

nobleness of a man whose motives have been misconstrued, and at all times is likely to serve the ends of justice better by thinking the best, than he can ever do who thinks the worst. For it is more often in performance than in intention that men go astray. Save in the very worst cases there is a certain ideal, a shaping of better things in the mind, which love divines, but which hate, dulling the finest insight, is unconscious of. We all set out with a better intention than our performance comes up to, and our defender is at all times more nearly right than our detractor.

Neither of the two, however, attain the true objects of biography, which are twofold—for the individual and for the world. In both cases the biographer holds an office of high trust and responsibility. In all likelihood, if he is at all equal to his subject, permanent public opinion will be fixed, or at all events largely influenced, by the image he sets before it. It will be his to determine how far the man of whom he writes carried out his own creed, and was worthy of his greatness, or departed from the ideal which he set up for others, yet was indifferent to in his own person. A mere record of facts will not satisfy either the reader or the conditions under which such a writer ought to work. He is expected to enable us to surmount or to correct such momentary impressions as we may have taken up from chance encounter with his subject, and to give guidance and substance to such divinations of character or life as we may have gleaned from the public occurrences in which he was involved, or the works he has left behind. While we stand without, eager to gain a glimpse through an opened door or window of the object of our interest, he is within, in the very sanctuary, free to examine everything; and he is consequently bound to spare no pains in eliciting that truth which is something more and greater than fact, which it is possible even may be almost contradictory in its development, and which is of far greater permanent importance than any mere occurrence. In every portrait the due value of differing surfaces and textures must be taken into account, and we must be made to perceive which is mere drapery and apparel, and which the structure of the individual beneath. If this is true of the pictured history which represents but one movement and one pose, it is much more true of the whole course and progress of a life, which it is the office of the literary workman to set forth, not according to momentary and easily recognized tricks of manner, but according to the real scope and meaning which pervade and inspire it. That which is accidental, and due to the force of circumstances, is thus on a different *plan* from that which is fundamental. The most patient may be subject to a burst of passion, which, seen unconnected with the rest of his life, would give a general impression of it, in reality quite false, though momentarily true. Thus Moses, the meekest of

men, might possibly be known to the carping Jew by the one act of scornful impatience which marred his public life, rather than by all the long-suffering with which he endured the continual vagaries of his stiff-necked people. Nor is it less easy to disentangle the character from the little web of petty susceptibilities which often, to the cursory observer, throw a mist over the most generous and noble spirit. The biographer must be in no respect cursory. It is his business to preserve us from being deceived by appearances, and still more to guard himself from superficial impressions. And if he is unfortunately compelled, by evidence which he cannot resist, to form an unexpectedly unfavourable judgment, it is the merest commonplace of honourable feeling to say that the most scrupulous care must be taken in testing that evidence, and that anything that is mere opinion must be discarded and left entirely out of the question.

Towards the world his duties are scarcely less important. To give an erroneous impression of any man, living or dead, to the mind of his country and generation, is the greatest of social sins. But the living may outlive every misrepresentation; and the most unpardonable offender in this respect is the man who persuades a whole community into injustice towards the dead. Without even going so far as this, a biographer has to discriminate between the legitimate and noble interest which mankind takes in every man sufficiently distinct in character or genius as to have identified himself from the crowd, and that prying curiosity which loves to investigate circumstances, and thrust itself into the sanctuaries of individual feeling. The question of how far the world should be allowed to penetrate into those sanctuaries, and to invade the privacy which every soul has a right to guard for itself, is one in which the delicacy of his perceptions and that good taste of the heart, which no artificial standard can supply, will be severely tested.

There is a kind of heroic candour and impartiality belonging to the early ages of history which cannot well be emulated in our more intricate condition of society. The biography of the Old Testament is a model of this primitive method. As soon as the primeval age, in which we see darkly men as trees walking, gigantic figures faintly perceptible, in a dim largeness of existence unlike ours, is over, how clearly and with what complete human consistence does the wonderful history of Israel, the wandering nation, begin in the great figure of Abraham setting out upon his journey in nomadic freedom, not knowing where he is going, his flocks and herds trudging behind, his beautiful wife wrapped in her veil, yet not so closely but that King Abimelech sees her; and the patriarch betrays a weakness, which, had he been a modern, would have been either concealed or excused, or brought against him, with a babble of contending tongues. Neither this divergence

nor any other does the ancient Scripture leave out. There is no explanation, no softening down. The man was the Father of the Faithful, a good man, the best man of his time, the friend of God, a most noble human personage; and yet there was a moment when his courage and integrity failed him. The primitive writer does not separate this event from the context, or apologize for it, or represent it as the object of a lifelong repentance. He records it precisely as he records the arrival of the three wonderful guests, whom Abraham, standing in the cool evening at his tent door, perceives to be more than men. The one scene and the other are set before us with equal brevity, without hesitation in the one case or vain-glory in the other, in the clear setting of those Oriental skies and desert scenes. The patriarch had his faults; they stand there as they happened, like his virtues, no one asking pardon or attempting to account for them. Moses, too, the great prophet, the chosen guide and lawgiver, he who talked with God, and brought the shining Tables of the Law out of heaven, and reflected in his own dazzling countenance the glories he had seen, neither of him is there any picture of perfection. Sometimes his heart fails him, sometimes he is presumptuous and arrogant, though the most patient of men. His sudden passion, his brag of that power which is not his but God's, are told like the rest, plainly, without shrinking and without exaggeration. David is made up of faults, a man out of date, belonging rather to the Middle Ages than to that primitive time, full of generosities and chivalrous traits, but also full of guile when necessity or inclination moves him, of hot and undisciplined passions, of love and self-indulgence, redeemed only by that openness to conviction, that self-abasement and impassioned penitence, which are "after God's own heart." Not one word of excuse for all these evil deeds says the primitive impartial record. His crime, his grief, his punishment, are all before us to speak for themselves. There is no moralist to say—"these were the manners of his time." All is set down as it happened, for our judgment. We see the man of impulse moved by a touch, with all his senses keen and unbridled; loving, sinning, repenting, yet with something gracious about him that wins all hearts; letting his enemy go with high generosity, scorning to take advantage of sleep and weariness; pouring out before the Lord, in an outburst of noble and grateful emotion, that pitcher of water from the well of Bethlehem, which had been bought at the peril of men's lives, and was too precious a draught for him. The story is absolutely impartial, nothing hid, nothing unduly dwelt upon, the one part balancing with the other. Such impartiality is incompatible with modern manners. Had such an episode as that of Uriah the Hittite occurred in the life of any modern general, how sedulously would one class of historians have concealed or slurred it over, how bitterly another dragged it forth

and put it in the front of every other incident of his life. It would have called forth a little literature of its own; the apologists discovering a hundred reasons why it should not be believed at all, or why it should be considered a just and generous way of dealing with a man who had deserved a worse fate; while the assailants made it the chief incident of his career, and dismissed all public services, all private qualities, as too insignificant to be noticed in comparison with such a crime. The Bible historian does neither; he tells us the tale, the temptation, the retribution, in brief but full detail—the beautiful wanton on the house-top, the doomed soldier in the front of the battle, the king, in all the flush of success, confronted by the stern prophet with his parable. Nothing could be more succinct yet more graphic. The historian will “nothing extenuate,” neither will he “set down aught in malice.” When the incident is over, he proceeds with perfect composure to the next, without prejudice or prepossession. Such a method is not practicable now-a-days. It was the more robust constitution of the antique mind which could go on again, calmly wiping away the past as if it had not been; but, though we cannot attain to the serenity of this state of mind, there are lessons in it by which we may profit. Who among us stands more evidently before the world than King David? All that is written of him, and all that he himself has written in illustration of the close yet picturesque narrative elsewhere afforded us, would go into a very small volume: yet there is nothing that is important left out. We have the picturesque incidents on which modern art reckons so much, and even, in some respects, an analytical study of his inner being; for when he stands and reasons with himself over Saul’s slumbers in the cave, we assist at the processes of thought that go on in his rapid mind, and perceive how much natural piety and magnanimous impulse there is in the young adventurer, yet how truly his romantic generosity serves the best purposes of policy. But all is told without a reflection, without a moral. No doubt this has something to do with the perennial attractiveness of the Old Testament historians. They are never exhausted; for the reflection, the judgment, the analysis, and moral summary are all left to the reader, whose faculties are kept in full play by the very simplicity and primitive straightforwardness of the tale.

“Speak of me as I am,” says Othello, “nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.” This is an epitome of the code which we have endeavoured to set forth. But the mode of the biographer of the period would, we fear, coincide but little with these instructions were he to set to work to write a biography of the Moor. Such a production could not be other than the work of a partisan. There have been many essays upon Othello, and many critics have endeavoured to explain and account for that extra-

ordinary conversion of the admiring and confiding husband, the dignified and courteous general, whose self-defence is such a model of noble candour and simplicity, into the wild and savage avenger of his supposed shame, the miserable man whose very soul is jaundiced by suspicion. It is a change which will always remain inexplicable; for Iago's arguments, however skilful, are not sufficient to produce such an effect, and but for the glamour of Shakespeare, we should dare to doubt whether such a transformation could have been. The poet does not condescend to argue, nor does he appear even to have foreseen the difficulty. But were Othello a man of to-day he would not leave his character, with so easy a mind, in the hands of his historian. The biographer would be nothing if not a partisan. He would enlarge upon Brabantio's bitter words, till there should not be a vestige left us of the spotless image of that gentle lady, married to the Moor, who has commanded all our hearts. Or, on the other hand, he would make such a picture of the swart savage, half-civilized and dangerous, in whom all tigerish impulses were but suspended, ready to leap into ferocious life, as the critic sometimes fancies in his bewilderment, but Shakespeare never drew. On one side or the other, the consciousness of the catastrophe would colour all his thoughts, and everything would be set down in malice, and strained to account for it. (For malice let us read a theory, for the biographer who destroys a reputation does not necessarily do so out of any evil intention.) And thus the fine problem which supreme genius leaves to us to settle in our own way, and which excites our interest and sympathies more than any other, the never failing mystery by which a group of the innocent and unsuspecting are caught in the meshes of fate, and driven into a tragic complication of crime and misery without any agency of their own—the favourite subject of tragedy—will be worked out into an endless discussion of motives and tendencies, and Othello no longer know himself under the host of imaginary details with which his story is extenuated or unkindly set down.

Such an exercise of the faculties may be harmless in the world of imagination, but it is disastrous when it is employed upon the facts of real life; and we must add that the biographer must use his imagination only as an adjunct to his sympathies, and as giving him the power of realizing the position of his hero, and putting himself in his place; and that he must violate no law of testimony, and call no unfair witnesses, such as are debarred by nature and the common sentiment of humanity. A barrister who has to defend a man's character before the tribunals of the law is not more bound to use legitimate means and approved testimony than the historian, to whom is absolutely committed the care of his reputation, the aspect with which he shall stand and encounter the

gaze of coming generations. Were the advocate to call the gossips of a fireside coterie, and bring forward the *disjecta membra* of a waste-paper basket, the judge would call him to order, the jury would make indignant protestations, the omnipotent solicitor banish him ever after from his confidence. But the biographer is all the more deeply responsible, since, in his case, there is no authoritative voice to check his proceedings; the great jury of the public is too vast, too irresponsible, too indifferent, to afford any serious opposition, and the publisher, concerned only for a great sale, is little likely to exercise any controlling influence over a writer who fulfils this first necessity. There remain only his brethren, so to speak, of the bar, the competitors of his own profession, to object or restrain, and their protests are but little effectual, being, as they are, without power or authority, and subject to imputations of rivalry and personal feeling. A successful writer is in this way the most unfettered of all men. The more unjustifiable his revelations are, the more are they likely to amuse and please the public; and he has this privilege besides, that no evidence brought against their justice afterwards can do more than excite a controversy, which the public, more amused than ever, take as a personal question, without in any great measure departing from the first impression which the first speaker has made. In a recent instance there has been a chorus of indignant voices raised against the biographer who has misused his advantages and traduced his subject. To what profit? The great audience, which is the ultimate judge, heard his story first, which was a story told with all the grace and effect of a practised writer; and it is in vain that our objections are made, in vain that the very material he has collected contradicts him at every turn. The general reader is not skilled in the laws of evidence. He accepts what is told him, as he has a right to do. The squabbles of the *cognoscenti* do not move him. If he examines at all it is into the claims of the first speaker to his faith. And who can contest those claims? They are indisputable. The closest of many friends, the most trusted of companions, the executor of his hero's last wishes, is there any one who can shake his position, or assert that he does not know? There is nobody; and the public is perfectly justified when it accepts the original witness, and lets the rest of us rave unheeded. Thus the position of the biographer carries with it a power which is almost unrestrained, the kind of power which it is doubly tyrannous to use like a giant. Not even the pulpit is so entirely master; for we all consider ourselves able to judge in respect to what the clergyman tells us; and we have his materials in our hands, by which to call him to account. If we must let him have his say at the moment, it is only for the moment, and we are always ready to hear all that is to be said on the other side; but the biographer has a far more place, and if he is not restrained by the strictest limits of

truth and honour, there is nothing else that can control him in heaven or earth.

To those who have stepped out beyond the ranks of their fellows it must thus become a terrible reflection, that they may one day be delivered over helpless into the hands of some one, who, with no power in the world to call him to account, will give what view he pleases of their life and career and all their most private relationships. He may be a man without that power of penetrating beneath the surface into the character of another, which is sympathy, imagination, genius, all in one. He may be one of those who understand only what is spoken, to whom everything has a rigid interpretation, who take *au pied de la lettre* utterances intended for anything rather than that matter-of-fact statement. He may be incapable of appreciating the special conditions of another's education or habits of living, and from his different point of view may find only in the familiar facts entrusted to him material for dishonouring a memory. This may well give a sting to death among those who cannot fail to be aware that their lives will have an interest to mankind.

Nothing, indeed, can be more touching, more pathetic, than the helplessness of the dead in such a case. It is easy to say that it will matter little to them. How can we tell that it matters little to them? A year, a month ago, it would not have mattered little what their country and society, their friends, known and unknown, the world, for which they lived and laboured, thought of them. Had they imagined that the end of this life should also make an end of those friendly thoughts and warm admirations that consoled their concluding days, and the tender respectfulness with which their name was spoken, could we imagine it possible that they should have regarded with indifference this sudden failure of their reputation? A man who is conscious of having left much behind him which the world will not willingly let die, and of leaving at the same time no duty unfulfilled, no sin to be discovered, no record which can leap to light and shame him, feels himself secure, at least in this, that he will not suffer at the hands of posterity. He may have been misconceived in life, but then he will be righted. Circumstances may have kept him in the background, or obscured his fame, but then there will be justice done. He may smile even, with a melancholy disdain, yet pleasure, to think that the generation to come will build the tomb of the prophet whom their fathers have slain; and who can doubt that if this conviction were taken away, it would take much from the comfort with which men prepare themselves for their exit from the familiar universe and entry into the unknown? He leaves his name to those that come after him with a confidence that is full of pathos. Let them say what they will, he can answer nothing; he cannot explain or defend himself out of his grave; they may kick

at the dead lion who will; he who could a little while ago have crushed them with a touch, must now bear everything without the power to ward off a single indignity. But rare indeed are the circumstances in which any alarm is felt on this score. The dying have full faith in the justice that will be done them when they are dead. They are delivered over into the hands of all that have a grievance against them, into the power of their enemies, if they have any; but they have no fear. And to the credit of humanity, be it said, this last touching faith in the goodwill of men is scarcely ever without justification. As a general rule, justice may be calculated upon over a grave.

The biographer alone can interrupt the operation of this rule of natural equity. He stands, in the first instance, in the place of posterity, for those who, with a touching confidence, thus await its decision. He has it in his power to guide the final deliverance, like that judge whose summing up so often decides the verdict. And hence there arises a weighty question in which we think much is involved. If a man, on the eve of so important an undertaking, finds that the idea he has formed of the person whose good name is in his hands is an unfavourable one, and that all he can do by telling the story of his life is to lessen or destroy that good name—not indeed by revealing any system of hypocrisy or concealed vice, which it might be to the benefit of public morals to expose, but by an exhibition of personal idiosyncrasies repulsive to the ordinary mind and contradictory of the veneration with which the world has hitherto regarded a man of genius—is it in such a case his duty to speak at all? Is the necessity of producing another book among many so imperative that the natural reluctance, which any honourable man must feel, to put forth accusations which can only be answered at second-hand, and which the person principally concerned is powerless to reply to, must be disregarded? There are cases of perverted intelligence in which the detractor does not perceive the moral bearing of the statements he has to make, and thus maligns his subject without being sensible of it, with a certain innocence of mind, perhaps even glorying in the shame he originates. But this can scarcely be the case, except in an obtuse understanding and uninstructed judgment. We can imagine that in such circumstances a high-minded man, alarmed by his own discoveries—which we must suppose to have been made after the death of his hero, since it is scarcely possible that any one should love and frequent, and identify himself with, a character of this description—would seek every means of getting rid of the ungracious task set before him; that he would, in the first place, anxiously consult every authority, and test and compare every piece of evidence, and try every method of dispelling the painful shadows which were gathering between him and the object of his trust; and that, finally, rather

than be the instrument of ruining a virtuous reputation, and betraying the secret weakness of a man whom the world held in honour, he would retire from the field altogether, and leave with a sad heart the work which he could only execute in this way to some less severe moralist, who might be able to throw upon it a gentler light. This is the view which we believe most good men would take of a position so painful. In private life most of us would rather not hear new facts disadvantageous to our friends who are dead, and would consider the publication of them a breach of every delicate sentiment. To bring a great man, who has lived in the common daylight without reproach during his life, to the bar of this world's opinion after his death, is in itself a painful act. The defendant is, in all cases, silenced by English law; but, at least, he has the privilege of communicating all the facts in his favour to his advocate, and furnishing explanations of his conduct for counsel's use. But the dead have no such safeguard; they have no longer any privacy; their very hearts, like their desks and private drawers and cabinets, can be ransacked for evidence to their disadvantage. Is it in any conceivable case a biographer's duty to do this? If the question, as one of literary and social morals, were submitted to any competent tribunal, or jury of his peers, the answer, we think, would be unanimous. Should something more powerful than any private sentiment demand the performance of so painful a duty; should there exist other and darker accusations that might be made were not these acknowledged and established, an argument which might perhaps have held in the case of Byron, for instance; should the scandal be so great that investigation was imperative—then with patience and care, waiting till the fumes of passion had died away, and every privilege of perspective had been attained, the work should be done. But if there were no such necessity, it is impossible that a man could be compelled to criminate his friend, or to soil an established reputation entrusted to his care. In this case his plain duty would be to refrain.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on the graver side of a subject which so many recent publications have brought forcibly under the consideration of all men, and specially of those of the literary profession. But there are also questions involved of less solemnity, which still should not be passed over in any discussion of the duties of a writer of biography. We remember being consulted upon one such work, in which a mass of original letters, in the very autograph of the subject of the memoir, were shovelled up entire into the printer's hands with an inconceivable disrespect, and all the superfluity inevitable in such indiscriminate publication. The writer in this case meant only to do his work with as little trouble as possible, and, as a matter of fact, contrived to make two large volumes thus out of a life with no events in it, which might have been treated advan-

tageously in a small octavo. Such has been the system adopted in another well-known instance, where the careless jottings of a diary have been swept up with hasty hands and thrust into the respectable text, affording a curious and comical reminder to the reader of a former popular conception of the hero, and certain well-known tendencies in his character, which the well-intentioned biographer would have been the last willingly to recall. Such unintentional betrayal arises however, no doubt, from a certain opacity of intellect, and is consequently not a fault so much as a mistake, which would be laughable if it were not so injurious. It is not a mistake, however, but an offence against social morals, which even an obtuse mind cannot make with impunity, that the foolishness thus imported into the record is calculated to wound many living persons besides discrediting the character of the diarist. To appeal to the higher morals in order to condemn such a breach of the simplest social code, seems a waste of force, since society ought to be able to enforce respect for its own rule. There is no more favourite imagination in romance than that of a Palace of Truth, an enchanted place, in which every man is compelled to express his opinion of his neighbours with a candour which at present is used only to third parties. But a book is a dangerous medium for such simple speaking. If the person with whom you are conversing suddenly tells you that you are an empty fool, and he has always thought you so, you have at least the consolation that it is said to you only, and not to all your friends and acquaintances. But there is something bewildering in the sensation, when, through the pages of a hasty biography, we suddenly hear a voice which has been used to talk to us in pleasanter tones, discoursing audibly to earth and heaven in this simple and candid fashion about us and our concerns. The startled victim feels for the first moment as if he were an eaves-dropper, one of those proverbial listeners who never hear any good of themselves, and has to satisfy his conscience that this is not a dishonourable action of which he is being guilty before he realizes what it actually is—an action perhaps not very honourable, but without blame so far as he is concerned. It is at all times an odd experience to hear ourselves discussed; not those who are our best friends will do it in a way entirely pleasing to our consciousness. There is a something, a tone, a smile, perhaps even an excuse, when we feel no excuse to be necessary, which jars upon that absolute sense of property which we have in ourselves. And the effect is proportionally stronger when a famous person, on whose words we have often hung, suddenly, and with startling composure, begins at our very ear to publish to the world what our friends say of us. The still more startling than that with which we should candid remarks of the Palace of Truth. There is

nothing in it of the gravity with which we would wish to receive the strictures of a Right Reverend Father in God, translated into a better sphere, who might indeed admonish us for our good with perfect propriety; but it is whimsically like the old notions which a gossiping world once entertained of that well-known personage, and which we had put away, with all untimely smiles and nicknames, when he became a portion of the past. We feel now that being past, he has no right to be so present; the position is ludicrously incongruous. And in the irritation of the sufferers, and the amusement of those who do not suffer, there is an element of irreverence, of disrespect, which annuls all the advantages of death. In this case the biographer has brought back a figure of which we had altogether forgotten the comic side, out of the natural deference and respectful gravity with which we were glad to contemplate him, into the atmosphere of *Punch*, and the familiarity of a most unreverential appellation.

Can nothing be done to prevent this system of desecration? The most bitter of pessimists would scarcely desire that all the softening tenderness which death brings with it should be thus rudely and ruthlessly disturbed. Half of the harm, no doubt, arises from the frantic haste which confounds all broader and larger views, and turns us from any attempts we may wish to make to gain a higher friendship with the spirit, into an enforced contemplation of those tricks of attitude and gesture, those twitches of nervous movement, and little vulgarities of personal peculiarity which do not, whatever may be said to the contrary, make the man. In a language in which there are noble examples of the art of biography, it is curious that we should find so general a callousness to the claims upon our respect, upon even the most ordinary consideration of what their wishes and feelings would have been, of persons so very recently separated from us. Perhaps it is still worse when what is done is in a pretended compliance with their desires, a compliance in the letter and utter contradiction in the spirit. The profound offence which this course of proceeding has given to all who had any personal knowledge of the victims, and almost all whose opinion is worth having on such a subject, makes a curious balance to the unthinking satisfaction of the common public in such revelations of domestic privacy as it could not have hoped for, the crystallized gossip which is always "so interesting" to the crowd. But when a writer chooses this cheap method of success it is perhaps hopeless to attempt to call him to a perception of any higher duty.

M. O. W. OLIPHANT.

SOCIAL WRECKAGE.

"Social Wreckage: A Review of the Laws of England as they affect the Poor." By FRANCIS PERK. London: William Isbister, Limited. 1883.

IT was a favourite statement of the late James Hinton that this famous nineteenth century, with its boasted enlightenment, its material prosperity, its vast scientific achievements, would, with the centuries immediately preceding it, be characterized by the historian of the future as the morally dark ages; that its standpoint and methods morally are the standpoint and methods of the dark ages intellectually. And is there not a real parallel? In the dark ages we find men centering their intellectual life about their own abstract ideas, their own theories, their own systems—the eye of the mind turned in upon itself, busy with barren logomachies and endless verbal subtleties of the schools; while this "mighty sum of things," the kosmic order to which man belongs, passed unobserved and unheeded. But the utter barrenness and confusion of our intellectual life forced men at length to recognize the great principles of inductive science: that not only some facts, but all facts, must be carefully regarded; that we must look at everything, not isolated, but in its relations; above all, that there must be no left-out elements; in one word, that there must be accuracy of regard, no bending of fact to fit theory, but theory generalized from fact;—those great principles which, once recognized, have enabled us to build up that glorious intellectual order in our life which we term modern science, with its ever-widening achievements.

But is not the standpoint of the moral life still to a great degree that of the dark ages? Is it not still individualistic, regarding only the narrow class of facts that belong to the individual, its eye turned in upon personal rights rather than outward upon duties, upon laws, springing from an observed order of human life, from a recognized social organism in which the individual is only the revolving atom?

Indeed, the sooner we remember that atom and individual are the same word, the better; in modern Greek the former word is used for person, and in your passports you are liable to be described as a well-conducted atom. Is not the ideal of the wealthy Englishman, for the most part, purely personal, to amass means, to raise himself above the necessity of working; this accomplished, to accumulate wealth to be spent in personal luxury, and the more he spends upon himself, or upon *l'égoïsme à deux, à trois, à quatre*, which constitutes the British paterfamilias, the greater he counts his virtue; while the summit of his hopes is to found a family—in other words, to ensure like means of luxury and idleness to an endless succession of persons bearing his name;

"And all to leave what with his tact he won
To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son."

as Dryden scornfully puts it. And even with those who, as earnest Christian men and women have a higher ideal than this, does not their moral and religious life centre round certain abstract religious views, certain theological dogmas, rather than on the Incarnation, on God continuously manifest in the flesh, of which all history is the exponent, and on the recognition of a divine order, to which man as a spiritual being belongs, and to which human life must be assimilated, partly deductively from the great fundamental principles of religion and morality, and partly inductively from a careful observation of social phenomena. And may not the intolerable disorders of our moral life be working out a *reductio ad absurdum*, which will oblige us to correct the premisses on which our moral life is based, to get rid of the non-regard out of our moral life as we have had to get rid of it out of our intellectual life, the not-looking, not-seeing, not-caring, which springs as much from bad method as from bad heart, and which once made progress as impossible to our intellectual life as it does now to our moral life; to recognize that all facts must be regarded, even those that we have considered it a virtue, at least in women, to know nothing about; that the individual, the atom, exists for the social organism, and must live in vital relation with "the whole" as well as with "the beautiful and the good;" above all, that there must be no left-out elements in our social life, no outcast girls, no vagrant and destitute children, on pain of those left-out elements bringing confusion and disordered corruption into the whole organic structure of human society; to recognize, in one word, that as in the intellectual world nothing will do instead of truth, or the accurate response of our intellectual faculties to fact, so, in the moral world, nothing will do instead of love, or the rational response of our moral emotions to fact.

But as all the confusion and apparent intellectual barrenness of the dark ages was not really loss, as men through these apparently

barren subtleties and word-fencings of the schools were training their logical faculties, and gaining a mastery over the mental instruments to be used in the fruitful science of the future, so all the confusion and disorder that besets our moral life is no "waste expense of tears." We have been steadily working out one of the factors of Christianity, steadily evolving the individual, the more complex and highly differentiated organ which is to form the higher and richer social structure of the future. We have been steadily deepening and developing our moral sensibilities, steadily gaining through martyrs and confessors a sense of individual responsibility; steadily gaining alongside of the analytic tendencies of modern science, that spiritual vision of "this mighty sum of things" to which we give the name of that wholly modern product, the love of Nature—Nature, not as matter and force, but as a spiritual sight. And may we not believe that we are close upon a time when we shall no longer possess an individualistic and one-sided Christianity, but grasp its full teaching, that the individual organ only exists for the social body, and can only attain to its full development in performing its functions for the good of the whole. "Do not let us lose the individual now we have discovered him," exclaimed one of our deepest thinkers to one who was inveighing against the atomism of our social life. We shall not lose him. We shall recognize the enrichment and deepening of the individual, what in olden days was called "edifying," as an essential factor in attaining to a healthy and well-developed social body. But to all talk about the rights of property apart from its duties to the country at large, to rights of parents apart from the welfare of the community of which the children are to form part, to all rights of individuals beyond the large share of personal feeling which is necessary for the performance of duty, we shall say sternly:—

"Thy rights? Go to, thou hast but one:
To do thy duty, other none,
Save some six feet of earth perchance to ask
To hold the refuse of thy finished task."

It is impossible not to revert to some such train of thought as the foregoing, in reading the useful but saddening little book by Mr. Francis Peek, whose title I have attached to my article. Not that it tells anything new to one who has studied deeply the pages of that terrible book of modern life, with its gilded leaves, but its unutterably dark contents; it only focusses the scattered knowledge into alarmingly clear vision. Indeed, in reading it, it is difficult to resist the old nightmare feeling, that after all this little planet may be the small rotatory Vaudeville theatre of the universe, where we poor actors in life's scene are playing out a series of farces for the amusement of the angels, or more probably of darker and more

distant visitants. The admirably logical social life that religiously shuts all the museums and picture-galleries on "the Lord's Day," and opens all the gin-shops; that is never tired of iterating that the proper sphere of woman is home, and brings up its 20,000 female orphans in large pauper barracks, from which the last touch of home-life has disappeared; that goes to meetings and loudly preaches thrift to the people, and then gruffly whispers in their ear by guardians of the poor "Only be drunk and spendthrift enough, and we will house you and provide for your old age;" that goes to church and preaches that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and leaves the people to litter down like pigs at night—men and women, girls and boys, together in tenements where no rich man would think of stabling his horses; that goes to school and teaches its children the three R's, and leaves them in dens of infamy to learn a fourth R, by every sight and sound of the day and night, ruin of body and soul; that virtuously declaims against the harlot, yet leaves its little girls to be brought up in brothels; that believes a fatal disorder is undermining the national health, and shuts the doors of its hospitals against it, and denies it the public means of cure; that legally protects the heiress up to twenty-one, and refuses to protect the poor man's daughter even at sixteen from the trade of vice; that holds that the man is the responsible head of the woman, and throws the blame and disgrace on the woman—alas! alas! what a heap of anomalies is here—what real cause to complain of the methods of our moral life! No wonder that the poor Dissenting minister, much entangled in our social difficulties, and led on all sides to contradictory conclusions, threw in a deprecatory clause in his prayer "Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord, it is nevertheless true."

And what are the results of such methods as these? what must be the results?

That we read that in the wealthiest nation in the world, one in every thirty-one of our countrymen is a pauper; this, moreover, without including any of that vast number of destitute persons who are maintained in charitable institutions or by private benevolence.

That in the richest city in the world there were in one year 101 deaths from actual starvation, in full sight of well-stocked shops.

That there are about 180,000 apprehensions each year for drunkenness, and over 15,000 persons yearly charged with indictable crimes, and over half a million convicted summarily before the magistrates, of which latter nearly 100,000 are guilty of personal assaults, about 2,500 being aggravated assaults upon women and children.

That there are extensive districts in London, Liverpool, and all our large towns, where our people are living in little more than half the area of ground required for a corpse, and which they could claim

if they were dead, in tenements which are the graves of all decency and chastity.

That "in Liverpool alone, by a rough estimate, there are some 10,000 or more children who are neither properly fed, clothed, nor housed, and surrounded by such evil associations at home, or in the low lodging-houses where they herd, that there is small chance of their leading afterwards a useful life, and we can predict with certainty that many of them will enter our prisons, penitentiaries and work-houses."^{*}

Surely it must create an uneasy feeling in the most careless to realize this mass of misery and sin on which the life of the well-to-do classes in England is based—

"This deep dark underworld of woe,
That underlies life's shining surfaces,
Dim populous pain and multitudinous toil,
Unheeded of the heedless world that treads
Its piteous upturned faces underfoot,
In the gay rout that rushes to its ends."

Is it a safe foundation? May there not be a terrible retribution in store? Did not the first French Revolution teach us loudly enough, as Carlyle tells us, that "if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus' gods, with the living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared for at their feet, and smooth parasites preaching 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace,' then the dark chaos, it would seem, will rise—has risen—and O Heavens, has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself?† That there be no second sansculottism in our earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was, and let rich and poor of us go and do *otherwise*."

We take it for granted that the people will always go on bearing; but what if our modern god Science, who is to bring a reign of material prosperity upon the earth and bless his well-to-do worshippers with comfort and fat things, proves an impartial and avenging deity instead? What if the people take to evangelizing the selfish indolence of the well-to-do classes with this powerful new gospel according to dynamite? A gospel that detonates, and can make itself heard to deafest ears! A gospel that produces instantaneous conversion of the hardest-hearted worldling to his constituent atoms, makes restitution to the universe of the hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and nitrogen which have been frivolously and selfishly used, and leaves not even the skin of the careless god behind to be tanned into breeches? What if the first utterances of this new gospel for the rich have been given with a stuttering tongue and a stammering lip, may not

^{*} *Nineteenth Century*, No. 75: "Social Reform," p. 901.

† In allusion to a peculiarly fine wash-leather, made of the skins of those who were guillotined during the Reign of Terror.

practice, inspired by dire necessities of hunger and misery and degradation, make perfect? May it not be found that with these dread forces at work our Explosives Bills passed with such admirable celerity in four-and-twenty hours, because our well-to-do and valuable persons were in danger, while legislation having to do with the souls and bodies of the poor lingers on from year to year, perpetually crowded out, are like so much curl-paper opposed to Niagara.

But what is the remedy?

To spare a little time from money-getting and pleasure and knowledge, to love; to recognize

"Life with all it yields of joy and woe
And hope and fear . . .
Is just our chance o' the prize of the learning love,
How love might be, hath been indeed, and is;"*

and adopt scientific methods and train our moral emotions as carefully to respond to fact as we train our intellectual faculties; and by love I mean—and I presume Robert Browning means—not mere sentiment, not mere pathological liking, but just this truthful response of the moral emotions to fact; to bestow a little human thought and care on the wants of the poor, and not think that those wants can be killed off at the rate "of eleven cases in four minutes" (the rate of poor-law investigation), quicker than pigs are made into pork in the great American steam pig-killing establishments; to recognize that town councils and boards of guardians are not to be composed of small tradesmen, only anxious to keep down the rates, because the educated, the cultured, and the high-minded are too absorbed with their own interests to fulfil the duties of citizenship; to "live in the whole" as well as "in the beautiful and the good;" to recognize that the whole must control the parts, as well as the parts be left free to make the whole, and that communism, rightly understood, is as much a factor in sociology as individualism.

It is impossible for me to deal adequately with the subject in the narrow space of a short article, but let me touch on three of our greatest problems—overcrowding, pauperism, and the care of the young.

First, as to overcrowding. This is a question that distinctly affects the State, and with regard to which we have to "live in the whole," and to see that the welfare of the community is at stake, and that the State must have an authoritative voice in it. Virtue, sobriety, decency, are physically impossible in the conditions under which a vast number of its citizens are living. The national health and morals are in danger. All the arguments that justified the interference of the State with the rights of the Irish landlord, apply equally to the London landlords, and the artificial forcing up of

* "A Death in the Desert." By Robert Browning, p. 181.

rents which has resulted from the necessity many workmen are under of living near their work. Yet this question has been the subject of permissive legislation! The Artisans' Dwellings Improvement Act, an honest attempt on the part of Sir Richard Cross to deal with the problem, was rendered applicable to all towns of 28,000 inhabitants or upwards—that is to say, about eighty towns—but it was entrusted to the municipalities to carry it out, the town councils which we have left to be composed chiefly of men of narrow education, largely swayed by self-interest, and probably extensive owners of the very property to be demolished! It is exactly as if the Irish Land Bill had been permissive, and entrusted to the Irish landlords to put it into execution! Can we wonder that in about sixty out of the eighty towns, it remains a dead letter? In eleven it has led to discussion; in two or three it has led to the demolition of buildings, but not to their erection. Is there not a want of ordinary *seeing* in our moral life? Could we hope to solve a single scientific problem on the methods on which we are content to live?

The first thing we need unquestionably, is a more robust public spirit, a collective Christianity, those wider and deeper sympathies which are enjoined in Goethe's "living in the whole." But this higher and more human spirit must be able to enforce itself by the law in a matter that concerns the very existence of the State. We want sanitary officers armed with the ample powers of the old Roman *ædiles*, appointed by and responsible to the Home Office, so as to be free from local bias and influences; and when on moral and physical grounds a tenement or tenements are pronounced unfit for human habitation, their demolition and the erection of new tenements to accommodate the same number of people as the old, should be compulsory. The enormous cost of demolition alluded to by Mr. Peek was owing to a defect in the original Act, which threw the responsibility of demolition on the corporation. Corrupt landlords, who had been already trading on the souls and bodies of their fellow-creatures, were, therefore, able to run their condemned tenements up to a fancy price, and make enormous gains out of the municipality. The *onus* is now thrown on the landlord, and he is willing therefore to come to almost any terms.

"The commercial success," as Mr. Peek observes, "that has been achieved by several of the Artisans' Dwellings Companies which, while providing good houses, yet pay fair dividends, shows that the poorest pay rents which give a fair interest on capital, so that the municipality will not be compelled to embark in a ruinous undertaking, or one that will not pay in the long run, to say nothing of the gain to the health and morals of the nation."*

* The immense benefit of wholesome houses, from a sanitary point of view, is evident in the fact that in 1880 the death-rate in the dwellings erected by the Peabody trustees

Secondly, let us take pauperism. First of all let us clearly recognize that no system of paid officials, no mechanical workhouse will take the place of human thought and human care. Nothing will do instead of love. Indeed, there are already signs that we are working out a *reductio ad absurdum* with these portentous and ever-increasing warehouses of the destitute and the vicious that are springing up, throwing the winter support of whole dissolute families on hard-working ratepayers, and systematically discouraging thrift. But the problem has been solved satisfactorily on a small scale, and can be on a larger. The Elberfeld experiment, which in twelve years reduced the number of paupers from 4,800 to 1,800, notwithstanding that the population had increased from 50,000 to 64,000, and that great commercial depression existed, has been too often described not to be familiar to all. But a remarkable parallel movement among the Jews is scarcely so well known as it deserves to be. When "Oliver Twist" was published, the leading Jews were so mortally ashamed of the picture drawn by the popular novelist of Fagan and the low Jewish quarters in London, that they formed themselves at once into an organization to remedy so disgraceful a state of things. The numbers to be dealt with amounted to those of a populous town, with the additional difficulty afforded by immigrant Jews arriving in large numbers from the Continent in a state of the greatest destitution. The investigation of every case requiring relief was undertaken by volunteer workers, assisted by skilled officers, and was not in the steam pig-killing style, but patient and exhaustive with true human brotherhood; in deserving cases the relief given was sufficient to make a guardian's hair stand on end, but was given with the view to helping the man to a means of livelihood. Especially this wise liberality was shown in the treatment of their widows. Whilst Mr. Peek has no better suggestion to offer than that the widows' children should be removed to the pauper barrack-schools to herd with the lowest children of casuals, a system which Mr. Peek himself strongly condemns, the Jews recognized that the mother, if well conducted, was the proper person to have the care of them, and that her place was at home. They therefore either provided their widows with indoor work, or, when that was impossible, relieved them on a sufficient scale to enable them to look after their children at home; the consequence being that instead of feeding the outcast class, as the neglected children of our widows too often do, they grew up productive and well-conducted members of the community. If, however, a family was found overcrowding, all relief was steadily refused till they consented to live a human life, assistance being given

was only 19·71 per 1000, or about 2·49 per 1000 below the average death-rate for the whole of London, and this notwithstanding that the tenants generally belong to the poorer classes, the average earnings of each family being under 24s. per week.

to move into a larger tenement. By these wise and thoughtful methods in the course of a single generation the Jews have worked up the people from a considerably lower level to one decidedly above our own. To be sure the Jew does not drink. Give the most destitute Jew £5 down, and at the end of the year you will find him a small capitalist, having considerably despoiled the Egyptians meanwhile. But the intemperance of our people is largely caused by overcrowding, and by their amusements and recreation-rooms being in the hands of those who make their profit not by the entertainment but by the drink traffic, and indefinite improvement may be brought about by wiser regulations that have the good of the people, and not the fattening of publicans and brewers at heart. Surely the success of the Jewish and Elberfeld efforts prove, that the problem of the reduction of pauperism and the inducing of healthy habits of thrift and self-helping in the people is soluble, and with that army of devoted Christian workers in our midst to whose untiring efforts we owe it that social disaster has not already overtaken us, it must be possible for us to carry on the same movement, if Birmingham or one of our public-spirited towns would lead the way.

Lastly, we come to the vast hopeful field presented by greater care for the young, and better methods of embodying it.

First, let the law protect the young of both sexes up to the legal age of majority from all attempts to lead them into a dissolute life. In most continental countries the corruption of minors is an indictable offence. The English penal code recognizes this principle in property; it is felony to abduct an heiress up to twenty-one, and a young man's debts, except for bare necessities, are null and void till he is of age; but, as usual, our English law leaves the infinitely more precious moral personality unprotected. There is no practical protection at any age for an English child from the trade of vice. An unruly child of fifteen or sixteen, or even younger, quarrels with her mother or with her employer, and runs off in a fit of temper. Even if she leaves her parents' roof, it cannot be brought under the law against abduction. No one abducts her; the child abducts herself. Yet the keeper of the lowest den of infamy can harbour that child for an infamous purpose, and he or she commits no indictable offence. It is no wonder, therefore, that the open profligacy of the young forms the very gravest feature of our large towns. Thankful as we are for the honest effort to deal with this monstrous anomaly in English law, shown by Lord Rosebery's Bill, we cannot but regret the extreme inadequacy of its provisions, or that the legislature should refuse to extend legal protection from even the trade of vice, to the most dangerous age of a girl's life, the age of sixteen—the age when, as the medical faculty are agreed, a girl is least morally responsible, and most liable to sexual extravagances, and when we can statistically

prove that the greatest number of those who go wrong are led astray. The country will not rest till the legal protection from the trade of vice is extended to twenty-one.

Secondly, let us recognize it as an axiom that parental rights do not exist when wholly severed from parental duties; or, in other words, that the child has its rights as well as the parent, and that its indefeasible right is, in South's strong words, "to be born and not damned into the world." Let it be recognized, then, that no child of either sex is to be brought up in a den of infamy, and to attend school from thence to the contamination of the children of the respectable poor, the magistrates being no longer allowed to defeat this beneficent provision of the Industrial Schools Act, and parental responsibility being recognized by the parent being compelled to pay towards the Christian and industrial training of the child; all children living in, or frequenting, thieves' dens and disorderly houses to be at once removed. Let day Industrial Schools be formed for the lowest class of children, so as to introduce some classification in our Board-schools, the want of which is one of their gravest defects. Let us adopt emigration to our colonies for our pauper and destitute children, whenever possible. Any one who has gone into the question can corroborate Mr. Samuel Smith's statements in his able article in the May number of the *Nineteenth Century*, that "£15 per head covers all expenses, including a few months' preparatory training, outfit, passage, &c." The average cost of each child in the metropolitan district schools is nearly £25 per annum. About 11,000 pauper children are brought up in these large establishments at a cost to the ratepayers of London of £250,000 per annum. Probably each child is kept, on the average, five years, costing, say, £120 in all. Truly Mr. Smith may well add, "with a blindness that is incomprehensible, the guardians have preferred herding them together at a vast expense, and refused till quite lately to allow emigration to be tried." And for those children who through bad health, or any other disability, are unable to emigrate, and cannot be boarded out, as well as children whose drunken and dissolute parents are bringing them up to crime, let there be an order of teaching deaconesses instituted, and a State-aided Training College, where educated ladies may receive training in the management of an Industrial School, and from which the guardians can supply themselves with mothers for cottage homes on the plan of the Village Homes of Ilford, where the cost of a child is £14 instead of £25. By this arrangement the children would come under some higher influence than the uneducated workhouse officials. Hundreds of ladies are wanting remunerative employment, and would gladly undertake this, if they could be put in the way of the work by a little preliminary training, and freed from the necessity

of "doing the washing" in the Cottage Home. And, lastly, let it be a recognized theory that every Christian household has one respectable but rough little girl to train under its own upper class servants, to give her a good start in life, that our houses, with all their culture and refinement, may no longer be strongholds of *l'egoïsme à plusieurs* but centres for teaching good work, high character, and fine manners—organs for the public good.

And those social atomists who raise their vehement cry about personal rights and the liberty of the subject over all compulsory measures for saving children, I would remind that the question is not of compulsion or non-compulsion; but whether the natural guardians of a child shall be compelled to pay towards its Christian and industrial training, or whether they and I, as ratepayers, shall be compelled to pay for its degradation in prisons, in infirmary beds, and workhouses. Compulsion there is anyhow: but surely no reasonable mind can doubt which compulsion is most in accordance with true right and true liberty.

And how can I better close than with the impassioned words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, apostrophizing our material splendour, as shown in the great Exhibition of 1851, by the side of our moral squalor:—

"O Magi of the East and of the West,
 Your incense, gold and myrrh, are excellent!
 What gifts for Christ, then, bring ye with the rest?
 Your hands have worked well: is your courage spent
 In handiwork only? Have you nothing best
 Which generous souls may perfect and present
 And He shall thank the givers for? No light
 Of teaching, liberal nations, for the poor
 Who sit in darkness when it is not night?
 No cure for wicked children? Christ—no cure!
 No help for women sobbing out of sight
 Because men made the laws? No brothel lure
 Burnt out by popular lightnings? Hast thou found
 No remedy, my England, for such woes?
 * * * * *
 Alas! great nations have great shames, I say.
 * * * * *
 O gracious nations, give some ear to me!
 You all go to your Fair, and I am one
 Who at the roadside of humanity
 Beseech your alms,—God's justice to be done."

ELLICE HOPKINS.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THE anticipations we expressed last January, immediately after the death of Gambetta, have been rapidly coming true. After a moment of confusion and bewilderment, which testified to the gravity of the loss sustained by the Republican party, moderate men recognized the imperative necessity of constituting a Government worthy of the name and supported by a steady majority; and they turned naturally towards M. Jules Ferry, as the obvious chief of the only Ministry possible or desirable at the moment.

It was high time, for the sake of our foreign relations as well as our internal policy, to put an end to the extraordinary state of confusion and disorganization into which things had been thrown by the illness first of M. Duclerc, and afterwards of M. Fallières, and by the absurd and odious "question of the princes." Prince Napoleon, with that want of seriousness and good sense which has always nullified his remarkable intellectual gifts, had been seized with the unfortunate idea of taking advantage of the death of Gambetta to placard a manifesto to the French people. Two courses were possible—either to treat the whole thing as a joke, or to expel the unseasonable Pretender without further formality. M. Fallières, the Minister of the Interior, whom the illness of M. Duclerc had suddenly left head of the Cabinet, had decided on the latter course. Unhappily M. Grévy, always a stickler for legality, and beset with judicial prejudices, refused his assent to a measure not provided for by the law; and M. Fallières was weak enough to institute unsuccessful proceedings against the Prince, and to propose to the Chamber a Bill for arming the Government against pretenders. How came it that, while the public outside remained indifferent and even amused, the excitement in Parliament hereupon became so excessive and so universal,

that M. Floquet could demand the expulsion of all the members of former reigning families, and that the most fantastic Orleanist conspiracies were invented or imagined? The phenomenon can only be understood by those who know the excitability of the French temperament, and the atmosphere of idle gossip, of barren agitation and unreflecting terrors, in which many French deputies live and breathe. There was also, among those who were most eager for the proscription of the princes, a certain amount of calculation. They knew that the Senate would refuse to concur in any violent measures, and they hoped to make use of this opportunity for discrediting the Senate and charging it with Orleanist proclivities. Happily the business lingered, and every one had time to recover from the first burst of emotion, and to perceive its absurdity. The Senate threw no acrimony into its opposition to the Bill sent up by the Chamber; and if in the end it rejected the measure, it was not till it had clearly shown that it recognized the right of the Government to protect itself against any pretender who should go so far as to placard his aspirations.

This period of barren and absurd agitation was not quite without its use. The disintegration of the Ministry consequent upon the illness of M. Duclerc, and, later on, of M. Fallières, and upon the resignation of the Ministers of War and Marine, MM. Billot and Jauréguiberry, who refused to carry out the measures proposed against the princes holding military rank, had revealed the full extent of the danger arising from the want of a compact majority in the Chamber of Deputies. It was clear that the foreign policy of France was threatened with annihilation, and her internal administration and finance with total disorganization, and that, in a word, anarchy in an insidious but most perilous form was spreading, little by little, through the whole body politic. The Republican party felt the danger keenly enough to seek the remedy in the only quarter in which it could be found; they rallied round M. Jules Ferry.

This was the result we foresaw and hoped. M. Ferry was the only statesman at all equal to the difficult inheritance left by the death of M. Gambetta—the direction of the Republican party. He has not, of course, the captivating eloquence, or the extraordinary personal fascination, of M. Gambetta, nor has he the national popularity springing from an heroic episode; it is even probable that he has neither so wide a conception of European policy, nor so high an electoral genius; but his inferiority in some points is largely compensated by his superiority in others. He has character. He has always known what he wanted, and said what he thought right, without troubling himself to flatter the passions either of the country or of the Chamber. He has political courage, and that in the highest degree. He commands the respect of those who

are opposed to him—at least of such of them as are capable of impartiality. He has a very cultivated and a very open mind, free from intellectual prejudices; he is inaccessible to fear or favour; he is a patient listener; he readily accepts the opinions of competent men, and knows how to leave a large initiative to colleagues or subordinates whose value he has tested. If he is not, like Gambetta, a tribune of the people—if calumnious stories are told against him among the people of Paris, because he had the courage to speak sound reason during the siege of 1870—he has acquired a solid and well-founded popularity amongst thinking men, and especially throughout the whole educational body, by the energy with which he has carried out the triple reform of primary, secondary, and higher education. In public instruction he has made himself a name and a place independent of all political fluctuations and superior to all parties. Thus he did wisely in resuming, on his return to power, the portfolio of public instruction; for whatever future may await him as President of the Council, his services in the matter of education will always surround him with sympathizers and keep a door open for his return to office. The very nature of M. Ferry's political opinions renders him eminently fitted to be the director and moderator of the Republican party. The party is divided by two very marked tendencies in opposite directions, which find their adherents among very different shades of opinion. The one group holds that the immediate need of the country is an energetic Government, knowing its own mind, directing the deliberations of Parliament, and giving a vigorous impulse to the administration of affairs; the other group would make the whole duty of the Government consist in obedience to the Chambers, and the whole duty of the Chambers in obedience to the electoral body. They put forward, under the name of Liberalism, a sort of *soi disant* American system, which, in an old and centralized country like France, can mean nothing but universal disorganization and the surrender of public affairs to the most ignorant and violent classes of the community. On the other hand, the former group contains a certain number of men of strong Centralist views, who bring to the work of a Republican Government the habits and principles of despotism. There were many who, however unjustly, feared in M. Gambetta a possible tyrant; and some of the friends who surrounded him undoubtedly urged on him an absolutist policy. M. Ferry has the immense advantage of possessing, to begin with, a mind profoundly liberal, moderate, and flexible, and an honest respect for public opinion, while he has also a keen sense of the duties and requirements of Government. It is to his credit that he did not condescend to take office without clearly indicating the terms on which he accepted it. In his relations with the President of the Republic—unhappily too much under the influence of his son-in-law, M. Wilson—

he has vindicated for himself complete freedom of action; in his relations with his colleagues he has for the first time established those rights of general direction and control, without which the name of Prime Minister is a mockery; in his relations with the Chambers he claims for the Ministry, so long as it enjoys the confidence of the majority, the right of directing parliamentary business, and of emancipating itself from the hindrances perpetually thrown in its way by the bungling initiative of private members, and by their interference in matters of administration. Thanks to the absolute clearness of the situation he has thus produced, and to the conviction that if he could not govern under these conditions he would not govern at all, but would either dissolve or resign, M. Ferry—alone, so far, among the Ministers of the Republic—has been able to form a majority composed of homogeneous elements, taken exclusively from the Republican Left and the Republican Union—that is to say, from the moderate party—and fortified by the declared hostility of the Extreme Left. This is the very opposite of the hybrid system attempted by M. Freycinet, who tried to unite the Left Centre with the Radical Left and the Extreme Left—a fatal system, which ended in giving to the Extreme Left an importance quite disproportionate to their numbers, and still more disproportionate to their capacity.

It was on these principles that M. Ferry constructed his Government. He chose two very capable men who had formed part of M. Gambetta's Cabinet—M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Raynal—for the Ministries of the Interior and of Public Works; he appointed to the post of Foreign Affairs M. Challemlacour, a senator and an old friend of Gambetta's, who, as ambassador, had already held a diplomatic post; he gave the Ministry of Justice to M. Martin Feuillée, an able member of the Gambettist party, and the Ministries of Finance and Agriculture to two members of the Left, M. Tirard and M. de Mahy. We shall speak later on of the Ministries of War, of Marine, and of Commerce.

From a Parliamentary point of view the choice of these Ministers was irreproachable. But it is the misfortune of the existing situation that the choice of Ministers is made to depend too much on party considerations, and too little on the competence of the men and on the foreign relations of the country. M. Hérissou was made Minister of Commerce. He had held the post of Public Works in the late Ministry, and his incompetence there had been notorious. It is not less so in his present position. Nobody knows his opinions on free trade, protection, and tariffs. But he is a member of the Radical Left, and in keeping him M. Ferry has secured a few additional votes. In finance, there was but one man capable of extricating the
ary from the embarrassment into which it had been thrown by

M. Freycinet's reckless undertakings in the matter of public works—M. Léon Say. M. Ferry would have liked nothing better. But M. Léon Say has many enemies; his relations with the Rothschild family have awakened the envy and distrust of more than one jealous democrat. Instead of M. Say, the post was conferred on M. Tirard, a financier of irreproachable probity, but apparently not very expert at figures, for his first budget contained an error of a hundred millions, —a mistake not likely to be soon forgotten. Finally, and worst of all, the unhappy "question of the princes" made it impossible for M. Ferry to give the Ministries of War and Marine to the two men who should naturally have been called to them, General Campenon and Admiral Cloué. At the head of the Marine he was obliged to put a naval engineer, M. Brun—a senator and a distinguished man, but an invalid, without authority over the officers, and without the energy of character necessary for the control of a most difficult department, in which there is a strong tendency to the perpetuation of abuses, and which at the present moment has to deal with some of the gravest questions, on account of the impulse lately given to the colonial policy of the country. At the War Office matters were still worse. It was necessary to retain General Thibaudin, as the only person who could be got to accept the post after the resignation of General Billot, though he was the object of almost universal dislike amongst military men, whether on account of his previous conduct in the administration of the infantry department of the War Office, or because, during the campaign of 1870-71, when he was a prisoner on his parole in Germany, he made his escape, took service again in France under the name of Commagney, and thus gained his rank as General. M. Ferry was forced to endure the presence of M. Thibaudin in his Cabinet; but it was not possible that there should exist between them those cordial relations and that unity of action so imperatively necessary at a moment when the law of recruitment was just about to be passed—a law which threatens the whole intellectual and artistic activities of France, and on which even her military future will be staked, if the system of a universal three-years' service should be adopted. M. Thibaudin is supported by the Radicals with all the more eagerness because little sympathy is believed to exist between him and M. Ferry; and his presence thus acts with double force as an element of discord and of weakness in the Cabinet.

Such are the fatal consequences of that miserable "question of the princes," which the Ferry Ministry received as a legacy from its predecessors. By one of those odd inconsistencies not unfrequent in politics, the Government found itself powerless against Prince Napoleon, the solitary offender and the cause of the whole difficulty, while the Orleans Princes, who had done nothing at all, were deprived,

not indeed of their military rank, but of their employment; and this was done after the definitive rejection of the law which was to have authorized the Ministry to take measures against them, and by means of a legal provision which had hitherto been exclusively reserved for cases of misconduct. I am not, however, among those who are excessively indignant at this measure. I think a great mistake had been made in conferring military appointments on the Orleans Princes; and it appears to me that, even since the carrying out of this measure, the members of former reigning families have enjoyed in France a toleration which has never been accorded to pretenders in any other European country. But it is impossible not to be scandalized at the illogical and arbitrary manner in which they have been treated during the last ten years. First they are loaded with favours; then, without any fault of their own, they are treated as suspects. It is useless to say that the Republic of 1883 is not the Republic of 1874. Theoretically it is the same; and it is bound to act on the theory; for a Government without continuity, and whose past is no guarantee for its future, cannot possibly create either confidence or security.

This vexatious question, however, was soon forgotten; and indeed the excitement it produced had been confined within a somewhat narrow circle. Its principal inconvenience was the dissatisfaction it created in the army. There were other questions which caused the Government more serious embarrassment.

First came the religious question, which had quieted down in the matter of the non-authorized Orders only to blaze up again more fiercely than ever in the matter of primary education. In suppressing religious teaching in the schools, the mistake had been made of substituting for it the teaching of morality and civic duty. The opposition regarded this as an attempt on the part of the Government to replace the old Catechism by a free-thinking republican Catechism of its own. A Manual of Moral and Civic Instruction, composed by M. Paul Bert, in which the supernatural was openly denied, and monarchical institutions were held up to ridicule, confirmed them in this opinion. The French Clericals skilfully turned these mistakes to their own advantage. They obtained from the Congregation of the Index at Rome the condemnation, not only of M. Paul Bert's Manual, but also of those of M. Compayré and of Madame H. Gréville,* which are absolutely irreproachable from a religious point of view. Bishops and clergy flung themselves at once into the contest, and forbade Catholic parents, under the threat of excommunication, to place these impious books in the hands of their children. True, the proceedings of

* One curious incident serves to show the intolerance—or, at least, the puerility—of a certain class of persons. The committee of the French Academy which chooses the books proposed for the Prix Monthyon had put down a work by Madame Gréville. It was struck out, because her Manual had been put into the Index.

the Court of Rome and the clergy were odious enough ; the thing was clearly a political intrigue and not a religious question ; and it is not to be endured that a foreign authority should interfere in a matter of public education in France. But none the less it was embarrassing for the Government. There are amongst the *bourgeoisie* and the working classes many good Republicans who do not care to quarrel with their priest, and who care a good deal about their children's first communion ; and it would be at once deplorable and dangerous to stir up throughout the whole of France an antagonism between the schoolmaster and the curé. M. Ferry is alive to this danger ; and while energetically undertaking the defence of the schoolmasters—while procuring the condemnation of the bishops by the Council of State for the abuse of their authority, and even threatening them with the suspension of their stipends in case of a repetition of the offence—while vigorously denouncing in the Congrès des Instituteurs the insolent intervention of Rome in the internal affairs of France—he has shown the greatest anxiety to appease these irritating hostilities. He advocated the suppression of direct moral instruction, and the substitution of an indirect moral influence diffused throughout all the lessons ; and he would reduce the proposed instruction in the duties of citizenship to the explanation of the essential facts of social life and of the machinery of administration. It may be questioned, however, whether the teachers are sufficiently intelligent to give this sort of moral instruction out of their own heads. And it looks a little like retreating before the attacks of the Clericals.

Whilst the clerical question thus threatens to become a source of embarrassment to the Government, and perhaps to deprive the Republic of the sympathies of some of the electors, social questions are forcing themselves upon the more thoughtful and far-seeing minds. The masses of the population naturally look to the Republic for an amelioration of their condition. But this amelioration depends only in part on the law, and on the degree of liberty enjoyed by the citizens ; it depends principally on social and economic conditions with which the form of government has nothing whatever to do. The Republic meanwhile allows free course to the most violent socialistic or anarchist propaganda ; it even allows the adherents of revolutionary ideas to associate and organize themselves. I, for my part, see no immediate danger arising from any such propaganda ; but the weakness of the Government, together with a prolonged industrial crisis, might turn a remote contingency into a present peril. After the attempts at Monceaux les Mines and at Lyons, and the proceedings which resulted in the conviction of Prince Krapotkin and some other revolutionists, some few persons seriously believed in the creation of a dynamite party in France. A few demagogues,

more or less sincere, even thought the time had come for a noisy agitation in the streets; and, profiting by the uneasiness among the population of Paris due to the crisis in the furnishing trade last winter, they attempted to organize tumultuous demonstrations for the 9th, 11th, and 18th of March. But the workmen of Paris remained absolutely indifferent. On the 9th and the 11th a few handfuls of roughs alone responded to the appeal; and on the 18th, when it was known that the Government had resolved firmly to put down any attempt at disorder, not a single rioter showed his face in the streets. Since that time the revolutionary party has kept pretty quiet; it cannot so much as find an audience for its meetings. The social danger is thus held at arm's length for the present by the existence of an energetic Government, and by the sense of personal liberty enjoyed by all the citizens; but the excessive development of wants and appetites—which is the outcome not only of a democratic form of government, but of modern life itself—and the crowding of the towns and desertion of the country, are undoubtedly preparing grave embarrassments for the future.

A source of more immediate difficulties is to be found in the relations of France with foreign powers; and these difficulties are the greater because they touch some very delicate points of national susceptibility. The alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy—which may be more or less close and solid, but which is at any rate real—without exactly constituting a direct menace to France, certainly proclaims her isolation. This was demonstrated by M. de Broglie, with more ability than patriotism, in his interpellation in the Senate. Autocratic Russia is neither in a mood nor in a position to form any very close diplomatic alliance with the French Republic; and the appointment of M. Waddington, who made himself at Berlin the mouthpiece of the distrust of Europe, to represent the Republic at the coronation, cannot have been very welcome at St. Petersburg. Here again the French Ministry, yielding to the unfortunate tendency I have already pointed out to occupy itself exclusively with questions of internal policy, was guided in its choice by considerations of parliamentary rather than of diplomatic convenience. The tact and intelligence of M. Waddington have happily dissipated the idle impression at first caused by his nomination; and the *fêtes* at Moscow have demonstrated the genuine sympathy which exists between the Russians and the French.

England remains to be considered. The almost unanimous feeling in France is favourable to a cordial understanding with England; and if France could feel herself really supported by her powerful island neighbour, a very hearty sympathy, on her side at least, would tend to unite the two nations. But, rightly or wrongly, it appears to England,—so strong in her own colonial empire, and so far from

scrupulous in extending it, whether in Cyprus, in Egypt, in South Africa, or in New Guinea,—watches with a sort of jealous annoyance the timid efforts of France to extend her colonial activity in some few directions—on the Congo, in Tonquin, or in Madagascar. She appears to encourage the pretensions of Portugal, of the Chinese, and of the Hovas; and at almost every point France finds herself harassed, not by her adversary of 1870, but by the only Power whose friendship she has taken pains to acquire and retain. Whatever may be thought of the claims of France in the different quarters in which she wishes to act, the state of petty provocation and ill-will which has sprung up between her and England is a misfortune for both countries. At present France is the sufferer; but if France, constrained by necessity, makes up her mind to accept the facts of 1871, and enter the German alliance, England may find the tables turned against her. Meanwhile the diplomatic situation is one of the dark spots in the French horizon.

At home, the administration of the Ferry Government has so far been in favourable contrast with that of previous Governments. We have a Prime Minister who really takes the direction of affairs, a Ministry which does not wait on the opinions of a majority in the Chamber, and a Republican majority content to follow its recognized leaders. How long will this honeymoon last? How long will M. Ferry be able to keep his ascendancy over his colleagues and the Chamber? Considering the want of public spirit in the present Chamber and the state of thralldom in which the Deputies are kept by their electoral committees, it is difficult to feel any great confidence in the future. But M. Ferry has one thing in his favour—that no other Ministry has a chance of existence; that his fall must be the signal for a dissolution; and that the prospect of dissolution suggests reflection to the most thoughtless Deputy. Besides, for the moment all is going well—indeed almost too well, for the majority seems to vote with the Government, not so much by conviction as in blind obedience, and without giving a sufficiently serious examination to Ministerial proposals. This has been the case with the Recidivist (Habitual Criminals) Bill. For several years public safety, especially in Paris, has been threatened by bands of thieves and criminals, to whom the penalties imposed by the tribunals are no sufficient deterrent, and who leave the prisons only to be sent back again for fresh offences. They collect about them a number of women of bad character, who turn public immorality to account in securing victims for their male accomplices. The number of crimes by persons previously convicted, which forty years ago formed only one-fourth of the crimes and misdemeanours brought before the tribunals, now forms more than half. It is argued, that if hardened criminals were expelled the country, the army of miscreants which

infests Paris and the great towns would be broken up, and the number of offences effectually diminished. The example of England in Australia is quoted; and a law is to be made requiring in certain cases the transportation of habitual criminals to a colony. This law is now under discussion; but, except the Radicals, who oppose the scheme chiefly because the Government proposes it, no one discusses it seriously from a legal or practical point of view. The condition of the transported convict, and the results obtained in Australia, are drawn (as by M. J. Reinach in his very interesting book on the Recidivists) in idyllic colours; the facts which led to the abandonment of the system by England are ignored; no question is raised as to whether transportation for life to a probably unhealthy climate is a penalty at all proportionate to the offence, nor whether the enormous sums required for this form of colonization might not be employed in social or penitentiary reforms in France itself, which would be still more effectual in diminishing crime. From this point of view M. Roussel's bill in the Senate for the adoption by the State of deserted or ill-used children seems even more urgent than the Recidivist Bill. It will, if adopted, be a great help to the admirable work undertaken by M. Bonjean, of which I have already spoken in this REVIEW.

The most characteristic success of the Ministry has been obtained on the question of revision, which has, at their instance, been postponed for two years. It would have been absurd, when a new Ministry was just taking office, to stir up the country on this vexatious and useless question, and wantonly incur certain defeat in the Senate. From the moment when the Chamber refused M. Gambetta's proposal to limit beforehand the field of revision, revision became impossible; for the Senate will never consent to a measure which would jeopardize not only its own existence but the whole framework of the constitution. The Extreme Left know all this as well as the Government; and yet they have not hesitated to make revision the programme of a political agitation. Their main object is to avail themselves of this question as a rallying point for Radicals of all shades, in view of the elections in 1885. So far their success has not been great, and they got hardly anybody but the Bonapartists to help them in the General Councils. Their weakness springs from the want of a definite programme. They are trying to unite under one flag the partisans of the suppression of the Senate and those who simply wish to modify a few of its functions. I know that men are easily carried away by words; but in this case the equivocation is a little too strong.

The Ministry has come off with no less success in the difficult of the conversion of the *rente*. When M. Ferry took the on of the Cabinet, the financial situation was strained, though

not exactly threatening. Through M. de Freycinet's extravagance in undertaking public works all over the country, obligations to the extent of eight hundred millions had been incurred for 1883, out of which only two or three hundred millions could be paid. It was impossible to meet this expenditure by a new issue of redeemable three per cents, for the three per cents issued at 83 had fallen to 80, and a new issue would have brought about an irretrievable fall in the funds, and in the credit of the country. M. Ferry and M. Tirard had the courage to take a decisive step. The five per cents were converted into four and a half per cents; and the railway companies were induced to take over and carry out at their own charge the public works undertaken by the State. By this double operation the State gains thirty-five millions of *rente*, and if a loan is required it will be issued by the railway companies, without risk to the credit of the State. The intransigent and reactionary journals, and some few which live by scandal, such as the *France*, attempted to excite public opinion against a measure which had been long foreseen and foretold; but the firmness of the *rente* since the vote was passed has put any demand for compensation out of the question, and the conversion has been effected without difficulty. If the Chamber will only show a little prudence in the administration of the public money, our finances are likely to remain, by the help of these measures, in their present satisfactory condition. The revenue from taxation constantly exceeds the estimate, and nothing would be easier than to have regular surpluses. The momentary pressure has been due to a want of foresight, and to the haste with which certain taxes have been lightened at the same time that enormous sums were being voted for public works and for education. With a little care this state of temporary inconvenience may be changed into one of ease and prosperity. The Budget Committee which has just been appointed is almost entirely composed of the adherents of the Government; and there is now every reason to hope that nothing will hinder the re-establishment of financial order.

The position of the Government therefore, as it appears at present, is fairly good, provided that the majority in the Chambers will only continue to occupy itself actively with the business of the country, to give a steady support to the Ministry, and to pursue the reforms already entered upon, at the same time keeping up an energetic struggle against the tendencies of the Extreme Left. The danger is always from the same side; the Conservatives continue to pursue a revolutionary policy, allying themselves, at need, with the Anarchists—as they did, for instance, during the troubles of last March—because they will not become Republican Conservatives; and the reason why they will not become Republican Conservatives is, that the religious question has opened a great gulf between believing

Catholics and the Republic. The moderate Republicans, deprived of these reinforcements from the Right, and disgusted by the violence of the Left, who carry off the votes of certain strata of the electorate, withdraw from the political struggle, and in many places leave the field open to the Radicals, who carry their candidates by the votes of perhaps a quarter, or even one-fifth, of the registered electors.

This political indifference which has taken possession of a portion of the electoral body is the more vexatious because the Republican party, owing to the weakness of its adversaries, is perhaps in a more favourable position than ever before. Prince Napoleon's manifesto has covered the Jerome-Bonapartists with ridicule; while, as to that section of the Bonapartists which rallies round the ex-Empress, the depth to which it has fallen may be measured by the public expression of esteem and regret offered by her to J. Amigues, a sort of literary adventurer, who in 1871 made himself the apostle of Rossel, in whom he recognized the Christ of the new era. As to the Royalist party, Louis Veillot was undoubtedly, both by character and talent, a man of a higher stamp than Amigues, just as the Legitimist party is of a higher stamp than the Bonapartist; but the letter of the Count de Chambord to Eugene Veillot on his brother's death as plainly testifies to the intellectual and moral decadence of the Legitimists as the ex-Empress's telegram proves the destitution of the Bonapartists. The Count de Chambord forgets that Louis Veillot applauded the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, and that he was one of the most eager partisans of the Second Empire during its most despotic period; he forgives him the abuse with which he covered more than one of the Count's most faithful adherents. And why? Because Veillot was the champion of Ultramontanism; and because in 1875 he violently attacked those of the Royalists who wished, before bringing back the Monarchy, to obtain liberal guarantees from the King. Quite recently, again, M. de Falloux and M. de Cumont, in two eloquent pamphlets, denounced those intransigent Royalists who are so complacently playing into the hands of the enemy. The Count de Chambord at once took their part, thus justifying the imputations of those who accuse him of preferring the peace and leisure of his Austrian exile to the perils of a reign in Paris—as the Duc d'Aumale and the Comte de Paris, in spite of the exhortations M. Hervé launches at them from the *Soleil*, prefer their country-life at Chantilly or Eu, devoted to interesting and remarkable historical researches, to a life of useless political intrigue.

This Louis Veillot, so inopportunistically canonized by the Count de Chambord, who has done so much harm both to the Church and to the Monarchy by his intolerance in defending them; this Veillot, who above all others is responsible for the violence, the systematic detraction, the calumnious denunciations of the Paris press; this

man who kept neither faith nor law with those who did not share his creed nor accept his king—who set himself up as a sort of Grand Inquisitor and Congregation of the Index over the French clergy, and succeeded in compelling the obedience of the Pope himself; this man, with little learning, and without a single original idea, was nevertheless a born writer. He has left no book that any one can read through without weariness or disgust, but he has left many passages which will be reproduced in the "Elegant Extracts" of the future, and which might without disadvantage be placed side by side with passages of Chateaubriand, or even of Bossuet.

These last months have taken from us more than one eminent man besides Veuillot: L. Viardot, whose name is perhaps better known through the talent of the great artist to whom he has given it than through his own works, but who was nevertheless a good art critic, and a politician of rare integrity; Jules Sandeau, one of the most charming novelists of our time, whose discreet and gentle voice fell silent some time ago before the coarse and noisy clamour of the realistic school, but who has left us two or three exquisite works—"Mdlle. de la Seiglière," "Le Docteur Herbault," "Le Gendre de M. Poirier"—which will keep his memory fresh in the minds of all persons of taste; and two artists, both of whom have made a great noise in the world, and both of whom have died young, Gustave Doré and Manet. Gustave Doré was gifted with a splendid imagination, and he sacrificed himself to it. He had never subjected himself in his youth to a severe and laborious study of Nature; he had never learnt to produce by toil the appearance of ease; and he remained all his life an improviser, whose creations lack the finish and character which alone could have given them permanence. His first works were his best. This is especially true of his "Dante," done in the first ardour of his creative force. Later on he exhausted himself in large compositions, which no doubt displayed qualities of the first order, but always left an impression of deception. He leaves, besides, a number of landscapes, some of which give a wonderfully vivid representation of rocky scenery; and some sculptures, which show the same demoniac energy that appears in his drawings. But when all is said, he leaves behind him the memory of a great designer, whose execution falls far short of his artistic ideal. Let us grant him this at least, that at a time when art is lending itself to the lowest interests, he had at any rate a high ideal. By a curious coincidence, Doré died just as he had finished his statue of A. Dumas père, the greatest improviser in contemporary literature.

Manet was far from possessing the natural gifts of Doré, and yet he will leave a far more lasting mark on the history of French art. His works will probably be valued in the future rather as curiosities

than for their artistic beauty ; but his name will mark a date ; and his influence is even now visible in the works of almost all our living painters. The germ of truth in his theory was this—that you must paint—not as many do—in the artificial light of the studio, which gives a certain uniform tonality to all their work, but in the open air, and with Nature's own infinite variety of tone. He has also felt very keenly the peculiar clearness, and even harshness, of our northern landscape at certain times ; he had a fine feeling for harmonies and contrasts of tone ; and he has revealed to his contemporaries many unperceived aspects of Nature. From this point of view he may be regarded as one of the masters of the naturalist school. But while rendering homage to his powers and to the faith and perseverance with which he held on his way in the midst of taunts and abuse, we must mark also what was wanting in his genius and unfortunate in his influence. He had neither taste nor imagination, and his aim was of the vilest ; he attempted only to reproduce faithfully some fragments of the truth, without troubling himself to consider whether those fragments afforded any trace either of beauty or interest. He had even an instinctive preference for vulgar types and trivial subjects. Moreover, haunted always by the exaggerated idea that the qualities of light and transparency in Nature had been ignored by all who went before him, he set himself to improve upon Nature in these respects, and ended by fairly getting rid of all solidity in his figures. Refusing to re-touch or elaborate a painting for fear of producing an artificial and laboured effect, he never was able to put any perspective into his pictures, and left them, in fact, unfinished sketches. From him have sprung all the puerilities of the Impressionist school, who, under the plea that Nature changes every moment, and that it is insincerity not to represent her just as she is, never make anything but sketches—successful enough sometimes, when done by men of talent, but which have little artistic value, and from which, for the most part, a knowledge of drawing is conspicuously absent. The exhibited works of MM. Monet and Pissaro, their two best landscapists, and of M. Renoir, the portrait painter of most repute among them, show very clearly this inherent defect of their system. Alongside of a few works the tone of which is really charming, and in which the artist seems to have succeeded by accident, there is a mass of other pictures which really are nothing but daubs.

If the impressionism originated by Monet has created a barren school, and has misled some promising painters, it has at the same time exercised an enormous influence, whether for good or for ill, on all contemporary art. The two influences in vogue at present are the Impressionist and the Japanese. Japanese art,—which is to Chinese what the art of the eighteenth century in France was to that of

the seventeenth—an art in decadence, but in a decadence full of life and charm,—has become a craze amongst our amateurs, and has even invaded the studios. M. Goussier has just got up a Japanese exhibition at M. Petit's gallery, which is a real feast to the eye; and he has also arranged with Quantin, the publisher, to bring out a magnificent work on Japanese art. Our school of *faïence* has learnt much from the Japanese; but, I doubt whether that paradoxical art, which dreads symmetry, and loves to associate the most unlikely colours, objects, and ideas, can furnish any useful inspiration to our landscape and genre painters. If we care to study it, it is because our tired and surfeited brains are always eager for new impressions. We seek to cover emptiness of thought by strangeness of manner. Simple and sincere work of this kind is the exception.

Nothing could be more significant in this respect than this year's Salon. The sculpture must be exempted from the general criticism, for though even here affectation finds its way, the simplicity of the means of expression at the disposal of the sculptor, and the necessity of clearness of meaning, and of beauty and harmony of form, tend to keep up the tradition of high art. The "Asleep" of M. Delaplanche, and the "Biblis" of M. Suchetet, are exquisitely graceful; the "First Funeral" (Adam and Eve bearing the body of Abel) of Barrias is a noble inspiration, and the difficulties in the execution of a very difficult group are cleverly overcome; and the two bas reliefs by M. Dalou, representing "Mirabeau replying to M. de Dreux Brézé," and "The Republic," are works which place their author at once in the highest rank among our statuaries. But, passing on to the paintings, where are we to find frank, simple, and wholesome work, free from affectation and trickery? It is there, no doubt, but one has to look for it.

Poverty of invention, and a certain ignorance of the laws of composition, are the characteristic defects of contemporary art. With those who wish to catch the eye of the public by something new, poverty of imagination leads naturally to extravagance, and this cold-blooded extravagance is of the most distressing kind—extravagance in subject, in colouring, and in dimension. We seem to have lost the characteristic French qualities—good taste, propriety, and sense of proportion. Nevertheless, along with these defects, there are undeniably great qualities to be found among the mass of pictures exhibited year by year in the Champs Elysées. With many of the painters there is evidently an eager wish to approach more closely to Nature, and there are some few who see her with the eye of the poet and the artist. If the influence of the Impressionists has given rise to much harsh and hasty work, it is incontestable that the charm of the pale and greyish tones so common under our

northern skies is understood to-day as it never was before. And after all, in the incredible variety of work and of gifts one feels the stir of life; and where life is, there is a hope of things both beautiful and new.

The painters cannot at any rate complain of the indifference of the public. Exhibition follows exhibition with unprecedented rapidity; they are opened several at a time, and the crowd flows in and fills them all. There have been separate exhibitions of the works of H. Lehmann, Boutin, Monet, Renoir, and Pissaro. At the gallery opened by M. Petit in the rue de Sèze there have been successive exhibitions—first, that of the younger painters (MM. Duez, Bastien Lepage, Cazin, Van Beers, Edelfeldt, &c.); then the water-colours, where the work of MM. Heilbuth and Harpignies, and of Mdlle. Lemaire, was especially admirable; then the Japanese exhibition; then the exhibition of international painters—MM. Whistler, Madrazo, Nittis, Robert-Fleury, Chelmonsky, &c.; and lastly, one of a hundred masterpieces of celebrated painters. The great Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, exhibited only one landscape, one portrait, and some flowers; but he is busy preparing a large work, "The Crucifixion," which will form a fit companion to his "Jesus before Pilate." His powers as a colourist, and his genius in composition, give Munkacsy the first place among contemporary painters. Before the opening of the Salon there had already been three exhibitions at the Clubs, which formed a sort of prologue to it, one at the Liberal Arts, one at the Place Vendôme, and one at the Rue Volney. There was also the Lady Artists' Exhibition. During the month of May there was a tremendous crush at the School of Fine Arts, where a large collection of historical portraits of the nineteenth century, as remarkable for their artistic merit as for their historic interest, was on view. M. Bida has been exhibiting at the Place Vendôme three hundred drawings and water-colours, and has thus given us an opportunity of forming a general impression of the work of one of the greatest artists of our time. No great historical painting could fill the mind with a loftier ideal than these illustrations of the Gospels, of Tobit, and of a few scenes of Oriental life. The drawing of the "Evening after the Battle of Rocroy" is a magnificent revival of the heroic period of the seventeenth century; the De Musset illustrations are an invaluable monument of social history between 1840 and 1850; the illustrations to Molière form a most original and characteristic interpretation of the genius of the great comedian. Even the Museum of Decorative Art has had its picture galleries, where you could see M. Lepic's numerous and interesting water-colour drawings, his northern sailors and Egyptian views; and the strange and powerful paintings by M. Tissot, of the "Parable of the Prodigal Son," translated into the form of a modern English novel; and the charming designs for Gobelin tapestry, by

M. Galland; and the drawings of M. Urbain Bourgeois, worthy of the great masters of the sixteenth century. All these, however, are but the changing accessories of the Museum, the basis of which is a collection of objects of industrial art, from early antiquity down to our own day, and which is intended as a sort of South Kensington Museum for Paris. To obtain funds for the construction of a permanent building, and for adding to the collections, a lottery of fourteen millions has been opened. It is a grievous thing that a work of national importance like this should have to be dependent on any such means; but it was certainly high time that this country, with its flourishing art industries in pottery, goldsmith's work, textile fabrics, and upholstery, should possess, in addition to Cluny—which is an historical museum—a real student's museum methodically arranged for technical purposes.

Next after painting, the art for which the public most care is music. The fashion of Sunday concerts goes on spreading, and M. Padeloup has undertaken to continue his, after Easter, in the luxurious Oriental premises of the Eden Theatre, where every evening there is an Italian ballet of extraordinary magnificence and perfection. Our young musicians—those of them at any rate who have given us symphonies—cannot complain of not being heard. We have been introduced this winter to the “*Tempest*” and the “*Sardanapalus*” of M. Duvernoy, two dramatic symphonies, broad in style and lofty in conception, and to the *Velléda* of M. Lefèvre, which, with less of grandeur, has more of passion and of grace. The works of Wagner have become classic since the master's death, and are listened to with devout and enthusiastic reverence. Three orchestras, the Padeloup, the Colonne, and the Lamoureux, have given Wagner concerts; and M. Lamoureux's in particular, the best composed and best directed of the three, showed rare intelligence in the execution of the selections from “*Lohengrin*,” “*Parsifal*,” and the “*Meistersinger*.”

It may be hoped that before long Wagner's operas will be brought out at one of the Parisian theatres. But it is more difficult for a musician to find an opening in the theatre than in the concert room, and especially at the Grand Opéra, which, in consequence of the excessive luxury of its arrangements, and the deplorable character of its public—composed chiefly of passing strangers, and of fashionable subscribers who know and care nothing about art—is absolutely incapable of progress or initiative. We have nevertheless had two musical works worthy of remark this winter—“*Lakmé*” at the Opéra Comique, and “*Henry VIII.*” at the Grand Opéra. “*Lakmé*” is the work of Léo Delibes, the author of “*Sylvia*” and of “*Coppelia*,” the two most poetic ballets ever given at the Opera. If he lacks force, he writes at least in a most harmonious,

abundant, and individual vein. The present experiment seems to show that his gift is rather for symphony than for the drama. The flow of musical phrase in "*Lakmé*" is somewhat scanty, but he never fails of his accustomed grace; his melodies are admirably adapted to the Oriental cast of the opera; and his heroine is incarnated in Mdle. Vanzandt, whose "*Lakmé*" must always be her most perfect creation. "*Henry VIII.*" is a work of higher range. The bitterest criticism on the Grand Opéra is to be found in the simple fact that a composer of the merit—some would say the genius—of Saint Saëns, should have had to wait till he was over fifty before any work of his was acted there. His "*Samson and Dalilah*," an admirable piece, had been acted at Weimar and at Hamburg, his "*Etienne Marcel*" had been given at Lyons, his "*Timbre d'Argent*" at the Gaité; but before he could appear at the Opéra he had to consent to work at a libretto not of his own choosing, which he heartily disliked, and which, in fact, is altogether absurd. Nothing could be less musical either in its action or its personages—Catharine of Aragon resigned and sad, Henry a brutal and sensual tyrant, and Anne Boleyn an ambitious woman, who marries the King while she loves another man. The whole of the last act turns upon Catharine's possession of a compromising letter, which she burns in order to save the rival who has dethroned her; while Henry, in order to make her give up the letter, tries to excite her jealousy by making in her presence the most passionate declarations to Anne. The whole thing is at once odious and grotesque. Nevertheless, even out of this unmanageable play, Saint Saëns has succeeded in getting some fine musical inspirations. A love duet in the second act, the whole of the third act, which contains the divorce, and a quartette in the fourth act, are really beautiful. Without altogether abandoning the formalities of the French Opera,—the traditional division into chorus, recitative, duet, trio, and quartette,—Saint Saëns has borrowed several happy modifications from the Wagnerian opera; he gives a great melodic importance to the orchestra, assigns to the recitative a considerable place in the musical development of the piece, characterizes the personages by means of "motives" repeated throughout the whole work, and mingles the recitative with arrested and developed portions of the melody, instead of sharply distinguishing the airs, the concerted pieces, and the recitatives. What is most remarkable in the work of M. Saint Saëns is his orchestral power and knowledge; but he is not merely a symphonist; he understands the treatment of the voice, and gives it tones by turns tragical and tender. There is much talk of the institution, side by side with the Grand Opéra, of a popular Opera, which the Municipal Council would gladly subsidize, and which would aim, not at offering the most luxurious decorations and the most

celebrated singers, and putting a small number of plays on the stage at an enormous expense, but at securing a good *ensemble* and a widely varied repertory, so as to present in turn all forms of theatrical music, and thus carry on a really educational work. But this laudable project is not yet realized.

If the opera languishes, the theatre is always pretty lively. Here, as in painting, sincerity and simplicity are rare, and the search after violent and bizarre effects fails to hide the absence of imaginative power. But we must not be too exacting; and if during these last months no piece of the first order has appeared, there has at least been a praiseworthy effort to produce works which have a literary value quite independent of theatrical success. And yet the most successful of these have not been altogether those of the highest literary value. M. J. Claretie's "*M. le Ministre*" owes its popularity, first to the subject itself, which reproduces a scandalous story afloat some years ago about a minister well known for his weakness of character; and then to the assistance of M. A. Dumas, who has thrown into it something of his own keen and cynical humour and dramatic skill; but what gives the piece its real interest is the attempt, sometimes very fortunate, to portray the political manners and customs of the Third Republic. This is certainly a fine subject for comedy; but M. Claretie is too amiable to be a satirist. The "*Père de Martial*" of M. A. Delpit is the work of a really gifted dramatic writer, who has more of the true histrionic temperament than any of his contemporaries. His plot is always interesting, and his situations never fail to strike. Unfortunately he is a poor psychologist; his characters are superficial, and he is wanting in moral feeling. He invites us to witness the most disagreeable scenes—and the most improbably disagreeable too—apparently without a misgiving. Admitting, however, the good qualities and the achieved success of these writers, we may turn from them to other efforts, less successful, but by no means less interesting. I will not include among them, deserving as it may be, M. Vacquerie's versified drama of "*Formosa*," in which Warwick the king-maker appears as one of the personages; it is one of the romantic plays, concocted according to a receipt of Victor Hugo's, and long gone out of fashion. On the other hand, M. Richepin's "*La Glu*,"—in which we watch the struggle of a Breton peasant against the depraved but fascinating *parisienne* who has seduced her son—though it has some chilly scenes contains vigorously-drawn characters and pathetic situations, and is expressed in picturesque and nervous language. M. Richepin has more pith and flavour than most of our young writers; but like the rest, he tries to attract attention by wilful eccentricity. He is the author of "*Les Morts Bizarres*" (Dreyfous); and he has introduced into his "*Chanson du Gueux*," passages which have laid him open

judicial proceedings. He ought to know that he has talent enough to do without these miserable contrivances. If he would only content himself with being true and human, I am sure he is capable of giving us good and lasting work. In the "*Mères Ennemies*" of M. Catulle Mendès, which symbolizes the struggle between Poland and Russia, and in the "*New World*" of M. Villiers de l'Isle Adam, where the scene is laid in America during the War of Independence, we find a courageous attempt to introduce lyric and epic elements into the drama. Both works were imperfect; they betrayed the hand of the poet rather than that of the dramatist; but both contained some scenes of great beauty. We may say the same of M. Bergerat's "*Le Nom*," which failed to obtain at the Odéon the success it deserved.

We have thus had quite a series of interesting experiments, in which the attempt has been made to introduce the representation of the nobler passions, of a real human struggle and tragedy; but we have none as yet which has commanded the homage of the public.

The great literary events of the last few months have been the appearance of two autobiographies, both of which must rank among the masterpieces of the French language. The first, "*Fragments d'un Journal intime*," by Amiel (Sandoz et Thuillier), has been a real revelation. Its author was a professor in the Academy of Geneva, where he was considered tiresome, vapid, and obscure; he had published some volumes of poetry which nobody cared to read; and now he bursts upon us, a thinker and writer of the highest order. The infirmity which made his life so unproductive sprang from the very grandeur of his ideal and the breadth of his thought. The perfect, the entire, the absolute,—these he required in everything. Just as he has never married because he placed his ideal of marriage too high, so he can rest in no philosophy, in no conception of the universe, because it does not appear to him that any can be true, none being adequate to the infinite. It is not scepticism, strictly speaking; but it is a despair of thought, because he feels its powerlessness—a despair of life, because he has sounded its emptiness. "*L'homme est un néant qui s'ignore*," he says in his Journal; and the reveries into which he falls in his contemplation of the universe find utterance in expressions more eloquent and profound than Schopenhauer at his best, and equal in beauty to the noblest passages of Hindoo philosophy. In addition, he is a man of the finest literary taste; and his judgments on Vinet, Chateaubriand, Rousseau, and Quinet, would not suffer in comparison with the work of the most celebrated critics of our times; he is a lover of Nature, and, like George Sand or Fromentin, can paint a landscape in a few words; he is, above all, a man of fine moral nature, who speaks of

duty with a vigour and elevation which fortifies the soul. This Journal is not the outward story of a life, but the inward record of a soul. Penetrating psychology, exquisite poetry, profound philosophy, lofty morality, all unite to make this a book unique of its kind—one of those familiar friends and bedfellows which one reads and reads again, and keeps on the choicest shelf in one's library, between the "*Pensées*" of Pascal and the "*Conversations of Goethe and Eckermann*."

The other literary event is the appearance of the "*Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*," of M. Renan (Lévy). This autobiography, which contains stories and scenes of incomparable grace and charm, (the flax-grinder, Noémi, and the Séminaire d'Issy), is at the same time of the deepest interest, as bearing on the moral and intellectual history of M. Renan. It brings us down to the moment of his final emancipation from Catholicism, and his abandonment of an ecclesiastical for a scientific career. This turning-point of his intellectual and moral life is given in its most minute details, and illustrated by letters written at the moment of the rupture with his professors and friends of St. Sulpice. One cannot but admire the sincerity, the courage, the disinterestedness of the young Breton, thus sacrificing so many dear and sacred ties to the call of what he believed to be the truth. It will be seen with surprise how like he was then to what he is now. He had already acquired that harmonious, supple, and intricate style,—that undulating thought, fold within fold, full of subtle contradictions,—that fundamental scepticism, united with an indescribable metaphysical mysticism. In one point, however, he has not remained the same. In the preface to his Moral and Critical Essays he wrote: "I am proud of my pessimism; and if, while the times remain what they are, I felt it beginning to yield, I should instantly look to see which fibre of my heart had given way." Now since 1857 the times have gone on getting worse, and yet M. Renan says, at the end of his Recollections: "The century in which I have lived will probably not have been the greatest, but it will no doubt be held to have been the most entertaining of centuries. In bidding adieu to life, I shall only have to thank the Source of all Good for the delightful passage through reality which it has been given me to accomplish." It will be seen that his tone has changed a good deal in these twenty-four years. He has made up his mind to regard things and men with an indulgence which looks rather like weakness. He seems to have remained attached, in spite of himself, to his old theological views, and to find no virtue or morality apart from faith. In his latest work, as at the Seminary, he still suspects himself of pride, and calumniates himself in order to avoid it. Unlike Victor Hugo, whose habit of tampering with the truth in order to enhance his own importance and the

brilliancy of the part he has played, has just been exposed by M. Biré in his "Victor Hugo before 1830" (Gervais), M. Renan loves to represent himself as frivolous, egotistic, weak, more polished than sincere, and so forth. We simply disbelieve him; and notwithstanding his moral scepticism, we shall continue to reverence him not only as an admirable writer, but as one of the noblest spirits of our time.

In a few months we shall have in our hands other recollections of childhood and youth, which will show us the *Lehrjahre* of another of our great writers—Michelet. It was an heroic childhood and youth; for it was in poverty and obscurity that the little boy-printer formed his character and his genius. Nothing could be more touching than the story of his trials, or more pure and noble than the development of his warm and tender heart. I have had the privilege of reading these pages; they are truly edifying, and they make one love their author.

Of works of imagination there are few which attract special attention. "Une Vie," by Guy de Maupassant, who is without question the most remarkable of the young novelists of the realistic school, is undoubtedly the strongest. It is a pity that his pictorial power and his perception of character should be joined to a coarsely material conception of life and a taste for voluptuous scenes and equivocal situations which degrade his works to the rank of bad books. M. de Maupassant and some of the journalists have raised an indignant outcry against MM. Hachette for refusing to admit "Une Vie" into the railway libraries. MM. Hachette were more than justified. It rests with the libraries and the literary public to form the police of literature, since men of talent do not blush to pander to the lowest instincts of the crowd, and the Government finds itself powerless to stay the flood of immoral literature which is poisoning us. There is a blast of sensuality which seems to spare no one, and to which the venerable and powerful *Revue des Deux Mondes* itself succumbs. The novelist who hesitates to depict dubious situations and irresistible passions is reckoned insipid, prudish, and absurd; the action must be violent, breathless, agitating. Neither M. Cherbuliez, with all the refinement and daintiness of his chiselled style, in his "Ferme de Choquard" (Hachette), nor M. Theuriet with his exquisite portrayal of rustic life, in his "Michel Verneuil" (Ollendorf), has escaped the contagion. The delicious smell of the meadow which fills his volume of verse, "Le Livre de la Payse," has a very different savour from that of the boudoir scents of some pages of "Michel Verneuil." In these sensation novels one has no time either to study the characters or to analyze the situations. If it were not for M. Theuriet's fine descriptive talent and his free and individual style, the catastrophes of his story would seem too startlingly improbable.

M. Glouvet has not the charm of M. Theuriet; but he is a vigorous observer, and in his "*Famille Bourgeois*" he gives a very interesting picture of provincial manners. M. G. Ohnet may be classed with M. de Glouvet among those who, though they have felt the realistic influence, do not seek repulsive subjects. His talents have a certain affinity with those of M. Delpit. Like him, he has the dramatic temperament, and his novels consist of a series of scenes leading up to the catastrophe; but, while he is inferior to M. Delpit in style, he is his superior in moral sensitiveness. His "*Maître des Forges*" was a noble and affecting story. His "*Comtesse Sarah*," which has just appeared, is less remarkable; the subject is less uncommon, and the characters less interesting; but it is not wanting in that passionate vehemence which is the characteristic note of M. Ohnet. M. Coppée, for his part, is pre-eminent in literary style. His "*Vingt Contes Nouveaux*" will be read with lively pleasure by those who love simple and wholesome speech. This series of little scenes shows the touch of the poet, accustomed to work out a finished picture within a narrow limit. What makes the charm of these stories is the note of tenderness one finds in each of them. I should compare M. Coppée to Bret Harte. While Bret Harte shows us the divine spark struck out from the heart of the hardened criminals and depraved women who formed the population of the Far West, M. Coppée presents the moral and pathetic aspects of Parisian life, even among the fallen and the vicious, and thus gives an ideal side to pictures the realism of which is sometimes startling enough.

Finally, let us give honour where honour is due. M. Zola, the master of the realistic school, has given us a new novel, "*Au Bonheur des Dames*" (Charpentier). Having touched, in "*Pot Bouille*," the utmost limits of the obscene and the nauseous, he has found his way back to a truer and more temperate realism. Not that his new work shows us very elevated characters or very sensitive consciences; but they are at least tolerable; there is even one delicately drawn female type. But the interest of the novel is not here; it consists, in the first place, in the representation of life in the great *Magasins de Nouveautés* of Paris, such as the Louvre and the Bon Marché. Though description too often degenerates into catalogue, and becomes provokingly wearisome, M. Zola has applied his remarkable epic faculty to this trivial subject, and has lifted it into positive grandeur by the display of the powerful organization, the vast production and consumption, of modern industry. On the other hand, M. Zola's book contains an interesting philosophic idea. We find a man like Mouret, the manager of the *Magasin au Bonheur des Dames*—a man absolutely selfish, and caring for nothing but the success of his work—becoming a real benefactor of humanity, and diffusing around him life, order, and pros. By his activity he improves himself and does good to others.

then, is the supreme duty and the true good. This philosophy certainly represents but one side of the truth; but it is interesting to see the high priest of naturalism driven, as it were by force, to introduce philosophic ideas into his realistic portraiture of bourgeois life.

The violence, the cynicism, and the sensualities of the realists, must inevitably bring about a reaction, and here and there one can already discern the tokens of its coming. M. L. Halévy, a man thoroughly acquainted with Parisian life, represents, in his "Criquette" (Lévy) a little girl of the faubourgs of Paris, who becomes by the chances of life, first, a *figurante* in a *Théâtre de féeries*; then a convent boarder, where she receives the most austere education; then an actress in a provincial theatre; and finally an ambulance-nurse in the army of Mans, in 1871, where she takes the malady of which she dies; and he makes his Criquette an ideally touching figure. There are many improbabilities in the working-out of the plot, and the end is somewhat melodramatic; but, independently of the exquisite character of the heroine, the descriptions of the home of Rosita, an actress at the Gaité, of provincial life at Beauvais, and of the house of the manager of the theatre at Mans, are finished pictures in which a half smile is always softened by emotion, and the sharp note of reality is joined to a poetry which springs from the heart. It is, again, this same mixture of reality, sensibility, and poetry which forms the merit of the children's stories M. France has given us under the title of "Le Petit Bonhomme." M. France is a writer who will make his mark; he has not yet achieved the reputation which his talents will command. He has the gift which is of all gifts the rarest amongst French authors—freshness.

If the taste for the horrible and the immoral has made ravages among our novelists, what are we to say of the poets? If there are some who, like M. Lemaître, in his "Petites Orientales," know how to give a note of Parisian realism which remains refined and takes nothing from the really exquisite poetry of his little lyrics, there are also men of real talent, and of astonishing skill in versification, who, like M. Rollinat, in his "Névroses" (Charpentier), have succeeded in revolting the least fastidious readers. He paints, alas! a malady only too real, and of which he himself is one of the first victims—the malady of a generation which no longer has any heart, and which, having nothing left but senses, exhausts them in abusing them, and ends by falling into hysteria or insensibility.

She is ill of neurosis, that great artiste Sarah Bernhardt, who finds even in her marriage occasion of scandal and complaint. He is a nevropath, that Polignac who attempts to set fire to the house of the father who has deserted him. There is a whole collection of nevro-
that curious series of types which we have just witnessed in

the Monasterio case—the old adventuress-and-brokeress mother; the son Carlos Laffitte, who carries off his natural sister in order to secure for himself her fortune; the half-idiot daughter, kept in shameful servitude by Madame Chalenton; the husband who assassinates his wife because his name has appeared in the newspapers. In a society which produces so many mad and half mad people as ours, it is a terrible thing that the lunacy laws so easily allow arbitrary sequestration. Two dishonest doctors are enough to endanger any one's liberty. The "Memoirs of Madame Hersilie Rouy," who was in this way long the victim of an arbitrary sequestration, have recalled attention to this question; whilst the Parisian scandals of this winter make one eagerly desire a speedy solution of the question of divorce, and the passing of a law for dealing with questions of paternity.

I have not mentioned the long Memoir published by M. Bazaine, in justification of his conduct at Metz in 1870. They refute nothing of what was asserted and proved before the Council of War. It is clear that he was influenced in the conduct of military operations by political considerations. That is enough to justify the condemnation. It is but one more instance of a man crazy with ambition—the worst *névrose* of all.

G. MONOD.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—ORIENTAL HISTORY.

ORIENTAL research has been pushed forward with more than usual rapidity during the past few months, particularly in the department of Assyrian studies. Here the most interesting discoveries are those which relate to the rise of the Persian empire and the nationality of Cyrus. Ever since the time of Herodotus, Cyrus has been regarded as of genuine Persian descent, and the founder of a genuinely Persian power. Ktesias, it is true, had asserted the contrary, and had made him the son of a Mardian bandit; but the statements of Ktesias have long obtained but little credit, and he was suspected of making them merely to contradict Herodotus. Now, however, two or three clay fragments, sent to England by Mr. Rassam, have revolutionized our old conception of this portion of Oriental history, and thrown an entirely new light upon the subject. Sir Henry Rawlinson was the first to draw attention to the importance of the new discoveries in a paper* on a cylinder, written in the cuneiform characters and language of Babylonia, in which Cyrus records the names of his ancestors, and the care he had himself taken of the Babylonian sanctuaries. Two startling facts were revealed by the inscription; firstly, that Cyrus was a polytheist, who, so far from treating the deities of Babylonia with disrespect, restored and beautified their shrines, took part in their religious ceremonies, and subscribed himself their humble adorer; and, secondly, that he and his three immediate predecessors were not kings of Persia at all, but of Ansan, or Anzan, the native name of the country known to the Assyrians and Hebrews as Elam, and to the Greeks and Romans as Susiana. The theory which saw in Cyrus a perfervid Zoroastrian, bent on destroying the idols of polytheism, had to be given up on the evidence of the king himself. The discovery of the cylinder-inscription was followed by that of a tablet, in which Cyrus gives a succinct annalistic history of the reign of Nabonidos, the last king of the Babylonian empire, and of his own conquest of Babylon. The text of the tablet, with a translation, was published by Mr. Pinches, in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, vii. 1. In it Cyrus is again entitled "King of Ansan," or Susiana, and his overthrow of Istuvegu, or Astyages, and the Median kingdom, is dated in the year 549 B.C. After the conquest of Media, and, as it would also seem, of Persia, Cyrus, we learn, turned his arms against Babylonia; but he was unable to force the garrisons in the north of Chaldea, and eleven years had to elapse before the intrigues of a disaffected party (perhaps the Jews) in Babylonia itself allowed him to enter the country from the south-east, and defeat the Chaldean army in a pitched battle. Babylon immediately afterwards opened its gates to the conqueror, before he had even sat down to besiege it, and Nabonidos died eight days after Cyrus had entered the city. It is plain, therefore, that the siege of Babylon mentioned by Herodotus and

* In the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, January, 1880.

the book of Daniel must be one of the two sieges undergone by the Chaldean capital during the reign of Darius Hystaspes, which has been transferred by tradition to the earlier age of Cyrus. It is also plain that Nabonidos was never appointed satrap of Karmania, as was asserted by the copyists of Berosus. A third inscription, belonging, however, to Nabonidos, and not to Cyrus, has recently arrived in London, which confirms and supplements the other two.* According to this the Medes had destroyed the temple of the Moon-god at Harran; but punishment fell upon them for the deed, Cyrus, king of Ansan, "the young servant" of Merodach, capturing Astyages and overthrowing his kingdom. This seems to have been towards the beginning of the reign of Nabonidos, when a common fear of Astyages made the kings of Babylonia and Susiana allies.

It was not to be expected that so revolutionary a conception of the nationality of Cyrus and the rise of his empire would go unchallenged, and a discussion on the subject has accordingly been going on of late in the pages of a new and very excellent Oriental journal, *Le Muséon*.† The revelations of the cuneiform texts, however, are borne out by such scanty contemporaneous evidence as has otherwise come down to us. Isaiah (xxi. 2) describes the destruction of Babylon as coming upon it from the south-east, at the hands of Elam and Media; and the Greek contemporaries of Cyrus knew him as a Mede, not as a Persian (*Æsch. Persæ*, 765-68); while even after the foundation of a real Persian empire by Darius, the son of Hystaspes, deserters from the national cause of Hellas were still said to *Medise* rather than to *Persise*. Though king of Susiana, however, Cyrus could yet claim, on the father's side, a Persian ancestry, his great grandfather, Teispes, having been an Achaemenid, who seems to have migrated into Elam.

The question as to the nationality of the Medes has been re-opened by M. Delattre,‡ who rejects the view supported by Rawlinson, Oppert, Lenormant, and Schrader, according to which the main bulk of the Median population was Turanian. This view rested in great measure on the supposition that the agglutinative language of the texts which follow the Persian ones in the cuneiform inscriptions of Darius and his successors was the language of the Medes. It is now certain, however, that these texts were intended, not for the Medes, but for the Susianian subjects of Darius; and the real language of the Medes has yet to be recovered by excavations on the site of Ekbatana. The name Mede came originally from the Assyrians, who applied it to the heterogeneous population to the east of the Kurds, and it therefore included Aryans as well as non-Aryans. The recently-discovered inscription of Nabonidos mentioned above shows that the Median empire of Kyaxares and Astyages owed its title to a confusion of *Madá*, "Medes," with *Manda*, or "barbarians," the epithet applied by the Babylonians to the subjects of Astyages. Since neither Deiokes nor Astyages—Daiukku and Istuvegu, as they are written in the cuneiform—seem to admit of an Aryan etymology, M. Delattre's assertion that there were no non-Aryan Medes is too sweeping. His attack, however, on the Turanian Medes is the most successful part of his book; elsewhere the historical criticism it displays is defective, and its facts are not always correct.

New light has been thrown on the early history and geography of Armenia by the cuneiform inscriptions of the ancient kings of Van. These inscriptions have long resisted all attempts to explain them, as they are written in an otherwise unknown language, and no bilingual texts have been discovered by the help of which they could be interpreted. Fortunately, however, the Vannic kings borrowed not only the syllabary, but also the determinatives

* Pichès, in the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, Nove

+ I. 4 (1882), ii. 1-2 (1883), Sayce, de Harlez, Halévy.

‡ "Le Peuple et l'Empire des Mèdes," Trübner & Co. 1881.

and ideographs of the Assyrian system of writing, and these, together with the comparison of a large number of inscriptions, have at last enabled the grammar and vocabulary of the language to be made out. A brilliant discovery of M. Stanislas Guyard * led the way, by pointing out that a series of words which come at the end of most of the inscriptions, represents the execration formula with which the inscriptions of Assyria frequently conclude. Since then Sayce has succeeded in deciphering and translating, in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*,† all the known Vannic texts, some of which are here published for the first time. The language resembles the modern Georgian, and may, in fact, be the direct ancestor of the latter. The kings to whom the inscriptions belong, begin with Sar-duris I., whose date is fixed by the Assyrian monuments in B.C. 835, and conclude with Sar-duris III., the contemporary of Assur-bani-pal, in B.C. 640. As late as this period, therefore, Armenia had not yet been occupied by an Aryan population. It was known to the Assyrians and Hebrews as Urardhu, or Ararat; but the name given by the Vannic kings themselves to their kingdom, is Biainas, a name still preserved in that of Van. Van is called by them Tuspas, which, under the form of Tosp, is now the title of the whole district in which the city stands. Since the publication of Sayce's memoir, Guyard has written a supplementary article on the same subject,‡ in which he has determined the meaning of several new words.

If we turn to Egypt, we shall find that the first labours of the new *Egypt Exploration Fund* have been crowned with success. Thanks to the liberality of Sir Erasmus Wilson, M. Naville has been enabled to excavate at Tel el-Maskhûta, not far from the now famous Tel el-Kebir. Here he has made a discovery of high importance for the history of the Israelitish Exodus. The inscriptions he has found on the spot, prove Tel el-Maskhûta to be the site of Pithom or Pa-Tum, one of the two treasure-cities built by the Israelites for the Pharaoh of the oppression, and the treasure-chambers themselves—composed of bricks made partly with, and partly without, straw—have been laid bare by his workmen. As the founder of Pithom was Ramses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, the date of the Exodus has been thus finally proved to be that usually assigned to it by Egyptologists (B.C. 1320). In Greek and Roman times the place went under the name of Hero or Heroopolis, from the Egyptian *ara*, "a store-house." Among other texts found there is a stele of Ptolemy Philadelphus, which records the foundation of Arsinoë, and mentions a locality called Pi-keheret, plainly the Pi-hahiroth of Exodus. The direction of the route taken by the Israelites in their march out of Egypt, is now, therefore, definitely fixed, and Brugsch's theory of it must be abandoned. At the same time Brugsch is, no doubt, right in seeing in Zoan or Tanis, now Sân, the Raamses of the Bible, since this old capital of the Hyksos was rebuilt by Ramses II., who made it his favourite residence.

Dr. Hommel's new work, "Die vorsemitischen Kulturen in Aegypten und Babylonien," § is at once so generally interesting and so full of new matter, that we should be glad to see a translation of it made into English. The first part of the book deals with ancient Egypt in its relations to Semitic history. Dr. Hommel seeks to show that the so-called "Hamitic Parent-speech," which was the ancestor of Old Egyptian, Old Libyan, and Old Ethiopic or "Cushite," was also the sister of a hypothetical "primitive Semitic language," from which was derived the "Parent-Semitic," the immediate forerunner of the Semitic dialects—Assyrian, Hebrew, Arabic, Aramaic, and Himyaritic. He goes on to combat successfully the theory of Lepsius,

* *Journal Asiatique*, May-June, 1880.

† In "Mélanges d'Assyriologie," 1883.

‡ XIV. 3, 4, 1882.

§ Leipzig, 1883.

which attributes the early culture of Babylonia, as well as the hieroglyphics out of which the cuneiform characters were developed, to Egyptian influence. The latter part of the book is concerned with Dr. Hommel's own special field of study, the monuments of Babylonia and Assyria. He here gives a full and interesting account of the latest results—historical, religious, and linguistic—of Assyrian research. His sketch of primitive Babylonian or Accadian civilization, as revealed by the words which belonged to it, will be found particularly interesting, as is also his account of the deities and religious hymns of the pre-Semitic population of Chaldea. The two pre-Semitic and closely allied dialects of the country, the phonetic differences between which were first signalized by Haupt, are regarded by him as having been hitherto localized erroneously, the dialect hitherto supposed to have been spoken by the Accadians of northern Babylonia, being really the dialect of Sumer or Shinar in southern Babylonia, while the dialect called Accadian by Assyrian scholars, ought conversely to be termed Sumerian. The immense influence exercised by pre-Semitic Chaldea upon the nascent civilization of the Semites, is a sufficient excuse for the detailed description he gives of it. In passing from Egypt to Babylonia, he notices the results of the recent "Hittite discoveries," and the important influence of this long-forgotten people upon the art and culture of Asia Minor, Greece, and Semitic Syria.* "Only a few years ago no one could have dreamed that the discovery of new inscriptions and monuments, as well as the comparison of accounts derived from Egyptian and Assyrian texts, would reveal to us in the hitherto little noticed Hittites of the Old Testament, a people which takes almost as high a rank as a civilizing power in the second millennium B.C. as the merchants of Canaan, and perhaps promises to turn out of even more decisive importance for the origin of early classical art and culture than the Phœnicians themselves." The Hittites seem to have been of Cappadocian origin, but at an early period they occupied a portion of Semitic territory, and extended their rule as far south as Hamath and Kadesh on the Orontes. They contended on equal terms with the Egyptian king Ramses II., but had gradually to yield before the attacks of the Semites, until their power was finally extinguished by the capture of their capital, Carchemish, on the Euphrates, by Sargon in B.C. 717. Excavations on the site of Carchemish, now Jerabis, or Jerablûs, have brought to light sculptures in a peculiar style of art as well as hieroglyphic inscriptions, which have been also met with at Hamath, Aleppo, Merash, Boghaz Keui, and Eyuk in Cappadocia, Ivris in Lycaonia, Beishehr in Pisidia, Giaur Kalessi in Mysia, and Karabel and Sipylos in Lydia. The figures in the pass of Karabel, in which Herodotus (ii. 106) saw memorials of Sesostris, are now discovered to be really the monuments of his most formidable antagonists; and the Hittite inscriptions attached to the sitting figure carved on the rocks of Sipylos, which the Greeks as early as the days of Homer (Il. xxiv. 614-17) identified with Niobé, prove that it was meant to be the likeness of the supreme goddess of Carchemish. All these monuments are relics of the Hittite empire, which spread as far as the shores of the Ægean in the fourteenth century B.C., when the Hittite invaders of Egypt were able to summon to their aid vassal-allies from the Troad and Mœonia.† The hieroglyphics of the Hittites were of home invention, and were probably the origin of the Asiatic syllabary once used throughout Asia Minor, and of which a branch

* Sayce on "The Monuments of the Hittites," and "The Bilingual Hittite and Cuneiform Inscription of Tarkondemos," in the *Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology*, vii. 2 (1881).

† Brugsch in Schliemann's "Ilios," App. viii.

survived in Cyprus as late as the age of Alexander. The language or languages they spoke were neither Semitic nor Aryan, and a clue to their decipherment has been afforded by a silver boss, which has upon it a bilingual inscription in Assyrian cuneiform and Hittite hieroglyphics. The art of Carchemish was borrowed from Babylonia before the rise of Assyria, and is the source of that peculiar art of Asia Minor, the influence of which has been traced to Mycenæ and other prehistoric sites in Greece and the Ægean. Considering the character and importance of these results, Ed. Meyer remarks, not untruly, that the year 1879, in which the connection between the art of the West and that of Carchemish was first discovered, was one "of epoch-making importance for the archæology of Asia Minor."*

A. H. SAYCE.

II.—FICTION.

THE critic of this department of literature, if he cannot flatter himself that his own part is one of much importance, may reflect with satisfaction that the class interested in his subject-matter is a larger one, probably, than the readers of all other kinds of literature put together; and although the kind of interest may not seem a very important one, it is an influence, even in its ephemeral form, not to be despised; while, if we turn to its classic specimens, we must confess—as the writer of a little American pamphlet† reminds us, in the names of Rousseau, Goethe, and George Sand—that it has done something to mould the moral ideal of the world. Whatever may be thought of a moral aim in fiction from an artistic point of view, from the historic it is one we cannot choose but recognize. We may find or fancy such an aim in the specimen of Mr. Howells' art now lying before us.‡ The inadequacy of a profession to fill the place in a woman's heart of a home and a husband, seems intended to be the moral of the little tale—the account of a short professional career of a lady-doctor—so far as it has a moral; but Mr. Howells should have chosen a more original character for his heroine if he intended her to fill a place of typical significance. However, the successful lover is made even more commonplace than she is herself, as if to emphasize the weakness of the abstract rival over which he triumphs so easily. The art is better than the moral (if it is the moral that young ladies should think rather of husbands than professions); the story is finished with that feather-like touch which Mr. Howells' readers know so well; but it is somewhat surprising that clever writers are willing to spend their pains in writing about so little. The writer of fiction should as much eschew what is commonplace as he should study what is ordinary. Nothing is more interesting than the representation which makes us feel "I might have seen all that every day of my life;" but the charm vanishes if we have to decide, "and so I have." However, a good many people do like to be shown, in a novel or a picture, what they have seen every day of their lives; and no doubt it is possible to fulfil this aim much more completely than one more satisfactory in itself. "Miss Standish"§ (to anti-

* *Jahresbericht* of the German Oriental Society for 1879.

† "A Lost Function in Romance." By Carroll Bryce. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

‡ "Dr. Breen's Practice." By W. D. Howells. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

§ "Miss Standish, and By the Bay of Naples." By A. E. M. Bewicke. London: F. V. White & Co.

cipate our English list) may be compared with "Dr. Breen's Practice," as a similar attempt to depict the new ideal of womanhood, and, as often happens, the aspiration is in inverse proportion to the art. Mr. Howells paints perfectly what scarcely seems worth painting at all; the author of "Miss Standish"—whose heroine may be described as Aurora Leigh in prose—takes a noble theme, but makes one sorrowfully concede that to paint genius requires genius. Our next American novel* does not sin on the side of intellectual ambition. The authoress can write an interesting story if she chooses; but her last production suggests the criticism of Punch's farmer drinking claret; we turn over page after page, and even peep into the next volume, and "don't seem to get no furrarder." The story is occupied with the flirtation of a married woman, and might have been suggested by Goethe's "Wahlverwandtschaften," though it has as little of the sensuality as the genius of that strange and tedious fiction. Whether such a story is the more moral for losing all coarseness, we are inclined to doubt.

In turning to the next American novel † on our list—and one which, as the scene is laid on English soil, may be called as much English as American—we modulate into a very different key. The book is, as the writer confesses, in the revision which a new edition has made necessary, "ill-proportioned as to plot, uneven as to execution." The story is not well told, being full of coincidences and encumbered by inartistic explanations; it is, moreover, marred by a most unpleasing female figure as its heroine, and a villain who is much too odious, and in painting whom Mr. Hawthorne has made the grave mistake of unexplained suggestions that are disagreeable from every point of view. But, with all these faults, it is a book in which we may find the deepest kind of interest that fiction can possess. The difficult and painful chapter of human experience which it opens should never be brought before a reader of fiction as part of the mere machinery of interest and excitement; but a writer is justified in painting the defiling power of lust, if he can speak adequately of the redeeming power of love. "Sebastian Strome" is the picture of this redemption, wrought by the love that is likeliest to divine love—the love of a man for those beings who owe their existence to his will. The hero has himself been the object of this affection in its strongest form, he, a gambler and a profligate, being the son of a saintly parish priest, who suspects nothing of his evil life, though occupied throughout the short part he plays in the story in trying to save the girl his son has seduced, and dying in a sort of outward parable of this effort, in snatching her from under the wheels of a train. Both he and she live long enough to reach his home, where she gives birth to her infant before her death, and he pours out in a loving farewell, what is, though he knows it not, a solemn charge to its father. The parting words may be taken as the motto of the book: "Sebastian, my son, you don't know how I have loved you! Nothing has any strength except love, remember that. Nothing is worth having except love. . . . I have been troubled in a dream about you; I thought you did not love enough. It was only a dream; don't let it come true." Here his voice gave way abruptly; Sebastian hoped, and yet feared, to hear him speak again. . . . At last this murmur entered his ear, but so low was it he could hardly be certain that it was not a voice within himself: "Fanny is here, and her baby. God has brought them to you; begin with them." The voice from within, thus echoed by the last words of a father for whom his reverence has taken the part of a romantic feeling wholly wanting to this low amour, rules his whole subsequent life with the force

* "Through One Administration." By F. H. Barnett. London: Warne & Co.

† "Sebastian Strome." By Julian Hawthorne. A new edition. London: C. Windus.

of an absolute command; he breaks off his engagement with the conventional heiress, who is willing to be a mother to his child, knowing whose it is, but whom he does not love; quits his home, and gives himself up to the care of the baby, and the work needful for its support, in the East End of London. The improbability that a man who has been at Oxford should be able to earn his bread by his dexterity in wood-carving, or receive from a wise father the charge to be tender to a seduced girl, alike fail to shock the reader, the interest of the story lying in a region wholly independent of external vraisemblance. How the unconscious infant becomes a redeemer to its father—how when its short life has ended the mingled memory and hope of its dear presence withholds him from crime, and enforces pardon for its murderer; how the image of the poor frivolous mother, hardly loved in life, is, through a faint delicate suggestion of the supernatural, recalled and consecrated by the new love—all this we must leave the reader to learn from the novel itself; but we would gladly end his perusal with the narrative of this little life, and prevent the solemnity and pathos we find in it from being spoilt by the commonplace conclusion. The East End sojourn of Sebastian Strome will disappoint any one who looks for vivid pictures of low life, or sketches in the manner of Dickens; and perhaps the author has hardly been careful enough to avoid here and there a touch or two which suggests the undesirable comparison. The true point of view to regard it from is so widely different that this suggestion is not very prominent. It is as the narrative of the return of one who has fed upon the husks among the swine, and finds himself on his return invited to share in the father's joy, in the great feast of unselfish love.

It is a long way from Mr. Hawthorne's work to Mr. Daudet's book, and yet not so far as to any other novel on our list. In power, in genius, in art, what a rise! In any confidence in the moral purpose of our life in this world, any reverence for the instincts that thrill our being with "blind hopes," how deep a descent! But something there is in common between them that we miss in most novels, a vast sense of human misery, a power—in very different degrees it is true, we know no other writer who has it to the extent of M. Daudet—of touching the reader's heart with infinite compassion. He can never have used this power so gratuitously as in "*L'Évangéliste*,"* and yet surely people would not endure to read such a book if the painfulness of the story were not, in some mysterious way, a remedy for other kinds of pain which the reader has no choice about bearing. The picture of two happy homes made desolate and wretched, of a husband driven to suicide and a mother left to lonely misery in the name of religion, has been made familiar to our readers, if not from the novel itself, from the frequent notices of it which have appeared in English pages, and its supposed connection with a well-known religious organization in our midst. It will not do the Salvation Army much harm. M. Daudet's vivid picturesque knowledge of all his secular material sets off what seems to us his conspicuous ignorance when he comes to religious life; and amid his crisp sharpness of detail, his exuberant wealth of illustration, his descriptions of prayer meetings and mission work, strike us as glaringly secondhand productions. But his ignorance cannot wholly muffle his genius, and the narrative of the gradual conversion of Eline Ebsen, from the unselfish devoted daughter to the hard ruthless fanatic, breaking her mother's heart and deserting the child who clings to her with a daughter's love, is one of the most painful things in fiction. One somehow feels the

* "*Port Salvation; or, the Evangelist.*" By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Harry Meltzer. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

painfulness most in the translation, idiomatic and fluent as it is. There is something in literary grace wonderfully alleviating to this sort of painfulness; and though it is not easy to point out any definite flaws in the English, it does not seem up to the point of polish needed to render the original. Moreover, there is an inevitable flavour of emphasis in our language as contrasted with that of our neighbours, as there is still more in our art. What paragraphs of analysis we should have had from the only writer of fiction who suggests a comparison with M. Daudet, where he gives a touch of description? Our writers of fiction might well mark the contrast and its cause. The power of temperance is what they most need to learn to value.

Passing by a translation into fluent graceful English of Xavier de Maistre's well-known "*Voyage autour de mon Chambre*,"* we light at last on our own soil, and cannot make a more characteristic start among pictures of English life than with "*King Capital*."† In our first requirement from a novel—that it should show us something we could not have discovered for ourselves—it may be pronounced eminently satisfactory. It takes us away from drawing-rooms and polite assemblies to grimy yards and factories where workmen grope at noonday, courts of justice where the magistrate deprives himself of his best witness in a preliminary conviction for drunkenness, and breezy Scotch hillsides, where the keen eye of the secretary to a Trades Union detects the want of a forge, and his strong hand turns to the hammer and bellows of a country blacksmith, instead of boiler-making in the great factory which he has reduced to the dismal silence of a strike. Everything connected with these scenes in the tale is vigorous and interesting; but we have also to learn the histories of beautiful girls and their lovers, and here we can get at nothing but secondhand impressions transferred from other novels. Must it be so? Is it necessary that a writer who has something to tell us, who can introduce us to scenes of real and vivid interest far beyond the scope of average experience, should interrupt his narrative to invent some extravagant and lifeless variation on the well-worn theme of forbidden love? The characters in the tale are not pleasing, and there is much that is unsatisfactory in the narrative, but we counteract many objections when we say that "*King Capital*" is a story of *work*. It shows the influence, on its best side, of the new spirit that has breathed on our modern life—a spirit as little known to the world of Homer as to the world of Froissart—by which, strange as it seems, the constructive energies of life have for the first time their full honour. We have not too much fiction of this kind; and give a hearty welcome to any honest and vigorous specimen, whatever its faults.

The next novel on our list,‡ is one of a kind of which there is no lack, but it is a very good specimen of its kind. It is a transcript of drawing-room experience, and narrates a great deal that is very truly described in its title, "*No New Thing*;" but its central idea, if it had occupied a larger proportion of the canvas, would have marked out the story as an original one. It has lost this pre-eminence, partly because its author has confused the sense in which fiction ought to be new—*i.e.*, that it should not have been made familiar to the reader in a slightly different guise in other novels—and the sense in which it should be old, that it should deal with those emotions and experiences which are well known among ordinary humanity. And partly also the story has suffered from the fact that it appeared originally in the pages of a periodical, and so had to be entertaining in every chapter. But in spite of this

* "*A Journey Round My Room*." By Xavier de Maistre. Translated, with a Notice of the Author's Life, by Henry Attwell. London: Chatto & Windus.

† "*King Capital*." By William Sime. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

‡ "*No New Thing*." By W. E. Norris. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

deadly sin, Mr. Norris has given us a very pleasant and readable novel, and one picture that we have not seen before. His story is mainly a study in the manner of Thackeray, touched here and there by reminiscences from other quarters; but in borrowing Thackeray's favourite idea of a faithful love poured out by a good woman on a worthless man, he has stamped it with the impress of his own individuality. The hero—an orphan boy adopted by the heroine—has been called a copy of Tito, but he has much more resemblance to a character from which we have sometimes thought George Eliot must have taken the idea of Tito—the first lover of George Sand's *Consuelo*. Like him, he is, or wishes to be, an opera-singer; and like him also, he is a poor creature, much more insignificant than Tito. The infidelities of Angiolo to *Consuelo* are translated into a form more suitable to the taste of the British novel reader—a sacrifice to morality which, we think, somewhat impairs the *vraisemblance* of the whole character—certainly not one inclined to entangle himself in marriage with a shop-girl; and the sketch suffers also in finish from the artist's hurry to fill in his canvas all round it. But Philip Maralcheschi remains a distinct character, individualized by the self-contempt which redeems his frivolity, and a pledge of fresh interest from his creator, if only Mr. Norris will let his successor appear in a more favourable form.

"Ebb and Flow"* did not come out in a magazine, but it has some of the same faults as if it had done so. Disappointment of the hopes which it roused, that we were at last to be allowed in our own language an unambitious picture of bourgeois life (socially unambitious, that is) finds perforce a vent in a not very hopeful protest against the attraction of fiction towards the world of aristocracy and of fashion, which is so ruinous to most of our novelists. Perhaps the readers who are invited to judge of "Ebb and Flow" for themselves, will think that this complaint makes too much of a visit to a duke where the hero does not, after all, take us with him, and a few glances at the season in London, which show us at least one very entertaining character. But the story might have been so perfect if it had been carried on in the social atmosphere in which it starts that it is impossible not to make it the pretext for a complaint which might have been more obviously just elsewhere. If the reader couples it with a lively consistent picture of village life—"The Parish of Hilby,"† in which the *mésalliance* of the story is between the vicar's sister and a rich young farmer, he will feel the artistic charm of a uniform scale of colouring. Mrs. Fairman Mann is one of the many writers to whom the example of George Eliot seems to have taught the power that lies in an attentive gaze at all things homely; her picture has the freshness of one of which the details are taken from life, and the artistic completeness of one which admits nothing that is out of keeping. On the other hand, she thinks far too lightly of the careless selfishness by which a man embitters, even when he does not ruin, the life of an empty-headed girl, and in moral tone the advantage is on the side of the novel of artist life. The hero of this last is a painter, without genius, but without pretension—unselfish, modest and generous, yet with none of the insipidity of a model hero. His love story is insipid, but his relation to the romantic character—an Italian artist and *ci-devant* monk whom he rescues from starvation—supplies the kind of interest given by a love story. Of course the figure which requires the touch of a Rembrandt is less successful than that which is suited to an every-day light and background, and there is a little feebleness

* "Ebb and Flow; or, He Did His Best. A Story of Five Years Ago." By Grant Lloyd. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† "The Parish of Hilby. A Simple Story of a Quiet Place." By Mrs. Fairman Mann. London: Elliot Stock.

throughout on the tragic side, but there is so much beauty in the story of injury, forgiveness and faithful friendship that we do not demand the full gradation of tone in the colouring.

To say that "The Ladies Lindores"* is by Mrs. Oliphant is to say that its reader is secure of entertainment, from the first page to the last, and its critic enabled to discern much delicate character painting, an easy, natural picture of manners, and a transparent style. All this we know when we read the author's name, but, having allowed that some trace of all her power is to be found in this novel, it must still be said that it is very disappointing. Most novels are disappointing, not indeed being in that respect altogether unlike life, though from a somewhat different cause. But the collapse of "The Ladies Lindores" is unusually rapid and disastrous. The story suffers from the fatal attractiveness of high life, or rather of fashionable life. From the time that a certain little Marquis appears on the scene, of whose "plump hands" we get as tired as of Mr. Carker's teeth in "Dombey and Son," and who has nothing besides very distinctive about him, almost every page of the book is spoilt either by something tedious, or unnatural, or even a little vulgar. The tale ought to be tragic. The interest lies in an unhappy marriage, ended by a violent death, and in the suspicion of murderous intent apportioned, not very happily, among the *dramatis personæ*. But in truth it is, so far as it engages the readers' interest, a delicate little picture of manners and character, and the artistic power departs when the writer dips her brush in her darkest hues. The unhappy marriage itself is painted with power, but the sudden transformation of the meek wife to the indecently exultant widow, is altogether out of keeping with the previous character, and impossible, indeed, in the class which Mrs. Oliphant is portraying. The principal young man seems one of Scott's gentlemanly, colourless heroes strayed into a modern novel, and much more out of place there than in his original home, where his constant tendency to be the victim of circumstances over which he had no control damped him down into a suitable subordination for the picture of incident and adventure. Here, on the other hand, we look with a stern disapproving eye on the feeble being who is invariably occupied in doing what he did not intend to do, although it must be allowed that there are plenty of such men in real life, and plenty of women to love them. However, Mrs. Oliphant at her worst is vivid and readable.

Miss Robinson† gives us a variation on the same theme as the "Parish of Hilby," but makes the *mésalliance* more real. Mrs. Mann has made her farmer too little of a rustic (it is not quite clear how far his vulgarity is intentional) and Miss Robinson makes hers too nearly a mere peasant. Her heroine has been brought up in Italy, and forced by the sudden death of her artist father to exchange her happy Italian home for one among uncongenial kindred in an English village, and the sense of strangeness and loneliness which lead her to the marriage is given with some pathos. The story reproduces something of the futility and aimlessness of much actual experience, an impression surely not congenial to the interest of fiction. It is a modest little sketch, and one continually expects some touch of stronger interest, such as no doubt is in store for us in some future story of Miss Robinson's, whose other productions have taught us to expect much from her. "The Story of Melicent,"‡ and "My Story,"§ two little one-volume novelettes, may be joined with "Arden"

* "The Ladies Lindores." By Mrs. Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons.

† "Arden." By A. Mary F. Robinson. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

‡ "The Story of Melicent." By Fayr Madoc. London: Macmillan & Co.

§ "My Story." A Tale of the Present Century, founded on fact. London: Burns & Oates.

as set in the same plaintive minor, and the last having the same kind of interest.

"Portia; or, By Passions Rocked"* may be called, with reference to the last part of the title, a sheep in wolf's clothing, but it may amuse those who care to have the banter of commonplace young people reproduced with some naturalness. "Loys Lord Beresford,"† by the same writer, is the first of a series of short stories in which the dreams of a young girl before her first ball seem put into shape. These novels serve up less stimulating fare than the same kind did in our youth. However, we have no reason to complain of any want of incident, either in Mrs. Riddell's‡ series of stories, or Mr. Gibbon's§ novel. "Weird Stories" describe themselves in their title, and one reader confesses to have read them straight through, with as little stoppage as the course of events permitted, surely bestowing on them their appropriate meed of praise in that statement. From the point of view of the critic, it must be confessed that there is an appearance of much hurry about them, and they give the impression of the narrator having got tired of her work in the middle, and huddled it up anyhow. The one that pleases most is the vision of a child who haunts the scene of an unhappy childhood, as if seeking a beloved sister, and is seen by her lover to smile peacefully with a last peaceful gaze on her betrothal. The last novel on our list is a spirited and romantic essay in the manner of Scott—the adventures of a knight who escapes from Flodden, and who does not quite escape from the reminiscences which have made Flodden most familiar to English readers. It is what a novel of Scott's never is, too much of a zig-zag in-and-out of deadly peril, and the escapes grow monotonous, but we would far rather see our boys and girls reading about dungeons and battles than about ball-rooms and flirtations, and feel grateful to any one who shows us, by a new edition, that he has succeeded in making them do so. It has one account of a torture scene that has set us wondering whether we are better than our forefathers for being unable to hear of pangs they were willing to inflict, and in a sense to endure; and the fiction which carries our thoughts far away, even thus painfully, seems to us to fulfil more of the purpose of fiction than descriptions of what the commonest mind can see in trivial life of every day.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

III.—SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE last few months have given us important works from members of nearly all the existing schools of political economy. There is first the lucid and compact little manual of M. de Laveleye,|| who may be taken to represent the practical school; there is the elaborate and exhaustive "Handbuch"¶ (as it is gaily called) of two thick quarto volumes, written in sections by over twenty leading representatives of the German historical school, and edited by one of the ablest of them all, Professor Schönberg, of Tübingen; and there are the

* "Portia; or, By Passions Rocked." London: Smith, Elder & Co.

† "Loys Lord Beresford." By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," &c. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

‡ "Weird Stories." By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. London: James Hogg.

§ "The Braes of Yarrow." A new edition. By Charles Gibbon, Author of "The Queen of the Meadow."

|| "Éléments de Économie Politique." Par E. de Laveleye. Paris: Hachette.

¶ "Handbuch der Politischen Oekonomie." Herausgegeben von Dr. G. Schönberg. Tübingen: Laupp.

"Principles of Political Economy"* of Mr. Henry Sidgwick, and the "Political Economy"† of Mr. F. A. Walker, Director of the Statistical Department of the United States, both works by loyal but independent adherents of the English theoretical or—as it is sometimes denominated—the orthodox school. It may seem odd after the long run of authority which political economy enjoyed as an almost perfected science, but political economists are at present much puzzled to fix what their proper field of scientific work is, or whether they have a field of scientific work at all. That is what the various schools are really divided on. They talk much indeed about different methods of investigation, abstract or historical, inductive or deductive, but the questions of method are at bottom questions about the nature of the truths, and the extent of the field, to which the methods are to be applied. The way is in dispute mainly because the goal is in dispute. Is political economy a theoretical science searching after the laws of the co-existence and succession of a certain class of social phenomena? or is it an historical science describing such phenomena in their actual co-existence and evolution in particular times and countries? or is it a practical science, unfolding not merely what is, but also and chiefly what ought to be? Is the economist a social philosopher, a social historian, or a social reformer, or all three?

To M. de Laveleye the economist is nothing, if not a social reformer. He is the physician of the body social. He ought "to know its mechanism, to point out the laws and customs that bring it trouble, and to describe the arrangements that are most favourable to the creation of well-being by labour." Political economy, according to this conception of it, is as different from the "science of wealth" of our English school, as medicine is from physiology. It is more different, for physiology has to do with natural laws, and medicine takes action upon them; but M. de Laveleye, while speaking of "the mechanism of the body social," holds that its construction is pre-eminently the work of positive legislation, and in no wise governed by anything in the character of natural laws. Hence his view of the formal nature and scope of his science. "Political economy," he says, "is an affair of legislation. It pursues an ideal like morals, like jurisprudence, like politics." Its problem is to discover "what organizations, what laws, what institutions men ought to adopt in order to obtain by labour the most complete and the most rational satisfaction of their wants." "All the economical questions people discuss are questions of legislation . . . and they are solved by studying law to find out what is just, and studying history and statistics to find out what is useful." Political economy is therefore an art, as it was with the economists of the last century; it is the art of administering the resources of society, and, of course, the administration must be guided by a regard to the general ends of the social union. "Its aim ought to be," he says, quoting Droz, "to make comfort as general as possible." It is not enough to show, like the English school, merely how the greatest quantity of useful commodities can be produced with least trouble; it must be shown also how they can be distributed with most justice, and how they can be consumed most rationally.

M. de Laveleye is here right in what he affirms, and wrong in what he denies. The practical part of political economy, which he makes the whole, has undoubtedly been unjustly ignored by the English school. They always say the business of the economist ends before that of the legislator begins, and that the economist has nothing to do with the justice or even the general expediency of institutions, and cannot consider them from the legislative standpoint. But this position is a practical abdication of

* "The Principles of Political Economy." By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "Political Economy." By F. A. Walker. London: Macmillan & Co.

the most important function which their special studies impose upon them, and besides, it is theoretically vicious; for, as theoretical economists, they have to deal with phenomena of which many are the direct fruit of, and all are influenced by, legislative arrangements; they have to deal therefore, among other things, with the legislative causes of social phenomena, and they can only deal with these aright by taking the legislator's standpoint. M. de Laveleye, however, makes a corresponding mistake to this when he ignores the strictly theoretical part of political economy. Economical phenomena certainly exhibit recurring types and undesigned regularities and tendencies, which may be traced to general principles of human nature, and which may not unwarrantably be classed with what are called natural laws. Some may be more exact, others less so, but that is incidental to all science. There is no reason, however, why political economy should not embrace at one and the same time the theoretical science of wealth of the English school, and the practical art of its administration taught by M. de Laveleye.

Besides the theory and the practice, there is in any social science a third and very important part, on which indeed the other two build their work,—the history, the description of individual phenomena as they actually coexist and have coexisted in all the complexity of their origin and operation. This is the department on which the German historical school concentrate their labour, and which they consider to be the whole. Political economy is defined by Professor von Scheel in Schönberg's new "*Handbuch*" as "a social science which investigates the development of events, describes and explains their nature, and, after a rational consideration of what it has in this way discovered to be the course and tendency of economical development in a nation, seeks to set before the country for its future direction the true ideals that correspond with real conditions and with rational ends." Economy is thus a department of history and of the philosophy of history. The economist has, indeed, a practical office, he has to supply the nation with sound goals and ideals; but he is first and foremost a historian, a philosopher teaching by example. Now this one-sided conception of political economy is not without its justification. The fault of the English school was not that it sought exact theory in a field where exact theory had no place, but that it built its theories on too narrow an induction, and then proclaimed them as final and universal laws. Mr. Bagehot said rightly enough that the principles of the English school were only valid for a period after the great commerce had arisen; but they are not always valid even then. They were built on the experience of England before free trade and rapid communications, and they are in some respects already inapplicable to the England of to-day. The great want of the English school was facts, widely selected, correctly described, relevant facts, and, of course, since a social fact is never understood till its history is known, a description of social facts means a description of their evolution. This is the work the German historical school set themselves to as the exclusive business of political economy. When a thing is very much needed, Nature seems often to overload the bias to it; and perhaps a narrow conception of the scope of economy has helped to concentrate the energies of the German economists better on the laborious work of historical investigation, which was the necessity of the time. This work has been already in their hands very fruitful, but its range is wide and it needs many co-operators. It is, therefore, entirely in harmony with their general conception of economy, that even a handbook on the subject should be encyclopædic, and require the labour of over twenty independent writers. These writers are the most distinguished Germany possesses in the particular branches they respectively treat—Wagner, Brentano, Goltz, Nasse, Neumann, Scheel, Geffcken, &c.—and this "*Handbuch*" is a most valuable collection of separate treatises, though wanting perhaps—as indeed it could hardly help

wanting—the unity and proportion of parts that belong to the work of a single mind. It is impossible to notice this book here as it deserves. It is certainly one of the chief monuments of the historical school, and it may possibly be found to mark their highest flood of influence, for signs already appear that the authority of that school—which has been predominant in Germany for the last twenty years, and has filled most of the University chairs with its disciples—is beginning to suffer, and that it will be stoutly challenged in the immediate future. The able and thoughtful work just published by Professor Carl Menger, of Vienna,* is one of the best proofs of this. He subjects the principles of the historical school to a most vigorous and successful polemic, and takes his own stand on the old lines of the English successors of Smith. He complains that the German economists have by their one-sided conception of their science isolated themselves from the work of other nations; that they confound history, which deals only with individual phenomena, with science, which deals with laws, with types, with genera; that their historical method is excellent for history, but history is not everything in political economy; and that in a social science there may be more than one legitimate method, because the phenomena are very complex, and the subjects of investigation diverse. He contends strongly for an exact theoretical department in political economy, discarding, however, all pretension to universal and immutable laws, and recognizing fully the influence of national and local peculiarities, of stages of social development, of the organic interconnection of different classes of social phenomena, and all other modifying agencies.

One naturally opens Mr. Sidgwick's book with much interest, because it is the first work on the subject by an important English thinker of the younger generation since the general revolt against the authority of the English school, and because it is written after a review of the whole controversy, and with the express aim of summing-up its results. As a summer-up he is perfect. His mind is eminently acute, and—what is much rarer—eminently judicial. He sifts, tests, weighs everything as he goes on, and turns it round on all sides; sets it first in this light, then in that; is always luminous, suggestive, stimulating; but often leaves you in the end to make your own decision. He does so on principle. That is his method—the critical method, if we may call it so; and he declares it to be the best method for some parts, at least, of political economy. He says other economists have fallen into two opposite errors. "They underrate the importance of *seeking* for the best definition of each cardinal term: and they overrate the importance of *finding* it." The hunt is better than the quarry. But one asks why not have both? Why not seek and find too? Mr. Sidgwick's treatment of the subject, always weighty, is therefore critical and discriminating rather than constructive or expository. He offers no new departure, he claims no originality. He says his work "must be understood to be primarily founded" on J. S. Mill's "Principles," and while he owns that the reaction against Mill and his school was inevitable and has been salutary, he believes it has been carried too far, and his object is to rescue from it "the sound and valuable results of previous thought." Though he acknowledges some obligation to Wagner, his mind does not seem to have been much influenced by any of the Continental schools. The nearest thing to a new departure that he offers us, is one that may at first seem a mere matter of literary arrangement. He first treats of political economy as a science, and then, in the closing third of his book, treats of it as an art. The science is the traditional "science of wealth," the theory of production and distribution as they are: the art is "the theory of what ought to be done by governments to improve production or distribution, and

* "Untersuchungen über die Methode der Social-wissenschaften," Von Dr. Carl Menger. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.

to provide for governmental expenditure." No doubt the English school, too, often discuss practical problems like taxation, and their usual treatment of production is very much that of an art; but still they never recognize political economy except as a science. Smith, on the contrary, recognized it only as an art, though it was in his hands, and as a consequence of his belief in natural liberty, that it virtually became a science. Mr. Sidgwick's merit is that he gives distinct and equal recognition to both aspects or branches, and considers the economist, as economist, entitled, and indeed bound, to look at things like a legislator and social reformer, as well as like an abstract social philosopher. When we remember how expressly Mr. Fawcett repudiates having anything to do as an economist with ideas of justice, it marks a decided advance to find Mr. Sidgwick broadly owning the relevancy even of social or distributive justice in economical discussions. His chapters on that subject, in which he touches on various socialistic proposals, are particularly fair and judicial—they breathe the very spirit of justice themselves; and he acutely remarks that even the strongest believers in the system of natural liberty believe in it at bottom, not solely because they think it natural, but, perhaps chiefly, because they think it just. It seems to them to give every man equal freedom, and equal freedom is their idea of distributive justice.

Mr. Sidgwick makes minor modifications of very unequal value on most of the leading doctrines taught by English economists of the last generation, but except in the case of the Wages Fund, which had already been abandoned by Mill, he still adheres to their main substance.

No room is left to do justice to Mr. Walker's admirable text-book. His aim is more strictly exposition, and allows less way for criticism and discussion than Mr. Sidgwick's; and he is a clear, thoughtful, effective expositor. He stands, perhaps, even closer to the traditional English lines than Mr. Sidgwick, though of course he diverges here and there on particular theories, and introduces an important change by treating of the consumption of wealth as well as of its production and distribution; an addition whose necessity is rightly acknowledged by Mr. Sidgwick also, though he has not devoted a special section of his work to its discussion. "It is," says Mr. Walker, "in the use made of the existing body of wealth that the wealth of the next generation is determined. It matters far less for the future greatness of a nation what is the sum of its wealth to day, whether large or small, than what are the habits of its people in the daily consumption of that wealth." But while it is the business of the economist to ascertain that, Mr. Walker will not hear of his founding any practical recommendations on this or any other branch of his knowledge. "His business simply is to trace economical effects to their causes, leaving it to the philosopher of every-day life, to the moralist or the statesman, to teach how men and nations should act in view of the economical principles so established. The political economist, for example, has no more call to preach free trade as the policy of nations than the physiologist to advocate monogamy as a legal institution." Who then has a call to preach free trade? or what then has the economist a call to preach at all? Free trade is a strictly economical question, and for the economist to abjure all intervention in such a question would simply be to isolate himself from real affairs, on the very occasions when he would be expected to speak. He is, of course, only concerned with the economical aspects of questions, and perhaps Mr. Walker's real difficulty is that he considers these aspects to be fewer or narrower than they are sometimes thought to be. But the present tendency is to widen them, and, as we have seen, he has himself gone with that tendency so far as to accentuate the category of consumption.

Professor Jevons' shorter writings—chiefly contributed to this REVIEW—

have been collected by his widow, and published under the title of "Methods of Social Reform," by Messrs. Macmillan. Two of them had been revised by himself, and one—his very sensible and suggestive paper on the "Amusements of the People"—had been extended a little, with a view to publication in this form. The whole constitute a most valuable series of studies on economical and social questions, by a most careful investigator and fertile thinker. We are glad to meet again with his lecture on "Industrial Partnerships," and to know that he did not abandon his belief in that system of payment, in spite of the failure of the experiment of Messrs. Briggs, on which his belief in it was largely founded.

JOHN RAE.

IV.—PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

THE GREAT RED SPOT ON JUPITER.

THE disappearance of the great red spot which has for five years been the most marked feature of the planet Jupiter, has been followed by a good deal of theorising as to the real nature and meaning of this enormous oval marking. The spot had a surface of about two hundred millions of square miles—that is, it was about as large as the entire surface of the earth. In form it was a nearly perfect ellipse, about four times as long as it was broad. The colour of this great marking was ruddy. As compared with other markings on the planet, the great spot was not at rest. For instance, there was a white spot on a southern belt, which was carried round at a different rate, the great red spot gaining one complete rotation on it in thirty-four days, corresponding to a *relative* gain of 6,000 miles or so per day, or 250 miles per hour. Of course, this relative motion may not indicate any real motion in the red spot, for all the motion may have been in the white spot. But the observation proves unmistakably that there is tremendous activity in the atmospheric envelope of the planet.

Among the various opinions which have been advanced to explain the great red spot, nearly all are based on the theory, now generally admitted, that the planet Jupiter is as yet in a very early stage of planetary life. It has not yet been proved, but it seems highly probable, that ruddy markings on Jupiter are places where the clouds, usually covering most of the planet's surface, have been swept aside, and through the semi-transparent air, either the fiery hot surface of the planet is brought into view, or (more probably) lower cloud strata illuminated by that surface. The late Dr. Henry Draper believed he had obtained spectroscopic evidence *proving* that the light of the great red spot was partly inherent; and even those astronomers who thought he had not absolutely proved this, recognized the evidence he had obtained as falling little short of actual demonstration. Of course, if this were so, there could remain no doubt as to the condition of Jupiter.

According to one theory of the red spot, volcanic action has taken place, throwing into the atmosphere a mass of smoke and erupted materials, which formed the red spot. This seems an improbable theory. Another regards the red spot as the nucleus of one of the future continents of Jupiter—a fiery hot, but solidified mass, thrust up through gaseous and liquid surroundings; a theory more reasonable than the former, but still not very probable. The view which seems to accord best with the facts—the only view, also, which takes

into account the singularly symmetrical form of the red marking—is that which regards it as due to the exceptional heat of a large tract of the planet's surface, causing a mighty cyclonic disturbance above the whole of that region, in such sort that, both through the greater heat and the great whirling storm, the atmosphere above it was kept clear of clouds.

In any case, it is impossible that a planet enwrapped in an atmosphere so deep and so disturbed as this great spot proves the atmosphere of Jupiter to be, can be the abode of living creatures.

For my own part, I am disposed to regard the surface which forms the visible disc of Jupiter, as not only far above any real solid or liquid surface he may have, but also as above the limits of his atmosphere, properly so called. When we remember that Todd of Adelaide has, in the beautifully clear air of Australia, seen the outline of one of Jupiter's moons through a range of some twenty thousand miles of the planet's globe (as the planet appears to us), it becomes clear that, to a depth of several thousand miles below the visible surface, the matter forming the globe we see must be very sparsely dispersed.

This also accords with what Professor G. H. Darwin has shown respecting the interior of Jupiter. For it follows from the observed movements of the satellites of Jupiter, that the central portion of that region of space which we call the globe of Jupiter, because his visible surface bounds it, is very much denser than the rest. This practically amounts to proof that the surface of Jupiter's real globe lies thousands of miles below the visible surface. Now the known laws of gaseous pressure forbid our believing that a continuous atmosphere thousands of miles in depth can surround a planet exerting like Jupiter an attractive force very much greater than that exerted by the earth on her atmosphere.

SLOWING OF THE EARTH'S ROTATION.

It is well known that Professor G. Darwin has associated what may be regarded as a new theory of cosmical evolution with the gradual retardation of the earth's rotation spin, and consequent lengthening of the day. Mr. E. Stone, formerly chief assistant at Greenwich, and now the head of the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford, has just published some calculations, which though they do not actually disprove the change in the earth's rotation rate, throw grave doubt on the only direct evidence ever recognized in its favour. When it was found that Hansen's lunar tables do not accord with the evidence respecting the moon's movements derived either from actual observation or from the study of ancient eclipses, it was suggested in explanation of the discrepancy (corresponding to an apparent gain of the moon on her calculated place), that it may be apparent only, and due to change of the rate of going of our great terrestrial timepiece the earth, by which, of course, we time the moon's movements. Delaunay showed that, owing to the movement of the tidal wave in a direction opposite to that of the earth's rotation, the rotation rate must diminish, though very slowly. Sir George Airy, going through the same process of inquiry, obtained at first a negative result, but later recognized the existence of certain terms indicating a retardation. Since then it has been regarded as an accepted doctrine that the length of the day must gradually increase until the day is as long as the lunar month. Nay, Professor Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, goes further than this, and considers that the solar tide must eventually lengthen the day till it is equal to the year, overlooking apparently the fact that the lunar action will prevent any increase beyond the length of a lunar month. But Mr. Stone has found reason for believing that the discordance between theory and

observation which has been thrown on the earth's rotation, does not exist, so that, "so far as we know at present, the time of the earth's rotation is constant." If his calculation should be confirmed, it would not prove that there is no retardation in the earth's rotation, but that the length of the day is changing much more slowly than had been supposed—too slowly, in fact, to be recognized.

THE CRITICAL POINT OF GASES AND LIQUIDS.

M. J. Jamin has advanced a somewhat new view as to the critical point of liquefiable gases. This point, as is well known, is that at which a substance exists indifferently as gas or liquid, very slight changes of pressure or temperature sufficing to cause it to pass from the gaseous to the liquid form, or from the liquid form to the gaseous. M. Jamin defines the critical point as that temperature at which a liquid has the same density as its vapour at saturation point. But he maintains that the general law of vaporization is not interrupted; the liquid continues to be at its point of ebullition and at its maximum tension; if it is no longer visible it is because it is mixed with the gas in which it floats (because of the equalization of the densities), and when the temperature continues to increase the tension continues to increase, remaining at a maximum until the liquid is entirely vaporized; then, and then only, the space ceases to be saturated, and the pressure to be limited; there remains but dry vapour, a gas definitely removed from the point of liquefaction. Practically, therefore, M. Jamin denies the existence of a condition intermediate to the vaporous and the liquid states.

THE MOTION OF SIRIUS.

Few lines of research in modern times are more curious than the inquiry into the movements of approach and recession of stars. The problem seems at a first view a hopeless one, seeing that from the known distances of the stars, and from their recognized rates of thwart motion, it is manifest that in thousands of years no star could become perceptibly brighter through approach, or perceptibly fainter through recession. How, by means of spectroscopic analysis, the problem has been dealt with, and much more satisfactorily than the problem of thwart movements, which seems so much easier, I have explained in my "Essays on Astronomy." (I may note in passing that I wrote that explanation before as yet I knew that Dr. Huggins, our great spectroscopist, was endeavouring to apply the method, and in fact before the value of the method had been otherwise publicly indicated). Sirius was the first star whose motion in the line of sight was dealt with by the spectroscopic method. It was found that Sirius was receding at the rate of some twenty miles per second. Then other stars were dealt with, among others the group Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon and Zeta in the Greater Bear, which were found, as I had specifically predicted, would happen, to be drifting all at the same rate, and in the same direction. But it soon appeared that the method could only be effectively applied with such instrumental means as are provided in our great national observatory. At Greenwich, accordingly, for several years past the movements of recession and approach of a score or so of stars have been systematically examined. Strange to relate, it is found that in the case of Sirius, at any rate, the motion in the line of sight is not uniform. It has been gradually diminishing of late, until now it seems likely to change before long into a motion of approach. It had been thought that the movements of the stars, all except those by which one star circles around another, or both around their common centre of

gravity, belong to journeys, like that of our sun, on orbits so vast that even in thousands and tens of thousands of years scarce any recognizable arc could be traversed, and therefore no recognizable change of direction could be detected. But if in the case of Sirius it should appear that within less than a score of years, not merely a recognizable change of course has taken place, but the course has actually been reversed so far as approach and recession are concerned, our views must be in some degree changed. We cannot consistently with known laws suppose that the courses of the stars change save under the influence of potent perturbing forces. But the only way in which we can imagine such forces to exist in the case of Sirius is through the attractive influences of large masses near him—masses nearly as large as himself. It is noteworthy that the proper motion of Sirius—that is, his apparent motion on the star sphere—had already led astronomers to suspect the existence of a large but dark companion orb; and though a companion discovered by Alvan Clark several years since was not found to fulfil the required conditions, the explanation was doubtless sound. It will be interesting to inquire what new light may be thrown on the problem by the varying movements of Sirius in the direction of the line of sight. Should this prove to be the case, it will be furthermore interesting to note that this is a new method for detecting disturbing forces within the stellar sphere, and therefore for dealing with the architecture of the heavens, as also with its past history.

FLOODING THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

The possible changes in the climate of Europe which may follow the flooding of the Desert of Sahara have been again the subject of discussion since M. Lesseps' recent and more modest scheme has been announced. There is one aspect of the question which has not yet, so far as I know, been considered. It seems to have been taken for granted that the influx of the waters of the Mediterranean to the regions now dry, parts of which lie fully a thousand feet below the sea level (if recent surveys may be trusted) will take place nearly as quickly and as comfortably as the filling up of the Suez Canal when the barriers which had kept out the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas were successively removed. But if we can judge from what is observed in the case of Niagara, it is probable that the inrush will take some time, and be accompanied by some little disturbance. Niagara may be regarded as letting out the waters of Lake Erie into Ontario. Considering the limited amount of work done in this way by Niagara, and the disturbance and uproar accompanying that work, one is disposed to await with interest the effect of letting the waters of the Mediterranean into the lower parts of the Sahara. It may safely be predicted that, whatever inlet is cut by man, a much larger one will be forced by Nature before a hundredth part of the work of indraught has been effected.

MAGNETISM.

Professor Hughes has recently advanced views about magnetism which, if accepted, will largely modify the position which science assigns to this property. He asserts that where there is no apparent magnetism, or the magnetism is neutral, there is not, as had been supposed, an indifferent turning of the molecules in all directions, with consequent balancing of influence, but, on the contrary, there is a perfectly symmetrical arrangement, the molecules (or their polarities) arranging themselves so as to satisfy their mutual attraction by the shortest path, and thus form a complete closed circuit of attraction. When magnetism becomes evident, the molecules (or their polarities) have all rotated symmetrically in a given direction, but the

symmetry of arrangement is such that the circles of attraction are not completed except through an external armature joining both poles. Again, he shows that we have permanent magnetism when the molecular rigidity retains the molecules, or their polarities, in a given direction, and transient magnetism whenever the molecules are comparatively free. Professor Hughes also shows that the inherent polarity or magnetism of each molecule is, like gravity, a constant quantity, which can neither be generated nor augmented nor diminished nor destroyed. Neither can magnetism be changed to any other form of force or property of matter. It must be therefore dissociated from electricity, as certainly as gravitation must be dissociated from heat and light. Electricity may be generated by magnetism just as light and heat (as in the case of the sun) may be generated by gravitation; but electricity is not a form of magnetism, any more than heat or light is a form of gravity.

R. A. PROCTOR.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"ACROSS CHRYSÉ": FRANCE AND TONGKING.

Across Chrysé, from Canton to Mandalay. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. London: 1883.

THE intrinsic interest of the narrative and importance of the questions raised would have secured for Mr. Colquhoun's book a warm reception at any time. Coming as it does at a moment when the adventure of France is attracting all eyes to the regions described, it will be read still more widely.

Chrysé, as the ancients called the region of Indo-China, and as Mr. Colquhoun names it in their wake, has long been an attractive field of travel and enterprise; and numerous projects for opening up its trade have been invented, fostered, and abandoned. The French have worked by way of the Mekong and the Songkoi in the hope of tapping it in the east, while English explorers, as a natural consequence of our location on its confines, have been trying to reach it from the west. Mr. Colquhoun's journey was conceived from a new standpoint. Starting from Canton, he designed to ascend the Sikiang to the extreme westerly limit of navigation at Pèsè, (roughly lat. 24° , long. 106°), to make his way thence by way of Szumao across the Chinese frontier, and thence again through the heart of the peninsula, by way of Zimmè, to Maulmain. Thwarted, as has been the case with previous explorers, by the Chinese authorities at the frontier, and absolutely paralyzed by the defection of his interpreter, he was unable to carry out the latter portion of his scheme, and compelled to seek exit from Yunnan by way of Tali, and the well-worn route of Bhamo; but he has none the less accomplished a journey remarkable both for the results achieved, and for the difficulties and hardships so pluckily surmounted. A survey of 1,500 miles of country, from Canton to Tali, a great deal of valuable local information, and an interesting description of the regions traversed, are among the practical results of the undertaking, and these have enabled the composition of two speculative chapters,* regarding the possible railways and trade routes of the future, which may be said to constitute the kernel of the book.

If the form of composition adopted—that of writing his narrative as he went along—involves occasional repetition and defects of literary finish, it is well adapted to give life and reality to the picture, and to enlist the sympathy of the reader. We share the writer's bitter disappointment at Szumao; we share his anxiety for his friend and companion, doomed so unhappily to succumb on his homeward voyage, after struggling through hardships that would try a constitution of iron, and that must have been torture in his state of suffering and illness. The itinerary takes us along the frontier of Tongking; and the cities of Nanning and Mentzu, distant respectively fourteen and six days journey from Hanoi, suggest themselves as the probable gathering places of the Kwangtung and Yunnan levies, if China resolves to intervene in the present struggle. Descriptions of scenery and people, dissertations on climate, commerce, and topography increase in interest as the travellers advance. We shiver with them amid the soaking mists and rains of the Yunnan hills, and shudder with them amid the filth of the Chinese hosteleries. We enter vividly into their difficulties with their servants,

* "Across Chrysé," caps. xvii. and xviii. vol. ii.

difficulties of communication, difficulties of travel. We share their high appreciation of the immense service rendered by Père Vial in accompanying them across the Burmese frontier at a moment when, literally and metaphorically, they were staggering to and fro and at their wits' end to accomplish the passage; and we can almost *feel* the rest they experienced as they floated calmly, from Bhamo, down the waters of Irrawaddy, too tired even to "observe." It would be difficult to speak too highly of the pluck and energy shown in overcoming difficulties sometimes amusing, sometimes almost overwhelming. Taken altogether, in fact, as a record of adventurous travel, for graphic description and for fulness of information regarding little-known people and districts, "Across Chrysé" deserves high appreciation.

Mr. Colquhoun evidently started with a marked predilection in favour of the line he had mapped out as the trade route of the future, and it must be admitted that the facts and arguments adduced tell strongly in favour of his scheme. This is nothing less than the construction of a railway from Maulmain across the heart of the Peninsula, traversing the British province of Tenasserim, the western section of the adjoining Shan province dependent on Siam, the eastern portion of the independent Shan States in the centre, and terminating at Szumao, (in, roughly speaking, 23° N. 101° E.), on the Chinese frontier. Assuming, as Mr. Colquhoun does, that the engineering difficulties will prove surmountable, the advantages to be derived from such a railway would undoubtedly be great; and, with the French pressing on the flank of the proposed route in Tongking, there is an additional motive to make this bold bid for the trade of the districts traversed, and of south-west Yunnan. Projects of future extension into the regions of China proper come also within the field of view, but these may well be left for future consideration.

Yunnan has been the objective point of most previous explorers, the reputed fertility and mineral wealth of the province having caused a high estimate to be placed on the value of the trade that might be expected, if practicable communications were established. The project of a railway from Rangoon to Bhamo has thus been put forward in one direction, while the opening of the Songkoi has been energetically advocated on the other. But Mr. Colquhoun urges geographical and other reasons in favour of his own over both these routes, which seem valuable and weighty. In the first place, there is little doubt that the resources of Yunnan have been exaggerated, and that, even were it otherwise, the country has suffered so terribly from the late rebellion and the pestilence which followed, that years, generations almost, of peace and tranquillity will be required to enable it to regain its former prosperity. Industry, commerce, almost a population, have to be re-created; the mines have, in many cases, not been re-opened; vast districts have been thrown out of cultivation; whole villages are tenantless. The district tapped by the Songkoi appears to be one of those which have suffered most; and that lying eastward of Bhamo is in nearly similar case. That both these routes have value is certain. Intercourse with Burmah has, for centuries, been carried on by the latter; and Dupin's journey proved the practicability of the former; Mr. Colquhoun, moreover, found in some districts evidences of a small import trade by way of Hanoi already existing. The physical configuration of the country, however—a series of tremendous valleys trending southward—appears to render eastward extension in the one case and lateral expansion in the other, well nigh impracticable. The most prosperous and fertile districts, in Mr. Colquhoun's experience, are those of the south-west and centre, and they would be best approached by the line he suggests; while the additional advantage would be secured, of opening up a vast tract of new country, inhabited by a docile and friendly race, and so creating a new trade route through which the commerce of northern "Chrysé" would flow naturally to Maulmain.

It is necessary, however, to regard Mr. Colquhoun's scheme from a political as well as a commercial standpoint; and the chapters describing it should be read, to do him justice, in connection with his recent article in the *National Review*.* I endeavoured eight months ago,† while the Tongking adventure was still in embryo, to explain, in these pages, the origin and basis of French claims in

* "England and France in Indo-China," by the Author
National Review, June, 1883.

† "The French in Tongking:" *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, Nov.

Cochin China. Those claims were then ostensibly confined to the assertion of a protectorate over Annam, and the pacification and effectual opening of the Red River route to Yunnan. But the idea appears since then to have developed into a dream of Indo-Chinese Empire, embracing the whole eastern half of the Peninsula—the dividing line, according to a recent speech by the Deputy for Saigon, being indicated in the mountains which separate the valleys of the Menam and the Mekong; the country to the west of which he admits to fall under the influence of England, while that to the east “must belong to France.” There is a beautiful simplicity in this bisection of the peninsula, which must commend itself to any one who looks at British Burmah fringing it on the west, and Annam as a French colony coasting it on the east. But there are considerations above and beyond even arbitrary lines of demarcation and assumed configurations of the soil; and M. Blancsubé’s plan directly clashes with the principle of “nationalities” which his countrymen have been foremost in advocating at home. The most promising scheme for rehabilitating and re-organizing the country, and restoring its ancient prosperity, appears to lie in fostering the union of the Shan race, under the leadership of Siam. Buffeted by Annam on the east, and by Burmah on the west, these tribes have suffered as peoples do suffer in Oriental warfare, but have retained their national instincts, and are beginning again to recover and cohere since the blows dealt by England and France at their oppressors have compelled the latter to slacken their grasp. The Shan States formerly under the dominion of Burmah have thrown off its yoke; and those nearest to Siam appear to pay that country a willing allegiance. British policy favours the Pan-Shanic idea, as promising best for the future welfare of the country and its inhabitants; but the French idea, as defined by M. Blancsubé, would rudely destroy it, by dividing the region, and preventing the union of the people.

The Shans themselves seem a capable and docile race, well-disposed, and with strong commercial instincts; their country is said to be fertile, and hardly inferior in mineral wealth to those districts of Yunnan which there is so much striving to reach. All they need is peace and communications; and the startling effect these two conditions have had in developing trade and prosperity in British Burmah, encourages the best anticipations as to what would follow from the application of Mr. Colquhoun’s projects to the inland districts of the peninsula.

Viewed in this light, the proceedings of the French in Tongking assume a fresh and greater interest. So long as we could suppose their design extended merely to the opening of the Red River and pacification of Tongking, we could wish well to the project; but if that project is to be supplemented by a protectorate which means practical annexation, and the protectorate is to expand into a scheme for partitioning Indo-China, the case assumes a different aspect. We have no such design on our own part, and should hardly be more anxious for a contiguous frontier with the French on the Menam or the Mekong, than are the Chinese for their neighbourhood in Yunnan.

It is, however, casting far ahead to anticipate such a contingency. Tongking is not yet subdued; and it remains to be seen whether the unexpected effort that task seems likely to involve may not discourage its assailants, for the present, from more extended operations. It is questionable whether M. Challemeil-Lacour has not misapprehended the degree of resistance that may be offered, even by Annam. It is equally questionable whether he has not misapprehended the degree of opposition to be expected from China. It is true, China is not a military nation. Her strength, in spite of all her purchases of arms and war-ships, is not really great; there is a curse of slovenliness, a want of thoroughness, a lack of capacity for organization, which goes far to paralyze the efforts of her government to place her in the position her immense territory and population should entitle her to assume. The forces she succeeded in mustering at the time of the Kuldja difficulty were not imposing, either in point of discipline or armament, and her officers would make a poor show against those of any European State in regular warfare. Her more intelligent statesmen are not altogether blind to these truths; and both on this account and from an instinctive dislike to war, would do much to avoid it. Some terms of compromise may therefore still be found. But it would be a mistake to assume that China will never fight; and, as I remarked on a former occasion, the proposed substitution of a powerful and military for a weak and submissive neighbour, might well disturb a less conserva-

tive nation. There is, in fact, no point on which she is more sensitive. The subordinate kingdoms on her frontiers appear to be regarded as so many buffers to keep off hostile contact. We have seen her lately trying to ward off the danger of Russian aggression in the north, by persuading Corea to open its ports to foreign intercourse, and so engaging other interests in the maintenance of its integrity. It is this instinct and this policy that make her insist so strongly on rights of suzerainty which assume, in such a case, practical as well as historical value. It is therefore in the last degree unlikely that she will allow the French to install themselves on her southern frontier without an effort to prevent it; and it is certainly in her power to make the occupation of Tongking a very disagreeable and exhausting process.

In the meantime, Mr. Colquhoun's book, with its excellent maps, comes opportunely to extend our knowledge of this most interesting region, and suggests questions of future policy in which the fortunes of Tongking and the possible development of French enterprise assume a new interest.

R. S. GUNDRY.

NEW BOOKS.

Life of Lord Lawrence. By R. Bosworth Smith, M.A. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This will rank among our great biographies. It is doubtful whether Mr. Smith has been more fortunate in his subject, or Lord Lawrence in his biographer. The career Mr. Smith narrates is one of high personal and historical interest, and he narrates it with spirit, with excellent judgment, and literary felicity. He seems to have had copious materials for all parts of Lord Lawrence's life, and he has chosen and arranged them very skilfully; nor, though dealing often with public events and public policy, does he ever forget that he is writing biography, and not history or politics. The powerful and impressive figure of the great Anglo-Indian is always kept before us, and by touches drawn from many sources, from Lord Lawrence's letters, from reminiscences of friends, from State papers, Mr. Smith gives us a well-defined and well filled-in portrait of the man in all relations of life. It is impossible to do justice to such a book here. It touches on almost every point of Indian administration, and supplies many evidences of the far-seeing sagacity as well as the daring of our greatest Indian Viceroy.

Life and Achievements of Edward Henry Palmer. By Walter Besant, M.A. (Murray).—Mr. Besant has certainly succeeded in the first and most difficult object of the biographer; he conveys to our mind a vivid, intelligible, lasting impression of his gifted and strangely-fated friend. Little account, indeed, is given of the Professor in some important relations of life, but the positive and characteristic elements of his truly unique individuality are all there. The book reads almost like a tale. There are strange combinations in the man himself—the Oriental combination, for example, of the scholar, the mesmerist, the conjuror—and strange things are always happening to him, curious, improbable, unexpected experiences and transitions, down to that final destiny that sent a quiet, cheery student from his books and the friends who loved him so well, to avert a rising of disturbed tribes in the East, to die a strange death, and be laid at last among military heroes. Palmer was not only an Orientalist of the first rank, but an Orientalist of the rarest kind, for the rich and subtle sympathetic nature, which was the secret of so much of the power and charm of the man, was also among other things an effective instrument of linguistic scholarship. His learning was therefore no mere affair of roots and inflexions and syntax, but breathed the life and feelings of the many peoples and tongues it embraced.

North America. Edited by Professors Hayden and Selwyn. (Stanford).—This new contribution to Mr. Stanford's "Compendium of Geography and Travel," is based, like its predecessors, on a translation by Mr. A. H. Keane, of the corresponding portion of Von Hellwald's "Die Erde und ihre Völker;" but this has been so much enlarged in the process of revision by the Editors, Professor Hayden of the United States Geological Survey, and Professor Selwyn of the

Geological Survey of Canada, that it appears now "as to all intents and purposes a new and original work." It is, on the whole, an excellent and skilful digest of the geography and statistics of the two great countries in North America, though the statistical information is too meagre on some points, considering their importance from a British point of view. The sentence or two on the wheat crop of America is neither full enough nor exact enough, and the prediction they open with, that "of late years wheat especially has been grown to such an extent, that America may yet enter the European market as the most formidable future rival of Russia," is behind the time of day. A feature of great value in the book, is its numerous maps, not merely geographical maps, but physical maps, geological maps, rain maps, population maps, railway maps, all admirably executed.

Iberian Experiences. By A. Gallenga. (Chapman & Hall). Mr. Gallenga has made five lengthened visits to Spain at important junctures during the last fifteen years, and now, at the suggestion, it seems, of an anonymous letter, he has put together his reminiscences of what he saw, heard, and thought in the course of these visits, into the two considerable and sightly volumes now before us. Mr. Gallenga does not attempt to give us what is so much wanted—a thorough account of the country, people, and institutions of Spain. His aim, he says, was merely to write a traveller's book, a companion to those who went abroad, a pastime to those who stayed at home. In this he has more than succeeded; his book is sketchy and lively and varied, and gives you, into the bargain, a good deal of miscellaneous information about the history and politics of the peninsula. On the whole he thinks those are wrong who allege that Spain has turned over a new leaf. Church and Government are as corrupt as ever; but he owns that trade and general security are considerably better than they were when he first knew the country, and he believes the people to be better than their institutions. There must be, he thinks, a good deal of private virtue in them to have withstood so long the constant scandal of so much public corruption. But nothing is more common than the co-existence of public corruption and private integrity, because public corruption affects only the limited classes who are brought into a position to profit by it. The rest have little contact with it.

Memoir of Lord Hatherley. By Rev. W. R. W. Stephens. (Bentley).—The death of Lord Campbell has not removed the new terror he was said to have added to death for the Chancellors, but only changed the instrument of its exercise. In the present case a well-meaning but unskilful nephew has written a life of Lord Chancellor Hatherley, which will have a doubtful effect upon his uncle's reputation. Few reputations, in fact, could stand the publication of every letter written to a private friend during some sixty years, and every sonnet written to a wife as an annual birthday tribute, from the first dotage of love to the second dotage of age. They prove the tenacity of Lord Hatherley's friendship, of his domestic affection, of his religious convictions; but they might have proved all that as well by sample. The letters to Dean Hook are not only often too commonplace for republication, but to make them, as Mr. Stephens does, the staple of his book, is merely to present to us Lord Hatherley as he was to Dean Hook, instead of Lord Hatherley as he was to the world in general in the various important relations he occupied in life. His wife once inspired him to an epigram much happier than his sonnets. Dining at Trinity in his Chancellor days, he said that "the day he became a Fellow of Trinity was the proudest and happiest day of his life except one, and that was the day on which he ceased to be a Fellow of Trinity."

A Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain. By the late Samuel Halkett, Keeper of the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh; and the late Rev. John Laing, M.A., Librarian of the New College Library, Edinburgh. Vols. I. and II. (Edinburgh: Paterson.)—England is peculiarly rich in anonymous and pseudonymous literature, from the sectarian theology of the times of intolerance to the political pamphlets of last century, and the novel-writing of the present day. M. Chasles, the eminent French bibliographer, says that "in the whole history of literature there is not a more fantastical group of whimsicalities than that of the English pseudonyms, which

abouted between 1688 and 1800." Yet never till now has any attempt been made to catalogue or describe them, while countries much inferior to ours, in both the extent and the interest of their anonymous literature, not only France and Germany, but even Italy, Russia, and Sweden, have long possessed excellent works of the kind. The dictionary of Messrs. Halkett and Laing, two distinguished Edinburgh librarians, most effectually removes this reproach. It is a work of permanent importance, and will take its place beside Barbier and Brunet, and other standard books of bibliography. It arose out of the notes which Mr. Halkett was first obliged, for want of such a work, to make for his own guidance in his duties as librarian, and which he then collected, with an express eye to the present publication, from the year 1856 till his death in 1871. His materials were enriched by the collections made during several years by Mr. H. B. Wheatley, by the co-operation and assistance of various other authorities, and after his death, his pious task was continued for ten years more by a bibliographer as accurate, industrious, and learned as himself. The work thus represents the results of some thirty years' honest, loving, and widely assisted labour, by thoroughly competent hands, and may be taken to be as complete and exact an account of the subject as the present state of our information affords.

The State in its Relation to Trade. By T. H. Farrer; *Local Government.* By M. D. Chalmers. (Macmillan & Co.).—Two new volumes of the *English Citizen* have made their appearance, and they are quite equal to their predecessors. Mr. Farrer shows us a phenomenon that would be thought singular abroad, a bureaucrat decrying centralization; but he gives for his opposition the very good reason that he has "seen more of the difficulties and weakness of central government" than most other men. His opinion, therefore, has an individual value, because it is based on his official experience of centralization. As trade and civilization grow more complex, the occasions for State interference seem to multiply, and the amount of industrial work done by a free-trade Government like that of England, as it is brought together and clearly explained in Mr. Farrer's pages, will perhaps appear a little surprising. We are glad to find a writer of Mr. Farrer's practical experience, seconding heartily as "a most fruitful suggestion," Mr. Jevons's advocacy of experimental legislation. It is no easy task to describe the local government of England, on which we are taught so much of our liberty depends. It is a chaos of anomalies. It is indeed all regulated by statute law, even to its minutest details, but then that law is embodied in 650 different Acts of general application, and some thousands of purely local and special Acts, which have been passed at different times during the last six centuries. Accordingly, as Mr. Chalmers says, "every principle that can be stated is liable to be obscured by a dense overgrowth of local exceptions." Mr. Chalmers has, however, succeeded in giving an intelligible and lucid account of the system—if system it can be called—and in spite of his modest depreciation in his preface, "writing law books" has certainly not taken from his hand its literary cunning.

The American Citizen's Manual. Part II. *The Functions of Government.* By Worthington C. Ford. (New York: Putnam). This is an American counterpart of the series to which the two former little works belong. The present volume, the second of the series, comprises the functions of both the Federal and the State Governments, and unfolds them in a clear, simple, businesslike way. The author is a strong free-trader, and severely condemns not only all protective duties generally, but the system of retaliatory taxation that exists in America between one State and another.

Ice Pack and Tundra. By William H. Gilder. (Sampson Low & Co.) This is a narrative of the search for the ill-fated *Jeannette*, written from time to time, in the form of letters to the *New York Herald*, by the correspondent of that journal, who accompanied the Relief Expedition in the *Rodgers*. It is very readable throughout, and contains a due admixture of adventure and information about tribes and places hitherto hardly known. The Diary of Lieutenant De Long, the commander of the *Jeannette*, which was found in the ice near his remains, and was posted up apparently till the very day of his death, is a singularly sad record of the daily struggles of brave men with frost and famine.

The Life of Schiller. By Heinrich Duntzer. (Macmillan).—The present is the fullest account of the poet we as yet possess, and that is the chief merit of the work. Herr Duntzer is known hitherto mainly as an elaborate commentator on German classics, and he is not a master of the art of biography. But he gathers and discusses materials, and if we cannot obtain from him any very vivid image of the man or the poet, we can learn a good deal about him in all relations of life. We may add that the translation might be a little improved, and the engravings very considerably.

Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart. By A. C. Ewald, F.S.A. (Chatto & Windus).—In a new edition of his meritorious "Life of Prince Charles Edward Stuart," Mr. Ewald takes the opportunity of adding, in an appendix, the names of those who were tried for complicity in the rebellion, and of completing the whole book by a convenient and ample index.

NATURE AND THOUGHT.

To the Editor of THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SIR,—I ask of your courtesy space for a short explanation concerning two points in the criticism of my last work, which Mr. Romanes has done me the honour to make in the June number of your REVIEW.

The first point refers to my assertion ("Nature and Thought," p. 237) that no man "investigating the arguments as to theism," ought to be "impartial." The word impartial, means "indifferent" as well as "just,"* and when Mr. Romanes attributes to me exclusively the latter meaning, he appears not to have noticed, that in order to guard against that interpretation, I had said:—"A feeling of *indifference* as to whether such highest object of aspiration exists or not cannot but be a defect."

As a matter of fact, it is simply impossible for an ordinary man to be indifferent with respect to any question which greatly affects his happiness and prosperity, and it is obvious that there are many questions as to which no man is indifferent or "impartial" who is good.

The second point touches an accusation of plagiarism (in certain passages of my last chapter) from a work published under the assumed name of Physicus. My reply is that I happen to be personally acquainted with Physicus, who, when he confided to me the secret of his authorship, earnestly requested me to be most careful in no way to betray that secret. I also received the impression that he had somewhat modified the views expressed in his work, and regretted their promulgation. I may have been mistaken in this, and if I find I have thus caused him disappointment, I shall much regret it; but it was owing to my regard for what (rightly or wrongly) I believed to be his feelings, that I withheld a reference. I should otherwise have made it as scrupulously as in the case of Mr. Arthur Balfour. As it happens, part of my last chapter was expressly written for the sake of Physicus himself, and it was my very desire to represent his old arguments with perfect accuracy, which made me employ his own *ipsissima verba* as the expression of certain views opposed to my own, and which I deemed unreasonable and foolish. It would have been otherwise had they been arguments on my own side, or such as I thought likely to reflect credit upon their author.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

* "Not partial; not favouring or not biassed in favour of one party more than another; indifferent; unprejudiced; disinterested."—*Imperial Dictionary* (1882), vol. ii.

THE SUEZ CANAL QUESTION.

A STORM, not altogether creditable to the prudence of our fellow-countrymen, burst out in England on the publication of the provisional agreement concluded between the British Government and M. de Lesseps. Possibly many of the discontented, though alive to their own interests, were not acquainted with the whole circumstances of the case, and certainly none of them can point out any better method of meeting its undoubted difficulties that shall be consistent with good faith. Nevertheless the storm continues, abated somewhat it is true, but still menacing. Under these circumstances, it may be interesting to consider briefly what is the problem, and how far it has been or can be met.

The Suez Canal, commenced in doubt, has become the most important waterway in the world. The Dardanelles have caused trouble enough to mankind, but that channel is now of a merely secondary interest. Every year the traffic that passes through the Isthmus of Suez is being increased. In 1873 the number of vessels passing through was 1,171, with a tonnage of 2,085,270, while in 1882 the number of vessels was 3,198, with a tonnage of 6,811,521. From its peculiar position this great work has engrossed more and more the attention both of statesmen and of merchants. The nation that commands the Canal has at its mercy a great part of the commerce of the world, while the Canal itself constitutes a monopoly laying under contribution the navies of all flags. The Canal has a political and a financial aspect, each connected with the other. Politically, it has been and probably will remain a centre for the jealousies of many flags. Great Britain owns more than three-fourths of the vessels that pass through it, and it is her highway to India and the East. France, always sensitive as regards Egypt, has

felt a deeper and more substantial concern in that country since the great achievement of M. de Lesseps. Turkey, as usual, wants to make what plunder she can out of Egypt, and is more than ever fearful lest her already almost nominal sovereignty over it may be lost. All other European Powers have more or less stake in the subject, less, indeed, than those already cited, but still such as cannot and ought not to be ignored. Hence the extreme delicacy required in dealing with the Suez Canal. At every turn some national susceptibility or some national interest may be wounded. If we are sincere in our professions of love of peace we ought to bear in mind that a quarter such as this is the very place where lie the elements of war. If we are sincere in professing to love justice we ought to remember that here more than elsewhere we are liable to be tempted astray by motives of self-interest.

The political importance of the Suez Canal is sufficiently attested by the fact that already one war has been undertaken professedly from a desire to preserve its security. Mercifully that war was limited in its scope and duration. The result is the presence of a British force in Egypt, and the consequent irritation of French susceptibility. No sooner has the clash of arms been for a time silenced than the other side of the question comes to the front. Placed, for the time being, in physical control of the entire country, we have to meet and deal with certain financial and commercial questions relating to the traffic of the canal, which have been for some time canvassed, but have now reached what may be called an acute stage. These questions are not directly connected with our present position in Egypt, but they are necessarily in some degree affected by it. Our action in the matter will be regarded by Europe in the light of our newly acquired authority in the land of the Pharaohs.

The financial and commercial question is simply this: shipowners, and especially British shipowners, complain that the dues for transit through the canal are excessive, the accommodation insufficient, and the delays injurious to commerce. These grievances bear first on the shipowners themselves, and, through them, on the entire public.

The Suez Canal Company, on the other hand, contend that, apart from comparatively small differences, not at present in issue, they are confessedly entitled to charge the present dues. When the weight of the British Government was thrown in the scale against their enterprise, when engineers of eminence ridiculed their scheme as impossible of achievement, and financiers laughed to scorn the idea of the project proving remunerative, they had the faith and courage to stake their millions on the hazard of a doubtful cast. For years they plodded on at the great work without any present return for their outlay, confident in the future, and even when the

work was finished, and something was earned, it was at first a sum insufficient to defray current charges. Since that time a vast change has come over the scene. The derided idea of twenty years ago is now spoken of as a masterstroke of genius. The profits then regarded as chimerical have begun to flow into their coffers. They charge at the present moment not a farthing more than they stipulated for before a sod was turned, and they claim that as the risk was theirs, and the bargain was theirs, so they are entitled to reap the benefit of their foresight. In all justice and common sense, are they not warranted in assuming this position?

It is true that there is an anomaly in a waterway of such supreme importance being the property of a private company. There never has been such an instance before. It is natural that public men should regard with apprehension the prospect of such a colossus bestriding the Isthmus of Suez, for between eighty and ninety years to come, with the right to impose what are undoubtedly heavy dues on the traffic between the old world and the new. But the Canal Company have not shown themselves unreasonable upon the subject. In 1871, M. de Lesseps intimated to the British Government his willingness to submit to the Company the sale of the Canal to the Maritime Powers on the basis of its being purchased for twelve millions sterling, and the payment of the shareholders' dividends either by an annual charge of £400,000 or by a lump sum corresponding to it.* But this proposal, though advocated by M. de Lesseps, and approved of by M. Thiers, was declined. Nor have the Company been unreasonable in the matter of their charges. Large though they are, they do not at present represent a greater profit than is often reaped from the successful execution of a hazardous and speculative undertaking.

Such being the claims of the conflicting parties to the impartial consideration of the public, a solution of the difficulty has been advocated in many influential quarters. It is said, Why should not a second Canal be made? Now it is certain that sooner or later a second Canal will be made, inasmuch as the existing accommodation is inadequate already; and in view of the rapidly increasing traffic, it will assuredly be still more inadequate in the near future. Some of the exponents of this policy of a second Canal go a little further. Let the Canal, they say, be made with British money, and be a British concern, or at all events let it be independent of the existing Canal, and limited to moderate profits, so that we shall gain a double advantage. Transit dues will be vastly reduced, and accommodation will be vastly facilitated. If such a project were adopted, there is no doubt that the existing Company would be brought to its knees. Whether or not it is a commendable policy for a great nation to

* Egypt No. 2, 1876: Letter from Sir D. Lange to Lord Granville, June 21, 1871.

reduce a private Company to such a plight, the result would be certain. It might, indeed, lead to a war, but excluding war and its contingencies, the monopoly of the Company would be destroyed.

The answer of the Suez Canal Company to the project of a second Canal is very simple. They say that a second Canal would be a great benefit to commerce, but they assert that they have, by the terms of their concessions, the exclusive right to construct a second Canal across the Isthmus of Suez; and that as they are prepared to do it themselves, the Egyptian Government is precluded from permitting any rival Company or person to construct it without a breach of public faith and a gross violation of private rights. The existence of any such exclusive right in the Company is disputed. The British Government, advised by the Lord Chancellor and the Law Officers of the Crown, no mean concurrence of authority, hold that the contention of the Company is well founded. Eminent counsel have advised otherwise. The whole action of our Government, in making their provisional agreement with M. de Lesseps, hinges on the correctness of the view recommended to them by their legal advisers. Hence the very inquiry into the Company's rights becomes interesting to lay minds. It is not often that the cobwebs of the law are brightened by a single spark of public interest.

Substantially the controversy turns upon a few words contained in the first concession granted by the Khedive to M. de Lesseps on November 30, 1854. The words are as follows—"We have granted to him (M. de Lesseps) exclusive power to constitute and direct an universal Company for the piercing of the Isthmus of Suez, and the working of a Canal between the two seas."

The question is, aye or no. Looking at this concession, coupled with the others that follow, does it confer upon the Suez Canal Company, or on M. de Lesseps, the right to complain if somebody else is allowed to pierce the Isthmus of Suez and work a second Canal between the two seas during the currency of the above concession? It is to be observed that by article three, "The duration of the concession is ninety-nine years, dating from the day of the opening of the Canal between the two seas;" and in article nine the Company (yet to be formed) is spoken of as "the Company owning the concession" (*la compagnie concessionnaire*) and the concession is spoken of as the "concession of the Company" (*sa concession*).

The matter is at large so far as any legal authority or precedent is concerned. If any principles relating to the interpretation of documents were in existence in Egyptian law in 1854, probably they would be the touchstone by which this difficult problem would have to be determined. But there were and are no such principles, nor does international law in the least apply. In fact, it would be presumptuous pedantry to pretend that there is any recondite learning

which can aid in the determination. If we wish to act fairly we ought first to try and learn, from an examination of the concession, what it was that the Khedive meant to confer on M. de Lesseps on behalf of the intended Company, and what it was that M. de Lesseps thought he received before he entered upon his arduous undertaking. In view of the conflicting opinion of different authorities, all equally worthy of respect alike for uprightness and for legal attainments, it would be the height of presumption for any man to dogmatize on the bare construction of the words themselves. The view of those who hold an opinion adverse to that of the law officers, appears to be that the concession above adverted to merely defined the terms on which the Khedive employed M. de Lesseps, as his agent, to get up an Universal Company, and that when an "exclusive power" was conferred on M. de Lesseps nothing further was intended than that the Khedive should employ no other agent for the purpose of getting up an Universal Company. If that be so it is still in the power of the Khedive, should he be disposed to act strictly on his rights, to employ some one else to get up a company, not universal, with the same object in view—namely, the construction of another Canal. This does not seem very equitable towards M. de Lesseps. Still, some light may be thrown on the accuracy of such a view even by a consideration of the words of the concession itself.

It is generally supposed that to put a true construction on a written document belongs peculiarly to the science of the law. In fact, it is here, as generally, a matter of mere common-sense. Looking at the sentence under criticism, manifestly the intention was to confer something on M. de Lesseps which he did not possess before—or there would be no occasion for making the grant at all—and to confer that something on him to the exclusion of other people—or there would be no occasion for the use of the word "exclusive."

Now if the opinion which is urged against the view of the Government is to prevail, what was granted to M. de Lesseps was merely the exclusive permission to form an Universal Company for the piercing of the Isthmus. But M. de Lesseps or any one else could form a company for that purpose without the permission of the Khedive; and therefore the grant conferred on M. de Lesseps something which he already possessed. And all other human beings besides M. de Lesseps could form a company for the same purpose without the permission of the Khedive; therefore the grant in conferring nothing on M. de Lesseps did not even confer on him that nothing to the exclusion of other people. In other words, if the opinion in question be correct, the whole concession was unnecessary; because M. de Lesseps already possessed all that it gave, and the use of the word "exclusive" was nugatory, because it was not in the power of the Khedive to prevent other people from doing what

M. de Lesseps was authorized by the concession to do. If this be the meaning and intention of the concession something like a fraud must have been perpetrated on M. de Lesseps when so worthless a grant was palmed off upon him as a thing of substance. And if M. de Lesseps understood this to be its meaning and intention it is not likely that as a man of sense he would have spent time and money on so frail a security.

It is a maxim of all civilized law that bargains are to be construed reasonably. If one construction of a bargain is such that a reasonable man would not entertain it if so presented to him, that is a strong argument that some other construction should prevail. Surely it is clear that what both parties thought M. de Lesseps acquired under the concession was, in substance, the right to make a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. And when in acquiring that right he stipulated that his right should be an exclusive right, what he meant to exclude was the granting of a similar right to others.

A minute's reflection will show that under the opposite of this view M. de Lesseps really obtained nothing. After he had collected his capital, and purchased his land, and got together his workmen and machinery, he would have still required a further concession before he could set to work. Suppose that he had done all this, and had been stopped in the commencement of his operations by the Khedive stepping in, and saying, "M. de Lesseps, read the wording of your concession. You have, indeed, the right to form an Universal Company for the purpose of piercing the Isthmus of Suez, but you have not the right of piercing the Isthmus. All you are entitled to do is to form the Company." Had the Khedive taken this attitude the unanimous voice of Europe would have denounced his action as a violation of good faith and a departure from the spirit, if not the letter, of the concession. Yet this, and nothing but this, is the reasoning now recommended to the British Government. The argument which forms the foundation of the denial to the Company of its exclusive right to make a Canal, is the self-same argument that is above put into the mouth of the Khedive.

There is no doubt that the concession of 1854, and the subsequent concessions and documents, if scanned jealously, afford colour to the opinion that M. de Lesseps was employed as an agent of the Khedive to get up a company, and that no more was in terms conceded to him than that he should be the sole agent for this purpose. It must be admitted, whichever view be taken, that there is a lack of precision in the wording of the different documents which makes it difficult upon the mere language itself to arrive at an absolutely clear conclusion as to what is their logical effect. In such a state of things, that ought to be adopted as the true construction which, the position of the parties, and the surrounding circumstances,

appears to have been intended on both sides. Very few thought that even one Canal could be made. No one then dreamed of a second Canal. The land granted to the Company included all available routes for any Canal through the Isthmus. The concessionaires always considered they had acquired a monopoly, and spent their money on the faith of that belief. These considerations appear to point to the intention, and ought to have as great weight as any verbal criticism on the exact wording of a State document.

I desire to speak with respect of the gentlemen who entertain a view opposed to M. de Lesseps' claim, but the conclusions are strange to which their reasoning would lead us. There is neither justice nor good faith in seeking to cabin M. de Lesseps within the limits which a too narrow construction imposes on the literal words of the concession. An ordinary litigant, endeavouring to place such a meaning on such words, even if not defeated in his effort, would succeed ignominiously. There is no tribunal so high that it can rule the conduct of Great Britain. The action of great Powers is controlled only by the operation of public opinion. If Great Britain chooses to decide the matter in her own favour, it is just possible she may succeed without war in having her own way; but, if so, she will succeed with ignominy. The claim of M. de Lesseps and his Company to equitable treatment is well known, and is more creditable to him than to the intelligence of our past rulers. The Suez Canal is the work of his lifetime. He undertook it under circumstances of great discouragement. He completed it in spite of the disapproval of the British Government. And when it has proved an immense success, and the navies of the world are reaping the benefit of his speculation, we are invited to find a flaw in his title, to chop logic as to the meaning of his concession, and to creep out of a difficulty which is a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence, by refining upon words in defiance of the intention. Such conduct would be unworthy of the British Government.

It is not practicable, in a paper like this, to enter minutely into a legal discussion. Briefly stated the argument in favour of the Suez Canal Company's claim to a monopoly is that above indicated. But apart from the exact terms of their concession, the Company has an overwhelming moral claim. When no one believed that a Canal could be made across the Isthmus, this Company undertook it on the specific condition that they should be at liberty to charge a fixed rate of dues. Had they not been satisfied with the rate agreed upon, we should not have had the Canal at all. Is it fair, even if it is literally legal, indirectly to deprive the Company of the fruits of their bargain by constructing a rival Canal which shall, by competition, force down these dues below the rate at which they were fixed? The Canal is of enormous value to our shipping int

It has saved us millions upon millions of pounds by halving or nearly halving the route to India and greatly reducing the distance by water between us and our entire Eastern dominions. It is admittedly of the utmost political advantage to us with reference to India. This vast profit, infinitely exceeding anything gained by the Canal Company, has been acquired without risk of any kind to the British Government, and indeed has been forced upon us against our will by the enterprise of M. de Lesseps. When the Company who bore the brunt of the outlay ask for an infinitesimal part of the profit conferred upon England, and ask it in the form of dues stipulated before the outlay was incurred, we are invited to beat them down by the threat of a rival Canal. This would not be creditable in an individual. It would be wholly unworthy of a great nation. If the legal claim of the Canal Company to a monopoly were utterly unfounded, their moral claim could not in conscience be gainsaid. But when the legal claim is so strong that the advisers of the British Government as well as the advisers of the Egyptian Government pronounce in its favour, and the moral claim is so apparent to justice, it is difficult to see how any nation desiring to act uprightly can do otherwise than negotiate on the basis of recognizing the monopoly.

Under these circumstances the Government determined to open negotiations with M. de Lesseps. If the view I have taken of the respective rights and duties of the parties be correct, manifestly no terms could be exacted from the Company except such as M. de Lesseps chose to concede. It was possible for the Government to have refused the terms offered, and it is fair matter for argument whether they were wise in accepting those terms. But M. de Lesseps would concede no more and the terms were accepted.

Fair treatment has hardly been accorded to the agreement. It provides many and distinct advantages to the British and other shipping. Judging from the best available data, the following diminutions in the dues and charges upon traffic will ensue. In six months the transit dues on ships in ballast will be reduced by two and a half francs per ton, or nearly 25 per cent. In three and a half years the whole of the pilotage dues will disappear as to all ships. In four and a half years the transit dues will begin to be diminished as to all ships, and the diminution will proceed rapidly by successive falls of fifty centimes per ton until the minimum of five francs per ton will be reached, as against the present charge of ten francs fifty centimes. This series of abatements is dependent upon a graduated scale of profits on the shares of the Company. As the profits rise so will the dues be diminished. Much indignation has been expressed at the high rate of profits that will have to be earned before the dues are reduced. It is pointed out that, though an immediate reduction is made to ships in ballast, other ships will not get any reduc-

tion till the profits provide for a dividend of 21 per cent., and that the full benefit of the reduction to five francs will not be obtained till the profits provide for a dividend of more than 50 per cent. We are asked, is not this usurious? At the first blush it certainly seems usurious. On a closer view it is reasonable and just. The dividend of 50 per cent. is reckoned on the original value of the share, viz., that is to say, the dues will not be reduced to five francs per ton until £10 is paid out of profits to each share of £20. But the present value of these shares is, roughly speaking, £100 and has been £135. Therefore, what has been stipulated for by the shareholders through M. de Lesseps may be put thus. "We have shares each worth £100 at the present moment. We will grant you the reduction you desire, lowering our dues to a minimum of five francs per ton when we receive dividends at the rate of 10 per cent on the present value of our shares, and in the meantime making proportionate reductions approach that 10 per cent." Inasmuch as each shareholder at the moment of the bargain being made could sell his shares at their present value, he is entitled, for the purpose of estimating the justice of the bargain, to reckon the dividend not on the original but on the present value of those shares. It comes to this, that instead of a little above 50 per cent., 10 per cent. is really all that is to be divided before the final reduction of dues comes into operation.

Besides the diminution of dues some additional authority is accorded to the English Directors, an English Inspector with large powers is appointed and a fair proportion of English pilots is to be employed. But the principal advantage is the construction by the Company at their own cost and risk of a second Canal, and Great Britain is to advance 8 millions at $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. interest for the purpose of such construction. It is believed that little importance is attached by M. de Lesseps to this advance. He could easily obtain the money in the open market. Inasmuch as Great Britain can borrow money at less than $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., the advance costs her absolutely nothing.

Such is the memorable agreement of July 10, 1883, the terms of which have been so bitterly opposed. Fairly looked at its conditions are not unreasonable. In any case they were the best that could be obtained, excluding the possibility of constructing a second Canal in defiance of M. de Lesseps and his Company. If blame attaches to Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, it cannot be on the ground that they ought to have obtained by negotiation better terms. It must be on the ground that they ought to have preferred no terms at all. If no terms are to be arrived at with M. de Lesseps, what will happen? Either no second Canal will be made, and the present grievances, both as to accommodation and charges, will remain unabated, or the Company will construct a second parallel Canal on ground out any limitation whatever as to dues, and

their maximum charge. Neither of these consequences will suit the wishes of commercial men, or serve the best interests of this country. Is it likely that with a rapidly increasing traffic the Company will hereafter be less exacting than it is now? Is there any probability that in the future we shall be in so favourable a position as now for influencing the Khedive to facilitate the making a fresh Canal? Was it worth while, on so small a chance of better terms from the Company and equal influence with the Khedive at some undefined future time, to subject British commerce meanwhile to continued inconvenience and loss by throwing away this opportunity for a settlement?

Viewing the terms concluded between M. de Lesseps and the British Government in this light, the source of the disappointment and opposition now so loudly expressed must be looked for in some cause other than the demerits of the bargain itself. A few years ago there was little complaint of the rate of dues. Before Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry purchased nearly one-half of the Suez Canal Company's Shares in 1875, there was no complaint at all that Great Britain was unrepresented in the directorate of the Company. Now we hear angry remonstrances, not only against the dues, but also against the disproportionate number of English directors. What is the reason of this change? The only reason is that we now are in occupation of Egypt, and a portion of the mercantile community appears to consider that having acquired Egypt by the right of conquest, we have thereby earned the right to brush aside any disagreeable monopolies that are in our way. There is no attempt made to conceal their meaning by those who hold this opinion. It is avowed in the press and by public speakers with cynical frankness. One illustration will serve the purpose. Speaking at the Cannon Street Meeting on July 18, Mr. Alderman Cotton said in so many words:—

"Egypt is England's property. England has spent large sums of money, and has won a supremacy in Egypt, and we have won it fairly. Our ally left us, and left us to ourselves, and we went in and won it; and, surely, having done that, Egypt being so important to us as the highway to the East and our colonies, we ought to use it to the best of our advantage, at the same time compensating, if it be necessary, the other Canal Company for anything we might take from them."

That which Mr. Alderman Cotton, a deservedly respected member of Parliament, puts in such plain language is a doctrine of sheer spoliation. It is true that we have won a supremacy in Egypt. Is it not also true that we stated to the world before the war that we sought no exclusive advantage from our enterprise? Is it not true that we entered Egypt on the pretext of merely putting down a military revolt which was said to be imperilling the safety of the Canal? Was it not owing to these public professions that the great Powers acquiesced in our action? If we claim to be

a nation of honest men, how can we in the face of these declarations use our presence in Egypt as an instrument for coercing or menacing the Company? But let us suppose for a moment that none of these declarations had been made. Suppose that we had declared our intention to conquer and keep Egypt for ourselves, and were thus unfettered in our claim to push the right of conquest to the uttermost. What sanction is to be found in international law for interfering with the private property of foreigners found in a conquered country? International law does not err on the side of excessive morality, yet it regards private property as sacred. And those who wish to act justly will do well to be more honest than jurists. There is something very alarming in the attitude taken up by a considerable party on this question. The public faith, the rights of property, the regard for the feelings of our neighbours, are dismissed from view, not upon any great national issue involving the security of the Empire (for the right to use the present or future canal is not in question), but upon a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. If this is the political morality of the future, the days are gone when English honour and integrity can be respected abroad.

Those who do not see that honour precludes us from making short work of the Suez Canal Company and its rights, may, perhaps, be induced to reconsider their opinions by an appeal to self-interest. It is notorious that the French people as a whole are justly proud of the Canal, and keenly sensitive to the intrusion of Great Britain in the matter. It is most earnestly to be desired that we shall scrupulously observe their rights. Now it is possible that a high-handed course of dealing would not at the present moment be so violently resented by France as to lead to immediate war; other considerations might probably lead the French to stay their hand. But none the less would such conduct be deeply resented. And there are other Powers whose feelings would also be roused by witnessing the construction of a British Canal in defiance of the existing Company. The project of a British Canal involves the prolonged if not the perpetual occupation of Egypt. It involves the necessity at least of a protectorate. If such a policy were pursued, instead of 8,000 men 80,000 would be insufficient to hold Egypt against attack. It has long been a maxim of British statesmanship to avoid any position which would enable any of the great military Powers to attack us by land. For this reason wise men wish as soon as possible to fulfil the national pledge and quit Egypt, which is accessible both through Palestine and through Tripoli. Possibly it may occur to commercial men that the vast increase to our army and navy, necessitated by a defiant policy on this question, will enormously exceed any saving that may be effected in dues, even if the new Canal were to grant a free passage to all British ships for ever.

These and similar considerations will demand earnest attention in the future. Yielding to a clamour which was far more loudly echoed in the House of Commons than in the country, the Government have withdrawn from their agreement with M. de Lesseps. Perhaps it was better to abandon it than to force it upon a reluctant minority. But their action leaves the whole question open. A desperate effort may be made to carry out the policy Mr. Alderman Cotton has so bluntly enunciated. There will be threats of making a purely British Canal, or an attempt will be made to extract something from the Company by questioning their rights and position. And in some quarters more serious endeavours will be directed towards perpetuating our occupation of Egypt. It is strange that the enormous importance of the now pending question in its bearings upon the future policy of this country does not seem to have attracted the usual amount of attention from the mass of the people. Chambers of Commerce and bodies of ship-owners have been allowed to treat it as if it were their own peculiar concern. The immediate matter in hand does, of course, principally affect these classes, and from the financial and commercial point of view it is not of so great consequence, though, of course, always deserving anxious attention. But the real importance of the matter lies in the effort now threatened to subordinate to these interests the honour and good faith of this nation, and to pledge us for the supposed advantage of the shipowning class to a policy unjust towards foreign shareholders, dangerous to peace, and fatal alike to economy at home and friendship abroad.

R. T. REID.

THE PUNISHMENT OF PENAL SERVITUDE.

I PROPOSE to point out such defects in the existing system of penal servitude as appear susceptible of amendment, and to offer a few suggestions on the correlative subject of criminal reformation such as nine years' experience of convict life and observation of criminal character enable me to make. I do not intend, in the present paper, to enter into an examination of the management of convict prisons, as my immediate object is to discuss the more important topic of the penalties awarded to criminals, and the extent to which their infliction deters from the commission of crime, or reforms from evil habits.

I.—CLASSIFICATION OF CONVICTS.

How far the recommendations that were made in the Report of the recent Commission which was appointed to investigate the working of the Penal Servitude Acts, have been carried out by the Directors of Convict Prisons, is not easy for the public to fully ascertain. The general election of 1880 and the subsequent absorbing events have put the punishment of criminals and the management of convict prisons in the background of public questions; and prison officials are not over-communicative when popular interest is not excited in connection with their department of the civil service. The way in which the prisons of the country are administered, and the methods by which the criminal classes are punished and sought to be reformed, will, however, continue to be a study of interest so long as the prevention of crime remains a problem of modern civilization.

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Lord Kimberley's Commission recommended the separation of convicts against whom no previous conviction is recorded from those

who are habitual offenders, by forming them into a distinct class. This, if fully carried out, would be reform in the right direction; but it does not propose to effect such a complete dissociation of casual from hardened criminals as will minimize the evils of contamination and weaken habits and influences that foster criminal propensities. Of the number of convicts undergoing sentences of penal servitude, not more than five per cent. have never been in prison before. In what manner it was intended by Lord Kimberley's Commission that these five hundred or more "Star" convicts, should be formed into a separate class, is not specified in the wording of the recommendation just referred to. Distributed over the various convict prisons, this "Star" class would give about fifty or sixty to each establishment, and unless they are employed apart, as well as located apart, from all the other inmates of each prison, the proposal of the Commission would not be fully carried out, if I rightly apprehend its spirit and object.

To explain the plan of "classification" that is followed in the convict system, as now administered by the Board of Directors, will probably be the best way of drawing attention to the need for a further extension of the reform which was the first of the eleven chief recommendations contained in the report of the recent Penal Servitude Acts Commission.

All convicts are classed according to the time which they have served out under their respective sentences, and not, as is generally supposed, according to the nature of the crime for which they are convicted, the number of previous convictions, or the duration of sentences. A murderer, a forger, a bigamist, a pickpocket, a burglar, and an issuer of counterfeit coin, if tried and sentenced at the same assize, might all pass together through the five stages of penal servitude, "Probation," "third," "second," "first" and "special" classes. Assuming that they would be equal in their obedience to disciplinary regulations, no distinction whatever would be drawn between them after that made by the judge in awarding to each different terms of penal servitude. Every convict upon entering "Probation class" (first stage after sentence) is given a register number and "letter" by which he is to be subsequently known—the letter denoting the year of conviction. Prisoners sentenced in the year 1874, for instance, have the letter "A" on the sleeve of the jacket; those in 1875, "B," 1876 "C," &c.; while those whose trials have occurred anterior to 1874 are lettered in the reverse order, *e.g.* 1873 "Z," 1872 "Y," 1871 "X," &c. Re-convicted men wear two or more letters, representing the years in which their sentences were passed: thus "W" "G" would mean a first conviction in 1870, and a second in 1880.

This plan of "classification" is really no classification at all; or,

at least, it bears about the same relation to what is the obvious meaning of the term, when applied to a discriminating separation of criminals, undergoing punishment in a convict prison, as would the "playing at soldiers" of a band of children to the regular daily drill and military efficiency of a company of the line. Fifty convicts, sentenced, say, last year, will, upon reaching Dartmoor, Portland, or Portsmouth prisons this year, be located according to their badge-letters, if there should happen to be accommodation in those wards in which prisoners are usually required to pass the second year of their sentence; but while at daily work these fifty new convicts will be distributed among the sixty or eighty labour-gangs, into which the inmates of each of these prisons are divided, irrespective of any distinction whatever of crime, duration of sentence, number of previous convictions, or length of sentence worked out.

I fail to see any insuperable difficulty, so far as the management of convict prisons is concerned, in the way of extending the classification proposed by Lord Kimberley's Commission to the daily work of convicts, as well as to their location in what are supposed to be separate wards. This would effectively prevent all contact between hardened criminals and those less infected with moral disease.

A further separation, regulated on something like a classification of offences, would still more narrow the sphere of contamination, and afford full play to whatever deterrent influence the punishment of penal servitude exercises upon criminal pursuits. The force of example is most powerful where there is no moral check upon vicious acts. I have known convicts, not belonging to the thieving classes, become experts in stealing other prisoners' food, from observing the way in which skilled pickpockets could abstract loaves from the ward bread-basket, or rifle the cell of a next-door neighbour. The certainty of punishment deters from such acts only in proportion to the thief's belief as to his chances of detection.

I have known some of those perverted beings whose particular walk in crime will only bear hinting at, to monopolize the surreptitious conversation of their immediate surroundings in the work-gang by day and of the ward in which they were located by night. Most of the cells in the public-works' prisons are made of corrugated iron, and they offer as great a facility for conversation, when the habits of the warder, or the night-guard in charge, are understood, as if no partition existed between the several sleeping apartments. Men convicted for unnatural crimes are not very numerous, it is true, but they should be confined in other than corrugated iron cells by night, and be employed by day apart from all other prisoners.

The thieving class—pickpockets, burglars, and swindlers—should also be located by themselves, and be debarred from association in daily labour with those prisoners whose offences do not imply a dis-

position in the individual to prey upon society. A further division of this, the most numerous, class of criminal into young and old offenders, both in respect to location and employment, should likewise, for obvious reasons, be effected in each convict prison.

II.—“ SOLITARY.”

How far the practice of separate confinement should be carried in the punishment and reformation of criminals is a subject upon which more has been written, *pro* and *con*, than on any other phase of penal discipline. The experience of one man can be no test of how solitary confinement affects another; as its influence, for good or evil, must be as various as the temperaments of those subjected to it. It is a subject upon which theory will decide nothing. The only test of its worth, as a reformatory agency particularly, is that of experience; and few who have actually this knowledge care to come before the public with their opinions. Those who are next best qualified to speak on the matter are, of course, governors and chaplains of convict prisons; but the opinions of these latter authorities are liable to be influenced by their respective callings:—governors will shape their views in accordance with the trouble or facility which separate confinement affords them in maintaining the discipline of their prisons, rather than from its observed effect upon the moral character of their prisoners; while prison chaplains, as a rule, value this kind of treatment solely for the opportunities which it offers for the giving of religious instruction. I may here remark that the apparently devout “chaplains’ and priests’ men,”—as “religious” prisoners are termed—are *generally* the most hardened criminals, experienced, calculating thieves, and diplomatic swindlers, who are too wary to quarrel with the prison rules, and too accustomed to the practice of deception to refrain from imposing, as far as possible, upon priest and minister. Separate confinement has no reformatory effect whatever upon this class of criminal, though it exercises a certain, but by no means considerable, punitive one.

My observation of the effect which separate confinement has upon all criminals—accidental, casual, and hardened—leads me to the conclusion that if the nine months’ “solitary” in the initial stage of the sentence was changed to six months then and six more at the terminal portion, it would exercise a more deterrent effect than under the existing arrangement. The one thing most dreaded by the old jail-bird is work requiring bodily exertion. His fingers become as trained, by practice, in picking oakum when in prison, as in picking pockets or locks when out; and as this is the usual task that has to be performed during solitary confinement, it has no terrors equal to what a barrrow or a shovel on public

works has for one who hates "hard graft" next to the wages of idleness—bread and water. To be exempted from hard labour is the one object which occupies every mental resource of experienced criminals from the time of sentence until the medical inspection in Millbank or Pentonville shall determine what is to be the class of labour in which the remainder of the sentence is to be passed. It is during "solitary" the plans are laid by which the doctor is to be persuaded that hard labour can only be performed at the risk of certain death; and it is in this stage, likewise, that malingering and kindred practices are resorted to in hopes of qualifying for an invalid prison. Such of the regular criminal class as are physically able for the performance of hard labour should be transferred as soon as possible after conviction to the public-works' prisons, to be put to the work which is really more healthful for them than sedentary labour, but which is, at the same time, more distasteful, and of all the punishments comprised in penal servitude, is the one best calculated to deter them from incurring the risk of its re-infliction.

On the other hand, such convicts as have some record of having worked for a living at one period or another of their lives, dread separate confinement more than the tasks on public works; and as this is the class of prisoners susceptible of reformation, the kind of treatment to which they are subjected deserves more serious attention than that of the habitual offender. I am no believer in separate confinement as a sovereign remedy for criminal reformation. If it saves some prisoners from contact with more hardened criminals, it is open to the objection of inducing mental and bodily diseases in men who are not hopelessly given over to crime. Under conditions that would lessen the evils just referred to, separate confinement might become a reformatory kind of punishment instead of being, what it now is, a portion of the partially deterrent system so elaborately organized by Sir E. F. Du Cane. More rewards, in better food and increased gratuities, for work and exemplary conduct; greater attention on the part of schoolmasters, chaplains, and superior prison officials, with increased privileges in the way of keeping up home influences—such as letters and visits—together with shorter sentences all worked out, would undoubtedly render separate confinement a means of reforming a large number of criminals, whose better nature under the kind of penal servitude now inflicted, is not only completely ignored, but mechanically reduced to the uniform level of Sir E. F. Du Cane's standing army of 10,000 habitual offenders. Such a sweeping reform, however, as one that would substitute shorter terms of punishment for first convictions in place of those now inflicted is more likely to be looked upon as a kind of penal millennium than to be deemed practicable by the military men into whose hands the administration of prisons has

passed, and by whose expensive management each convict is made to cost the public over thirty pounds a year.

Separate confinement at the end of a sentence of penal servitude for "star" and young convicts would give fuller scope to the deterrent influence of that kind of punishment than it now possesses. It would weaken the effects of the association with other criminals during the working out of the sentence, and enable the reformatory agencies of chaplain and schoolmaster to better prepare the prisoner for the world into which he would go direct from their teachings. Hardened criminals, subject to the classification recommended, with, of course, sufficient healthy food, should be kept at such bodily labour as they are fit to perform from sentence until discharge. Could another penal colony be founded for this type of criminal it would be a blessing to himself and a boon to society to send him there. In England he will but continue to move in a circle of crime and imprisonment. Change of surroundings develops change of disposition in individuals. Admitting the evils that were associated with the penal settlement in Australia, it cannot be denied but that it rendered material service alike to the colonists and to the transported convicts, many of whom were reclaimed under the new conditions of existence. I have spoken on this subject of a revival of transportation with large numbers of men who are put down as confirmed criminals, but whom I believe to be only conditionally so; and they have invariably declared they would stand a chance of getting along in life, independently of crime, if removed from the haunts and influences which fix their careers at home, and from the society that repels them. Chance for moral retrieval in England there is none. The stigma of penal servitude is not more lasting than is the professional prejudice of the detective police against "a convict at large," or one who is known to these emissaries of the law to have once been convicted of theft. Mr. Howard Vincent, in the *CONTEMPORARY* for March last, expresses his belief in the existence of a London police that neither annoy discharged convicts nor prevent them from gaining an honest livelihood. I am far from doubting the sincerity of such belief; but if the chief of the Criminal Investigation Department could personally supervise the action of each detective policeman, or inoculate his subordinates generally with his own humane opinions, he would only then be in a position to give such an assurance to the public. As well suppose a trained dog capable of refraining from pursuing game as expect men who obtain their living by tracking, and earn promotion by efficiency in detecting, criminals, to look with the same feeling of compassionate tenderness upon "a known thief" after his liberation from prison, as does Mr. Howard Vincent. To watch discharged convicts is the sole duty of select detective officers, and this surveillance alone, if its performance could be freed from the prejudice of

the force against those whom they believe to belong to the confirmed criminal class, would necessitate the disclosure of the antecedents of an ex-convict to whoever might be induced, through ignorance of the same, to give him employment of any trust. I do not say that the detective police, as a body, systematically prevent discharged prisoners from gaining an honest livelihood; but I assert that it is absurd to suppose that they are more considerate of the interests of the man whom they are trained to look upon as a confirmed criminal than of those of an employer of labour, who, they naturally enough believe, runs the risk of being victimized unless warned of the record of the ex-jailbird who may have succeeded in entering his employment. The re-conviction of such a large number of criminals proves either their unwillingness or their inability to earn an honest living, and sound sense demands the creation of some scheme whereby their course of life, made up of theft and punishment in England, should be diverted into a sphere of existence less harmful to society and themselves. A penal colony appears to me the only remedy for confirmed criminals that will combine a regard for public interests with the dictates of common humanity.

III.—RE-CONVICTED CRIMINALS.

It is not just to rank all those as habitually criminal who have two sentences of penal servitude recorded against them. A first conviction may have been brought about through acts prompted by motives that are not criminal, such as the pressure of want, or other similar extenuating incentives to a transgression of the law; while the fallibility of circumstantial and the unconscious bias of interested evidence may reasonably be supposed to be responsible for a large percentage of the numerous convictions that are obtained on the testimony of members of a police organization in which there is, naturally enough, engendered a belief in the guilt of every one arrested who cannot prove him or herself perfectly innocent of a charge resting upon suspicion.

Allowing for the existence of a large number of prisoners who asseverate their innocence of the crimes of which they have been clearly proved to be guilty, there must, nevertheless, be cases in which the machinery of the law, sharing the imperfections of human nature, will have been the only offender against justice. One of many such instances that came under my notice while confined in Dartmoor Convict Prison, will illustrate the terrible wrong which has been not unfrequently inflicted upon men who have once fallen beneath the ban of the law and the subsequent surveillance of the police.

Two convicts, named O'Brien and Bentley, were occasional work-companions of mine, during my stay in that prison, the one having

been condemned to fourteen, and the other to twenty years' penal servitude, and Bentley being a "second-timer" or re-convicted prisoner. A very strong antipathy that manifested itself between them led me to inquire into its origin, whereupon I discovered that Bentley had been convicted for a burglary of a most daring character that had been committed in London by O'Brien, previous to and independent of the crime for which the latter had been sentenced to fourteen years. The police had failed to trace the deed to the actual perpetrator. Unfortunately for Bentley he was found loitering near the scene of the transaction, and, having a previous conviction against him, he was awarded twenty years' penal servitude—twelve of which he had already served when the foregoing facts were elicited by me, not from Bentley alone, but from O'Brien, the actual author of the crime, and from other prisoners also, who were fully conversant with the whole story of the burglary.

It is among "third," and "fourth-timers," having an additional record of imprisonments in county jails, that the really hardened and irreclaimable type of thief and accomplished swindler is to be found—men whom nothing but the knowledge that they are known to and constantly dogged by the agents of the law will deter from attempting, at all times, the gratification of their desire for whatever in the possession of others may chance to excite it. They seem to be entirely destitute of moral nature, and appear as if they committed theft in obedience to a resistless instinct.

IV.—NON-DISCRIMINATING DISCIPLINE.

The discipline of convict prisons has been regulated by what is necessary to maintain the most insubordinate prisoner in constant subjection, and not by a standard of what is required to keep in order, and measure out a just and reasonable daily punishment to, the average type of fairly conducted prisoner. This is a principle that may have suggested to those who legislate for Ireland the idea of imposing a penalty by way of tax upon any district in which an individual has committed some outrage. The result must necessarily be the same in each case. A penalty imposed upon a community for acts for which they are not collectively responsible is certain to breed more of discontent towards the power that inflicts it than resentment against the person alone morally and justly blameable in the transaction. A prisoner in Dartmoor was one day discovered with a piece of iron concealed beneath his vest, whereupon an order was immediately put in force compelling *all* prisoners to bare their chests to the shirt, in future, on each of the four occasions, daily, when searching on parade took place. When the dampness of the climate of Dartmoor is borne in mind—the rainfall averaging more than 100 inches in the year—it can easily be seen how much additional punish-

ment was thus unmeritedly inflicted upon a thousand convicts for an act committed by one; and how coughs and colds would necessarily be multiplied through this needless additional stripping in the open air.

Again, evidence is given before the Royal Commission on the Working of the Penal Servitude Acts that the conversation of a certain class of criminal is corrupting to other prisoners, and forthwith we have *all* conversation prohibited to *all* convicts, from the day of their sentence to that of liberation; though upon what authority, beyond that of Sir E. Du Cane, this most drastic regulation has been put in force is not easy to determine, as it is not included in the recommendations contained in the Report of Lord Kimberley and his colleagues, nor authorized, so far as I am aware, by any specific parliamentary enactment.

In Portland Convict Prison, containing an average of sixteen hundred convicts, penal discipline is probably more rigidly carried out than in any other similar establishment in the world. Yet, notwithstanding the daily ordeal of this punishment—its merciless disregard of human passion and feeling, its exaction of implicit obedience to humiliating, minute, and ceaseless regulations which are calculated to keep in sleepless activity every incentive to rebellion of which the human mind is capable under the keenest provocation that could possibly be devised, short of systematic torture—there are *eight hundred criminals against whom there is not a single scratch of a pen* (to use the language of Governor Clifton) *from year to year!* Four hundred more are put down as “good-conducted prisoners,” whose casual breaches of the rules are of a trivial character; while an additional two hundred are classed as “fairly conducted” men, who are seldom reported for any act of insubordination requiring the intervention of the visiting director. If such a marvellous command of temper and exercise of obedience as are thus displayed by men whose misfortunes in life are attributable to want of moral self-control in society, could be equalled by righteous men in religious adversity, Job would be surpassed as an exemplar of patience, and half the saints would, in comparison, be deemed unworthy of the calendar. Still, these men, so tried and so exemplary, are subjected to the same discipline, undergo the same degree of labour-punishment daily, and are placed in almost every respect on an exact par with the remaining two hundred more or less reckless prisoners, whose insubordinate dispositions determine the daily regulations and penalties to which all convicts are subjected.

V.—SENTENCES.

When we think of the enormous wealth that is constantly displayed in London and other large cities to the curious gaze of hundreds of thousands of destitute men, women, and children—

creatures who are strangers to the ordinary comforts of life, and for whom the sight of surrounding luxuries must be a kindred torture to that of Tantalus—it is surprising that fifty times more theft is not attempted, and that the criminal class is not far more numerous in Great Britain than we find it to be. It is in connection with these temptations that are exhibited to indigence and vice, often so carelessly, and, as a rule, so needlessly, by the possessors of wealth, that I would direct attention to the unreasonable, if not vindictive, severity of the law in dealing with a class of human beings for whose Ishmaelite propensities society itself is, in the main, responsible. Doubtless human nature has a conception of some moral obligation, or human ideas of right and wrong would not have formed a basis for codes of equity and morals in society. But such a conception, if not nursed and cultivated in the individual by external influences, will no more fructify into correct notions of duty to man and society than would the most fruitful soil spontaneously offer us the necessities of life without the hand of labour or the skill of the husbandman supplying the media by which Nature is delivered of her gifts to mankind. Given, therefore, a percentage of the population of Great Britain upon whom poverty and ignorance are allowed to exercise their demoralizing influence, and upon whose perverted lives the accessory evils of intemperance and the solicitations of ostentatious wealth are permitted to have full play, how can the society that is responsible for such a state of things sanction the sentences that are now passed upon criminals who have been thus nurtured by its own neglect, and for crimes which are mainly the outcome of its own defective police organization?

If it is not denied that even a criminal has a right to know, before transgressing the law, what is to be the penalty he is to incur if found guilty of crime, is it not equally just to say that those who have received no moral training—the waifs and strays of populous cities, from whom the criminal class is chiefly recruited—are not cognizant of the moral obliquity of the acts for which they receive such enormously disproportionate sentences? Are not the incentives to crime more powerful and numerous than the preventives, say, in London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham—cities that contribute more than fifty per cent. to the criminal population of Great Britain? Yet those who are permitted to graduate in criminal pursuits under the tuition of the low drinkhouse and the brothel, and to be subject to the demoralization of crowded and ill-ventilated dwellings, are dealt with by the administrators of the law as if they were offending against a society that had done its utmost to remove the nurseries of social disease which breed the convict population of Portland and its kindred establishments. Sir E. F. Du Cane has recently called attention to the anomalous custom of apportioning

the duration of sentences to criminals, by which "the favourite periods" of five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty years and life are awarded, while penalties comprising intermediate terms are scarcely ever inflicted; though in the opinion of the chairman of the Directors of Convict Prisons "it is impossible to suppose that these intermediate periods would not suffice." If consideration for the prison accommodation of a growing criminal class, and for the expenditure which their costly system of punishment entails upon the public, induces Sir E. F. Du Cane to ventilate the question of shorter sentences in the press, it may be permissible to add to the arguments put forth by him the higher ones of simple justice and equity.

The recent Commission for Inquiring into the Working of the Penal Servitude Acts has recommended the repeal of that provision in the Penal Servitude Act of 1864 by which, in case where any person is convicted of any offence punishable with penal servitude after having been previously convicted of felony, the least sentence of penal servitude that can be awarded is a period of seven years. This recommendation is both just and humane. Why, then, can there not be discovered a virtue of punishment in terms of four, six, eight, nine, eleven, twelve, sixteen and eighteen years, respectively, as well as in "the favourite periods" of five, seven, ten, fifteen and twenty? It is absurdly unjust to proceed upon the theory that because ten years is deemed by a judge to be insufficient punishment for an offence which does not merit fourteen, there is therefore no intermediate figure that could satisfy the ends of justice.

VI.—QUALITY OF PUNISHMENT.

A still stronger argument than the foregoing is advanced by Sir E. F. Du Cane, against the infliction of disproportionate sentences, when he declares (*Fortnightly Review*, for June last, p. 860), "it has more than once happened, on the occasion of visits paid for the first time to convict prisons by distinguished persons whose occupation for many years has been to pass sentence on convicted criminals, that they have admitted and lamented that they had till then no idea of the effect of the punishment they had awarded." It could be nowise derogatory to the functions of those whose occupation it is to pass sentence upon criminals to pay periodical visits to the various convict establishments, in order to obtain a fuller insight into what penal discipline really is, and what is the true nature of the punishment that is awarded in a sentence of five, ten, or fifteen years of convict slavery. Such knowledge would be easily purchased if it disclosed to judicial minds the fact that the quality of the punishment to which convicts are subjected is calculated to engender among criminals the feeling that the law has been vin-

dictive where it should only have been just; and that there is inflicted in a five-years' sentence of such a system of purgatorial expiation, as that now perfected by Sir E. F. Du Cane, a penalty far more severe than what is believed by the general public to be comprised in penal servitude.

— "Nobody will be disposed to deny," says the chairman of the Board of Directors, in the article already quoted, "that the punishments which society is, for its own preservation, entitled to inflict should not involve those who are subjected to or affected by them in any greater amount of misery, discomfort, and degradation, than will suffice to effect their object." A very proper sentiment, it will be admitted, coming from the head director of those establishments in which such humane and considerate treatment is supposed to be meted out to transgressors of the law.

When public officials of such eminence as Sir E. F. Du Cane and Mr. Howard Vincent are seen coming forward to advocate, each in his respective department, a non-vindictive policy towards the criminal classes, the public mind is edified by the spectacle of philanthropy being at last associated with the control of the prisons of the country and the police of London; and he must indeed be an ungrateful taxpayer who will begrudge whatever annual sum is asked from Parliament to maintain in efficiency the systems so administered. It is no disparagement of either the chairman of the Board of Directors of Convict Prisons, or of the head of the Criminal Investigation Department, however, to assert that the one can lay no more claim to any actual experience of the punishment undergone in years of penal servitude, than can the other to the knowledge of criminal character, or of the relations of discharged prisoners to the police of London, which a daily contact and association with convicts for years places at the disposal of a non-interested witness. If these public servants could transfuse their respective individualities into every member of the subdivided machinery of their centralized departments, there would no longer be any fear of an unwarranted exercise of deputed authority on the part of subordinates. It must not, however, be overlooked in an estimate of this kind, that it is natural in all responsible officials to persuade themselves, and the public if possible, that a degree of perfection has been reached in their special posts of trust not previously attained therein. The reputation for efficiency of a prominent public officer is too frequently accepted as a guarantee for that of his department. Confidence in the head suggests belief in the soundness of the whole of the machinery supposed to be under his immediate hand. In the administration of centralized civic authority this is anything but a safe guide to a correct knowledge as to the just and impartial exercise of its duties. Where there is but indirect control in the performance of

such duties as those of a prison warder, there cannot be direct supervision, and deputed authority is liable to abuse in exact proportion to the relative legal status of the officer and the convict. What, for instance, does the chairman of directors know of the full nature of convict Smith's punishment under the rule of assistant-warder Jones, away in the quarries of Portland or on the bogs of Dartmoor? If Smith reports Jones's petty tyranny to the governor, all that Jones has to do, to evade whatever consequences such treatment might incur, is to deny the truth of the charge, and, according to the evidence of prison governors tendered to Lord Kimberley's Commission, the officer's denial would dispose of the matter. But Smith's injury would not end here, if he were foolish enough to report his officer, even under provocation. The giving of marks to convicts, by which remission of sentence is alone earned, is the duty of warders and assistant-warders, and the stoppage of even two marks for one day, out of a possible daily earning of eight, would entail upon Smith a prolongation of penal servitude for one week.

To inquire into a circumstance of this kind (with hundreds of which I have been familiar during my imprisonment in Dartmoor), Sir E. F. Du Cane would have to receive his information through the various grades of authority interposing between himself and convict Smith; and yet with this disadvantage, as to a correct knowledge of the real character of the punishment of penal servitude, as carried out by practically irresponsible subordinates, Sir E. F. Du Cane is expected to say whether such a penalty, so inflicted, is calculated to reform or harden the criminal; and he does say that sentences of such punishment now passed are too long, and that the full nature of the penalties inflicted have not been understood by those whose duty it has been to impose them.

Penal servitude has become so elaborated that it is now a huge punishing machine, destitute, through centralized control and responsibility, of discrimination, feeling, or sensitiveness; and its non-success as a deterrent from crime, and complete failure in reformatory effect upon criminal character, are owing to its obvious essential tendency to deal with erring human beings—who are still men despite their crimes—in a manner which mechanically reduces them to a uniform level of disciplined brutes.

There is scarcely a crime possible for man to be guilty of, short of murder, which should not, in strict justice, be expiated by seven years' infliction of a punishment that has been brought to such a nicety of calculation that there is the closest possible surveillance of everyone undergoing it night and day, together with an unceasing conflict between every feeling in the prisoner that is superior to a mere condition of animal existence and the everlasting compulsion to refrain from almost all that it is natural for man to do, and to do what it is

to the last degree repugnant for any rational being to consent to perform.

Yet wretches who have had a London gutter or a workhouse for their only moral training-school, and who have been subsequently nurtured in crime by society's other licensed agencies of moral corruption, receive ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty years for thefts and crimes which should, in justice, be expiated by a twelve months' duration of such punishment. It is these horribly unjust penalties that beget the desperadoes of Portland, Chatham, and Dartmoor, the murderers of warders, the malingerers and the partial maniacs, and which implant in the minds of convicts that ferocious animosity against law and society which turns so many of them into reckless social savages. A chastisement that would punish criminals without keeping in perpetual motion all that is vicious and resentful in human nature, and, while inflicting a merited penalty for proven guilt, should teach a better lesson to erring humanity than despair and revenge, would surely serve the ends of law and justice without impairing the systems of detection and punishment by which society is protected from its enemies.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

LUTHER.

Luther's Leben. Von JULIUS KÖSTLIN. Leipzig,
1883.

PART II.

THE Reformation had risen out of the people; and it is the nature of popular movements, when the bonds of authority are once broken, to burst into anarchy. Luther no longer believed in an apostolically ordained priesthood; but he retained a pious awe for the Sacraments, which he regarded really and truly as mysterious sources of grace. Zwingli in Switzerland, Carlstadt and others in Saxony, looked on the sacraments as remnants of idolatrous superstition. Carlstadt himself, "Archdeacon of Orlamund," as he was called, had sprung before his age into notions of universal equality and brotherhood. Luther found him one day metamorphosed into "Neighbour Andrew," on a dungheap loading a cart. A more dangerous fanatic was Münzer, the parson of Allstadt, near Weimar. It was not the Church only which needed reform. The nobles had taken to luxury and amusement. Toll and tax lay heavy on their peasant tenants; as the life in the castle had grown splendid, the life in the cabin had become hard and bitter. Luther had confined himself to spiritual matters, but the spiritual and the secular were too closely bound together to be separated. The Allstadt parson, after much "conversing with God," discovered that he had a mission to establish the Kingdom of the Saints, where tyrants were to be killed, and all men were to live as brothers, and all property was to be in common. Property, like all else which man may possess, is a trust which he holds not for his own indulgence, but for the general good. This is a universal principle. Nature is satisfied with a very imperfect recognition of it, but if there is no recognition, if the upper classes, as they are called, live only for pleasure, and only for themselves, the conditions are broken under which human beings can live together, and society rushes into chaos. The rising spread, 1524-25. The demands actually set forward f

short of the Anabaptist ideal, and were not in themselves unreasonable. The people required to be allowed to choose their own pastors; an equitable adjustment of tithes, emancipation from serfdom, and lastly, liberty to kill game—a right for a poor man to feed his starving children with a stray hare or rabbit. Luther himself saw nothing in this petition which might not be wisely conceded. But Münzer himself made concession impossible. He raised an "Army of the Lord." He marched through the country, burning castles and convents, towns and villages, and executing savage vengeance on the persons of the "Lord's enemies." It was the heaviest blow which Luther had received. His enemies could say, and say with a certain truth: "Here was the visible fruit of his own action." He knew that he was partly responsible, and that without him these scenes would not have been. The Elector unfortunately was ill—mortally so. He died while the insurrection was still blazing. His brother John succeeded, very like him in purpose and character, and proceeded instantly to deal with the emergency. Luther hurried up and down the country, preaching to the people, rebuking the tyrannous Counts and Barons, and urging the Protestant Princes to exert themselves to keep the peace. Philip of Hesse, the Duke of Brunswick, and Count Mansfeldt collected a force. The peasants were defeated and scattered. Münzer was taken and hanged, and the fire was extinguished. It was well for Luther that the troops which had been employed were exclusively Protestant. The Catholics said scornfully of him: "He kindled the flame, and he washes his hands like Pilate." Had the army raised to quell the peasants belonged to Ferdinand, the Edict of Worms would have been made a reality.

The Landgrave and the new Elector, John, allowed no severe retaliation when armed resistance was over. They set themselves to cure, as far as possible, the causes of discontent. They trusted, as Luther did, to the return of a better order of things from "a revival of religion."

The peasant war had been the first scandal to the Reformation. The second, which created scarcely less disturbance, was Luther's own immediate work. As a priest he had taken a vow of celibacy. As a monk he had again bound himself by a vow of chastity.

In priesthood and monkery he had ceased to believe. If the orders themselves were unreal, the vows to respect the rules of those orders might fairly be held to be nugatory. Luther not only held that the clergy, as a rule, might be married, but he thought it far better that they should be married; and the poor men and women, who were turned adrift on the breaking up of the religious houses, he had freely advised to marry without fear or scruple. But still around a vow a certain imagined sanctity persisted in adhering; and when he was recommended to set an example to others who were

hesitating, he considered, and his friend, Melancthon, considered, that, in his position, and with so many indignant eyes turned upon him, he ought not to give occasion to the enemy. Once, indeed, impatiently, he said that marry he would, to spite the Devil. But he had scarcely a home to offer to any woman, and no leisure and no certainty of companionship. He was for some years after the Edict of Worms in constant expectation of being executed as a heretic. He still lived in the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg; but the monks had gone, and there were no revenues. He had no income of his own; one suit of clothes served him for two years; the Elector at the end of them gave him a piece of cloth for another. The publishers made fortunes out of his writings, but he never received a florin for them. So ill-attended he was that for a whole year his bed was never made, and was mildewed with perspiration. "I was tired out with each day's work," he said, "and lay down and knew no more."

But things were getting into order again in the Electorate. The parishes were provided with pastors, and the pastors with modest wages. Luther was professor at the University, and the Elector allowed him a salary of 200 gulden a year. Presents came from other quarters, and he began to think that it was not well for him to be alone. In Wittenberg there was a certain Catherine von Bora, sixteen years younger than he, who had been a nun in a distant convent. Her family were noble, but poor; they had provided for their daughter by placing her in the cloister when she was a child of nine; at sixteen she had taken the vows; but she detested the life into which she had been forced, and when the movement began she had applied to her friends to take her out of it. The friends would do nothing; but in April, 1523, she and nine others were released by the people. As they were starving, Luther collected money to provide for them, and Catherine von Bora, being then twenty-four years old, came to Wittenberg to reside with the burgomaster, Philip Reichenbach. Luther did not at first like her; she was not beautiful, and he thought that she was proud of her birth and blood; but she was a simple, sensible, shrewd, active woman; she, in the sense in which Luther was, might consider herself dedicated to God, and a fit wife for a religious reformer. Luther's own father was most anxious that he should marry, and in a short time they came to understand each other. So on the 13th of June, 1525, a month after M^{un}zner had been stamped out at Frankenhausen, a little party was collected in the Wittenberg Cloister—Bugenhagen, the town pastor, Professor Jonas, Lucas Cranach (the painter), with his wife, and Professor Apel, of Bamberg, who had himself married a nun; and in this presence Martin Luther and Catherine von Bora became man and wife. It was a nine days' wonder. Philip Melancthon thought his friend was undone; Luther himself was uneasy for a day or two.

But the wonder passed off; in the town there was hearty satisfaction and congratulation. The new Elector, John, was not displeased. The conversion of Germany was not arrested. Prussia and Denmark broke with Rome and accepted Luther's catechism. In 1526, at Torgau, the Elector John, the Landgrave, the Dukes of Brunswick, Lüneberg, Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and Magdeburg, formed themselves into an Evangelical Confederacy. It was a measure of self-defence, for it had appeared for the moment as if the Emperor might again be free for a Papal crusade. The French had been defeated at Pavia; Francis was a prisoner, and Christendom was at Charles's feet. But Francis was soon loose again. In the cross purposes of politics, France and the Pope became allies, and the Pope was the Emperor's enemy. Rome was stormed by a German-Spanish army; and the Emperor, in spite of himself, was doing Luther's work in breaking the power of the great enemy. Then England came into the fray, with the divorce of Catherine and the assertion of spiritual independence; and the Protestant States were left in peace till calmer times and the meeting of the promised Council. In the midst of the confusion, Luther was able to work calmly on, ordering the churches, appointing visitors, or crossing swords with Erasmus, who looked on Luther much as the Pope did—as a wild boar who had broken into the vineyard. Luther, however violent in his polemics, was leading meanwhile the quietest of lives. He had taken his garden in hand; he had built a fountain; planted fruit trees and roots and seeds. He had a little farm; he bought threshing instruments, and learned to use the flail. If the worst came to the worst he found that he could support his family with his hands.

Again, in 1530, it seemed as if the Emperor would find leisure to interfere. In the year before, he had made a peace with the Pope and the French which, for the sake of Christendom and the faith, he hoped might be observed. The Turks had been under the walls of Vienna, but they had retreated with enormous loss, and seemed inclined at least to a truce. The Evangelicals began to consider seriously how far they might go in resistance should Charles attempt to coerce them into obedience. Luther, fiery as he was in the defence of the faith, refused to sanction civil war. A Christian must suffer all extremities rather than deny his God; but he might not fight in the field against his lawful sovereign. In worldly things the ruler was supreme, and the Emperor was the ruler of Germany. The Emperor, he said, had been chosen by the electors, and by their unanimous vote might be deposed; but he would not encourage either the Landgrave or his own Elector to meet force by force in separate action. The question never rose in Luther's lifetime, but the escape was a near one. A Diet at Speyer, in 1526, had decided that each prince should rule his own dominions in his own way, pending the expected Council.

Charles's conscience would not allow him to tolerate a Lutheran communion if he could prevent it; but he, too, dreaded a war of religion, of which no one could foresee any issue save the ruin of Germany. He knew and respected Luther's moderation, and summoned the Diet to meet him again at Augsburg, in the spring of 1530, to discover, if possible, some terms of reconciliation. The religious order which had been established in Saxony was recognized even at Rome with agreeable surprise, and the Legate who attended was said to be prepared with certain concessions. The Elector John intended to have taken Luther to the Diet with him, but at Coburg a letter met him from the Emperor, intimating that Luther, being under the ban of the Empire, could not be admitted into his presence. The Elector went forward with Melancthon and Jonas; Luther stayed behind in Coburg castle, to work at his translation of the Bible, and to compare the rooks and jackdaws, when they woke him in the morning, to gatherings of learned Doctors wrangling over their sophistries.

We have seen him hitherto as a spiritual athlete. We here catch a glimpse of him in a softer character. His eldest boy, Hans, had been born four years before. From Coburg he wrote him perhaps the prettiest letter ever addressed by a father to a child:—

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy. I am pleased to see that thou learnest thy lessons well, and prayest well. Go on thus, my dear boy and when I come home I will bring you a fine 'fairing.' I know of a pretty garden, where are merry children that have gold frocks, and gather nice apples and plums and cherries under the trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses with gold bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man of the place whose the garden was, and who the children were. He said, 'These are the children who pray and learn and are good.' Then I answered, 'I also have a son who is called Hans Luther. May he come to this garden and eat pears and apples and ride a little horse and play with the others?' The man said, 'If he says his prayers, and learns, and is good, he may come; and Lippus and Jost may come,* and they shall have pipes and drums and lutes and fiddles, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows.' Then he showed me a smooth lawn in the garden laid out for dancing, and there the pipes and drums and crossbows hung. But it was still early and the children had not dined; and I could not wait for the dance. So I said, 'Dear sir, I will go straight home and write all this to my little boy; but he has an aunt, Lene,† that he must bring with him.' And the man answered, 'So it shall be; go and write as you say.' Therefore, dear little boy, learn and pray with a good heart, and tell Lippus and Jost to do the same, and then you will all come to the garden together. Almighty God guard you. Give my love to aunt Lene, and give her a kiss for me.—Your loving father,

MARTIN LUTHER."

The Emperor meanwhile arrived at Augsburg on the 15th of June. Melancthon, who was eager for peace, had prepared a Confession of Faith, softening as far as possible the points of difference between

* Melancthon's son Philip, and Jonas's son Jodocus.

† Great-aunt, Magdalen.

the Evangelicals and the Catholics. It was laid before the Diet, and was received with more favour than Melancthon looked for even by Charles himself. Melancthon believed that spiritual agreement might be possible; Luther knew that it was impossible; but he did think that a political agreement might be arrived at; that the two creeds, which in so many essentials were the same, might be allowed to live side by side.

"Do not let us fall out," he wrote to Cardinal Albert. "Do not let us ruin Germany. Let there be liberty of conscience, and let us save our fatherland." Melancthon was frightened, and would have yielded much. Luther would not yield an inch. When no progress was made, he advised his friends to leave the Diet and come away. "Threats do not kill," he said. "There will be no war."

Luther understood the signs of the times. With the Turks in Hungary, and Henry VIII. and Francis in alliance, it was in vain that the Pope urged violent measures. The Evangelical Confession was not accepted, and the Emperor demanded submission. The Landgrave replied that if this was to be the way, he would go home and take measures to defend himself. Charles, taking leave of the Elector, said sadly he had expected better of him; the Elector's eyes filled with tears; but he answered nothing. The end, however, was as Luther expected. Ferdinand of Austria and the Duke of Bavaria agreed to prohibit the advance of the new doctrines in their own dominions. It was decided, on the other hand, among the Protestant Princes, that the Emperor's authority was limited, that resistance to unconstitutional interference was not unlawful, an opinion to which Luther himself unwillingly assented. The famous league of Schmalkald was formed for the general defence of spiritual liberty. Denmark held out a hand from a distance, and France and England courted an alliance, which would hold Charles in check at home. The Emperor and even Ferdinand, who was the more bigoted of the two brothers, admitted the necessity to which they were compelled to yield. The united strength of Germany was barely sufficient to bear back the Turkish invasion, and the political peace which Luther anticipated was allowed to stand for an indefinite period.

Luther was present at Schmalkald, where he preached to the assembled representatives. On the day of the sermon he became suddenly and dangerously ill. His health had been for some time uncertain. He was subject to violent headaches and giddiness; he was now prostrated by an attack of "the stone," so severe that he thought he was dying. He had finished his translation of the Bible. It was now printed: a complete possession which he was able to bequeath to his countrymen. He conceived that his work was done, and life for its own sake had long ceased to have much interest for him.

"At his age," he said, "with strength failing, he felt so weary, that he had no will to protract his days any longer in such an accursed world." At Schmalkald the end seemed to have come. Such remedies as then were known for the disease under which he was suffering were tried. Luther hated doctors; but he submitted to all their prescriptions. His body swelled. "They made me drink water," he said, "as if I was a great ox." Mechanical contrivances were employed, equally ineffectual, and he prepared to die. "I depart," he cried to his Maker, "a foe of Thy foes, cursed and banned by Thy enemy, the Pope. May he, too, die under Thy ban, and we both stand at Thy judgment bar on that day." The Elector, the young John Frederick—the Elector John, his father, was by this time gone—stood by his bed, and promised to care for his wife and children. Melancthon was weeping. Even at that supreme moment Luther could not resist his humour. "Have we not received good at the hand of the Lord," he said, "and shall we not receive evil? The Jews stoned Stephen; my stone, the villain, is stoning me."

But he had some years of precious life yet waiting for him. He became restless, and insisted on being carried home. He took leave of his friends. "The Lord fill you with his blessing," he said, "and with hatred of the Pope." The first day he reached Tambach. The movement of the cart tortured him; but it effected for him what the doctors could not. He had been forbidden to touch wine. He drank a goblet notwithstanding. He was relieved, and recovered.

We need not specially concern ourselves with the events of the next few years. They were spent in correcting and giving final form to the translation of the Bible, in organizing the churches, in correspondence with the princes, and in discussing the conditions of the long-talked-of Council, and of the terms on which the Evangelicals would consent to take part in it. The peace of Nuremberg seemed an admission that no further efforts would be made to crush the Reformation by violence, and Luther was left to a peaceful, industrious life in his quiet home at Wittenberg. A very beautiful home it was. If Luther's marriage was a scandal, it was a scandal that was singularly happy in its consequences. The house in which he lived, as has been already said, was the old cloister to which he had first been brought from Erfurt. It was a pleasant, roomy building on the banks of the Elbe, and close to the town wall. His wife and he when they married were both penniless, but his salary as professor was raised to 300 gulden, and some small payments in kind were added from the University. The Elector sent him presents. Denmark, the Free Towns, great men from all parts of Europe, paid honour to the Deliverer of Germany with offerings of plate or money. The money, even the plate, too, he gave away, for he was profusely generous; and any fugitive nun or brother suffering for the faith

never appealed in vain while Luther had a kreutzer. But in his later years his own modest wants were more than amply supplied. He bought a farm, with a house upon it, where his family lived after his death. Katie, as he called his wife, managed everything; she attended to the farm, she kept many pigs, and doubtless poultry also. She had a fish pond. She brewed beer. She had a strong ruling, administering talent. She was as great in her way as her husband was in his.

"Next to God's Word," he said, "the world has no more precious treasure than holy matrimony. God's best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods, and body, and life. There are couples who neither care for their families, nor love each other. People like these are not human beings, They make their homes a hell."

The household was considerable. Five children were born in all. Hans, the eldest, to whom the letter from Erfurt was written, died early. Elizabeth, the next daughter, died also very young. There were three others; Magdalen, Martin, and Paul. Magdalen von Bora, Katie's aunt, the "Lene" of the letter from Coburg, lived with the family. She had been a nun in the same convent with her niece. For her Luther had a most affectionate regard. When she was dying, he said to her, "You will not die; you will sleep away as in a cradle, and morning will dawn, and you will rise and live-for ever."

Two nieces seem to have formed part of the establishment, and two nephews also. There was a tutor for the boys, and a secretary. A certain number of University students boarded in the house—lads perhaps of promise, in whom Luther had a special interest. To his children he was passionately devoted. He had no sentimental weakness; but the simple lightheartedness, the unquestioning confidence and trustfulness of children, was in itself peculiarly charming to him. Life when they came to maturity would bring its own sorrows with it. A few bright and happy years to look back upon would be something which could not afterwards be taken away. He refused boys and girls no kind of innocent enjoyment, and in all the anecdotes of his relations with them, there is an exquisite tenderness and playfulness. His Katie he was not above teasing and occasionally mocking. She was a "Martha" more than a "Mary," always busy, always managing and directing with an eye to business. He was very fond of her. He never seriously found fault with those worldly ways of hers, for he knew her sterling worth; but he told her once he would give her fifty gulden if she would read the Bible through. He called her his Herr Katie, and his Gnädige Frau. The farm which he had bought for her was called Zulsdorf. One of his last letters is addressed to "my heartily beloved house-wife, Katherin Lady Luther, Lady Doctor, Lady Zulsdorf, Lady of the Pigmarket, and whatever else she may be."

The religious education of his children he conducted himself. His daughter Magdalen was an unusually interesting girl. A picture of her remains, by Cranach, with large imaginative eyes. Luther saw in her the promise of a beautiful character; she died when she was fourteen, and he was almost heart-broken. When she was carried to her grave he said to the bearers:—"I have sent a saint to heaven: could mine be such a death as hers, I would die at this moment." To his friend Jonas he wrote:—"You will have heard that my dearest child is born again in the eternal kingdom of God. We ought to be glad at her departure, for she is taken away from the world, the flesh, and the devil; but so strong is natural love that we cannot bear it without anguish of heart, without the sense of death in ourselves. When I think of her words, her gestures, when she was with us and in her departing, even Christ's death cannot relieve my agony." On her tomb he wrote these lines:—

"Hier schlaf Ich, Lenchen, Luther's Töchterlein,
 Ruh' mit all'n Heiligen in meine Bettlein.
 Die Ich in Sünden war geboren
 Hatt' ewig müssen seyn verlorn,
 Aber Ich leb nu und habs gut
 Herr Christe erlost mit deinem Blut."

"Here do I Lena, Luther's daughter, rest,
 Sleep in my little bed with all the Blest.
 In sin and trespass was I born,
 For ever was I thus forlorn;*
 But yet I live, and all is good—
 Thou Christ redeem'st me with thy blood."

There is yet another side to Luther, and it is the most wonderful of all. We have seen him as a theologian; we have seen him standing up alone, before principalities and powers, to protest against spiritual lies; we have seen him at home in the quiet circle of his household. But there is nothing in any of this to show that his thoughts had travelled beyond the limits of a special set of subjects. But Luther's mind was literally world wide; his eyes were for ever observant of what was round him; at a time when science was scarcely out of its shell, Luther had observed Nature with the liveliest curiosity; he had anticipated by mere genius the generative functions of flowers. Human nature he had studied like a dramatist. His memory was a museum of historical information, of anecdotes of great men, of old German literature and songs and proverbs. Scarce a subject could be spoken of on which he had not thought, and on which he had not something remarkable to say. His table was always open, and amply furnished. Melancthon, Jonas, Lucas, Cranach, and other Wittenberg friends, were constant guests. Great people, great lords, great ladies, great learned men, came from all parts of Europe. He received them freely at dinner, and being one of the most copious of talkers, he enabled

* *Verloren*.—The word has travelled away from its original meaning.

his friends to preserve the most extraordinary monument of his acquirements and of his intellectual vigour. On reading the *Tischreden*, or Table-talk of Luther, one ceases to wonder how this single man could change the face of Europe.

Where the language is itself beautiful, it necessarily loses in translation; I will endeavour, however, to convey some notion of Luther's mind as it appears in these conversations.

First, for his thoughts about Nature.

A tree in his garden was covered with ripe fruit. "Ah," he said, "if Adam had not fallen, we should have seen the beauty of these things—every bush and shrub would have seemed more lovely than if it was made of gold and silver. It is really more lovely; but since Adam's fall men see nothing, and are stupider than beasts. God's power and wisdom are shown in the smallest flowers. Painters cannot rival their colour, nor perfumers their sweetness; green and yellow, crimson, blue, and purple, all growing out of the earth. And we do not know how to use them to God's honour. We only misuse them; and we trample on lilies as if we were so many cows."

Katie had provided some fish out of her pond. Luther spoke of the breeding of fish, and what an extraordinary thing it was; he then turned to the breeding of other creatures. "Look at a pair of birds," he said. "They build a neat little nest, and drop their eggs in it, and sit on them. Then come the chicks. There is the creature rolled up inside the shell. If we had never seen such a thing before, and an egg was brought from Calicut, we should be all wondering and crying out. Philosophers cannot explain how the chick is made. God spake, and it was done: He commanded, and so it was. But He acts in all His works rather comically. If He had consulted me, I should have advised Him to make His men out of lumps of clay, and to have set the sun like a lamp, on the earth's surface, that it might be always day."

Looking at a rose, he said, "Could a man make a single rose, we should give him an empire; but these beautiful gifts of God come freely to us, and we think nothing of them. We admire what is worthless, if it be only rare. The most precious of things is nothing if it be common." In the spring, when the buds were swelling and the flowers opening, he exclaimed: "Praise be to God the Creator, that now in this time of Lent out of dead wood makes all alive again. Look at that bough, as if it was with child and full of young things coming to the birth. It is a figure of our faith—winter is death, summer is the resurrection."

He was sitting one night late out of doors. A bird flew into a tree to roost. "That bird," he said, "has had its supper, and will now sleep safe as the bough, and leave God to care for him. If Adam's fall had not spoilt us, we should have had no care either. We

should have lived without pain, in possession of all kinds of knowledge, and have passed from time into eternity without feeling of death." The old question was asked why God made man at all if He knew that he would fall? Luther answered, that a great Lord must have vessels of dishonour in his house as well as vessels of honour. There were fellows who thought when they had heard a sermon or two, that they knew everything, and had swallowed the Holy Ghost feathers and all. Such wretches had no right to criticize the actions of God. Man cannot measure structures of God's building, he sees only the scaffolding. In the next life he will see it all; and then happy those who have resisted temptation.

Little Martin had been busy dressing a doll.

"In Paradise," Luther said, "we shall be as simple as this child who talks of God and has no doubts to trouble him. Natural merriment is the best food for children—and they are themselves the best of playthings. They speak and act from the heart. They believe in God without disputing, and in another life beyond the present. They have small intellect, but they have faith, and are wiser than old fools like us. They think of heaven as a place where there will be eating and dancing, and rivers running with milk. Happy they! for they have no earthly cares, or fears of death or hell. They have only pure thoughts and bright dreams. Abraham must have had a bad time when he was told to kill Isaac. If he had given me such an order, I should have disputed the point with him."

"I never will believe," said the downright Katie, "that God ordered any man to kill his child."

Luther answered: "God had nothing dearer to Him than His own Son. Yet He gave Him to be hanged on the cross. In man's judgment, He was more like a father to Caiaphas and Pilate than He was to Christ."

The religious houses were falling all round Germany. Bishops losing their functions were losing their lands; and the nobles and burghers who had professed the Gospel were clutching at the spoils. Luther could see that ill had come with the change as well as good.

"Look," he said sadly, "at the time when the truth was unknown, and men were lost in idolatry, and trusted in their own works. Then was charity without end or measure. Then it snowed with gifts. Cloisters were founded, and there were endowments for Mass priests. Churches were splendidly decorated: how blind is the world become." Drunkenness, too, seemed to spread, and usury and a thousand other vices. It tried his faith. Yet he said, "Never do we act better than when we know not what we are doing, or than when we think we are foolish and imprudent, for strength is perfected in weakness, and the best we do is what comes straight from the heart."

The Protestants were not the only spoilers of the Church lands. Some one told a story of a dog at Lintz, which used to go every

day with a basket to the market to fetch meat. One day some other dogs set upon him. He fought for his basket as long as he could; but when he could fight no longer he snatched a piece of meat for himself and ran away with it. "There is Kaiser Karl," said Luther. "He defended the estates of the Church while it was possible. But when the princes all began to plunder, he seized a few bishoprics as his own share."

He had a high respect generally for princes and nobles, and had many curious anecdotes of such great persons. He did not think them much to be envied.

Sovereigns and magistrates, he said, have weighty things to handle, and have a sore time with them. The peasant is happy; he has no cares. He never troubles himself as to how the world is going. If a peasant knew what the prince has to bear, he would thank God that made him what he was. But he sees only the outside splendour, the fine clothes, the gold chains, the castles and palaces. He never dreams of the perils and anxieties that beset the great while he is stewing his pears at his stove. The Elector Frederick used to say that the peasant's life was the best of all; and that happiness grew less at each step of the scale. The Emperor had most to trouble him, the princes next; the nobles had endless vexations, and the burghers, though better off than the nobles, had their trade losses and other worries. The peasant could watch his crops grow by the grace of God; he sold what was needed to pay his tithes and taxes, and lived in peace and quiet. The servants in a family are easier than their masters. They do their work, and eat and drink and sing. My people, Wolf and Dorothy (the cook), are better off than I and Katie. The higher you stand, the more your danger. Yet no one is content with his position. When the ass is well off, he begins to caper, and breaks his leg.

He loved and honoured his own Electors, but he thought they were over gentle. "The Elector Frederick," he said, "was unwilling to punish evil doers. 'Yes,' he would say, 'it is easy to take a man's life; but can you give it him back?' The Elector John would say, 'Ah! he will be a good fellow yet.' God is merciful, but He is also just. Yet Dr. Schurf, one of our best judges, and a Christian man, cannot hang a felon. The proverb says: 'A thief for the gallows, a monk for the cloister, and a fish for the water.'"

He had a respect for Pilate, and said some curious things about him. Pilate, he declared, was a better man than many Popish princes; he stood by the law, and would not have a prisoner condemned unheard. He tried many ways to release Christ; he yielded at last when he was threatened with Cæsar's anger. "After all," thought Pilate, "it is but a poor wretch who has no one to take His part; better He should see the whole people become His enemies." "Why," it was

asked, "did Pilate scourge Christ?" "Pilate," Luther said, "was a man of the world; he scourged Him in the hope that the Jews would then be satisfied." When he asked Christ what truth was, he meant, "what is the use of speaking truth in such a scene as this? Truth won't help you; look for some trick of law, and so you may escape." It was asked again what object the devil could have had in moving Pilate's wife to interfere. Luther seemed to admit that it was the devil. "The devil," he answered, "said to himself, I have strangled ever so many prophets and have gained nothing by it; Christ is not afraid of death; better He should live, and I shall perhaps be able to tempt Him to do something wrong. The devil has fine notions in him; he is no fool."

He had a high opinion of the Landgrave of Hesse, whom he called another Arminius. He has a wild country, he said, but he keeps fine order in it, and his subjects can go about their business in peace. He listens to advice; and when he has made up his mind he acts promptly, and has taught his enemies to fear him. If he would give up the Gospel he might ask the Emperor for what he pleased, and have it. At Augsburg he said to the bishops, "We desire peace. If you will not have peace and I must fall, be it so, I shall not fall alone. The Bishop of Saltzburg asked Archbishop Albert why he was so afraid of the Landgrave, who was but a poor prince—"My dear friend," the Archbishop replied, "if you lived as near him as I do, you would feel as I do."

Singular things were spoken at Augsburg. A member of the Diet—his name is not preserved—said, "If I was the Emperor I would gather together the best of the Popish and Lutheran divines, shut them up in a house, and keep them there till they had agreed. I would then ask them if they believed what they had concluded upon and would die for it; if they said yes, I would set the house on fire and burn them there and then to prove their sincerity. Then I should be satisfied that they were right."

Luther always spoke well of Charles, in spite of the Edict of Worms.

"Strange," he said, "to see two brothers like him and Ferdinand so unlike in their fortunes. Ferdinand always fails. Charles generally succeeds. Ferdinand calculates every detail, and will manage everything his own way. The Emperor does plainly and simply the best that he can, and knows that in many things he must look through his fingers. The Pope sent him into Germany to root us out and make an end of us. He came, and by the grace of God he has left us where we are. He is not bloody. He has true imperial gentleness and goodness—and fortune comes to him in his sleep. He must have some good angel."

"When the Emperor was once in France in time of peace, he was entertained by the king at a certain castle. One night after supper a young lady of noble birth was, by the king's order, introduced into his room. The Emperor asked her who she was and how she came there. She burst into

tears and told him. He sent her to her parents uninjured, with an escort and handsome presents. In the war which followed he levelled that castle to the ground.

"The Autwerp manufacturers presented him with a tapestry once, on which was wrought for a design the battle of Pavia and the capture of the French king. Charles would not take it. He had no pleasure, he said in the miseries of others."

Had Luther been a prophet he could have added another story still more to Charles's honour. Years after, when Luther was in his grave, and Charles, after the battle of Muhlberg, entered Wittenberg as a conqueror, some bishop pressed him to tear the body out of the ground and consign it to the flames. He replied: "I war not with the dead."

Much as Luther admired Charles, however, his own sovereigns had his especial honour.

"The Elector Frederick," he said, "was a wise, good man, who hated all display and lies, and falsity. He was never married. His life was pure and modest, and his motto, '*Tantum quantum possim*,' was a sign of his sense. Such a prince is a blessing from God. He was a fine manager and economist. He collected his own taxes, and kept his accounts strictly. If he visited one of his castles, he was lodged as an ordinary guest and paid his own bills, that his stewards might not be able to add charges for his entertainment. He gathered in with shovels and gave out with spoons. He listened patiently in his council, shut his eyes, and took notes of each opinion. Then he formed his own conclusion; this and that advice will not answer, for this and that will come of it.

"Elector John consulted me how far he should agree to the Peasants' Articles at the time of the rebellion. He said: 'God has made me a prince and given me many horses. If there is to be a change I can be happy with eight horses or with four. I can be another man. He had six young pages to wait on him. They read the Bible to him for six hours every day. He often went to sleep, but when he woke he had always some good text in his mouth. At sermon he took notes in a pocket-book. Church government and worldly government were well administered. The Emperor had only good to say of him. If his brother and he could have been cast into a single man, they would have made a wonder between them. The Elector John had a strong frame and a hard death. He roared like a lion.

"John Frederick (reigning elector in the latter part of Luther's life) though he hates untruth and loose living, is too indulgent. He fears God and has his five wits about him. God long preserve him. You never hear an unchaste or dishonourable word come out of his lips. One fault he has; he eats and drinks too much. Perhaps so big a body requires more than a small one. Otherwise he works like a donkey; and, drink what he will, he always reads the Bible before he sleeps."

Luther hated lies as heartily as the Elector. "Lies," he said, "are always crooked like a snake, which is never straight whether still or moving—never till it is dead—then it hangs out straight enough." But he was against violence, even to destroy falsehood. "Popery," he said, "can neither be destroyed by the sword, nor stained by the sword; it is built on lies, it stands on lies, and can only be overthrown by truth. I like not those who go hotly to work.

It is written, Preach and I will give thee power. We forget the preaching, and would fly to force alone."

He much admired soldiers, especially if besides winning battles they knew how to rule afterwards, like Augustus and Julius Cæsar.

"When a country has a good prince over it, all goes well. Without a good prince things go backwards like a crab, and councillors, however many, will not mend them. A great soldier is the man; he has not many words; he knows what men are, and holds his tongue; but when he does speak, he acts also. A real hero does not go about his work with vain imaginations. He is moved by God Almighty, and does what he undertakes to do. So Alexander conquered Persia, and Julius Cæsar established the Roman Empire. The Book of Judges shows what God can do by a single man, and what happens when God does not provide a man. Certain ages seem more fruitful in great men than others. When I was a boy there were many. The Emperor Maximilian in Germany, Sigismund in Poland, Ladislaus in Hungary, Ferdinand, Emperor Charles's grandfather, in Spain—pious, wise, noble princes. There were good bishops too, who would have been with us had they been alive now. There was a Bishop of Wurzburg who used to say, when he saw a rogue, 'To the cloister with you. Thou art useless to God or man.' He meant that in the cloister were only hogs and gluttons, who did nothing but eat, and drink, and sleep, and were of no more profit than as many rats."

Luther knew that his life would be a short one. In his later days he compared himself to a knife from which the steel has been ground away, and only the soft iron left. The Princess Elector said one evening to him: "I trust you have many days before you. You may live forty years yet, if God wills." "God forbid," Luther answered. "If God offered me Paradise in this world for forty years I would not have it. I would rather my head was struck off. I never send for doctors. I will not have my life made miserable, that doctors may lengthen it by a twelve month."

The world itself, too, he conceived to be near its end. The last day he thought would be in some approaching Lent, on a ruddy morning when day and night were equal.

"The thread is unravelled out, and we are now visibly at the fringe. The present age is like the last withered apple hanging on the tree. Daniel's four Empires—Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome—are gone. The Roman Reichingers; but it is the 'St. John's drink' (the stirrup cup) and is fast departing. Signs in Heaven foretell the end. On earth there is building and planting and gathering of money. The arts are growing as if there was to be a new start, and the world was to become young again. I hope God will finish with it. We have come already to the White Horse. Another hundred years and all will be over. The Gospel is despised. God's word will disappear for want of any to preach it. Mankind will turn into Epicureans and care for nothing. They will not believe that God exists. Then the voice will be heard 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh.'"

Some one observed that when Christ came there would be no faith at all on the earth, and the Gospel was still believed in that part of Germany.

"Tush," he said, "it is but a corner. Asia and Africa have no

Gospel. In Europe, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Hungarians, French, English, Poles, have no Gospel. The small Electorate of Saxony will not hinder the end."

I can but gather specimens here and there out of the four closely printed volumes of these conversations. There is no such table-talk in literature, and it ought to be completely translated. I must take room for a few more illustrations. Luther was passionately fond of music. He said of it:—

"Music is one of the fairest of God's gifts to man; Satan hates music because it drives away temptation and evil thoughts. The notes make the words alive. It is the best refreshment to a troubled soul; the heart as you listen recovers its peace. It is a discipline too; for it softens us and makes us temperate and reasonable. I would allow no man to be a schoolmaster who cannot sing, nor would I let him preach either."

And again:

"I have no pleasure in any man who, like the fanatics, despises music. It is no invention of ours. It is a gift from God to drive away the devil and make us forget our anger and impurity and pride and evil tempers. I place music next to theology. I can see why David and all the saints put their divinest thoughts into song."

Luther's own hymns are not many; but the few which he composed are jewels of purest water. One of them, the well-known—

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"

remains even in these days of Rationalism the National Psalm of Germany. In the last great war the Prussian regiments went into battle chanting it.

Though no one ever believed more intensely in the inspiration of the Bible, he was no worshipper of the mere letter—for he knew that over a large part of Scripture the original text was uncertain. In translating he trusted more to instinctive perception than to minute scholarship. He said:—

"I am no Hebraist according to grammar and rules. I do not let myself be tied, but go freely through. Translation is a special gift and grace. A man may know many languages yet be unable to render one into another. The authors of the Septuagint were not good Hebrew scholars; St. Jerome was better; but indeed after the Babylonish captivity the language itself was corrupted. If Moses and the prophets rose again they would not understand the words which are given as theirs. When we were translating I gave my assistants these rules:—

"1. Attend to the grammar, but remember

"2. Holy Scripture speaks of the words and acts of God.

"3. Prefer always in translating the Old Testament a meaning consistent with the New."

He could be critical too, in his way. His objections to the Epistle of St. James are well-known. He says of another book:—"The story of Jonah is more incredible than any poet's fable. If it were not in the Bible I should laugh at it. He was three days in

the belly of a great fish ; why, the fish would have digested him in three hours, and converted him into its own flesh and blood. The miracle of the Red Sea was nothing to this. The sequel too, is so foolish—when he is released he begins to rave and expostulate, and make himself miserable about a gourd. It is a great mystery.”

He shared in many of the popular superstitions. He believed in the reality of witchcraft for instance. The devil he was convinced was personally present—perhaps omnipresent, doing every kind of mischief, and had many times assaulted himself. Many things might thus happen of a strange kind through the devil’s agency. Nor was he quick to recognize new scientific discoveries.

“Modern astronomers,” he said, “pretend that the earth moves, and not the sun and the firmament—as in a carriage or a boat we seem to be motionless ourselves, while the trees and banks sweep past us. These clever fellows will believe nothing old, and must have their own ideas. The Holy Scripture says, Joshua bade the sun stand still, not the earth.”

But his powerful sense and detestation of falsehood gave him an instinctive insight into the tricks of charlatans. He regarded magic as unmixed imposture. He told a story of a Duke Albert of Saxony, to whom a Jew once offered a wonderful gem engraved with strange characters, alleging that it would make the wearer proof against cold steel and gunshot. “I will try it first on thee,” the Duke said. He took the Jew out of doors with the gem on his neck, and ran his sword through him. “So it would have been with me,” he said, “if I had trusted thee.”

Astrology, the calculation of a man’s fortunes from the place of the planets among the stars, was an accepted science. Erasmus might doubt, but Erasmus was almost alone in a world of believers. One other doubter was Luther, much to the scandal of his friend Melancthon, with whom it was an article of faith. Melancthon showed him the nativity of Cicero.

“I have no patience with such stuff,” he said. “Let any man answer this argument. Esau and Jacob were born of the same father and mother, at the same time, and under the same planets, but their nature was wholly different. You would persuade me that astrology is a true science. I shall not change my opinion. I am bachelor, master, and have been a monk. But the stars did not make me either one or the other. It was my own shame that I was a monk, and grieved and angered my father. I caught the Pope by his hair, and he caught me by mine. I married a runaway nun, and begat children with her. Who saw that in the stars? Who foretold that? It is like dice-throwing. You say you have a pair of dice that always throw thrice six—you throw two, three, four, five, six, and you take no notice. When twice six turns up, you think it proves your case. The astrologer is right once or twice, and boasts of his art. He overlooks his mistakes. Astronomy is very well—astrology is naught. The example of Esau and Jacob proves it.

“They prophesied a flood—another deluge in 1524. No deluge came, though Burgermaster Hohndorf brought a quarter-cask of beer into his house

to prepare for it. In 1525 was the peasant's insurrection; but no astrologer prophesied this. In the time of God's anger there was a conjunction of sin and wrath, which had more in it than conjunctions of the planets."

I must leave these recorded sayings, pregnant as they are, and full of character as they are.

I will add but one more. Luther said: "If I die in my bed, it will be a grievous shame to the Pope. Popes, devils, kings, and princes have done their worst to hurt me; yet here I am. The world for these two hundred years has hated no one as it hates me. I in turn have no love for the world. I know not that in all my life I have ever felt real enjoyment. I am well tired of it. God come soon and take me away."

I return to what remains to be told of Luther's earthly life. The storm which threatened Germany hung off till he was gone. The House of Saxony was divided into the Ducal or Albertine line and the Electoral or Ernestine line. Duke Henry dying was succeeded by the young Maurice, so famous afterwards. Maurice was a Protestant like the Elector; but he was intriguing, ambitious, and unscrupulous. Quarrels broke out between them, which a few years later brought the Elector to ruin. But Luther, as long as he lived, was able to keep the peace.

The Council of Trent drew near. After the peace with France, in 1544, the Pope began again to urge the Emperor to make an end of toleration. The free Council once promised, at which the Evangelical Doctors were to be represented, had been changed into a Council of Bishops, to be called and controlled by the Pope, before which the Evangelicals could be admitted only to plead as criminals. How such a Council would decide was not doubtful. The Protestant princes and theologians declined the position which was to be assigned to them, and refused to appear. It was but too likely that, if the peace continued, the combined force of the Empire and of France would be directed against the League of Schmalkald, and that the League would be crushed after all in the unequal struggle.

Luther saw what was coming, and poured out his indignation in the fiercest of his pamphlets. The "aller heiligst," "most holy" Pope, became "aller höllisch," most hellish. The pretended "free council" meant death and hell, and Germany was to be bathed in blood. "That devilish Popery," he said, "is the last worst curse of the earth, the very worst that all the devils, with all their might, can generate. God help us all. Amen." Very dreadful and unbecoming language the modern reader thinks, who has only known the wolf disguised in an innocent sheepskin. The wolf is the same that he was; and if ever he recovers his power, he will show himself unchanged in his old nature. In Luther's time there was no sheep-
there was not the smallest affectation of sheepskin. The one

passionate desire of the See of Rome, and the army of faithful prelates and priests, was to carry fire and sword through every country which had dared to be spiritually free.

In the midst of these prospects Luther reached his last birthday. He was tired and sick at heart, and sick in body. In the summer of 1545 he had wished to retire to his farm, but Wittenberg could not spare him, and he continued regularly to preach. His sight began to fail. In January, 1546, he began a letter to a friend, calling himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with." On the 28th of that month, he undertook a journey to Eisleben, where he had been born, to compose a difference between the Counts Mansfeldt. He caught a chill on the road, but he seemed to shake it off, and was able to attend to business. He had fallen into the hands of lawyers, and the affair went on but slowly. On the 14th of February he preached, and, as it turned out, for the last time, in Eisleben Church. An issue in the leg, artificially kept open to relieve his system, had been allowed to heal for want of proper attendance. He was weak and exhausted after the sermon. He felt the end near, and wished to be with his family again. "I will get home," he said, "and get into my coffin, and give the worms a fat doctor."

But wife and home he was never to see again, and he was to pass from off the earth at the same spot where his eyes were first opened to the light. On the 17th he had a sharp pain in his chest. It went off, however; he was at supper in the public room, and talked with his usual energy. He retired, went to bed, slept, woke, prayed, slept again; then at midnight called his servant. "I feel strangely," he said; "I shall stay here; I shall never leave Eisleben." He grew restless, rose, moved into an adjoining room, and lay upon a sofa. His two sons were with him, with his friend Jonas. "It is death," he said; "I am going: 'Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Jonas asked him if he would still stand by Christ and the doctrine which he had preached. He said, "Yes." He slept once more, breathing quietly, but his feet grew cold. Between two and three in the morning he died.

The body lay in state for a day; a likeness was taken of him before the features changed. A cast from the face was taken afterwards; the athlete expression gone, the essential nature of him—grave tender, majestic—taking the place of it, as his own disturbed life appears now when it is calmed down into a memory. The Elector, John Frederick, hurried to see him; the Counts Mansfeldt ended beside his body the controversies which he had come to compose. On the 20th he was set on a car to be carried back to Wittenberg, with an armed escort of cavalry. The people of Eisleben attended him to

the gates. The church bells tolled in the villages along the road. Two days later he reached his last resting-place at Wittenberg. Melancthon cried after him as they laid him in the grave: "My Father, my Father. The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof."

His will, which is extremely characteristic, had been drawn by himself four years before. He left his wife well provided for, and because legal proceedings might be raised upon his marriage, he committed her to the special protection of the Elector. Children, friends, servants, were all remembered.

"Finally," he said, "seeing I do not use legal forms, I desire all men to take these words as mine. I am known openly in Heaven, on Earth, and in Hell also; and I may be believed and trusted better than any notary. To me a poor, unworthy, miserable sinner, God, the Father of mercy, has entrusted the Gospel of His dear Son, and has made me therein true and faithful. Through my means many in this world have received the Gospel, and hold me as a true teacher, despite of popes, emperors, kings, princes, priests, and all the devil's wrath. Let them believe me also in the small matter of my last will and testimony, this being written in my own hand, which otherwise is not unknown. Let it be understood that here is the earnest, deliberate meaning of Doctor Martin Luther, God's notary and witness in his Gospel, confirmed by his own hand and seal.—January 6, 1542."

Nothing remains to be said. Philosophic historians tell us that Luther succeeded because he came in the fulness of time, because the age was ripe for him, because forces were at work which would have brought about the same changes if he had never been born. Some changes there might have been, but not the same. The forces computable by philosophy can destroy, but they cannot create. The false spiritual despotism which dominated Europe would have fallen from its own hollowness. But a lie may perish, and no living belief may rise again out of the ruins. A living belief can rise only out of a believing human soul, and that any faith, any piety, is alive now in Europe, even in the Roman Church itself, whose insolent hypocrisy he humbled into shame, is due in large measure to the poor miner's son who was born in a Saxon village 400 years ago.

J. A. FROUDE.

THE SAINTS OF ISLAM.

NOT one of the least significant tokens of the widening of men's thoughts in the present age is the great and growing interest taken in the non-Christian systems which have played, and are playing, so vast a part in the career of humanity. Of all facts about our race, in any age or in any clime, the most momentous assuredly are the religious, according to the profound saying of the Bhagavad-Gītā: "Faith is the dominant principle in man: whatever is a man's faith, that is a man's self." Hence the importance of the additions to our knowledge of the world's creeds made by the recent labours, so unwearied and often so ill appreciated, of Oriental scholars; labours of which—to give merely two instances offered by our own country—such excellent results have already appeared in the invaluable versions of the "Sacred Books of the East," due to the indomitable energy and indefatigable perseverance of Professor Max Müller, supported by the well-merited aid of the University of Oxford and the Secretary of State for India; and in the hardly less important "Oriental Series," the fruit of the unassisted enterprise and faith unfailing of Mr. Trübner. Consider for a moment what the religious condition of the world is at this moment. Let us take its population to be 1,250,000,000, which appears to be the most probable estimate. Of these, 327,000,000 are set down as Christians, using the word in its widest sense, 160,000,000 as Hindus, and 155,000,000 as Muhammadans, while Buddhists are reckoned at the astounding figure of 500,000,000. It is true that in this calculation the statistician counts as Buddhists all the population of China, a country where it is difficult to say what religion each man professes, as most of its inhabitants will with equal readiness assist at the Confucian sacrifices, or attend the

Taoisean ceremonies, or offer flowers before the image of the Buddha. Still, to put the case at the weakest, the great majority of them may be considered occasional conformists to the Buddhist Church, and so may be ascribed to it with as good warrant, to say the least, as that by which vast multitudes of Europeans and Americans are accounted professors of Christianity. Of all these non-Christian systems, none, perhaps, is more worthy of intelligent study than the faith of Islām. The Vedic religion, culminating in those mystic Upanishads which Schopenhauer judged "products of the highest wisdom," the "most beneficial and elevating" of philosophic works, must be admitted to be more strangely fascinating, although we may account as extravagant the great pessimist's outburst of transcendent admiration: nor is its interest merely bygone: the leading tenets of the Vedānta are more or less known in every Indian village, and mainly supply such religious faith as the Hindus have, apart from mere caste observances. Buddhism, the gentlest, the purest, or, as the late Bishop Milman* deemed, the holiest of all creeds save Christianity, is more winning and heart-subduing, instinct as it is with the personality of its great founder—"the nearest in character and effect, among heathen precursors of the truth, to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life;" and the fact, that of the three creeds claiming universality it must be held to have most nearly attained it, if judged by a mere numerical test, invests it with special claims to the attention of the student of man and of society. Confucianism is of peculiar importance to the modern world, as exhibiting the working of something very near akin to nineteenth-century Positivism, upon a vast scale and through a long succession of ages; while the doctrine of Lāotze—now, indeed, grossly degenerate, and corrupted into mere superstition and magic—is well worthy of investigation as the bold and honest attempt of a great genius, in rudimentary conditions of thought, to satisfy those cravings after something deeper and higher than the seen and visible, which are a perpetual and ineradicable fact of human nature. Zoroastrianism, again, although little more than "a fading verbal memory" in the present day, is of the highest value to hierology, as "enabling us to go back to the very heart of that momentous period in the history of religious thought which saw the blending of the Aryan mind with the Semitic."† But Islamism, if in itself less attractive than its rivals, and of less account to "the science of reli-

* "There is to me always something quieter and purer, almost, if the word may be used, holier, in the traces of Buddhism than in those of any other heathen religion. Among the heathen precursors of the truth, I feel more and more that Sakya Muni was the nearest in character and effect to Him who is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' There is a fierceness in Islamism, a foulness in Hinduism, but a gentleness and purity, however childish, and even perhaps almost silly, in Buddhism which is very attractive."

† *Speech of Bishop Milman*, p. 203.

nesteter, in "Sacred Books of the East," vol. iv., Intro. p. 12.

gion," may, for two reasons of a very practical kind, be deemed to possess a peculiar interest for thoughtful minds. In the first place, like Christianity, it has sprung from the faith of Abraham; and its relationship to the religion of Jesus Christ is not unlike that of Ishmael, the son of the bondswoman, to Isaac, the child of promise. Between the two systems there is to be traced, both in their fundamental doctrines and in their historical development, a family resemblance which is as full of instruction as is the dissimilarity, that may be traced more frequently still—as full or fuller. Then, again, Islamism is the one religion of the world, besides Christianity, which now exhibits much evidence of vitality: indeed, a comparison between it and Christianity, in this respect, will not be altogether to its disadvantage. While what once was Christendom is throwing off, almost everywhere, its public allegiance to the faith that mainly has made it what it is, is forsaking the guide of its youth, and forgetting the covenant of its God, there has been rekindled in Islām an enthusiastic eagerness, a defiant zeal of religious profession, which has singularly impressed every careful observer of Eastern life. Throughout the Turkish Empire a system of primary schools, originally intended to be as godless as the most thoroughgoing Secularist among ourselves could desire, has become an instrument of strictly orthodox Muhammadan education. The precept of the Prophet against intoxicating drink—the distinctive law of his religion, as we may account it—now receives generally a scrupulous obedience, which compares strikingly with the laxity of an elder generation. The Ramadan is strictly observed; and—singular contrast to the spectacle presented by Lent in, say, France or Italy—even those who transgress its penitential discipline pay it exterior respect, and veil in privacy their self-indulgence.* The public offices of religion are largely attended; the holy places are thronged by pilgrims from all parts of the Muslim world; and, what is even more significant, that missionary activity which may be considered the main test "*stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*," is most remarkably and most fruitfully manifested. As a very competent authority tells us, "While all the temporal advantages offered by European protection and support, not to mention the direct persuasion and indirect subsidy of well-to-do missionaries, can scarcely, or indeed more truly not at all, procure a single convert from Islām to any form of Christianity, Greek, Armenian, Catholic, or Protestant, on the other hand, a reverse process yearly enrolls a very sensible number from one or another, or all of these sects, under the unity of the Green Banner. This in Turkish Asia; while from Africa reports reach us of whole

* "Le jeûne du mois de Ramadhân est observé strictement par l'imir des fidèles; ceux mêmes des riches qui se permettent de l'enfreindre le font ne veulent pas en avoir le nom."—Dozy: *Essai sur l'histoire* niam

Negro tribes abandoning their hereditary fetish for the religion called of Abraham; and after all due allowance made for distance and exaggeration, the current idea that the Libyan Peninsula will soon be, what its best portions in North and East already are, a land of Islam, seems by no means destitute of probability. To sum up, Mahometan fervour has first been thoroughly rekindled within the limits which its half-extinguished ashes covered a hundred years ago; and next, the increased heat has, by a natural law, extended over whatever lies nearest to but beyond the former circumference.”*

II.

Such are some of the special claims upon our attention which the religion of Muhammad presents. In what I am about to write, it is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the origin of that religion, or to consider its relations with Judaism on the one hand, and with Christianity upon the other. I wish rather to point—and I can pretend to do little more than point—to a very fruitful field of inquiry in connection with it, which, as yet, has been but little explored by European scholars: I mean its hagiology. The doctrines of Islām and its practical obligations have been copiously expounded to the Western world by many able writers. But dogma and duty are not the whole of a religion. There are in our nature needs of loving and of suffering, as well as of believing and of doing; and no faith that does not contain something to satisfy these needs could ever have wielded that vast power which, as a matter of fact, has been and is being exercised by Muhammadanism. Hence the importance of the school to which the name of Sūfīs is generally given. M. Dozy well remarks: “The influence which Sūfism has exercised over the Musalman world, and which in our own days is rather increasing than diminishing, has been extremely great;” and M. de Kremer considers it “the preponderating element in Musalman civilization.” Sūfism has furnished Muhammadanism with its Saints; and it is in the Saints of a religion that the spiritual instincts and characteristics of its votaries are most clearly and faithfully imaged. But the Sūfīs have not been merely the Saints of Islām; they have been also its sages and its singers. Muslim poetry is, for the most part, the expression of Muslim mysticism. Muslim philosophy has sprung out of Muslim theology.

It is to the very days of the Prophet himself that we must go back for the rise of the spiritual movement which was so greatly to affect his religion; and, as Dr. Pusey has judiciously observed, the speedy growth of mystical doctrine in the thin and arid soil of Muhammadanism bears eloquent witness to the need innate in the human

* “Essays on Eastern Subjects,” by W. G. Palgrave, p. 123.

mind of finding some object exterior to itself, of union with God.* It must not be forgotten, however, that there was a strong vein of enthusiasm in the Dreamer of the Desert, bald and austere as was the monotheism taught by him. Yes, and we may safely affirm a strong vein of asceticism too, in spite of the license which he permitted himself in the matter of his wives—a license to be judged rather by the Patriarchal than by the Evangelical standard, and with due regard to the habits and traditions of his age and country. Certain it is that there are passages in the Qur'ān—the transcript, be it remembered, of its author's mind—in which warrant may be found for those mystical tendencies so strongly displayed by some of the Prophet's dearest friends and companions, especially by Ali, the son of Abū Tālib, and which find their natural issue in the life of poverty, mortification, and detachment. It is, however, in Taūs Abū 'Abdi-r-Rahmān, who died in the year 102 of the Muhammadan era, that we should perhaps discern the true founder of Islamite asceticism. The friend of Zaynu-'l-'Abidīn, Ali's grandson, the pupil of Abū Hurayra, the devoutest of the Prophet's friends, and of Ibn 'Abbās, renowned alike for his profound learning and his spotless life, Taūs was the guide and oracle of a school of disciples whom he trained in mortification, poverty, contempt of the world, and the various spiritual arts and devout practices of the contemplative life. He it was who first adopted the high cap of woollen (*sūf*) whence the religious of Islām were to derive their commonest appellation of *Sūfi*, and the *Khirqā*, or long patched robe, which is their distinctive habit. Of his numerous successors whose praise fills the second of the Muhammadan centuries, some continuing to dwell at Mekka, while others carried back to their own lands the spiritual discipline they had learned there, the time would fail me to speak. Among the most famous of them was Ibnu-'s-Semmāk, the eloquent and indefatigable preacher, whose fine saying, "Fear God as though you had never obeyed Him, and hope in Him as though you had never sinned against Him," has become widely known beyond the limits of his

* The following interesting remarks occur in Dr. Pusey's preface to the second part of Nicoll's Cat. of MSS. in the Bodleian:—"Adnotavi præterea (quotiescunque id mihi innotuit), qui scriptores, quæve opera è Sufiorum scholâ profecta essent quippe quorum ingenia atque proprietates, à Tholuckio jam optimè reseratas, penitus perspectas habuisse, Christiano nomini, ut mihi quidem videtur, aliquantum saltem proderit. Eam enim doctrinam ex arido atque exili Mohammedanismo solo tam cito esse enatam, res est per se admiratione digna, quæque desiderium illud, menti humanæ ingenitum, disertè attestatur, quo extra se proripitur et cum Deo rursus conjungi, necessitate quâdam naturæ, vehementer cupit; nobis porro ob frigus illud, quo subinde opprimimur, pudorem merito incuteret alienorum fervor; multum denique interesse mihi visum est, eos qui Mohammedanos, Persas vero præsertim, ex erroribus suis revocare studuerint, verum, quod in horum placitis insit, à falso distinguere, et pro adminiculo quodam veritatis Christianæ uti scire." I am indebted for this quotation to Professor Cowell's very valuable article on Persian Literature in "Oxford Essays," 1855, p. 162. The work of Tholuck to which Dr. Pusey refers is the very erudite "Ssufismus," the edition of which before me is dated "Berolini, MDCCCXXI."

own communion. It was in this second century of Islām that Muslim Dervishes first received a common rule from Fudhayl Abū 'Alī Talikani of Khurāsān, who had begun life as a highway robber. The story of his conversion is worth telling. It was in an hour when he was bent upon the gratification of a lawless passion—he was concealed upon the roof of the house where the girl who was the object of it dwelt—that the verse of the Qur'ān, recited by some pious person in the neighbourhood, fell upon his ear: "Is it not high time for those who believe to open their hearts to compunction?" and the words sunk into his soul, and smote him down in masterful contrition. "Yea, Lord," he exclaimed, "it is indeed high time;" and at once awaking from his dream of sin, he passed the night in profound meditation. The next morning he assumed the ragged robe of the religious mendicant, and in time became widely celebrated for his sanctity and wonderful works, and drew to himself many disciples, to whom he gave a rule of life, the original of the monastic institute of Islām. His favourite virtue is said to have been the love of God in perfect conformity with His holy will. It is related in his history, that upon one occasion, being asked by the luxurious Khalifa Hārūnu-'r-Rashīd, "Have you ever met with any one of greater detachment than yourself?" he made answer: "Yes, O Khalifa; your detachment exceeds mine, for I have only detached myself from this little world doomed to perdition, while you seem to have detached yourself from the world which is infinite and shall endure for ever." The third son of this great monarch was of a very different spirit from his father. When a mere youth, Prince Ahmed, overcome by the sweetness of the life of self-renunciation, withdrew from the splendours of the Court of Bagdād, and went secretly to Basra, where he dwelt, unknown, among the poorest of the poor, his bed a piece of matting, his pillow a stone, working with his own hands for his daily subsistence, and taking no thought for the morrow, for what was left after he had satisfied the bare necessities of the body he bestowed in alms. This St. Alexius of Islām died at twenty, his delicate frame quite worn out by his austerities. But before he passed away he sent to the Khalifa the one relic of his former rank which he had retained, a precious jewel, given him by his mother Zubayda, with the message: "He who sends thee this, wishes thee such happiness at thy last hour as he himself enjoys." Fudhayl's successor in the generalship of his order, Bishr the Barefooted, was, like himself, a reclaimed sinner. The legend tells us that his conversion was on this wise. One day, as he was walking in the streets of Bagdād, he saw lying on the ground a piece of paper, upon which was written the most holy Name of God. He picked it up, and took it home with him to preserve it from profanation, and in the night he heard a voice, "Bishr, thou hast honoured my Name, and I will honour thine, in this world and in the world to come."

Next day he entered upon the life of penance. His greatest trial is said to have arisen from the praise of men. "O God," he would pray, "save me from this glory, the requital of which may be confusion in another life." The great light of Muhammadan monasticism in the third century is Dhū'n-Nūn, the Egyptian, of whose supernatural powers such striking narratives remain, and whose singular intrepidity in rebuking wickedness in high places signally illustrates the virtues of which he is held by Muslim hagiologists to be the special type—confidence in God, and contempt of the world. His scourgings and revilings, his chains and bitter bondage, only drew from him, as his biographer relates, expressions of joy that he was counted worthy to suffer thus for God. Three things are said to have been the subject of his constant prayer—that he might never have any certainty of the morrow's subsistence; that he might never be in honour among men; and that he might see God's face in mercy at the hour of death. He was buried at Cairo, where his shrine still attracts numerous pilgrims. In the next century we come upon the great name of the martyr Hosan-el-Hallāj. He suffered at Bagdād in the year 303 of the Hijra, "though not until he had founded a new and well-defined school of doctrine, destined to count among its professors in later times three names of gigantic reputation and influence in the East—the ascetic 'Abdu-'l-Qādiri-'l-Gilānī, the doctor Muhyi-'d-Dīn, Ibnu-'l-'Arabiyyi-'l-Magribī, and the poet 'Umar Ibnu-'l-ridh, author of the celebrated 'Divan,' unrivalled in depth and beauty."* It is related of him that "his fasts were prolonged to three or four continuous days, and were accompanied by ecstasies, in which he was often seen raised from the earth and surrounded by light." The distinctive note of his teaching was the freedom of the human will, a tenet which aroused against him much theological animosity. He was put to death with circumstances of revolting cruelty, and his last utterances amid his torments were an exhortation to those who stood around not to allow the spectacle to make them doubt of the Divine goodness: "God herein treats me as a friend treats his friend: He passes to me the cup of suffering of which He has first drunk Himself"—an enigmatical saying in the mouth of a Muslim, lending some colour to the accusation of covert Christian teaching brought against the martyr.

III.

I cannot follow further, even in this fragmentary outline, the long catalogue of Muslim Saints. I go on to consider their doctrine, which presents a curious analogy to much that we find in the

* *Home and Foreign Review*, vol. iv. p. 571. I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to the very able paper on Asceticism amongst Mohammedan Nations—it is commonly attributed to Mr. W. G. Palgrave—whence these words are cited, and from which much of the matter of this and the two preceding pages has been obtained.

writings of Christian mystics ; although, of course, differences of the most far-reaching kind also exist. I do not know where a better compendium of it, in its practical aspect, is to be found than in the *Pend-Nāma*, or *Book of Counsels of Farīdu-'d-Dīn, 'Attār*, of which we owe an excellent translation, enriched with copious and profoundly erudite notes, to M. Silvestre de Sacy. The author of this poem, or, as we should rather say, religious manual in verse, was himself an eminent Saint. His biographer, Dawlatshāh of Samarcand, tells us that in the practice of the divine precepts he had no equal : that for his tender piety, his affectionate and loving devotion, he was reckoned the light of his age : that he was submerged in the ocean of the knowledge of God, plunged in the sea of the Divine Intuition. Born in the year 513 of the Hijra, the son of a rich trader in spices and drugs, he succeeded to his father's business on coming to man's estate, and prosperously carried it on, until one day, as he was standing among his bales, surrounded by his clerks and servants, a holy anchorite appeared before him, at the door, and gazed around with strange, wild eyes, which soon filled with tears. 'Attār sharply rebuked him for his seeming curiosity, and bade him go away. "That is easily done," said the Dervish ; "I have little to bear along with me : nothing but this poor habit. But you—when the time comes for you to go away, with all this costly merchandise, how will you set about it ? You would do well to arrange, before that inevitable hour arrives, about packing up your treasures." An old and well-worn argument, which sufficed for 'Attār, as it has sufficed for millions before and since. Was it with him as with the knight of the Arthurian romance, listening to the nun who had seen the Holy Grail :—

" . . . and as she spake
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes
Through him : and made him hers, and laid her mind
On him : and he believed in her belief."

It may well have been. The word the historian uses of the ascetic signifies—"he who is illuminated," and whose light in turn attracts others. 'Attār was not disobedient to the heavenly calling. "He forsook all that he had, renounced entirely the business of the world, and betook himself to penance. From a captive fast bound in the chains of ambition and lucre, he became the prisoner of sorrow, but a sorrow which leads to true liberty." Entering the monastery of the venerable sheikh, Ruknu-'d-Dīn-Āsaf, who was then one of the most distinguished masters of the contemplative life, he gave himself up wholly to the things of God, and at the close of his days he was held to have attained to the highest degree of spirituality that can be reached in this world—that seventh stage described by himself in words to which I shall refer later on. We owe to him the *Lives of the Saints* of the order to which he belonged, and mystical

poems which hold a high place in Persian literature. His life of piety was crowned by martyrdom at the hands of the Mogul invaders under Jengiz Khān. His *Pend-Nāma*, with which I am immediately concerned, appears to have been composed for some beloved disciple, who is addressed throughout it as "My Friend," "My Brother," and more frequently, "My Son." In reading it we are reminded at one time of the "Imitation," at another of the "Spiritual Combat," and again of the Sapiential Books of the Christian Canon. He begins by invoking the Name of God—the All-Bountiful and All-Merciful, essentially Holy in His Nature, and exempt by His Attributes from all imperfection. Next the Prophet is celebrated: and then there are verses in honour of the seven chief Doctors of Islām. A confession of sin and prayer for pardon follows, conceived in a strain of intense realization, on the one hand, of the corruption of human nature as seen in the light of the Divine perfections; and, on the other, of the illimitable mercy of God. "Thou doest only good. We have done very wickedly. Every instant of our existence has been marked by new faults. We have never once obeyed Thy laws with a heart entirely submissive and content. A fugitive slave, I approach thy gate. Shame hath covered my face. But Thyself hast commanded Thy servants not to give themselves up to despair.* Thou shalt purify me from my sins before Thou turnest me again to the dust." The fifth chapter treats of the battle which must be delivered to inordinate affections and corrupt inclinations, and celebrates the excellence of voluntary poverty, to which nothing is preferable, of obedience, of mortification, of detachment from all created things—the indispensable instrument of true and everlasting felicity. And so throughout the seventy-nine chapters of the work the praises of these virtues constantly recur, and their necessity is insisted upon. The sixth chapter, upon the advantages of silence, might have been written by a Trappist. "My brother," it counsels, "if thou seekest the Lord, never open thy lips but to pronounce His commandments." "Speak not, my brother, but to set forth His praise." "Silence is the exercise of the wise." "In the multitude of words is the death of the soul." I cannot linger over the exhortations of 'Attār to purity of intention, to humility, to modesty—"the man who knows not how to blush belongs to the company of Satan," he avers—to patient continuance in well-doing and endurance of injury, to charity to all God's creatures, to confidence in God—"take no thought for the morrow; He who makes thee see to-morrow will take thought for its needs"—to perpetual celebration of the divine praises. All the members of the body, he points out, have their proper

* The reference is to the verse of the Qur'ān: "Servants of God, who have destroyed your own souls by your iniquity, despair not of His mercy: for there is no sin which He pardoneth not. He is forgiving and merciful."—S. xxxix. v. 53.

office of praise to Him who made it: the hand in succouring those oppressed by the weight of their burdens: the feet in visiting the afflicted: the eye in shedding tears through fear of God's judgments, or in considering the works of His omnipotence: the ear in listening to His word: the tongue in reading the precepts of the Qur'an, or in reciting His doxologies. "The thought of God," he teaches, "is the true food of the soul: the only medicine for the wounds of the heart." Very striking is his chapter on that knowledge of God which is the fruit of contemplation—the name given to one devoted to the contemplative life, I may note in passing, is "he who knows the Lord Most High." This, the author insists, is the only science: he who is devoid of it is not worthy to be reckoned among men. But he who possesses it has no place in his heart, save for God only. And he goes on: "Come, I will show thee what the world is like. It is like a phantom which a man sees in sleep. And when he awakes no profit remains to him from his sweet illusion. So, when death comes and wakes us from the dream of life, we carry away with us nothing of the good things we have enjoyed in this world." And in another place he likens the world to an outworn beauty who decks herself as a young bride and ever seeks to attract a new lover. Happy the man, he says, who has turned his back upon her and her seductions, and has bidden her an eternal divorce.

So much as to this "Book of Counsels," to which for its virility, its simplicity, its directness, its elevation, may well be assigned a high place among Manuals of Piety. To a Christian, of course, it presents one radical defect—the defect which, even before his conversion, repelled St. Augustine from certain philosophical writings, otherwise most excellent and most winning: "that the saving Name of Christ was not mentioned therein."* But although the Name of Him by whose mission to the world was "manifested the love of God towards us" is absent from the pages of 'Attâr, that love, nevertheless, is their main theme and the source of their inspiration. It will have been seen from what I have quoted from the *Pend-Nâma*, that the only worthy object of life, according to the Sūfis, is union with the Divine Essence; and in the road to this supreme goal they reckon seven stages, of which, under the designation of the Seven Valleys, 'Attâr has given an account in his mystical poem, "*Mantiqu-'t-Tayr*"—"The Colloquy of the Birds."† One of the birds says to the lapwing: O thou who knowest the road that leads to the palace of the Great King, tell me, dear companion—for our eyes are covered with darkness in gazing upon it—tell me how

* S. August. Confes. l. v. c. 14.

† See chapters xxxviii. to xlv. I have before me the excellent edition of this poem—the Persian text with a French translation—of M. Garcin de Tassy (Paris, 1857).

many parasangs long it is. There are Seven Valleys to pass through, replies the dear companion; but since no traveller who has arrived at that blessed bourne has ever returned, no one knows how many parasangs long the way is. Ah, foolish one! since they have all lost themselves in a fathomless ocean, how should they come back to tell thee what they have seen? But listen. First, there is the Valley of the Quest: painful and toilsome is that valley; and there for years mayst thou dwell, stripping thy soul bare of all earthly attachment, indifferent to forms of faith or unfaith, until the light of the Divine Essence casts a ray upon thy desolation. Then, when thy heart has been set on fire, shalt thou enter the second valley—the Valley of Love—a valley that has no limits. Next is the Valley of Knowledge, which has no beginning, neither ending. There each who enters is enlightened, so far as he is able to bear it, and finds in the contemplation of truth the place which belongs to him. The mystery of the essence of being is revealed to him. He sees the almond within its shell; he sees God under all the things of sense; or rather, he sees nothing but Him whom he loves. But for one who has attained to these mysteries, how many millions have turned aside out of the way upon the road! The fourth valley is the Valley of Sufficiency,* where God is all in all: where the contemplation of the Divinity is the one reality, and all things else, sensible or intellectual, are absorbed in nothingness. The fifth valley is the Valley of the Unity;† there the Divine Essence, independent of its attributes, is the object of contemplation. Thence the elect soul passes to the sixth valley—the Valley of Amazement: a dolorous region, where, blind with excess of light from the revelation of the Unity, it gropes its way in pain and confusion. He who has the Unity graven on his heart forgets all else and himself also. Should any man say to such an one, Art thou annihilated or existent, or both or neither? Art thou thyself or not thyself? he would reply: I know nothing at all, not even that I know nothing. I love; but I know not whom I love. I am neither Muslim nor infidel. What am I then? What say I? I have no knowledge of my love. My heart is at the same time full and empty. Last stage of all is the Valley of Annihilation of Self: of complete Poverty‡—the seventh and supreme degree, which no human words can describe. There is the great ocean of Divine Love. The world present and the world to come are but as figures reflected in it. And as it rises and falls, how

* Or, as M. Garcin de Tassy renders it, "Independence." He who attains to this stage is called by the mystical theologians of Islām 'Arif, "one who knows."

† This is also called *Hāl*, the state or *Wajd*—Ecstasy.

‡ This is the common term among the Muslim mystics for the highest degree of the contemplative life: absolute quietism; the praises of which are thus sung by an Arab poet, quoted by M. Silvestre de Sacy (p. 304): "Poverty is the substance: all else is but accident; poverty is health, all else is sickness; the whole world is illusion and falsity; poverty only is an excellent possession and real riches."

can they remain? He who plunges in that sea and is lost in it, finds perfect peace.

Such are the seven stages in the scale of perfection, as the Muslim masters of the spiritual life teach; and such is the goal to which they conduct; a goal not unlike the Nirvāna of the Buddhists.* Saadi, in his Third Conference, relates an incident from the life of a widely renowned Saint, which may be fitly cited here in illustration of this teaching:—

"One night Abū Yezīd Bestāmī, being alone in his cell and plunged in ecstasy, cried out in his vivid apprehension of the feebleness and impotence of human nature, 'O my God, when shall I unite myself to Thee? O God most High, how long wilt Thou leave me to consume away in this cruel separation? When wilt Thou give me the wine of Thy enjoyment?' Then a voice from out of the impenetrable abode of the Divine Majesty sounded above his head, and he heard the words: 'Abū Yezīd, thy Thou is still with thee. If thou wilt attain unto Me, quit thyself and come.'"

And so Jelāl, the great Muslim Saint and Doctor—of whom more presently—in the Mesnevī:

"One knocked at the door of the Beloved, and a voice from within said: 'Who is there?' Then he answered: '*It is I.*' The voice replied: 'This house will not hold *me* and *thee*!' So the door remained shut. The lover retired to a wilderness, and spent some time in solitude, fasting, and prayer. One year elapsed, when he again returned, and knocked at the door. 'Who is there?' said the voice. The lover answered, '*It is thou.*' Then the door was opened."

It is under this allegorical veil that the Sūfīs ordinarily expound their doctrines, for the setting forth of which they find the vulgar speech of this working-day world inadequate. As Jelāl elsewhere says: "They profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection; and circulate the cup, but no material goblet: since all things are spiritual, all is mystery within mystery." Thus does he interpret the deeper signification of the four pillars of the Muhammadan faith—the great duties of worship, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage:—

"Oh! thou who layest a claim to Islam,
Without the inner meaning thy claim hath no stability.
Learn what are the pillars of the Musulman's creed,—
Fasting, pilgrimage, prayer, and alms.
Know that fasting is abstinence from the fashions of mankind,
For in the eye of the soul this is the true mortification.
Pilgrimage to the place of the wise
Is to find escape from the flame of separation.
Alms are the flinging at His feet
All else beside Him in the whole range of possibilities.
Depart from self that thou may'st be joined to Him,
Wash thy hands of self that thou may'st obtain thy prayer.
If thou fulfillest these four pillars of *Islām*,
In the path of religion (*deen*) a thousand souls of mine are thy ransom!"†

* So M. Renan: "Sept degrés, disent les Soufis, mènent l'homme jusqu'au terme, qui est la *disparition* de la *disparition*, le Nirvana buddique par l'anéantissement de personnalité."—*L'Averroès*, p. 112.

† Translated from the Mesnevī, by Professor Cowell, "Oxford Essays," 1855, p. 177.

The following translation of one of Jelāl's odes, by the late Professor Falconer, commended by Professor Cowell as not less admirable for fidelity to the spirit of the original than for elegance of diction, may appropriately find place here as a further illustration of the teaching of Sūfism :

- " Seeks thy spirit to be gifted
With a deathless life ?
Let it seek to be uplifted
O'er earth's storm and strife.
- " Spurn its joys—its ties dis sever ;
Hopes and fears divest ;
Thus aspire to live for ever—
Be for ever blest !
- " Faith and doubt leave far behind thee ;
Cease to love or hate ;
Let not Time's illusions blind thee,
Thou shalt Time outdate.
- " Merge thine individual being
In the Eternal's love ;
All this sensuous nature fleeing
For pure bliss above.
- " Earth receives the seed and guards it,
Trustfully it dies ;
Then, what teeming life rewards it
For self-sacrifice !
- " With green leaf and clustering blossom
Clad, and golden fruit,
See it from earth's cheerless bosom
Ever sunward shoot !
- " Thus, when self-abased, man's spirit
From each earthly tie
Rises disenthralled t' inherit
Immortality !"

This is the key to the system of the Sūfīs, a system evidently imbued, and that largely, with Pantheism,* but Pantheism of no vulgar or ignoble kind ; not the Pantheism so widely spread in this nineteenth-century Europe, which is merely a bad dream of Materialism after its surfeit among the swine ; but rather that higher Pantheism which is but one side of an eternal truth, distorted and exaggerated by its incompleteness ; that Pantheism sung by a great poet and teacher, who—however imperfect we may account his teaching—has unquestionably done much to elevate and purify the lives of millions :

- " Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him ?
Dark is the world to thee ; thyself art the reason why ;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel ' I am I ? ' "

It is upon the practice of Divine Love that the Sūfīs rest all

* The late Professor Palmer was of opinion that Sūfism "steers a middle course between the Pantheism of India on the one hand, and the Deism of the Corān on the other," that it "is really the development of the Primæval Religion of the Aryan race,"—*Oriental Mysticism*, Pref. pp. ix. x.

morality. One of them being asked who was bad, replied, in words which recall the famous hymn of St. Francis Xavier, "Those who serve God out of fear of punishment or hope of reward." And then, the question being put to him "From what motive do you serve God?" he answered, "Out of love to Him." The practical expounders and preachers of Sūfism are the Dervishes, the monks of Islām, whose numbers and influence are great throughout the East, and especially in Turkey, where, according to Dozy, thirty-two distinct orders of them are found.* In Constantinople alone they have two hundred monasteries. They are also styled Faqīrs, Poor Men of God, and constitute thoroughly organized bodies, minutely discriminated from each other. "Every school, every brotherhood, has its own distinctive teaching and technicalities, its peculiar practices and observances, its Saints and Doctors, great men and founders"—just like the Benedictines and Carthusians, the Franciscans and Dominicans, among ourselves. It would be impossible to enter here upon a detailed account of Muhammadan monasticism, nor can I even attempt to discuss the general character and influence of the religious of Islām. Of course the proverb *cucullus non facit monachum* has its application to them; and there can be no question that there is in mysticism a tendency towards sensuality, and that of a gross kind—*corruptio optimi pessima*. Equally unquestionable is it that the Dervishes have frequently incurred the suspicion of the ruling hierarchy of the Muslim Church.† Nor need this surprise us when we remember how Savonarola and St. John of the Cross fared at the hands of the appointed guardians of Catholic orthodoxy—how John Wesley and his companions were treated by the Anglican Episcopate. What seems to be certain is the strong consensus of opinion from those who know Muhammadan countries best, that, as Dr. Wolff expresses it, the Sūfis, in many places, "are people who really try to come nearer to God" "by a moral life, separation from the world, meditation, prayer, and reading the books of other religious sects;" that "many of them are like Cornelius, whose prayers and alms went up for a memorial before God."‡ And Professor Cowell judges that we must look to Sūfism for "that preparation of the Muhammadan mind which in due time may lead to the overthrow of Islām for a purer creed."§ Putting aside that question, let me here present to my readers the following account of the admission of Tewekkul Beg

* Mr. Brown, in his interesting work on the Dervishes (p. 76), enumerates thirty-six, on the authority of Von Hammer; twelve dating from before the foundation of the Turkish Empire, the others of more modern origin.

† The term "hierarchy" is, perhaps, apt to mislead. The Ulemā of Islām are the Doctors of the Muhammadan law, and are more like Jewish Rabbis than a Christian *clerus*.

‡ Quoted by Professor Cowell, "Oxford Essays," 1855, p.175. Mr. Brown, in the Preface to his work on the Dervishes, bears testimony that he has found those of them with whom he is acquainted "liberal and intelligent, sincere, and most faithful friends."

§ *Ibid.*

into one of the Dervish orders by Moolla Shāh, a Saint and poet of some celebrity, who died in the year of the Hijra 1072 (1661–62 of our era), at Lahore, where his shrine was reared by the Princess Fātima, daughter of Shāh-Jihān. Tewekkul is himself the narrator :—

"Having been introduced, by means of Akhōnd Mollā Mohammed Say'd into the intimate circle of Mollā Shāh, my heart through frequent intercourse with the Cheikh was filled with a burning desire of reaching the sublime goal [of the mystical science], and I no longer found sleep by night nor rest by day. . . . I passed the whole of that night without being able to shut my eyes, and betook myself to reciting a hundred thousand times the one hundred and twelfth chapter of the Coran.* I accomplished this in several days. It is well known that in this chapter of the Coran the great Name of God is contained, and that through the power of that Name, whoever recites it a hundred thousand times may obtain all that he desires. I conceived then the wish that the Master should bestow his affection upon me. And, in fact, I convinced myself of the efficacy of this means, for hardly had I finished the hundred thousandth recitation of this chapter of the Book of God, when the heart of the Master was filled with sympathy for me, and he gave order to Senghin Mohammed, his vicar, to conduct me on the following night to his presence. During that whole night he concentrated his mind upon me, while I directed my meditation upon my own heart; but the knot of my heart was not unloosed. So passed three nights, during which he made me the object of his spiritual attention, without any result being manifested. On the fourth night Mollā Shāh said, 'This night Mollā Senghin and Sālih Bég, who are both very susceptible to ecstatic emotions, will direct their whole mind upon the neophyte.' They obeyed this order, while I remained seated the whole night, my face turned towards Mecca, at the same time concentrating all my mental faculties upon my own heart. Towards daybreak, a little light and brightness came into my heart, but I could distinguish neither form nor colour. After morning prayer I presented myself, with the two persons I have just mentioned, before the Master, who saluted me and asked them what they had done to me. They replied: 'Ask him, himself.' Then, addressing me, he told me to relate to him my impressions. I said that I had seen a brightness in my heart; whereupon the Cheikh became animated, and said to me, 'Thy heart contains an infinity of colours, but it is become so dark that the looks of these two crocodiles of the infinite ocean [the mystic science] have not availed to bestow upon it either brightness or clearness; the moment is come when I myself will show thee how it is enlightened.' With these words he made me sit in front of him, while my senses were, so to speak, inebriated, and ordered me to reproduce within me his appearance. Then, having blindfolded me, he bade me concentrate all my mental faculties upon my heart. I obeyed, and in an instant, by the divine favour and the spiritual assistance of the Cheikh, my heart was opened. I saw then within me something like a cup, turned upside down; and this object having been turned up again, a feeling of illimitable happiness filled my whole being. I said to the Master, 'This cell, where I am sitting before you—I see a faithful reproduction of it within me, and it seems as if another Téwekkul Bég were seated before another Mollā Shāh.' He answered, 'It is well; the first vision which presents itself to thy view

* Called "the Chapter of Unity:" it is as follows :—

" Say He is God alone,
God the Eternal :
He begetteth not, and He was not begotten ;
And there is none like unto Him."

is the figure of the Master.' He next bade me uncover my eyes, which I did, and I then saw him, by the material organ of vision, seated in front of me. Again he made me bandage them, and I perceived him by my spiritual vision, seated in front of me just the same. Full of wonder I cried out, 'O my Master, whether I look with my bodily eyes or my spiritual vision, it is always you that I see.' Meanwhile I saw advance towards me a dazzling figure, and upon my telling the Master of it, he bade me ask the apparition its name. In my spirit I put to it that question, and the figure answered me by the voice of the heart, 'My name is Abd Alkâdir Glilâny.* I heard this answer by my spiritual ear. The Master then advised me to pray the Saint to give me his spiritual help and succour. I made this petition; and the apparition said to me, 'I had already granted to thee my spiritual assistance; hence it is that the knots of thy heart have been loosed.' Full of deep gratitude, I imposed on myself the obligation of reciting every Friday night the whole Coran in honour of this great Saint, and for two whole years I never neglected this practice. Mollâ Shâh then said, 'The spiritual world has been shown to thee in all its beauty: remain there seated, effacing thyself completely in the marvels of this unknown world.'

"I obeyed strictly the directions of my Master, and, day by day, the spiritual world became more and more unveiled before me. The next day I saw the figures of the Prophet and his chief Companions, and legions of Saints and Angels passed before my inner vision. Three months passed in this manner, after which the sphere where all colour is effaced opened before me, and then all the figures disappeared. During all this time the Master ceased not to explain to me the doctrine of the union with God and of mystical intuition. But, nevertheless, the Absolute Reality would not show itself to me. It was not until after a year that the knowledge of the Absolute Reality in its relation with the conception of my own existence came to me. The following verses revealed themselves at that moment to my heart, whence they passed unbidden to my lips:—

'That this corruptible frame was other than water and dust
I knew not: the powers of the heart and the soul and the body I knew not.
Woe is me! that so much of my life without Thee has for ever fled from me.
Thou wert I; but dark was my heart: I knew not the secret transcendent.'

"I submitted to Mollâ Shâh this poetical inspiration, and he rejoiced that the idea of the union with God was at last manifested to my heart; and addressing his disciples, he said: 'Téwekkul Bêg has heard from my mouth the words of the doctrine of the union with God, and he will never betray the mystery. His inner eye is opened; the sphere of colour and images is shown to him, and at last the sphere where all colour is effaced has been revealed to him. Whoever after having passed through these phases of the union with God, has obtained the Absolute Reality, shall no more be led astray, whether by his own doubts or by those which sceptics may suggest to him.'"[†]

IV.

Without stopping to comment upon this singular account, or to exhibit the curious parallelisms to it, which might be extracted from the mystical writers of the Western world, let me go on to say something in detail about the life and legend of the great Saint—

* A great Muhammadan Saint, whom I have already mentioned at page 209. He was born in the year of the Hijra 471, and died in 561, after a life which his biographers relate to have been full from the first of sanctity and prodigy.

† I translate this account from M. de Kremer's striking paper "Le Spiritualisme Oriental," published in the *Journal Asiatique*, 6^{me} série, tome xiii.

Doctor, and Poet whose name I have already more than once mentioned—Jelālu-'d-Dīn, Muhammed, Er-Rumi, commonly called by his spiritual children Mevlāna, our Lord. We are indebted to Mr. Redhouse, than whom no more competent scholar could have dealt with the subject, for a metrical version of a portion of the celebrated poem of this eminent person—the *Mesnevī*, usually known as the *Mesnevīyi Sherīf*, or Holy *Mesnevī*, a work of which Professor Cowell judges that it is “in many respects one of the most remarkable productions of the Eastern mind;” that it is “unsurpassed in Persian literature for depth of thought or beauty of imagery;” that “the flow of fine things runs on unceasingly as from a river-god’s urn.” To his translation of the first book of the *Mesnevī*, Mr. Redhouse has prefixed a selection* from the Acts of Jelāl and certain of his ancestors and descendants, as collected by the historian El-Eflākī, a Dervish of the order founded by Jelāl, which, by the way, is still the most considerable of the religious communities of Islām. It was under obedience to his spiritual director, Chelebī Emir 'Arīf, Jelāl's grandson, that Eflākī undertook the compilation of his work, which was begun in the year 1310 of our era, and finished in 1353. It contains, as Mr. Redhouse tells us, “many hundreds of anecdotes,” each “the account of a miracle wrought by the living or the dead, or the narrative of some strange or striking event”—“related to Eflākī by trustworthy reporters, whose names are generally given, and for a few of which he vouches himself as an eye-witness.” Hence its great value and importance to the student of comparative hagiology.

Before proceeding to cite a few of the more characteristic portions of these Acts, I may mention that Jelālu-'d-Dīn—the name means Majesty of the Faith—was of a family in every way illustrious, his mother being a princess of the royal house of Khurāsān, while his father, Bahā'u-'d-Dīn (Beauty of the Faith), a lineal descendant of Abū-Bekr, the father-in-law and successor of Muhammad, holds a high place among those who, in the language of Muslim hagiologists, “attain to the Truth, and in whom are manifested the mysteries of Positive Knowledge,” and whose miraculous works evidence their supernatural gifts. His birth is usually assigned to the year 603 of the Muhammadan era, and 1205 of our chronology, a memorable date in English history; for it was then that John, his military power broken by the loss of Château Gaillard, and of Normandy with it, was entering upon that protracted struggle with the Church and the Baronage, which was to issue in the granting of the Great Charter and the definitive establishment of English freedom upon written law. It was the age, in the Western world, of St. Francis of

* My remaining references are made to this first portion of Mr. Redhouse's work, and I shall therefore give merely the page.

Assisi, and St. Dominic, of St. Simon Stock, and St. Peter Nolasco—the heroic era of the Catholic religious orders, and the culminating time of the mediæval period. When Jelāl was five years old, his father, Bahā'u-'d-Din—often called “the Great Master”—quitted Balkh, after denouncing the innovations in religion that had set in there, and prophesying the speedy overthrow of the kingdom. Fleeing from the wicked city, “as the Prophet fled from Mekka to Medina,” Bahā betook himself to Bagdād, and there publicly rebuked the Khalifa for his evil courses, and warned him of his approaching slaughter by the Moguls. Thence he went upon the greater pilgrimage, and eventually, after various wanderings, settled in Qonya, the ancient Iconium, at the invitation of the king. It is related of him that, upon one occasion, having been invited by the monarch to survey from the terraced roof of the palace the walls and towers recently constructed for the fortification of the city, he observed: “Against torrents and against the horsemen of the enemy thou hast raised a goodly defence; but what protection hast thou built against those unseen arrows, the sighs and moans of the oppressed, which overleap a thousand walls, and sweep whole worlds to destruction? Go to, now; strive to regain the blessings of thy subjects. They are a stronghold compared to which the walls and turrets of the strongest castles are as nothing.” He died in the year of the Hijra 628, in the odour of sanctity, surrounded by his disciples. After his death, Jelāl appears to have gone for several years to prosecute his studies at Aleppo and Damascus, famous seats of learning in those days. He was peculiarly devoted to the Idealistic Philosophy of which El Gazzālī—often called the Muhammadan Plato, and judged by M. Renan “l'esprit le plus original de l'école Arabe”—had been the great exponent. Of the breadth and solidity of his acquirements in the liberal arts of the time there can be no question. His spiritual teacher was the Sheykh and Seyyid Burhānu-'d-Dīn, a former pupil of his father's, and a Saint and anchorite of great renown. From him Jelāl is stated to have received instruction in “the mysteries of mute reality and ecstasy,” and, in “that knowledge, the knowledge possessed by the Prophets and the Saints, which is called the *Science of Divine Intuition*, the science spoken of by God in Qur'ān xviii. 64: “We have taught him a science from within Us.” Thus, having become “perfect in all sciences, patent and occult, human and divine,” Jelāl assumed the rectorship of his father's college in Qonya, where he abode until his death. And now, to give some extracts from his Acts. First, take the following, which recalls a well-known incident in the life of St. Francis:—

“A party of butchers had purchased a heifer, and were leading her away to be slaughtered, when she broke loose from them, and ran away, a crowd following and shouting after her, so that she became furious, and none could

pass near her. By chance, Jelāl met her, his followers being at some distance behind. On beholding him, the heifer became calm and quiet, came gently towards him, and then stood still, as though communing with him mutely, heart to heart, as is the wont with saints, and as though pleading for her life. Jelāl patted and caressed her. The butchers now came up. Jelāl begged of them the animal's life, as having placed herself under his protection. They gave their consent, and let her go free. Jelāl's disciples now joined the party, and he improved the occasion by the following remarks: 'If a brute beast, on being led away to slaughter, break loose and take refuge with me, so that God grants it immunity for my sake, how much more so would the case be, when a human being turns unto God with all his heart and soul, devoutly seeking Him. God will certainly save such a man from the tormenting demons of hell fire, and lead him to heaven, there to dwell eternally.' Those words caused such joy and gladness among the disciples, that a musical festival, with dancing,* at once commenced, and was carried on into the night. Alms and clothing were distributed to the poor singers of the chorus."†

Upon one occasion Jelāl is related to have silenced the frogs, who disturbed his preaching, as St. Francis silenced the birds:—

"Jelāl was accustomed to go away every year for about six weeks to a place near Qonya, called 'The Hot Waters,' where there is a lake or marsh inhabited by a large colony of frogs. A religious musical festival was arranged one day near the lake, and Jelāl delivered a discourse. The frogs were vociferous, and made his words inaudible. He therefore addressed himself to them, with a loud shout, saying, 'What is all this noise about? Either do you pronounce a discourse, or allow me to speak.' Complete silence immediately ensued; nor was a frog ever once heard to croak again, so long as Jelāl remained there. Before leaving, he went to the marsh, and gave them his permission to croak again now as much as they pleased. The chorus instantly began. Numbers of people, who were witnesses of this miraculous power over the frogs, became believers in Jelāl, and professed themselves his disciples."‡

Another very striking chapter from the Acts of Jelāl I must venture to quote, long as it is, because, so far as I know, it has no parallel in hagiological literature:—

* The famous religious dances of the Dervishes, to accompany which Jelāl introduced instrumental music, the flute, the rebeck, the drum, and the tambourine, on account, as he explained, of "the lethargic nature" of the people of the country.

† P. 63. It may be well to subjoin for comparison the following beautiful passage from St. Buonaventura's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi":—"Another time, when the man of God was at Greccio, a live hare was brought to him, which, although it was placed upon the ground, that it might escape, if it would, at the call of the loving Father leaped of its own accord into his bosom. And he, pressing it to him with tender affection, admonished it with brotherly compassion not to let itself be taken again, and then set it free. But although it was many times placed upon the ground, that it might depart, it still returned into the Father's bosom, as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart. At last, by his command, it was carried safely by the brethren to a solitary place."

‡ P. 62. How different the spirit which breathes through the parallel passage in the "Life of St. Francis":—"Because for the noise the birds made the friars could not hear each other as they said the hours, the holy man said to the birds, 'My sisters, the birds, cease your singing until we have fulfilled our duty in praising God.' And the birds hushed their singing at once, and remained silent until the office was fully said, when they received permission from the man of God to resume their song. No sooner had he given them permission than they began to sing after their wonted manner, on a fig-tree near the cell of the man of God."

"On one occasion a rich merchant of Tebriz came to Qonya. He inquired

of his agents there who was the most eminent man of learning and piety in the city, as he wished to go and pay his respects to him. He remarked to them: 'It is not merely for the sake of making money that I travel about in every country on earth; I desire also to make the acquaintance of every man of eminence I can find in each city.' His correspondents told him that the Sheykhul-Islām of the capital had a great reputation for learning and piety, and that they would be proud to present him to that celebrated luminary. Accordingly, he selected a number of rarities from among his store, to the value of thirty sequins, and the party set out to visit the great lawyer. The merchant found the dignitary lodged in a great palace, with guards at the gate, crowds of servants and attendants in the courtyard, and eunuchs, pages, grooms, ushers, chamberlains, and the like in the halls. . . . He now offered his presents, and then inquired of the great lawyer whether he could solve a doubt under which he was then labouring. This he stated as follows: 'Of late I have been sustaining a series of losses. Can you indicate a way by which I may escape from that unfortunate position? I give, every year, the fortieth part of my liable possessions to the poor, and I distribute alms besides, to the extent of my power. I cannot conceive, therefore, why I am unfortunate.' Other remarks he made also to the same effect. They appeared to be lost on the great luminary, who affected to be otherwise pre-occupied. At length the merchant took leave, without obtaining a solution of his difficulty. The day following he inquired of his friends whether there did not chance to be, in the great city, some poor mendicant of exemplary piety, to whom he might offer his respects, and from whom he might, haply, learn what he longed to know, together with advice that would be of service to him. They answered, 'Just such a man as thou describest is our Lord, Jelālu-'d-Dīn. He has forsaken all pleasures, save only his love towards God. Not only has he given up all concern for worldly matters, he has also renounced all cares as to a future state. He passes his nights, as well as his days, in the worship of God; and he is a very ocean of knowledge in all temporal and spiritual subjects.' The Tebrīz merchant was enchanted with this information. He begged to see that holy man, the bare mention of whose virtues had filled him with delight. They accordingly conducted him to the college of Jelāl, the merchant having privately furnished himself with a *rouleau* of fifty sequins in gold as his offering to the saint. When they reached the college, Jelāl was sitting alone in the lecture-hall, immersed in the study of some books. The party made their obeisances, and the merchant felt himself completely overpowered at the aspect of the venerable teacher, so that he burst into tears, and could not utter a word. Jelāl addressed him therefore as follows: 'The fifty sequins thou hast provided as thy offering are accepted. But better for thee than these are the two hundred sequins thou hast lost. God, whose glory be exalted, had determined to visit thee with a sore judgment and a heavy trial; but, through this thy visit here, He has pardoned thee, and the trial is averted from thee. Be not dismayed. From this day forth thou shalt not suffer loss; and that which thou hast already suffered shall be made up to thee.' The merchant was equally astonished and delighted at these words; more so, however, when Jelāl proceeded with his discourse. 'The cause and reason of thy bygone losses and misfortunes was, that on a certain day thou wast in the west of Firengistān (Europe), where thou wentest into a certain ward of a certain city, and there sawest a poor Firengī (European) man, one of the greatest of God's cherished saints, who was lying stretched out at the corner of a market-place. As thou didst pass by him, thou spattest on him, evincing aversion from him. His heart was grieved by thy act and demeanour. Hence the visitations that have afflicted thee. Go thou then, and make thy peace with him, asking his forgiveness, and offering him our salutations.'

The merchant was petrified at this announcement. Jelāl then asked him, 'Wilt thou that we this instant show him to thee?' So saying he placed his hand on the wall of the apartment, and told the merchant to behold. Instantly a doorway opened in the wall, and the merchant then perceived that man in Firengistān, lying down in a market-place. At this sight he bowed down his head, and rent his garments, coming away from the saintly presence in a state of stupor. He remembered all these incidents as facts. Immediately commencing his preparations, he set out without delay, and reached the city in question. He inquired for the ward he wished to visit, and for the man whom he had offended. He discovered him lying down, stretched out as Jelāl had shown him. The merchant dismounted from his beast, and made his obeisance to the prostrate Firengī dervish,* who at once addressed him thus: 'What wilt thou that I do? Our Lord Jelāl suffereth me not; or otherwise, I had a desire to make thee see the power of God, and what I am. But now draw near.' The Firengī dervish then clasped the merchant to his bosom, kissed him repeatedly on both cheeks, and then added: 'Look now, that thou mayest see my Lord and Teacher, my spiritual Master, and that thou mayest witness a marvel.' The merchant looked. He saw the Lord Jelāl immersed in a holy dance, chanting this hymn, and entranced with sacred music:—

' His kingdom's vast and pure, each sort its fitting place finds there ;
 Cornelian, ruby, clod, or pebble be thou on His hill,
 Believe, He seeks thee ; disbelieve, He'll haply cleanse thee fair ;
 Be here a faithful Abū-Bekr ; Firengī there ; at will ?

When the merchant happily reached Qonya on his return he gave the salutations of the Firengī saint, and his respects, to Jelāl, and distributed

* Christian monk. One of the great offences of the Sūfis in the eyes of Muslim orthodoxy is their attitude towards religions other than the Muhammadan. There is a proverbial saying, often quoted by their writers, which literally rendered means, "A Sūfi knows no religion," and which their adversaries take literally, while they themselves expound it to signify, "A Sūfi thinks ill of no religion." It cannot be doubted that, at all events the more advanced of them in the mystical doctrine consider religious systems to be merely instruments whereby is expressed, faintly and inadequately at the best, celestial melody, or, as the Germans would say, *Vorstellungsarten*, "modes of representation," some better, some worse, but all imperfect. I take it that Jelāl would have agreed with Mr. Tennyson :

" Our little systems have their day,
 They have their day and cease to be ;
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Thus, while themselves scrupulously observing the precepts of Islām, the Sūfis regard other forms of faith with benevolence, as being also means—although, as they judge, inferior means—of attaining to the same realities which are hidden under the Muslim symbols : all true in a measure, but not the absolute truth to those who have

" attained a purer air,
 Whose faith has centre everywhere,
 Nor cares to fix itself to form."

M. Garcin de Tassy goes so far as to say, "Ils pensent que la Bible et le Coran ont été seulement écrits pour l'homme qui se contente de l'apparence des choses, qui s'occupe de l'extérieur, pour le *zâhir parast*, comme ils le nomment, et non pour le *sofi* qui sonde le fond des choses."—"La Poésie Philosophique et Religieuse chez les Persans" (p. 12). I incline to think that this is too strongly put. But that is a question which cannot be discussed in a foot-note. Possibly I may have to consider it on a future occasion.

much substance among the disciples. He settled at Qonya, and became a member of the confraternity of the Pure Lovers of God.”*

The chapter which I shall next cite from Jelāl’s Acts is interesting as illustrating his view of life and death :—

“It was once remarked to Jelāl with respect to the burial service for the dead, that, from the earliest times, it had been used for certain prayers and Qur’anic recitations to be said at the grave and round the corpse ; but, that people could not understand why he had introduced into the ceremony the practice of singing hymns during the procession towards the place of burial, which canonists had pronounced to be a mischievous innovation. Jelāl replied : ‘The ordinary reciters, by their services, bear witness that the deceased lived a Muslim. My singers, however, testify that he was a believer in and a lover of God.’ He added also : ‘Besides that, when the human spirit, after years of imprisonment in the cage and dungeon of the body, is at length set free, and wings its flight to the source whence it came, is not this an occasion for rejoicings, thanks, and dancings ? The soul, in ecstacy, soars to the presence of the Eternal, and stirs up others to make proof of courage and self-sacrifice. If a prisoner be released from a dungeon and be clothed with honour, who would doubt that rejoicings are proper ? So, too, the death of a saint is an exactly parallel case.”†

As a fitting complement to this, take the following account of the Saint’s own death and burial, which will be a fitting conclusion, too, to this paper :—

“As he lay in his extreme sickness, there were earthquakes for seven days and nights, very severe, so that walls and houses were overthrown. On the seventh occasion, all his disciples were alarmed. He, however, calmly remarked, ‘Poor earth ! it is eager for a fat morsel !† It shall have one !’ He then gave his last instructions to his disciples as follows :—‘I recommend unto you the fear of God, in public and in private ; abstemiousness in eating and in sleeping, as also in speaking ; the avoidance of rebelliousness and of sin ; constancy in fasting, continuous worship, and perpetual abstinence from fleshly lusts ; long-suffering under the ill-treatment of all mankind ; to shun the companionship of the light-minded and of the common herd ; to associate with the righteous and with men of worth ; for verily *‘the best of mankind is he who benefiteth men,’* and *‘the best of speech is that which is short and to the purpose.’*”

“The following is a prayer taught by Jelāl on his death-bed to one of his friends, to be used whenever affliction or care might weigh upon him :—

“‘O our Lord God, I breathe but for Thee, and I stretch forth my spirit towards Thee, that I may recite Thy doxologies abundantly, commemorating Thee frequently. O our Lord God, lay not on me an ailment that may make me forgetful to commemorate Thee, or lessen my yearning towards Thee, or cut off the delight I experience in reciting the litanies of Thy praise. Grant me not a health that may engender or increase in me presumptuous or thankless insolence. For Thy mercy’s sake, O Thou Most Merciful of the compassionate ! Amen.’

“A friend was seated by Jelāl’s pillow, and Jelāl leaned on that friend’s bosom. Suddenly a most handsome youth appeared at the door of the room, to the utmost astonishment of the friend.

“Jelāl arose and advanced to receive the stranger. But the friend was quicker, and quietly asked his business. The stranger answered : ‘I am

* P. 32.

† P. 67.

‡ A playful reference to his extreme emaciation.

'Azrā'il, the angel of departure and separation. I am come, by the Divine command, to inquire what commission the Master may have to intrust to me.'

"Blessed are the eyes that can perceive such sights!

"The friend was near fainting at this answer. But he heard Jelāl call out, 'Come in, come in, thou messenger of my King. Do that which thou art bidden; and, God willing, thou shalt find me one of the patient.'

"He now told his attendants to bring a vessel of water, placed his two feet therein, and occasionally sprinkled a little on his breast and forehead, saying, 'My beloved (God) has proffered me a cup of poison (bitterness). From His hand I drink that poison with delight.'

"The singers and musicians now came in, and executed a hymn, while the whole company of friends wept, and sobbed loudly

* * * * *

"His son (Sultan Veled) had been unremitting in his attentions. He wept and sobbed; he was reduced to a shadow. Jelāl therefore said to him: 'Bahā'u-'d-Dīn, my son, I am better. Go and lie down a little. Rest thyself, and sleep awhile.' When he was gone, Jelāl indited his last ode.

* * * * *

"It is related that, after his death, when laid on his bier . . . as the washer, a loving and loved disciple, folded his arms over his breast, a tremor appeared to pass over the corpse, and the washer fell with his face on the lifeless breast, weeping. He felt his ear pulled by the dead saint's hand, as an admonition. On this he fainted away, and in his swoon he heard a cry from heaven, which said to him, 'Ho, there! Verily the saints of the Lord have nothing to fear, neither shall they sorrow. Believers die not; they merely depart from one habitation to another abode.'

"When the corpse was brought forth, all the men, women, and children, who flocked to the funeral procession, smote their breasts, rent their garments, and uttered loud lamentations. These mourners were of all creeds, and of various nations; Jews and Christians, Turks, Romans, and Arabians, were among them. Each recited sacred passages, according to their several usages, from the Law, the Psalms, or the Gospel.

"The Muslims strove to drive away these strangers with blows of fist, or staff, or sword. They would not be repelled. A great tumult was the result. The Sultan, the heir-apparent, and the Perwāna all flew to appease the strife, together with the chief rabbis, the bishops, abbots, and others.

"It was asked of these latter, why they mixed themselves up with the funeral of an eminent Muslim sage and saint. They replied that they had learnt from him more of the mysteries shrouded in their Scriptures than they had ever known before, and had found on him all the signs and qualities of a prophet and saint, as set forth in those writings. . . . The Muslim leaders could make no answer. And so, in all honour, with every possible demonstration of love and respect, was he borne along, and at length laid in his grave. He had died as the sun went down, on Sunday, the fifth of the month Jumāda'l-ākhir, A.H. 672 (16th December, A.D. 1273), being thus sixty-eight years of age."*

W. S. LILLY.

THE ANALOGIES OF SAILING.

IT may be a convenient introduction to the subject of this paper if I ask the reader to suppose the case (which is not imaginary) of a river flowing with a very slight current, and accompanied in its wanderings by the great humanly contrived conveniences of a railway and a good ordinary road. Next, let him suppose that three travellers are going in the same direction, and that they are persons of very different idiosyncrasy. One of them, whom we will call A, is a practical, energetic person, whose notion of travelling is that the object of it is to arrive at one's destination. If you asked such a person which of the three means of communication he voted for he would stare in astonishment at such a superfluous question. He would take the rail, of course, and look in his time-table for the quickest train. He would not listen to any other proposal, even if he were at leisure, but would get himself whirled to the next town on his itinerary, even though he did not know what to do with himself when he got there. Another of the three travellers, B, might wish to see the country more at leisure, and take a carriage for the road, or he might even prefer to do the distance on horseback, if a saddle-horse were procurable. The third, C, supposing him to have the boating instinct, would say, "Let us hire a boat, a sailing-boat, as there is not much current, and do the whole distance on the river!" The objections to such a proceeding on the part of his companions may be readily anticipated. The lover of express trains would say that nobody could have any idea of the time a sailing-boat would take. The equestrian would answer that the mind is much more at leisure to see and enjoy a fine tract of country when one is on horseback than when he has to be constantly thinking about ropes and
d a rudder, and studying every little variation in the wind.

It is useless to argue about matters of taste, but if C were impelled to speak in self-defence he would probably reply that the very objections so readily urged against a sailing voyage constituted its peculiar charm. The uncertainty of it makes it interesting, and the fact that skill and attention are required almost at every instant, gives the sailor an amount of satisfaction in the exercise of his faculties which can hardly be equalled, and can never be surpassed, in the practice of any other amusement. Those who have no taste for sailing lose their tempers when the boat does not maintain at least that equality of speed which may be expected from a pair of horses, and if they had their will they would desire a sailing-boat to go as regularly and as fast as if she had a boiler in her cabin and a screw churning the water at her stern. For such persons the proper place is a bed in a sleeping-carriage or a berth in a transatlantic; but a true sailor no more desires the monotony of going always twenty knots an hour than the other monotony of remaining continually becalmed. Variety in speed is as pleasing to him as variety in most other things, and if he cares to be going fast he has always the satisfaction of reflecting that the earth, with all its waters, is flying along incessantly at a prodigious speed in space.

Sailing is a game in which the mental power and the bodily activity of the captain and his crew are pitted against the forces of wind and water. These forces are sometimes altogether favourable, in which case the sailor's business is to make the most of them, but more frequently they are only intermittently and slightly favourable, or else directly hostile, and then the sailor has to exercise great ingenuity and incessant vigilance so as make niggardly help do much for him, and even to make hostile forces serve his own private ends. Now, if you compare this game with any other game, you will find, I believe, an essential difference, which is this. All other games represent either a contest of rivalry between the players in some particular speciality of skill, such as throwing a quoit, striking a ball, directing an arrow to a target, or else a mimic battle, as in chess, when each player has a small army under his command and can only hope to win by dint of superior generalship. But life itself is not always either a rivalry or a combat, it is more frequently the exercise of man's ingenuity and courage in dealing with natural circumstances and surrounding forces over which he has no control, yet which will either help or hinder him according to the art and craft applied by him to every successive situation. What I claim for sailing is that it does not represent simply a rivalry in special skill like billiards, nor a battle like chess, but that it represents with wonderful accuracy the great contest of the human race with Nature, a contest in which man does not really conquer the natural forces but only avails himself of them. And I am fully convinced that the real

reason why sailing is so attractive to many minds is because the analogy is so close that even a short voyage represents in miniature the action of the human race in the universe, so that the deepest instincts of humanity are gratified by doing on a small scale what the race has done on a large one. The analogy is still more perfect when the amateur sailor is also an amateur boat-builder (as many are) and has himself superintended the construction of his vessel, or, still better, made it with his own hands. I have said that in sailing we never really conquer the forces of Nature, we only exercise an ingenuity in using them for our own purposes, and in this we exactly represent the action of humanity in its grand movement of advancing civilization, as humanity cannot really achieve anything against Nature, and only advances by the most ingenious, the most delicately observant conformity. It is this which gives that intellectual interest to sailing which, to those who practise it intelligently, is one of the keenest and most delicate of mental pleasures, but as sailing also requires great bodily activity it completes the representation of man's action in the universe which is physical as well as mental. In this respect sailing has a great advantage over all sedentary games of skill, for although sailing permits us to enjoy times of comparative rest, they are seldom of long duration, and the sort of vigilance that sailing requires implies bodily readiness quite as much as mental quickness and promptitude.

This, then, is the grand analogy of sailing, that it so closely represents, on a small scale, the manner in which Humanity makes progress by conformity to the forces of Nature; but it is likely that if there were no other analogy than this, the charm of sailing would not be so commonly felt, as the only people who understand the conditions of progress by conformity are those who have some tincture of scientific education. Sailing has analogies which are much more generally understood. Not only does it represent the grand advance of humanity by means of ingenious conformity, but it also represents, on a small scale, the passage of the individual human being through the favourable and the unfavourable circumstances of existence. Thousands of metaphors and similes in many literatures bear witness to the general consciousness of this analogy, and even the ordinary conversation of people who are not poetical or imaginative in any way, and who despise poetry in their hearts, connects sailing with such practical matters as prosperity and adversity in business. Some clergymen are excellent sailors and have been accomplished oarsmen, but many other clergymen know hardly anything about the subject, yet I wonder if there is a preacher in all Christendom who has not adorned his sermons with nautical similes, precisely because the variety of experiences through which the sailor managing his vessel is so apt a representation of human

life. They tell us that after being tossed on the rough ocean of the world we shall find in religion a sure haven of rest. They describe a vessel with a fair wind and rippling sea as the type of prosperity, in which men are apt to forget the possibility of those tempests which they will probably have to encounter. They exhort us to vigilance by the example of the man on the look-out, who strains his eyes to discern whatever danger may be dimly perceived in the darkness of the night. The clerical similes, it may be observed, have generally reference to storm and calm, or to rocks and darkness, and beacons shining over the deep, or to shipwrecks or safe havens. Men of business, on the other hand, have a strong predilection for similes taken either from the depth of water or the floating power of the ship. They have two ways of dealing with the subject. Very frequently water represents, in their minds, the black depths of poverty into which a man will assuredly sink, unless he has either the good ship of a substantial private fortune to sustain him, or else the strong arms and skill of a swimmer, by which they mean the industry and talent of a successful professional man. Very frequently also, by a strange inversion, when men of business choose similes from nautical affairs, they make the sea stand for—not poverty at all, but just the contrary—abundant wealth. In these cases we hear nothing about the danger of sinking, but a great deal about the inconveniences of running aground. The ship is no longer the man's fortune but the human being himself, who will go on smoothly so long as he has money enough under him (the money is now supposed to be neither metal nor paper, but a liquid), and come to a standstill, perhaps to total destruction, by fracture, when the liquid money is too shallow to swim in. According to this view, a stranded ship with her back broken, so that she can never float again, is the exact type of a completely ruined man. I suppose it was Shakespeare who first set this simile going by the passage about the tide in the affairs of men, though he does not seem to have looked upon the water as riches, but only as a means of pursuing the human voyage in search of riches.

Neither clergymen nor men of business say much about beating against the wind, and here they seem to miss an excellent opportunity, for of all analogies between sailing and human life there is not one so encouraging and inspiriting as this. A clergyman might say: "When Providence tries you with what appears to be the irresistible opposition of the powers of this world arrayed against you, do not give way to despondency, but remember that your courage and your intelligence were given to you in order that you might turn even apparently hostile forces to your advantage. These forces, which seem so terrible, may be friendly, for they may discipline your minds in patience and skill that they themselves may

be the appointed means by which you shall prevail against them." A man of business might say, in his own language: "Beating against the wind is an essential part of the education of a man of business. If the winds in his sails were continually favourable he would lose the skill which is necessary to make way against difficulties. If all speculations were necessarily profitable there would be no room for the exercise of talent in business, and therefore neither interest nor pleasure. It is in difficult times that a real genius for business has an opportunity, and then he takes the helm of his vessel in his own hand and beats against the wind, feeling a deeper inward satisfaction in a comparatively small result attained by his own skill when everything seems against him, than in large profits when trade is easy and anybody may make a fortune." It seems as if clergymen and men of business might expatiate very effectively in this way, and perhaps they do occasionally, but I never heard them. The plain truth is that very few people who are not sailors, either professionally or as amateurs, are aware that it is possible to sail against the wind at all. The present writer has lived both in England and France—two nations with a vast extent of coast, and possessing the most powerful navies in the world—and he is firmly convinced that the great majority of landsmen (not to mention the more charming but generally less nautical sex) do not know, or at least do not believe and realize in their own consciousness, the great central truth about sailing, that every properly constructed vessel *can sail against the wind*. They do not even know that a boat can sail with a side wind. Their notion is that the art of sailing consists in spreading a certain area of canvas when the wind is perfectly fair, and going along swimmingly so long as it blows in the line of the vessel's motion, but they fancy that when the wind changes a little the captain has nothing to do but cast anchor. If you ask them what he is to do with a lee-shore, an iron-bound coast, and no anchorage, they don't know what you mean. They will tell you, with that air of conscious superiority which is often the accompaniment of the profoundest ignorance, that sailing is very well when the wind is fair, but of no use in any other circumstances. I remember a very respectable-looking gentleman, who asked me some questions about my sailing excursions in the following manner:—

Q. With sails you can go when the wind is in the direction you intend to follow, but when it blows on one side, what can you do?

A. Sail.

Q. (with a very incredulous air). And when it blows dead against you?

A. Sail.

Q. (with an air of much increased incredulity and a laugh).
How so?

A. By beating to windward.

Q. What?

A. If you will take the trouble to study the laws of lateral resistance (for the keel in the water), and the decomposition of forces (for the action of the wind on the sails), you will understand it ultimately, but not otherwise.

This gentleman went away perfectly unconvinced, and evidently thinking that beating to windward (which was practised with perfect success in the days of Columbus and earlier) was a creation of my own fancy, the dream of a student, not to be realized on water. I should have thought that in two such countries as France and England it would have been worth while to teach boys in school the first elements of that great art of sailing on which commerce has so long depended.

The best allusion to the moral significance of beating to windward which (for the moment) I am able to remember in literature is Emerson's—

*"Chambers of the great are jails,
And head-winds right for royal sails."*

There is a fine ring in these lines; but notwithstanding a great love and admiration for Emerson, I have never quite known why he employed the epithet "royal," unless it was for alliteration and the movement of the verse. Sailors call those sails royals which, in a fully rigged ship, are above the top-gallant sails, and the truth is that head-winds are right, not only for those, but for all other sails that can be properly set, and more particularly for the fore-and-aft sails of cutters and schooners which are without royals.

Of all the modes of progression ever invented by man, beating to windward in a sailing vessel is morally the most beautiful. Going straight against the wind by the power of a machine is simply opposing one force by another, which, on one point, happens to be a little superior. The invention of the machine was ingenious, but the application of its force requires only the simplest and commonest intelligence, whilst the only lesson to be derived from it is, that you can overcome opposition if you are the stronger at the point where the contest takes place. The steam-engine is not stronger than the wind, it is only stronger than the wind pressure on the hull of the vessel, which is as nothing in comparison with the power of the whole wind. And even if the engine were infinitely stronger than it is, and really opposed the whole wind, the fact that a greater force can overcome a smaller one has no moral beauty or significance of any kind whatever. It is not morally more beautiful than the fact that the earth is bigger than the moon. But now consider all that is involved in

beating to windward. Suppose the case of a man ignorant of sailing, placed on a vessel too heavy for him to propel it by muscular strength, and in the midst of a sea agitated by a steady breeze. He will drift to leeward, a perfect example of that helplessness which characterizes the unintelligent creature, when he encounters the great natural forces. He is drifting, let us suppose, from north to south, and he knows that he is coming nearer and nearer to a dreadful coast where he will certainly be drowned, yet he is impotent to make the slightest progress northwards. Exactly in the same situation, an intelligent sailor, with a few square yards of canvas at his disposal, will go wherever he pleases, even to the north, and he will do this by converting his apparent enemy into his most serviceable friend. The play of wind and water is exactly the same in both cases, but the accomplished sailor knows how to conform himself to the conditions in such a manner as to conciliate Nature, and win from her that assistance which his bodily weakness needs. The action of the steam-engine shows nothing so beautiful as this. In beating to windward the wind is not resisted, it is employed, and the beauty of the process consists in the admirable ingenuity with which man converts opposition into aid whilst the opposing force continues. The analogies of beating to windward in human life are numerous. There are a hundred situations in which a stupid man can only drift, where an intelligent one will turn the very elements of adversity itself into means of accomplishing his purposes. He knows that in all apparently unfavourable situations there are certain conditions which are not really unfavourable, and which, with a little ingenuity, may become positively advantageous. There is nothing in poverty more dreaded by timid and shallow people, than the fact that it cuts them off from fashionable society, as if that very severance were not one of the most favourable circumstances for those who have to work. Society has its value and its uses, but solitude, though generally disliked and even despised, offers its own austere advantages. In times like ours, when every man who does not spend a large income is liable to be considered unsuccessful, and even incapable, it may sound like affectation to sing the praises of adversity, but as no competent judge of sailing thinks much of going before the wind, as such a man takes far more interest in a ship and crew that are working to windward than he does in "white wings" spread to a favouring gale, so I should say that a competent judge of human nature will always be more deeply interested in a man whose life is occupied in making the most of difficult conditions than in one whose existence is a succession of facilities. It may be truly said, further, that as the sailor, who had no experience of anything but a fair wind, would be but a feeble mariner, so in the great education which life itself gives to us,

I have missed the most valuable teaching if we had never

been compelled to beat against the wind. Far be it from me to desire to imply, as is done too frequently, that rich men always go with a fair wind, and poor men have to be constantly tacking against a foul one. There are many other difficulties in life besides pecuniary difficulties, and in one form or other the foul winds are generally provided for us by Nature, who is too wise a mother to spoil her children utterly. When the difficulties come, either in passing squalls or steady opposition, it is time to exercise our seamanship, and so to contrive, if possible, that the opposing force shall be made subservient to our own ends. It is most certainly true that beating to windward is possible in the great affairs of life as well as in sailing, and this is one of the most encouraging analogies that belong to the sailor's art. The man who, in enforced solitude, makes use of the enlarged opportunities which solitude affords for self-improvement, is intellectually beating to windward. The solitude which would make a stupid person more stupid still, affords him the opportunity, which he seizes, for an intellectual advance. In morals the case is even more striking, for a strong moral character *must* form itself by beating to windward, that is, by the discipline of going in the very direction which requires the greatest self-control, and those temptations which would shipwreck a weak will are the opportunities for exercising a strong one. The value of difficulty is so well known, that when it is absent we have to seek it. The native language, from constant use, is too easy for us, so we learn Latin and Greek.

There is another very pretty analogy, which has the advantage of not being quite so obvious as the preceding, between the management of a sailing vessel in light and variable breezes and the conduct of life in a highly civilized community. Every one who enjoys the game of life, and is a skilful player, is incessantly on the watch for those small opportunities which are surely missed by the incapable and the careless. The skilful player values the smallest advance in the direction of his wishes, and when circumstances are not very favourable, he watches for those that are somewhat favourable, and lays himself out so as to win from them the utmost amount of furtherance. To such a man a small gain won by delicate skill gives a satisfaction out of all proportion to its positive value, but though each advantage so won may in itself be small, the aggregate results of such vigilance become important as life advances. The yachtsman who makes the most of light and variable breezes, is the model for all to follow who seek the best and most satisfactory success. A high state of civilization produces more and more a condition of things in which the delicate art of sailing is likely to do more for a man than the rough courage and energy which tell most effectively in simpler and ruder communities. Every one must have noticed a class of men who seem

to have neither commanding talents nor any great practical force, and yet who get many of the good things of life as if they came to them naturally. Such men often succeed in the professions, marry well, live comfortably, and leave money behind them when they die. They do not seem to work particularly hard, certainly not so hard as many of the unsuccessful, their acquirements are not remarkable, and yet they steadily get on. In such cases the explanation generally is that the successful man has a delicate perception of the value of small advantages, and has always been in the habit of making the most of them from the days of his youth.

There is nothing in which this delicate kind of sailing is of greater use than in the pursuit of health. One of my friends is a young physician in Paris, ardently fond of his profession, and inclined to exceed the limits of prudence in his work. About three years since his own health broke down, and so completely that his life was in danger from exhaustion. He took his own case in hand with the same closeness of attention that he was accustomed to bestow on others, and now he is strong and well. I asked how such a great change had been affected. "Simply," he answered, "by incessant attention to all those little things that affect health, and that I used habitually to neglect." Without appearing to live differently from other people, he is never forgetful now of those little aids to health which answer in hygienics to the lightest breath of air in the sails of a vessel. He takes the opportunities which present themselves, and though a physician in a great city, whose work includes hospital practice, cannot lead the healthy life of a country squire, he may often choose between what tends to health and the neglectful drifting away from it. The difference between a pleasant degree of activity and wearisome lassitude may often be due to some trifling matter of habit which a careless person is sure to overlook. I need hardly add that when health has been recovered by care in small things, the winner of it has a satisfaction in the results of his own management unknown to those who deal more carelessly and coarsely with themselves. The same satisfaction is attendant upon delicate attention to pecuniary affairs. The art of sailing in the direction of pecuniary well-being, when circumstances are but slightly and irregularly favourable, is as interesting as yachting, and very like it, whilst its rewards are of more importance. For an intelligent person, whose means are neither large nor certain, there is a constant satisfaction in making them yield the best result. I think that of all the lessons to be derived from the art of sailing, there is not one so likely to be generally profitable as this, that we should imitate in the midst of changing and slightly favourable circumstances, the art and patience of the yachtsman in light and variable breezes.

ther analogy between sailing and life may be connected with

the yachtsman's power of increasing and diminishing his sails. When there is scarcely a breath of wind he spreads an astonishing quantity of canvas; as the wind increases in strength he reduces the number of his sails; and finally, by reefing, he even diminishes the area of the few that still remain. I have not space to show the fallacy of the false analogies which have often been connected with this part of the sailor's craft, but the following is a sound one. Observe what really takes place. As the strength of the wind diminishes more sail is added; as the wind increases, canvas is taken in. The wind is not an enemy but a helper, and as the help decreases in energy a greater quantity of it is sought for by extending the area which receives it. In this case the art of the sailor is to regulate the help that is given him by getting more when he has too little, and accepting less than what is offered when the offer is in dangerous excess. I need hardly observe that such a moderating art as this is most valuable in the affairs of life. It has been exercised with consummate skill by the Italian statesmen of the present age. When they wanted help they spread their sails and received assistance, but they took them in again when assistance seemed likely to become dangerous to their independence. The unfortunate Poles never could get help enough, the wily Italians got exactly what they needed, the Khedive of Egypt has received rather more than he may consider quite desirable.

In private life we constantly see similar instances, especially in the things of the mind. There may be too little mental assistance and there may be too much. The art is to get just enough of it by spreading our sails to catch it when required, whilst we take in reefs when there is a danger of being overpowered by it. Some men are overwhelmed by too much learning, others have not enough; the really clever man is he who gets just that degree of impulsion from learning which is most favourable to his best activity.

The analogy from ballast which refers simply to stability is obvious and commonly understood. A character is said to be without ballast when it has not a sufficient weight of knowledge and convictions to keep it steady. I need not dwell upon this; but there is another analogy connected with ballast which seems to be quite unknown, and yet which is at least equally valuable. Weight of ballast in a vessel has two uses, one for stability, known to most people, the other for momentum, known only to students of nautical science. Ballast is the flywheel of a sailing machine, a magazine for the storage of force. An excessively light sailing boat will not come round with any certainty in tacking, and has often to be helped with an oar, but a well-ballasted vessel will shoot ahead *in stays*—that is, when the sails are momentarily without any impulsive effect because they cut the wind instead of receiving it—and whilst the vessel is shooting ahead by the sheer force that is accumulated in her ballast she is

still quite obedient to the rudder, and may be securely brought round against the wind till the sails fill on the other tack. There is a very fine analogy between this and the power of accumulating intellectual and moral energy in a well-ballasted character. In all labour there are times (often of some duration) in which the impulsion from interest ceases. The accumulated force in ballast carries us well through the piece of uninteresting or disagreeable work, but if we were without it, the mind would come to a standstill or be driven back. Young people very seldom have much ballast of this kind, and so they require rowers (in the shape of masters) to get them over the situations in which the wind of interest gives no help. Men of weighty experience and powerful intellect have generally a fine momentum from their ballast, so that whether a piece of work is pleasant to them or not they go steadily through it, as a ship meets wind and water. Another resemblance is that, as a heavily ballasted vessel is not so nimble in short movements as a light vessel, so a weighty mind gets less easily into motion than a frivolous one, and does not stop so suddenly. Ballast makes us rather slow to enter upon a task, but when we have once begun it we go forward.

There is no analogy between the beginning of existence in the case of a ship and the beginning of human existence. A ship is not conceived and born, neither does it grow, but it is *made*, which is quite different. There is, however, a very close analogy between the sinking of a ship and death, which is quite familiar to the popular mind, as we see by the constant use of the expression "the patient is sinking," an expression invariably and immediately understood to signify that the final plunge of death itself is to be expected. The result, so far as this world is concerned, is strikingly alike in both cases. The ship disappears, you may seek all over the ocean and not find her; the man disappears, you will never meet with him again anywhere upon the whole earth. This may be one of the reasons why the spectacle of a noble vessel slowly sinking in mid-ocean is so fascinating. All who have witnessed such a catastrophe tell us that their eyes were fixed involuntarily on the doomed ship till she was no more to be seen within the ring of the vast horizon, and only a swirl of water marked, for a moment, the spot where she vanished for ever.

P. G. HAMERTON.

NONCONFORMISTS AND CHURCH REFORM.

[This Article was taken in hand and partly written before I was aware of the serious illness of the Bishop of Peterborough. I have felt some hesitation in giving it to the public under the circumstances. But its suppression would occasion considerable inconvenience, and I believe there is nothing in it that can be deemed personally disrespectful to the Bishop, or that is calculated to wound the feelings of his friends.—H. R.]

ON the 5th of June last the Bishop of Carlisle moved in the House of Lords the second reading of a Bill, called the "Cathedral Statutes Bill." It was intended as a measure of reform for the Cathedral system of this country. That that system cryingly needs reform, no one will question. There is probably some improvement since the time when Sydney Smith summarized the duties of the Dean and Chapter by saying that, to the best of his knowledge, the duty of the Dean was to give dinners to the Chapter, and the duty of the Chapter to give dinners to the Dean. But even now the Bishop of Liverpool thinks that the Cathedral establishments "have proved an entire and dead failure," and "have on the whole done far more harm than good to the cause of Christianity in England." We need not here discuss the merits of the Bishop of Carlisle's Bill, beyond saying that the Bishop of London presented a petition against it from the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and that much difference of opinion prevails in reference to it, especially among the laity of the Church of England. But our concern at present is with a remarkable speech delivered during the debate by the Bishop of Peterborough, not so much on the particular measure before the House, though he denounced that with sufficient severity, as on the general question of the expediency and utility of any attempt to legislate for the reform of the Established Church in this country. There can be no doubt that the Bishop of Peterborough is one of the foremost orators of the day. It is not an easy matter to stir the House of Lords out of

its patrician imperturbability. A distinguished member of that assembly, whose early life had been spent in the House of Commons, once said that to speak in the Lords was like speaking in the catacombs. No contrast can be greater than that which is felt in passing from the stormy strife of words in the Lower House to the gilded chamber in which their Lordships are discussing public questions, often with conspicuous ability, but with a most distressing and depressing iciness of tone and manner. Every now and then a faint ripple of applause runs along the benches, which dies away almost in a quaver of consternation, as if their Lordships shrunk back dismayed, even at the sounds themselves had made. The Bishop of Peterborough is one of the few speakers who has the power to stir the stagnant waters of that dead sea into something like agitation. He seems to have done so on the occasion in question by the delivery of a vigorous and vehement philippic, in which with comprehensive impartiality he denounced everybody all round—the present Government, the Non-conformists, the Freethinkers, the false friends of the Church among the Liberals, and its lukewarm friends among the Conservatives.

The complaint of the Bishop is, that it is not possible to carry measures for the reform of the Church through the House of Commons. Our readers will thank us for giving them a few sentences from this eloquent invective:—

“There exists in the other House a considerable number who are united in this one thing, if in nothing else—that no measure, if it be intended for the spiritual and moral efficiency of the Church shall, I will not say be read a second time, but even be allowed a hearing for a second reading. Again and again have Bills of this nature gone down from this House, but they have been prevented from obtaining even a decent hearing. The motive is transparent. One motive is to make the hand of the State as heavy as possible on the Church, and so to disgust Churchmen themselves that they will cry out for separation. . . . When Churchmen ask for the removal of abuses and the reform of evils, the champions of the abuses are not Churchmen, but the more earnest members of Nonconformity in the House of Commons. . . . Whenever the Bill of the right rev. prelate reaches the other House, if it does reach it, it will encounter the opposition of two classes of persons. One class will ask this one question, and this only, ‘How may I, by my speech and vote, best injure the Church of England?’ The opposition of the other class will be not less earnest, and their question will be, ‘How by my vote and speech may I best injure the Christian religion?’ The struggle is perfectly hopeless in the existing condition of Parliamentary life and parties, unless such a Bill as this receives the support of the leaders of the Government in that House. . . . But the Prime Minister will do nothing of the kind. He will see the Bill strangled by those who call themselves his followers, and over whom he still exercises a considerable amount of party influence. That being the case, my Lords, it being a positive certainty that the Bill will be thus strangled, it is well to face plain facts. I have never been able to learn the art of make-believe, and I think it is always better to deal with facts; and it is an undoubted fact that the Church of England is not in Parliament strong in proportion to her immense numerical majority in this country. The Church of England numbers some two-thirds of the population of the country; for the assertion that it numbers

only one-third is simply ridiculous; and yet it is not anything like fairly represented in Parliament. And why? The Church of England in Parliament, and especially in the House of Commons, is politically weak, for a reason which is highly creditable to her—namely, because she is politically neutral. She takes no part in party politics. She tries to do good to the whole nation, and not a portion of it only; and consequently in her assemblies she is not given to pass resolutions in favour of the proceedings of this or that Ministry. The Church of England has not yet earned the dubious and unfortunate compliment from the Prime Minister that she is the great backbone of the party."

Now here are some very bold assertions and imputations for one who proclaims himself to be so sturdy a stickler for facts. Would the right reverend prelate enumerate those Bills for the reform of the Church which have gone down from the House of Lords and not been allowed a decent hearing in the Commons? The most important Bill of that nature within this generation, or what was deemed such by Churchmen themselves, was the Public Worship Regulation Bill. The Nonconformists in the House of Commons did not in any way oppose or obstruct that measure, though they did point out, what experience has since amply confirmed, its utter inefficacy for the purpose in view. It is a very serious thing for any man to undertake to interpret the conduct of others, and to ascribe their actions to base motives. We must peremptorily deny the imputation that the Nonconformists are moved by a desire to injure the Church of England. They may feel it their duty to resist the various attempts that are made in these days surreptitiously to withdraw from Parliament the control of a national institution, and to gloze over, by sham reforms, shameful scandals, which bring reproach upon Christianity itself. But they have a profound conviction that by such a course they are not injuring but befriending the Church in its highest interests. And I feel bound to say after an experience of fifteen years in Parliament, that I know of no class of men in the House of Commons of whom it can be fairly said that their one object and desire is to injure the Christian religion.

The obvious intention of the Bishop was to lay at the door of the Nonconformists the failure of all the efforts made in the House of Commons in the direction of Church reform. But how does the case actually stand? There are, or were quite recently, nine ecclesiastical Bills before the House, promoted by members of the Church of England, presumably in its interests and for its advantage. But every one of these is blocked by Churchmen. The Cathedral Statutes Bill, which stood in the name of Mr. Beresford Hope, and which was almost an exact copy of that of the Bishop of Carlisle, was blocked by Mr. Carrington, Sir G. Goldney, and Mr. Warton, who is believed to be a devoted member of the Church of England. The Church Boards Bill, backed by Mr. Albert Grey and other Churchmen, is blocked by Mr. T. Collins, Mr. Stanley Leighton, and Beresford Hope. The Church Discipline Bill of Mr. Morgan

and Sir Hussey Vivian is blocked by Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Warton. The Churchwardens' Admission Bill, promoted by Sir G. Goldney, is blocked by Mr. Warton and Mr. Beresford Hope. The Parish Churches Bill, also by Mr. Albert Grey, is blocked by Mr. Tomlinson, Sir J. G. Hogg, and Col. Levett. The Public Worship Regulation Amendment Bill of Mr. R. T. Reid is blocked by Mr. Warton and Mr. Beresford Hope. The Union of Benefices Bill, promoted by Mr. E. Stanhope, is blocked by Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Puleston, Mr. Creyke, Mr. Warton, and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck. The Tithes (Extraordinary) Bill of Mr. Inderwick is blocked by Mr. Talbot and Mr. Warton. The Tithe Recovery Bill of Mr. Stanley Leighton is blocked by Mr. Hicks and Lord H. Thynne. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" Out of all this list the Nonconformists are only opposing two. But probably what was running in the Bishop's mind was the charge vehemently urged by some of the Church journals, as to the conduct of Nonconformist members in regard to the attempted legislation on the subject of Patronage and the Sale of Livings. Well, let us appeal to facts.

Indeed, the parliamentary history of this question is not without very edifying significance as throwing light upon the real sources whence come the obstacles to Church reform. In 1870 Mr. Cross (now Sir Richard Cross) brought in a Bill dealing with this matter. It could not have been in more competent or unexceptionable hands, for Mr. Cross had already attained honourable parliamentary distinction, and was known as a faithful friend of the Church. The object of the Bill, as described by himself, was to put an end "to a great scandal to the Church, and an absolute insult to the parishioners." It was not a very drastic measure. It prohibited the sale of next presentations, and the sale of an advowson under a colourable pretence. These prohibitions were guarded and fenced round by all kinds of provisos and qualifications. It was read a second time without a division. The Nonconformists in the House did not meddle in the debate. Its principal opponents were Mr. Beresford Hope and Mr. Henley, the former recommending his hon. friend not to press the second reading; and the latter, with his usual penetrating shrewdness, putting his finger on the weak point in this and other subsequent attempts at legislation, by pointing out that it was very difficult to understand on what principle a man should not sell a presentation, but might sell the advowson which carried that presentation with it for ten or twenty years afterwards, and for all time beyond. It passed through Committee, as was afterwards alleged in the House of Lords, at a very late hour in the night, and without consideration. It was introduced into that House under the sponsorship of the late Duke of Marlborough. When he moved the second reading, the Bill was very freely battered about by Lord Cairns and

Lord Salisbury, and other peers; and although they gave it a sort of contemptuous second reading, yet so general and formidable were the objections raised against it from all parts of the House, that when the time came for going into Committee, its sponsor, as he himself confessed, lost heart, and moved to discharge the order. In the short debates that took place in the House of Lords, no attempt appears to have been made to dispute Mr. Cross's allegations, that the system against which the Bill was directed was a scandal to the Church and an insult to the parishioners. But the one all-sufficing reply was that of Mr. Tennyson's Northern Farmer:—

"Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere, an' Sammy I'm blest
If it is not the same oop yonder, for them as 'as it's the best."

Indeed, the *Morning Post*, the chosen organ of the Church and the Conservative party, declared bluntly enough—"Most of their Lordships are patrons of livings, and many of them regularly sell their patronage in their lawyer's office or in the auction mart. They have a sort of vested interest in the abuses which the Bill was framed to remove."

Nothing more was heard of the matter until 1874, when the Bishop of Peterborough himself took it up, and in a speech marked by that incisive eloquence of which he is so great a master, moved the appointment of a Select Committee of the House of Lords to inquire into the laws relating to patronage in the Church of England. The Committee was appointed, examined witnesses, and reported—that the evidence given showed that great abuses and scandals had arisen in connection with the sale both of advowsons and next presentations. In 1875 the Bishop brought forward his Bill. It was a very modest measure, as one noble Lord said, "touching only the fringe" of the evil with which it professed to deal. But what was its fate? It was referred to a Select Committee, where it was mutilated and curtailed, and when it came before the Committee of the Lords it was still further emasculated. All attempts to give it greater vigour and efficiency were defeated. The Archbishop of Canterbury proposed to prohibit the sale of next presentations, but his motion was lost on division. The Bishop of Exeter moved to insert a clause forbidding the *public* sale of advowsons and next presentations. This was also rejected. Indeed, so much was the measure diluted that the Archbishop of York said "he feared they were running the risk of turning out a Bill, the result of two Select Committees and of full discussion in that House, which would go far to show that 'this abominable traffic,' as it had been described by the right rev. prelate himself, was quite beyond the reach of legislation." But, such as it was, it passed the House of Lords. In the Commons it was committed to the charge of Mr. Walpole, and it could not have been in fitter hands. But possibly he thought it was of so little value, that it was scarcely worth fighting for. At any rate, it was

suffered to expire, and was never more revived. But what is worthy of special remark in face of the Bishop of Peterborough's charge against Nonconformists is this, that if these measures were "strangled;" they were strangled by the hands of Churchmen, and that one of them was actually, and the other virtually, strangled in the House of Lords. The Dissenters are free from the blood or the breath of those rickety little bantlings.

So utterly discouraging had been the attempts to deal with this enormous scandal, that though the Conservative Government, with an overwhelming majority at its back, was in office for four years afterwards, no Churchman dared touch the matter by way of legislation with one of his little fingers. This torpor of despair was first broken by the voice of a Nonconformist. In 1877, Mr. Leatham brought the subject before the House of Commons in a powerful and trenchant speech, in which he exposed the iniquities of this evil system in such a way as it had never been exposed before. This probably led to the appointment of a Royal Commission, which, like the Committee of the House of Lords, sat, examined witnesses and reported. It is difficult to exaggerate the flagrancy of the revelations made by the witnesses examined; they brought to light a system of shameless sacrilege, perjury, and violation of the law habitually practised by men in holy orders, and in connection with the most solemn and sacred of all human offices. It was felt that it was not possible to let the matter absolutely rest. Some attempt must be made to satisfy the public conscience. Mr. Stanhope, a gentleman generally and justly esteemed on all sides of the House, was selected as the new leader of the forlorn hope. Accordingly, in 1881, he brought forward his "Church Patronage Bill." And here begin the delinquencies of the Nonconformists. They opposed this Bill, on the ground embodied in Mr. Illingworth's amendment, "that this House, while prepared to abolish all traffic in sacred offices in the National Church, objects to a measure which gives fresh sanction to the sale of advowsons, and would fail to put an end to the scandals of the existing system of patronage." This accurately describes the character of the Bill.

It scarcely touched the sale of advowsons, except to give it additional legislative sanction, and to disguise some offensive features. But the magnitude of the scandal relates to the sale of advowsons. As Mr. William Angus, the author of several admirable pamphlets on this subject, says:—

"From the evidence in the Blue Book of Mr. Emery Stark, the chief ecclesiastical agent of the Church of England, we learn that out of about 13,000 livings in the Church, 7,403—or more than half—are saleable; and that of the livings sold by him, the proportion is 110 advowsons to 22 next presentations; or, in other words, he sells 500 per cent. more advowsons

than next presentations. Is it not, then, childish to seriously propose to abolish the sale of only one living out of every five that Mr. Stark sells?"

It has become apparent enough that Mr. Stanhope's Bill is condemned as emphatically by many members of the Church of England as it was by the Nonconformists in the House of Commons, and on the same grounds. The *Church Reformer* says: "A bad Bill is worse than no Bill at all; and it will be better to wait a little longer and let public opinion ripen, than accept an Act which would perpetuate existing evils." "The National Committee for abolishing Purchase in the Church," composed wholly of Churchmen, describes it as "perpetuating all the evils and scandal of the traffic by *seeming* to abolish one very small part of the traffic, and not really abolishing even this." Mr. Harford, the energetic Chairman of that Committee, writing to a Church journal, says: "Mr. Stanhope's Bill really effects *nothing*." It has been treated very roughly at some of the Church Conferences, and at one, held at Sion College, one of the clergymen present said very frankly, 'Mr. Illingworth has done great service to the Church by saving it from its professed friends.'"

But the charge may be shifted, and the allegation may be, that it was not the opposition of the Nonconformists that was complained of so much as the manner of the opposition, that by perseveringly blocking the Bill they prevented its being brought to a second reading. But why did they do that? Because the promoter of the Bill sought to press the second reading at such times as rendered any adequate discussion of its provisions impossible. He tried several times to have this done at the tail-end of a Wednesday afternoon, when none but unopposed business should be taken, and once he brought it forward at two o'clock in the morning. There is such a thing in political as in other warfare, as stealing a march, and the champions of the Church of England in the House of Commons are clever adepts in this kind of strategy, as the Nonconformists have more than once found to their cost. But Mr. Illingworth is a vigilant and resolute man, and was determined not to be caught napping, and with the help of his friends prevented the Bill being smuggled or forced through the House under those conditions.

Mr. Stanhope brought forward his Bill again in 1882. The second reading was moved late on a Wednesday afternoon after a long discussion on Board Schools in Scotland. The debate was very short and utterly unsatisfactory, for this, if for no other reason, that not one of the three members, who addressed the House after Mr. Stanhope, expressed approval of the measure. Mr. Raikes, the soundness of whose Churchmanship no one will question, described it as "half-hearted," as "he was unable to understand how it could

be ranked as a sin to sell the next presentation while it was a conspicuous virtue to sell an advowson." Under these circumstances I did not think it a sin to move the adjournment of the debate. This did not "strangle" the Bill. On the contrary, it came on at a favourable hour on another day. But when I got up to resume the adjourned debate, Mr. Speaker stopped me, and said I could not proceed, because none of the gentlemen who promoted the Bill were present to take charge of it. And so it dropped. But let it be distinctly understood that it perished, not because of anything I did, but simply because Mr. Stanhope and his friends acted like the ostrich, "who leaveth her eggs in the earth," and had not the patience and maternal affection to watch over it during the necessary period of incubation.

Suppose, now, we turn for a moment to the other side. We have seen on what exceedingly slender grounds the Nonconformists are charged with blocking measures that are for the advantage of the Church of England. But *audi alteram partem*, and what shall we find? We shall find that, ever since the Revolution of 1688, the Nonconformists were struggling for the repeal of the Test and Corporation and other persecuting Acts, which deprived them of nearly all their rights as citizens on account of their religion. And for 140 years they were blocked in those efforts by the Church. After the Reform Bill of 1832, which they had largely contributed to carry, the Nonconformists asked to be released from paying church rates, and their demand was blocked for thirty-four years by the Church. In like manner, when they sought for the right to celebrate marriages in their own places of worship and for admission on equal terms to the great national Universities, they were persistently blocked by the Church for a long series of years. When Mr. Hadfield tried, by his "Qualification for Offices Bill," to abolish an offensive and humiliating declaration exacted from Nonconformists as a condition of office, he was steadfastly resisted by the Bishops through many years. The Bill was carried *seven* times through the House of Commons, and was as often rejected by the Lords, mainly through the vote and influence of the Episcopal Bench. When the Nonconformists asked for permission to bury their dead in parochial churchyards by their own ministers, and with their own services, all their efforts to that end were blocked for five-and-twenty years; and although the second reading of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill was carried four times in the House of Commons by very large majorities, its further progress was obstructed by systematically using, and sometimes straining to the utmost, the forms of the House of Commons.

This very session I brought in a modest little Bill to relieve Burial Boards from the obligation of dividing their grounds into consecrated and unconsecrated parts, with the corresponding obligation to build

two chapels, and to abolish the fees payable to the clergy in cemeteries where they perform no service. It was approved in principle by the Government, and by several respected members of the Conservative party. But the special champions of the Church came down in force, and with the congenial aid of Mr. O'Donnell talked out the Bill.

Not the least amusing part of the Bishop's speech is that in which he accounts for the weakness of the Church in the House of Commons. He claims for the Church an immense numerical majority in the country. It will strike everybody at the outset as a very singular fact that, in an assembly elected by a people two-thirds of whom are claimed to belong to the Church, its interests are so little regarded, that all measures tending to its advantage are contemptuously and mercilessly strangled. The reason which the Bishop assigns for this will bring a smile to most men's faces. The Church is so spiritually-minded that it keeps carefully aloof from the beggarly elements of worldly politics. This will be news to many of us who have been accustomed to look upon the Church of England as the most political Church in Christendom, whose head or supreme ruler is the political magistrate, all whose primary pastors and many other high officials are appointed by the leaders of political party, whose Bishops sit as barons in a purely political assembly, and vote on all sorts of political questions; thousands of whose most devoted sons are among the most pronounced and vehement politicians in the country; all whose journals and periodicals are steeped to the lips in political passion; many of whose clergy do not scruple—and small blame to them for so doing—to proclaim by voice and vote their political predilections, and not a few of whom, unless they are grossly belied, when a contested election is at hand, are accustomed to beat the drum ecclesiastic with considerable vigour.

But how about the Bishop's arithmetic? He declares with positive and peremptory authority that the Church of England numbers some two-thirds of the population of the country. There are a good many facts and figures that seem to prove the contrary. But, then, is a Bishop bound to give heed to such profane things? Sigismund, the German Kaiser, of whom Mr. Carlyle speaks, when a cardinal respectfully interposed to correct his grammar, indignantly exclaimed, *Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam*. So perhaps a Bishop is above facts and figures. Otherwise we might refer to some very remarkable revelations recently made by the Newspaper Religious Census, voluntarily undertaken by the conductors of many of the leading journals in the provinces. This census comprised ten towns with a population of 100,000; ten towns with a population of 50,000 and under 100,000; seventeen towns with a population of 10,000 and under 20,000; several small towns and rural districts with a popula-

tion of 251,522, and four towns in Wales with a population of 50,303. The result is given in the following table:—

Population.	Sittings.		Attendance.	
	Established Church.	Free Churches.	Established Church.	Free Churches.
2,084,686	223,376	412,654	137,616	264,469
619,576	80,438	119,556	51,815	74,954
591,032	85,502	140,709	51,916	91,728
236,668	33,672	56,726	24,098	39,955
251,522	(no sittings given)		34,975	45,510
50,303	(no sittings given)		3,902	14,981
3,833,787	422,988	729,645	304,322	531,597

These returns seem to have been taken under conditions precluding every suspicion of unfairness or partiality. Still their accuracy has been challenged on the ground that the census was not official. There need not have been any doubt on that ground if the members of the Church of England had not resolutely opposed an official census being taken as it was in 1851. That census gave the number of places of worship provided by every denomination, the number of sittings in those places, and the number in attendance at the most numerously attended service on a particular Sunday. It is difficult to imagine a fairer way of ascertaining the actual and proportionate provision made for religious worship, and the extent to which the people availed themselves of that provision. But the result was so unexpected and startling to the members of the Church of England, that after many passionate and wholly abortive attempts to invalidate the accuracy of the Registrar-General's returns, they determined that never again should a census be taken which they deemed so damaging to them. But instead of a census of religious worship, they proposed a census of religious profession. It is obvious at a glance how utterly delusive and misleading such an inquiry would have been. But the object of those who proposed it was manifest.

Unhappily, there are many millions of people in this country who make no religious profession and who never frequent any place of worship. But it was thought that many of these Nothingarians, unwilling to avow that they were of no religion, would—since they must say something—have allowed themselves to be recorded as Churchmen, and so go to swell the apparent numerical superiority of the Church. We have some significant indications of the way in which such a system would work. The Rev. Brooke Lambert, in a letter to the *Spectator*, September 28, 1878, stated that when some years ago he took a census of his parish in the East of London he often got the answer, "I go nowhere, put me down 'Church.'" A

still more remarkable revelation to the same effect is made in a pamphlet recently published by the Bishop of Liverpool, entitled "Can they be brought in?" in which he pleads, with impassioned earnestness, for greater efforts to bring the people generally, and especially the working-classes, under Church influence. In support of his plea he states these curious facts. In a particular district of Liverpool, with a population of 126,184, and where apparently there had been a house-to-house census of religious profession, there were found 57,464 persons who had called themselves members of the Church of England. But the Bishop caused an accurate enumeration to be made on Trinity Sunday, 1882, of the attendance at fifteen churches in that district. And with what result? With this result: that out of the 57,464 Church of England population, the average attendance at morning and evening services was 3,504—that is, as the Bishop himself puts it, "that, on a given Sunday, only 3,500 out of 57,460 professing 'Church' people were counted at any one service in fifteen churches in Liverpool." The Bishop adds: "I firmly believe that a census of church attendances on one given day in London, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Sheffield, Newcastle, Hull, Bradford, Nottingham, Leicester, Wolverhampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Oldham, and other places which I could name, would be found to produce the same, or even worse, results."

One evil effect of taking a census of religious profession would be this, that it would serve to conceal, what surely ought to be known as a stimulus to religious zeal among all Christian bodies, how large a part of the population never attend public worship anywhere. And what real advantage would it be to the Church of England in her hour of need, to have added to the ranks of her nominal adherents tens of thousands of persons who never avail themselves of her services, never appear within the walls of her sanctuaries, and who practically ignore her very existence. It was said of Lord Eldon, that he could not be called a pillar of the Church, as he was never found within its walls, but only a buttress. But it may be doubted whether the Church of England would find the mixed multitude she is so anxious to claim as her own, who say, "I am of no religion, but call me 'Church,'" very valuable materials out of which to construct even buttresses for her support.

But after all we believe that the main contention of the Bishop of Peterborough is, though not precisely for the reasons that he assigns, a sound one. The Church of England *is* powerless to promote her own moral and spiritual reform by the agency of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone said several years ago, "Ecclesiastical legislation is becoming very difficult in this House, and may become impossible." The House of Commons is not a fitting assembly to deal with such questions as are incessantly thrust upon it by the friends of the

Establishment, not because one section of its members desires to injure the Church of England, and another section desires to injure the Christian religion; but because all sections feel increasingly that such questions do not fairly come within its province and competency. There is, no doubt, a large number of members who are not ecclesiastically minded persons, who look with impatience, not to say repugnance, upon such matters when they are obtruded upon them, often to the exclusion or postponement of important secular legislation which they think necessary for the interests of the country. And beyond all question it is a perpetual and bitter humiliation for the Church to have to go to an assembly such as the House of Commons is as at present constituted, to ask permission to remedy its defects, or reform its statutes—an assembly composed of members of the Church of Rome, of the Greek Church, of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Calvinistic and Wesleyan Methodists, Unitarians, Quakers, Jews, Agnostics, men of all religions and of no religion. And yet the alternative suggested by the Bishop is surely an appalling one—to leave the Church alone with all her imperfections on her head. When, in reference to the one scandal of the sale of livings, proceedings are going on habitually within her communion which the Bishop himself describes as proceedings of “deliberate and enormous wickedness,” when priests are ministering at her altars of whom the same competent authority says, “that there are men now serving their term of penal servitude for fraud and conspiracy who are guilty of less deliberate fraud and less odious conspiracy” than they are guilty of, when practices are tolerated “which makes the Church stink in the nostrils of many who might otherwise come within her fold,” it surely is not wise or safe in such an age as this to allow the Church to settle on her lees, to leave untouched flagrant abuses, which revolt the moral sense of the community, “while sweet religion makes a rhapsody of words.” But what in such circumstances is to be done? It may be said—let the Church reform herself. But the Church cannot reform herself. “We have no right,” says the Bishop, “to alter a line or a letter of our statutes.” The Church has surrendered her independence, her liberty, her right of self-government, to the State in exchange for patronage, protection, and privilege. “The Church,” said Bishop Wilberforce, “has given up great and natural liberties, which, as a religious body, it would otherwise possess.” There is only one way out of this thralldom, and that is by relinquishing the favour of the State, and so regaining the freedom she has forfeited, and which is enjoyed by the humblest voluntary Church in the land, the freedom to regulate her own affairs in such a way as shall most contribute to her own spiritual edification and prosperity, and which shall be most in harmony with what she deems to be the will of her Divine Master. HENRY RICHARD.

THE FOUR CHIEF APOSTLES.

PART II.

IN order to understand the new conception of the work of Christ developed by St. Paul, we must consider at once his history as a Pharisee, and his destination to the apostleship of the Gentiles.

To be able to present themselves as righteous before God was the ambition of the sincere members of the sect to which Paul was devoted. The means of attaining this high aim was the strict observance of the law. The possession of the kingdom of God, of that state of glory which was to follow the judgment, was the due reward of such obedience; and more than one Pharisee persuaded himself that he had actually attained this apogee of righteousness.*

Such was the religious circle in the midst of which Saul of Tarsus was born and brought up. James also was an observer of the law; but Pharisaic presumption had not blinded him. In the true spirit of the Scriptures, he brought to the work of obedience a deep consciousness of the impossibility of fulfilling it in his own strength, and a humble dependence on the assistance of Divine grace. It was this which was wanting to Saul, and which he had to learn by a harsh but salutary experience. In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Galatians he describes the zeal which fired him in his endeavour after a perfect realization of the Judaistic ideal. Not only in the knowledge, but in the practical observance of the law and of the Pharisaic rules, he "profited above many his equals."† One thing he does not tell us, which is nevertheless easily inferred from his various utterances relating to this early period of his life—that he differed very greatly from the other members of his sect, in his effort to purify not only the exterior but the heart. One passage in the Epistle to the Romans contains a sort of involuntary revelation

* Luke xviii. 11, 12.

† Gal. i. 13, 14.

of what was then passing in his mind :—"I had not known sin but by the law ; for I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet."* The law had revealed covetousness, and in covetousness he had come to know sin. It appears from this that his external conduct had been so blameless that in no point of it could he feel himself condemned by the law. He could honestly have said, with that young man who came to Jesus in the gospel, "All these have I kept from my youth up." And Jesus, far from showing displeasure at this testimony of a good conscience, would have loved this young man as He loved the other. Yet there was present in the case of Saul a consciousness which appears to have been wanting to the other. In one single point he found himself constantly deficient in the righteousness exacted of him. It was the tenth commandment that bore upon this point: "Thou shalt not covet." And he could not help coveting. He governed his actions, he controlled his words, he kept the commandments, but he could not purify his heart; and the last commandment rose up against him, and witnessed to his condemnation. When, by a vigorous resolve, he struck at one head of the hydra, a hundred others reared themselves around him. The rest in God, the satisfaction in himself which he had hoped to secure by his irreproachable fidelity, was still forbidden him. How many others have passed through the same experience ! Luther, in his convent, would have perished in the struggle had it not been for the timely help of that nameless monk who whispered in his ear, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

The voice from heaven which first uttered on earth that life-giving message had not yet resounded through the world. No one could appease the inward torments of the young disciple of Gamaliel. It was probably this haunting inward uneasiness which urged him to add a new merit to those he already possessed by persecuting the new religion which had just sprung up within the bosom of the old. Jesus had said to his disciples, "The time will come when whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service." Thus thinking and acting, Saul persecuted unto the death, in Jerusalem and in the surrounding cities, "those who called upon the name of the Lord." The blood shed by him in his zeal for the glory of God was to fill up what he bitterly felt was wanting in his obedience to the Divine law.

The sudden apparition of the glorified Messiah, revealing to him in that Jesus whom he persecuted, the Son of the Most High God, turned the whole current of his thoughts, and showed him the true worth of that self-righteousness on which he was building his salvation. With all his boasted merits, he had simply been at war with God. But at the same time that he was forced to admit that the death

* Rom. vii. 7.

of this glorified Jesus could not have been that of an impostor or a malefactor, and must have been that of a just man and a saint; it began to present itself to him under a new aspect. He recognized in it the sufferings ascribed by Isaiah to that Servant of the Lord who was wounded for the transgressions of His people, and bruised for their iniquities.* "Therefore shall my righteous servant justify many," said Jehovah by the mouth of the prophet. The eyes of Saul were opened like those of Hagar in the wilderness;† and he perceived, close at hand, that source of righteousness which he had vainly sought in the Pharisaic observances. Connecting the death of Christ with the sacrifices of the Jewish covenant, he recognized that the blood which flowed on the cross was that of the victim offered for the sins of the world; he understood that mysterious exchange which he afterwards formulated in the words: "He hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."‡ Henceforward, casting away that self-righteousness which he now "counted loss," "counted but dung," he accepted the righteousness which is of God by faith. We use here the expressions of the apostle himself. Let the reader refer to the wonderful passage in the Epistle to the Philippians.§

It was this great experience of Saul of Tarsus which first thoroughly unveiled the Divine plan of salvation. From this experience sprang the light with which his teaching was to lighten the Gentiles. For it was for the use of the Gentiles that the Lord had prepared this chosen vessel. He himself was made aware of it from the first by the words spoken to Ananias: "He is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles."|| And he was distinctly conscious of it in himself: "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me that I might preach Him among the heathen."¶ It had been committed to Peter to build the church, first among the Jews, and then, with and by means of the Jews, among the Gentiles. But when, by the refractoriness of the Jews, these two tasks, which should have been but one, were rendered positively incompatible, it became necessary that a special instrument should be set aside for the service of the Gentiles. And thus, while James took charge of the converted Israelites of Jerusalem, and while Peter journeyed among the scattered tribes who were still strangers to salvation, commending it to them by its union with the Mosaic forms, it was given to Paul to announce to the heathen world a gospel unembarrassed by legal observances, the Spiritual Christ given to the hunger of humanity. The mode of his conversion had prepared him to discern a radical distinction between the

* Isa. liii.

§ Phil. iii. 4-9.

† Gen. xxi. 19.

|| Acts ix. 15.

‡ 2 Cor. v. 21.

¶ Gal. i. 15, 16.

law and the gospel. "I through the law am dead to the law," he says; "nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."* The law itself, taken in earnest, had forced him to break with a system under which the righteousness he sought perpetually vanished before him; and in this manner his heart had been prepared for the reception of Christ as his righteousness and his life. Surely this was the very man required at the moment for the evangelistic work, —to emancipate the gospel, on the one hand, from the Judaistic forms under which it had first appeared, and, on the other hand, to present it in all its fulness to the world it was to save.

If anything were wanting to prove in this preparation of St. Paul for the work of his ministry a masterpiece of the Divine wisdom, it may be found in the fact that the subject of this moral and religious training possessed by nature a dialectical genius of the highest order, and was, by education, master of all the rabbinical learning and logic. The separation to be worked out between the domain of the law and that of grace was not simply a practical matter; it had also to be elaborated in theory; and this required a profound discussion of Scriptural tests, and a closely reasoned argument directed against Pharisaical formalism. For all this the apostle Paul possessed in the highest degree the necessary qualifications. He himself, when he considered all the circumstances, was convinced that he had been set apart from his mother's womb for the task he was to undertake. He has sometimes been accused of giving way to rabbinical subtleties. Men like Jerome and Luther have found some of his arguments unsound. These charges would probably have brought a shrewd smile to the lips of the apostle. He would have been at no great trouble in explaining himself. It has always seemed to me that there is more sound sense in the apparent blundering of St. Paul than in the grave correctness of his critics. But, even allowing the justice of the charge, there really is nothing in it to make us anxious for the faith. The inspiration of the apostle resided primarily in the illumination of his mind as to the work of salvation and the mode of receiving it, and only secondarily affected the details of the theological reasoning by which he explained and defended this saving truth.

A question trenching on this same domain, and certainly far more serious, is that which bears on the doctrinal relation between Paul and James. We have seen how different was James' experience of the law, receiving it, as he did, along the true line of the Old Testament; from that of Paul who received it under the Pharisaic influence; and indeed from that of every man who, then or now, has attempted to justify himself by his own works. What, then, are we to think of the relation between the one epistle of James which

* Gal. ii. 19, 20.

remains to us, and the epistles of Paul? Did the brother of Jesus write with the intention, often attributed to him, of directly combating the teaching of the apostle of the Gentiles? Or did he merely aim at preventing the abuse which some readers might make of a misinterpretation of Paul's doctrine? Or must we set aside both these suppositions, and regard the epistle of James as written quite apart from any intentional bearing on those of Paul?

This last opinion seems at first sight very difficult to maintain, especially when we read in the epistle to the Romans, "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law;"* and in the epistle of James, "Ye see, then, how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only;"† or, again, when we find James alleging in favour of his thesis that very example of Abraham which Paul cites in favour of his,‡ and with it that of Rahab, whom the author of the epistle to the Hebrews—certainly a disciple of Paul—includes in his great enumeration§ of the heroes of faith under the ancient covenant. One can hardly be much surprised at the conclusion to which Luther was driven: "Many have toiled and laboured and sweated over this epistle, to make it agree with that of Paul, as Philip Melancthon speaks of it in the Apology; but not sincerely: for these two things are a contradiction in terms: Faith saves: Faith does not save. Whoever will make these two things agree, I will put him my doctor's bonnet on his head, and give myself up for a madman."

So indeed it appears; yet what if it were only an appearance? Paul and James, as we have seen, had conferred together at great length on this subject;|| and the discussion had ended in a solemn clasp of the hand, attesting the unity of thought and work which existed between them. Was this agreement the result of a brief misunderstanding, to be followed by an open declaration of war? This is hardly credible.

In trying to ascertain the true meaning of this passage of James, we are struck by the fact that, of the three crucial terms contained in it,—“works,” “faith,” “is justified,”—not one is used in the same sense as in the apparently contradictory formula of St. Paul. That “faith,” which according to James cannot save while it remains alone, is a mere intellectual persuasion without influence on the heart or the will, such as the devils themselves possess; while “faith” in the mind of Paul is an absolute confidence in the Divine promise, in virtue of which a man casts himself wholly on the mercy of God, and submits his entire being to the Divine influence. The “works” which James requires as an indispensable condition of justification are not works done without faith; they are works by

* Rom. iii. 23.

† Jas. ii. 24.

‡ Rom. iv.

§ Heb. xi.

|| Gal. ii.

which he himself offers to "show" his faith;* they are such works as the obedience of Abraham in the sacrifice of Isaac, which certainly was not an obedience apart from faith. When did Paul ever declare such works as these vain or superfluous? Does he not rather say that we are "created in Christ Jesus *unto* good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them?"† The works of which Paul speaks as powerless to justify are, to use his own expression, "the works of the law;" that is, works done under the law, apart from the acceptance of the promise by faith, with the view of thereby escaping punishment and meriting reward. In defence of works of this description St. James has said nothing at all.

The term "justification," again, has by no means the same significance for the two authors. As used by James, it means the approbation of God resting on the believer whose faith takes the practical form of obedience. God approves such conduct, and bears witness to the righteousness of him who perseveres in it. Paul, on the other hand, applies the notion of justification to the moment in which, by the act of faith, the sinner passes from a state of condemnation into a state of reconciliation. With James it is a question of remaining in a state of salvation; with Paul it is a question of entering it—two things, the conditions of which are widely different. For while God freely accords His grace, He looks for the fruits of grace received. Witness the striking parable of the unmerciful debtor.‡ If, then, James says that faith alone cannot justify without works, and Paul says that faith justifies without the works of the law, but by "faith" Paul means something different from the "faith" of James, and by "works" something different from the "works" of James, and by "justification" something different from the "justification" of James; one thing, at any rate, is clear—that if James had attempted to oppose his teaching, he would have been opposing it without understanding it, and would, in fact, have been beating the air. This really is what a recent critic has maintained.§

May it not, however, be regarded as possible that James did intend to guard his readers against the moral inconveniences that might attach to Paul's doctrine, exaggerated or misunderstood? But he must in that case have spoken, not of the faith in one God which the Christian can share with devils, but of faith in the expiation of the blood of Christ, which is the basis of Paul's teaching,|| of which it is certainly much easier to make a pillow of security. Besides, the exclusively Judæo-Christian churches to which James addressed himself were for the most part full of prejudice and hostility against Paul; what likelihood is there that Paul's doctrine could have so far

* Jas. ii. 18.

† Eph. ii. 10.

‡ Matt. xviii.

§ Grimm, *Zeitschrift für wissen. Theologie* of Hilgenfeld. 1870.

|| Conf. Acts xxi. 20, *seq.*

made its way among them that some would even have carried it to extremes?

The similarity of expression in the passages we have just quoted from the two authors may easily mislead us, if we fail to take account of the antecedents which explain them. A century and a half before the advent of Christianity, the dying Mattathias exhorted his sons in these words: "Was not Abraham found faithful in temptation, and it was imputed unto him for righteousness?"* The "temptation" alluded to by the old Jewish hero was evidently the sacrifice of Isaac; his meaning is, therefore, identical with that of James. We can picture to ourselves the discussions which must have been raised in the Jewish schools, long before the Christian era, by such passages as "He (Abraham) believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness;"† especially when compared with others, which seemed to contradict it, such as the promise of God to Isaac: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because that Abraham obeyed My voice, and kept My charge, My commandments, My statutes, and My laws."‡ There is here an apparent contradiction, sure to attract the attention and exercise the subtlety of the Rabbins. Such discussions did actually take place; and hence the simultaneous appearance, among the several authors of the New Testament, of the notions of faith, works, and justification, together with the example of Abraham, the permanent type of all that related to the question of salvation, and that of Rahab, who occupied in the theocratic history a place in some sort parallel to that of Abraham, as being the first Gentile won over to the Jewish faith and nation, and the type of all subsequent proselytes. Taking these circumstances into account, there is nothing to surprise us in the common use of these expressions and illustrations, and nothing to lead us to suppose that any one of the New Testament writers who employs them is intentionally alluding to the works of any other who employs them also. Yet I do not go so far as to maintain that James wrote as he did without having even an acquaintance with the teaching of Paul. Such a supposition would imply what many critics have maintained, that the Epistle of James was written anterior to that meeting at which we know that he personally conferred with Paul upon this very subject; and consequently that his epistle is the oldest part of the New Testament. This opinion appears to me for many reasons untenable. Is it not more natural to suppose that James, amongst his own congregations of purely Jewish origin, wholly different in ideas and requirements from the Gentile churches of Paul, simply chose to keep to his own appropriate form of teaching, and to combat the Jewish prejudice of a salvation founded on a mere knowledge of the truth, apart from any

* Maccabees ii. 52.

† Gen. xv. 6.

‡ Gen. xxvi. 4, 5.

influence on the moral life? In such a controversy he must have known himself thoroughly at one with Paul.*

The points of view of the two writers may be formulated thus :— Faith, justification, works—this is the doctrine of Paul ; faith, works, justification—this is the doctrine of James. Whence comes this difference ? From the fact that, as we have already pointed out, Paul understands by justification the entrance into a state of reconciliation, and James the continuance in it. Hence Paul places justification between the faith which is imputed as righteousness and the works which are the fruits of the Holy Spirit in the reconciled sinner. Such is indeed the natural order of spiritual facts amongst all who, whether like Paul or like the Gentiles, have not lived from the beginning in the faith of the Divine grace. James speaks, on the other hand, of a justification which accompanies the believer throughout his Christian career, a Divine approbation which rests upon him from first to last. And naturally so ; for he is addressing those who were in the Covenant to begin with, and whose justification can only consist in remaining in it. Under these conditions he necessarily places this justifying Divine approbation after both faith and works. For from the believer God expects not only faith ; He expects a faith efficacious in good works. Does not Paul himself also speak of a future justification, an ultimate absolution, reserved for those who, having been justified by the blood of Christ, shall be also sanctified by participation in His life ? Let any one who doubts it study the two verses in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans,† and many analogous passages.

It is plain, then, that there is room in the teaching of James for the initial justification of Paul,‡ and room in the teaching of Paul for the continuous justification of James. The second without the first would be an edifice without a foundation ; the first without the second would be a foundation unfinished, and crumbling soon to ruin.§

As a young Pharisee, Paul had had before his eyes an ideal good—to obtain a righteousness which could be owned and accepted by God. This ideal good he had found only in the work of Christ, and by faith in His expiatory sacrifice. This was the pearl of great price which enriched the whole of his after life ; and when his career was ending, and it only remained for him to be poured out as a libation upon his offering, the Church of the Gentiles, this eternal jewel still glittered before his eyes, and he wrote to his disciple :—" I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous

* See Rom. ii.

† Rom. v. 9, 10.

‡ Conf. Jas. ii. 23.

§ Compare the declarations of Paul himself :—1 Cor. vi. 9, 10, and Gal. vi. 7, 8 ; also Matt. xii. 36, 37 &c.

judge, shall give me at that day."* Such was the unity of this man's life, heroic in action and in thought; the word Righteousness sums up the whole.

There is an idea which rises above that of work, and even above that of righteousness, and which underlies that of glory—the idea of life. It is in the deep and mysterious domain of life that the union between God and the soul is consummated. Among the four chief representatives of primitive Christianity there was one to whose mind the riches of salvation given to us in Christ appeared emphatically under this aspect of life. That one was the Apostle John.

We shall the better understand the true character of this "disciple whom Jesus loved," whose portrait has been so often ill drawn, if we study the picture given in Josephus of the Galilean population at the time of our Lord. "The Galileans are warlike from their very childhood; no fear restrains them. The whole of the land is under cultivation, no part being allowed to remain barren." This enterprising, ambitious, and even bellicose ardour of the Galilean temperament might find its scope in very different directions, and in regions more or less profound. In the sensitive nature, the quick imagination, the contemplative intellect, the pious heart of John, aspirations may have been awakened at the tenderest age to which nothing in his surroundings could fully respond. He had an industrious father, a mother of ardent and enthusiastic temperament, like himself, a brother who shared his spiritual needs. But his heart aspired to nothing less than that supreme good which has no name in human language—or which can be summed up only in this word—Life.

This life he found at length in the life of another, in whom he felt the pulsation of the Divine life itself, and with whose spirit his own fused at once. "It was the tenth hour," he tells us, recalling that first contact; "and they abode with him that day." That day and that hour became to him a perpetual present. There are moments which are concentrations of eternity; the whole plenitude of the Divine life may be communicated in a single word, a single look. "He saw and believed." The spring was found, and from that moment his thirst was quenched. Leaning on the bosom of that Master whose friend he had become, he felt himself in possession of the supreme good; he felt that he rested on the bosom of God. Who can wonder that after three such years he had no higher thought than to live in that Christ in whom he had found the secret of dwelling in God? "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the word

* 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

of life—for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us)—that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.”*

It is not till quite late, and after the destruction of Jerusalem, that John appears on the scene of history as an active apostle. The original missionary work was already accomplished. Among Jews and Gentiles the Church was founded, and the ministry of the elders everywhere established. The Lord stood in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and the seven stars burned in His hand. But one task yet remained to the apostolate—that of raising the primitive Christians to a perfect manhood, and the Church to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ;† and this work fell entirely to John. It was his mission in Asia Minor which completed the work of his colleagues. It has been said that “the centre of gravity of the Christian Church was no longer in Jerusalem, nor even in Rome; it was at Ephesus.”‡ From this central position John commanded the whole field of battle, from Antioch to Rome, and could communicate the impulse to the whole army.

The Fathers who speak of his sojourn at Ephesus describe him as visiting and organizing the churches, appointing and directing the bishops, and, like his Master, extending his personal care to the lowest of sinners. But it is not his pastoral activity that concerns us here, but rather his peculiar legacy to the Church—the portion of the Christian inheritance which he had most intimately appropriated, and which it was his commission to transmit to us. This is contained in the five Johannic writings which form part of the canon of the New Testament.

I am aware that very few theologians now attribute all the five to the same author. Criticism began by opposing the Gospel to the Apocalypse, and putting this dilemma: “Either the Gospel is by St. John, and the Apocalypse by some one else, or *vice versa* ;” whereas, when one goes to the bottom of things, without allowing oneself to be misled by a difference of form necessitated by the nature of the two subjects, one cannot help seeing that the two books fit together like the two halves of a fruit. Then the scalpel has penetrated a little further. A contradiction is shown between the Gospel and the first Epistle, and the identity of their parentage is denied, when a single glance is enough to prove them twin brothers! We are thus confronted with three different Johns, among whom we have to decide which is the true one, or whether, indeed, the true one is any one of the three. Finally, in the two shorter Epistles, already suspected by the early Church, a fourth and

* John i. 1, 2, 3.

† Eph. iv. 13.

‡ Thiersch, “Geschichte des apost. Zeitalters.”

even a fifth hand has been discerned. But, notwithstanding the assaults of the Titans, Jupiter remained firm on Olympus, with the thunder in his hands; and I have a strong impression that, when the critical cyclone which is now passing over us has spent itself, John will be found sitting quietly in his place, with his three chief manuscripts, at any rate, safe in his grasp.

But, dealing for one moment with this question as a serious one, I find among these three portions of the work of John the deep connection of a common intuition. This identity of thought is betrayed by an expression which might almost appear accidental, but which really possesses a profound significance, and makes these three books, in effect, the three divisions of a trilogy. In these three books, and in these three alone, we find Christ spoken of under the name of "The Word." It is almost equivalent to a common signature.*

Before the appearance of the Gospel of John, the Church already possessed a detailed acquaintance with the acts and teaching of Jesus, and a knowledge of His person as revealed under the titles of Son of Man and Son of God, which reflected the two sides of His nature. But she had not yet received Him under that name of The Word, by which John endeavoured to express the deepest mystery of His being, His eternal relation with God. This name John does not appear to have taken from the lips of Christ Himself, for it never appears in his record of his Master's direct teaching. He seems rather to have borrowed it from the language of the Old Testament, with some allusion, perhaps, to the speculations of his own day, in order to sum up, under this striking form, all the testimony he had received from the mouth of Jesus, as to His existence with the Father before His advent on earth. And then, in the loftiest sentence ever penned by human hand—"The Word was made flesh"—he unveiled the full sublimity of that fact of the Incarnation which his predecessors had already described in detail. It was this which made one of the fathers of the Church† declare that, while the other evangelists had written "the corporal things" (*i.e.*, the external things) of the history of Jesus, John had written "the spiritual Gospel." The union of heaven and earth, of the infinite and the finite, of God and man, historically consummated in Christ, this is the culminating point of history, in which thought and fact blend for ever. By this conception the appearing of Christ is exhibited in all its grandeur. It is this Gospel of John which for the first time brings up to its true level the knowledge of the person of Christ in the Christian Church.

Such being the work of his gospel, the work of his epistle is closely connected with it. Dealing with Churches which had already

* John i. 1; 1 John i. 1; Rev. xix. 13.

† Clement of Alexandria.

attained to some degree of spiritual maturity, but in which there was still much to desire in the way of holiness, and more particularly of brotherly love, he here depicts what the Christian should be who has received into himself by faith the Word made flesh, and puts the Church on her guard against a conception of the person of Christ which, by denying the reality of His incarnation, was undermining at its very foundation the Christian obligation of the sanctification of the flesh. The epistle thus raises to its full height the ideal of Christian sanctity springing from the perfect knowledge of the Son of God.

But the Christian is not an isolated individual; he is the member of a society. To this society, this body of which Christ is the Head and believers are the members, John devotes his third work, the Apocalypse. The Church is not simply a medium through which the believer passes in his pilgrimage from this world to a better; it is an organism which has its own history, its origin, its development, its end. It is the essential crisis, not, as has been often represented, the particular facts of this development, which John contemplates in the prophetic vision of the Apocalypse. He sees the glorified Lamb of God calling the Gentile world to salvation by the preaching of the everlasting Gospel, as once, during His earthly sojourn, he had seen Him call the elect people of God. But this appeal meets with the same resistance and the same hostility among the Gentiles as heretofore among the Jews. He witnesses the series of chastisements which follow, but which fail to subdue the hardness of the Gentile heart, till this satanic revolt of humanity against God concentrates itself in the person of Anti-Christ, and the oppressed Church sinks, as at a new Golgotha, to rise again triumphant on the morning of a new Easter. It is the tragedy of Jesus in Israel reproduced in the story of the Church among the Gentiles. Having given to the Church the noblest conception of the person of Christ and the life of the individual believer, John leaves to her in the Apocalypse the grandest revelation of herself and of her destiny in time and in eternity. His teaching is thus the consummation on all its essential points of Christian knowledge, or, if one may use the expression, of the Christian *γνώσις*. As Mr. Jukes says, in his admirable book,† "The teaching of eternal life, though contained in all the books of the New Testament, is nevertheless the distinctive feature of St. John. He dwells on it with a perseverance which makes it the one idea of his gospel, epistles, and revelation. In each of his writings he shows us, under a different form, the working of this same life, first in the incarnate Christ, then in the believer, and finally in the course of human history." The work which it was given to Peter to initiate was thus brought by John to its final consummation.

* Rev. xiv. 6.

† "The New Man," pp. 8, 9.

At first setting out, I placed these four chosen ones of the Lord, as it were, in two divisions; the one, consisting of James and Peter, clinging more closely to the Old Testament; and the other, consisting of Paul and John, established more completely on the basis of the New. One might with equal appropriateness divide them in another way. For Paul and James are dominated by one and the same idea, that of a divine Order; while Peter and John together exhibit the idea of a divine Energy. The "works" of James are the divine order in practice; the "Righteousness" of Paul is the divine order fulfilled by grace. The "Life" of John is the divine energy in its inward working; the "glory" of Peter is the same energy in its outward manifestation. Or the original arrangement may be altogether reversed, and James and Peter placed side by side in the foremost rank. For it may be observed that while Paul and John stop at the *means*, these two press forward to the *end*. For what else is the free justification proclaimed by Paul than an indispensable means for the realization of the active obedience required by James? And what else is the inward life which, as John teaches us, is derived from communion with Christ than the condition precedent of that glory to which Peter aspires as the crown of salvation?

Such, it appears to me, are the psychological steps in the scale of salvation, as we consider it in its fulness and in its essence. At its base lies the justification described by Paul. For what good is possible to man until, by this way of reconciliation, he has found and repossessed his God? Reconciled with God, he has fellowship with the Father and the Son, and has eternal life. In this intimate union with Christ, as a branch abiding in the Vine, he bears the fruit of good works; and thus, through conflict and suffering, he presses forward to eternal glory. "Oh, unfathomable work! Oh, unlooked-for benefits!" cries the most eloquent of the Christian authors of the second century,* as he contemplates the work of salvation in its fulness. Yes, and what a wonderful distribution of its energies among those whose writings were to reveal it to the world!

Is it altogether beneath the dignity of the subject to draw, in conclusion, an illustration from the field of physico-psychology? Nature and grace proceed from the same author, and the gifts of the one are associated with the predispositions of the other. The old psychology had a theory, not much regarded now-a-days, of the four temperaments. It was admitted that in actual life the characteristic elements of these four temperaments were generally found in combination, so that no individual could be said to represent one type exclusively; but it was not unusual for one element to have a

* The author of the letter to Diognetus.

marked preponderance over the rest. Is it straining the point too far to suggest that we find in James the calm and steadfast patience of the phlegmatic temperament; in Peter the impetuous but intermittent ardour of the sanguine; in Paul, the intrepid energy and penetrating vigour of the choleric; and in John the contemplative wealth, profundity, and delicacy of the melancholic? The two last certainly tend to mingle in various proportions and produce the happiest combinations. It was doubtless thus with Paul and John.

But without dwelling on what may, after all, be only a play of the imagination, we may suggest a more solid comparison, drawn from the spiritual domain itself, and which, if I am not mistaken, we owe to M. Thiersch. "If," he says, in speaking of the character of St. James, "we find in him neither the didactic gifts of the doctor, nor the enterprising spirit of the powerful evangelist, nor the depth of the prophetic insight, we do, on the other hand, discern in him the distinctive features of the pastoral character." He clearly alludes in this passage to the four ministries enumerated by St. Paul after that of the apostles—"prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers."* Of the four servants of the Church whom we have just been passing in review, we have in Peter the pioneer of Evangelists, in Paul the learned and sagacious Doctor, in John the eagle-eyed Prophet, and in James the faithful and laborious Pastor. We refer, of course, only to a preponderance of function; each to a certain extent fulfilled all. This is especially true of the apostle Paul.

These comparisons may, however, appear somewhat forced; and I lay no great stress upon them. I will, in concluding, put only one question. Whence comes it that, of all the fishermen of Bethsaida, these two still claim our attention? Why are they not buried in the blankness of oblivion, like so many others, their equals, whose bodies sleep beside the Lake of Galilee? How is it that a single artisan of the small town of Nazareth is now, in the nineteenth century, brought forward as the subject of a psychological study, and not left forgotten among the forgotten generations that people its little cemetery? Why has not Paul himself, after casting a brief lustre on the rabbinical controversies at Jerusalem—perhaps after succeeding Gamaliel as the head of his school, or even rising to the office of High Priest—become a mere name in an historical dictionary, a shadowy personality in the narrow circles of the erudite? How is it that he yet remains to speak with an author of the latter part of the first century or the beginning of the second, "in the synagogues of the Gentiles as a pleasant melody in the mouth of all, until the fulness of time?"†

It is not by the force and freshness of its voices, nor by the adroitness of its execution, that this apostolic choir attracts listeners

* Eph. iv. 11.

† Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs.

even at the present day ; it is by the subject of its song—Redemption, the Redeemer. It is the Saviour Himself who, living in these men and revealing through them, in four distinct forms, the fulness of His work and His glory, has given to their voices that heavenly tone of which from age to age the world has never wearied. Who could have foretold to the Hillels, the Shammais, the Gamaliels, and all the illustrious doctors of the Sanhedrim that their voices would pass away without leaving an echo behind, while those of the ignorant Galileans brought up before their tribunal should fill the world to the end of time ? Yet Jesus had foretold it. "What I tell you in darkness," He said to His disciples, "that speak ye in light ; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops."* It was necessary, says St. Paul, that this treasure should be given to the world in earthen vessels, "that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

For He it is who hath made these little ones so strong that they have subjected the world to Him. And if there was among them one who possessed any strength of his own, it was but when he was bruised and broken that he could be fitted for the Master's use. For He is too great to need the service of other instruments than those whom He has lifted out of the dust.

F. GODET.

* Matt. x. 27. Compare the version of Luke xii. 3.

EUROPEANS AND NATIVES IN INDIA.

ON the assumption of the direct control of British India by the Crown, a proclamation was read aloud, translated into every language of the country, at every station in India, on November 1, 1858, and in the proclamation were these words :—" And it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge."

This was a direct promise to throw open to the natives of India all offices. It was solemnly and deliberately made on an occasion of momentous character; it was recognized as a just and suitable undertaking to make at a time when conciliation was so necessary, and when it was obvious that, if British rule was to continue in India, it must be based somewhat further on the affection and the assistance of the natives of India. The personal government instituted by the Company had crumbled away throughout the Northwest, where it had been most completely organized. That government was one of energetic European officials imposing alien rule on an unsympathetic population, who took advantage of a military insurrection to shake it off, until again conquered by armies from the Punjab and from the sea. So completely was the system of personal government by Europeans felt to have failed, that prominent among the pledges made by the Crown to the people of India was one to throw open offices to British subjects of whatever race and creed. It may be thought that this pledge has been fulfilled. But a quarter of a century has now passed by, and still throughout British India, with very few exceptions, almost every post of emolument, profit, and dignity is held by Europeans. To the natives are relegated the

inferior offices—these, indeed, they universally fill. The posts of grave responsibility are practically confined to Europeans. Something, however, was done from the very first for the natives. Appointments in the Civil Service were thrown open to competition by examination. A few natives, hardly forming one per cent. upon the numbers in the service at one time, have succeeded in obtaining appointments. But the examinations were in England, and any native who succeeded in passing was denationalized in great measure by his journey to England and his residence there. His caste was gone, and much of his influence with it. The numbers of natives appointed to the Civil Service in this manner might be counted on the fingers. Practically only members of the Civil Service can obtain any of the higher civil appointments in India, except a few military men whose connections with those in high place enable them to obtain a footing in the official hierarchy. It is not easy to make people in England understand what are the duties of the Civil Service. But let it be supposed that England, Ireland, and Scotland were governed by a Governor-General in London—say, by a Turk, with a council of Turks, and Turks for heads of departments, and a Turkish High Court of Justice, issuing orders to Turkish prefects for each county—to a Turkish commissioner at York, a Turkish judge at Norwich, a Turkish magistrate at Belfast, or a Turkish engineer at Aberdeen; no Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman being employed, not only in the higher executive and judicial offices, but in offices connected with local administration—let this be imagined, and an accurate picture of Indian administration will be obtained. All India is held in the iron grasp of Europeans. All natives are excluded from any important part in the administration. District magistrates, district judges, secretaries to Government, are rarely or never natives of the country. There exists a government absolutely of natives by Europeans. I extremely doubt if such an extraordinary spectacle has ever been seen in the world before. My experience tells me nothing of it, though perhaps Spanish administration in America might form a precedent that few would care to quote. Roman administration was more liberal. The Mahomedan rulers of India did not disdain Hindu administrators. The Norman conquerors of England left to the English their indigenous courts. But Englishmen for many years past have reserved for themselves the exclusive control of the administration of India, and have proclaimed to the world that the only people who are unfit to exercise any power in India are the natives themselves. Some might see in such an organization as this a strong proof that rule by the English is not eminently satisfactory, if no native can be entrusted with power.

This state of things was to have been brought to an end by the

Queen's proclamation, and by the institution of selection by competition. A few natives were admitted by competition to the charmed circle of the covenanted Civil Service. Hopes were rising high that before long officialism would be thoroughly leavened by an admixture of native blood amongst its members. At last young India was to find a career and a voice—young India invigorated with the free spirit of the West, and enriched by Western learning, was to preside in courts of justice and fully execute the decrees of Government. Soon this dream ended. After calling for opinions from India as to the best mode of selection for the Indian Civil Service, with especial reference to the age of the candidates, and after finding that the great bulk of opinion was favourable to the existing system, and that the preponderance was strongly averse to any reduction of age, Lord Salisbury, who was then Secretary of State for India, though no complaint had been made by the Indian Government, and without any strong reason for the change, reduced the age of admission to the service by two years, and thereby rendered it perfectly impossible for native Indian parents to send home their children at so early an age, to undergo the perils of London life and the risks of success in a competitive examination. Thus entry to the covenanted Civil Service was closed to natives through the door of competition. Still a means of admission remained. It was possible, under a particular statute, for the Government to appoint natives to posts held by members of the Civil Service. Some appointments have been made in accordance with the statute. But not from among the class, unless I am wrongly informed, who would probably have been successful in open competition, and who are so plain-spoken in the press, but from among members of families having traditionary relations with Indian administration. Such appointments as these are mere drops in the ocean. They satisfy neither the European members of the Civil Service, to whom the gentlemen appointed appear interlopers, nor the Europeanized natives, nor the bulk of the people at large.

The existing system of administration is suited only to the rule of foreigners. The magistrate-collector, supreme executive officer in his district, is invested with the immense powers that he has, as a European in whom implicit confidence can be placed, that those powers will be exercised for the maintenance of British rule. The district judge, moreover, is a foreigner who is appointed to carry out a highly artificial and foreign scheme of jurisprudence. It may, for definite reasons of State, be necessary to place such great powers in European hands. But those same reasons of State might forbid wise legislators to confide them to hands in which less implicit confidence can be placed. It is, I
“ btful question whether it is well to confide them in the

hands of natives who have not had a distinctly European training, and whose associations are not European. It is much to be doubted whether the natives at large will prefer to see fellow-countrymen in the despotic position recognized as suitable for Europeans. There are many who think that the powers are too great even for European officers to wield, who are perfectly independent of local and family influences. But most people would, I think, doubt whether it would be well permanently to administer India through a service of native civilians, constituted as the service now is. The first consideration of Indian administrators must be the safety of British rule, and to ensure this, the ultimate source of power must be in Europeans. Some district officers may be natives, with great advantage, but it would be as absurd to give over the *whole* control of the country to natives, as it would be to officer the British army with Sikhs and Ghoorkas.

One reason why it is impossible to abolish European administration in India, is the constant influx of British capital to India. Tea, indigo, jute, opium, oil-seeds, wheat, rice, and a score of other staples of Indian agriculture, are grown for the European markets, and are paid for by European capitalists. The sums invested in Indian trade would represent a fabulous sum if stated. The whole inland trade of the country, on its waterways, its railways, and its roads, is controlled by the European markets; and it is inconceivable that any European ruler of the country would knowingly sacrifice the control now possessed by England, and thereby prejudice the peace and welfare of the country. At the same time, it is equally important, in order to ensure peace and welfare, to render British capital safe, and to secure fully British interests (to say nothing of the happiness of the people at large), that justice and equity should reign, that pledges made should be kept, and that persons, whether natives or others, once admitted to the administration should be fully trusted. Let it be known that, as the Brahmin enjoys no advantage before the law which may not be enjoyed by a person of the lowest caste, so, as between European and native officers of equal rank, no invidious distinctions shall prevail, and that the native admitted where it has seemed necessary to a post hitherto occupied by a European, shall, unless good cause exist to the contrary, be invested with similar powers to those the European officer would have wielded.

We have thus come to the point which has roused such warm controversy in India and at home—namely, the merits of the Bill lately introduced in the Legislative Council by Mr. Ilbert, for conferring on native civilians the privilege of trying Europeans on criminal charges, for investing selected natives with the powers over Europeans which English civilians may now be invested with. It

is perhaps a good thing that, from time to time, the veil should be lifted, and that one should be able to recognize the relations of the dark races and the white. On the European side is a haughty, insolent contempt, mingled with some fear and sense of insecurity; and these feelings, whenever met by resistance, break out into the fiercest wrath, and express themselves in savage and cruel action. On the Indian side there is the inevitable dissatisfaction with foreign rule, which will never disappear altogether, but may increase as general intelligence and a spirit of nationality arises, unless we can, by good administration, win the sympathy of natives. Their sentiments and those of the European may not yet amount to hatred of each other; they are not yet sufficiently active, but they might easily become such, if excited by injustice, by oppressive taxation, or by long-continued misgovernment of any kind. Such passionate outpourings as those sent home by the *Times* correspondent when Mr. Ilbert's Bill was first introduced, as the fierce and bitter speeches in Calcutta, as the elation of the native Indian press, go a long way to clear our minds of all cant, so that we recognize the relation of England to the subject races of India to be one of conqueror and of conquered. Blame has been cast upon the Marquis of Ripon's Government for awaking angry feelings, long dormant between Europeans and natives, by its ill-timed legislation, and for rendering nugatory the peaceful efforts of the last quarter of a century. Is it not now plain, however, to those who fancy that the natives hail the beardless boy-civilian as a saviour, as the angel of justice, and rejoice in the happy circumstance which has brought the Briton to their shore, and inaugurated a new, a more golden age—is it not now plain to them that the natives have never done anything of the sort? If the necessarily constrained relations of the white and the dark races do not emerge plain from the mist of controversy on this topic, we must indeed be blind with self-satisfaction and complacency, and be staggering on to a dreadful doom. And again, another fact seems to come out clearly, that our work in India, as at present conducted, is not agreeable altogether to India itself; that the relation of the English Government to the subject races is not, as yet, satisfactory to them. There are Englishmen in India, and there have been hundreds before them, who have devoted every beat of their heart, every thought of their mind, every atom of energy in their body, to the improvement of the country, according to the lights that have been given them, and in conformity with the wishes of a Government that most truly strives to be equal-handed and paternal. Nowhere have these efforts been more earnest and continued than in the Presidency towns, and no class has gained more advantage from them than the highly educated youth of India, whose minds have been enlightened with the civilization of the West, and to whom

all Occidental refinements of life have been open. But notwithstanding such self-devoting labours, and notwithstanding the advantages thus liberally bestowed on young India, it is young India who is now most bitter against his European instructor; it is young India who, unless properly handled, may ultimately use the European innovations of railroads, newspapers, the post, and the telegraph, to awaken an active disaffection, that his humbler brethren in the jungle, or in the rice-swamp, as yet hardly know how to feel.

Still, it is absolutely necessary for a Government to face the facts of its position; it must not look too far ahead, but must provide from day to day for the various circumstances as they arise. The Government of the day is carried on mainly by the covenanted Civil Service, through which the greater part of the Indian peninsula is despotically, paternally, and, as I fully believe, in many respects, admirably ruled. What that splendid Service has done history tells in some measure. But none can know of the labours and privations which its members undergo, in almost complete solitude, far removed from all expression of satisfaction but the still small voice of conscience, severed from home-ties, the cheering love of a wife, the sweet solicitude for children, while for most civilians the only possible ending to their labours is a lonely Indian grave or a most moderate competence at home. To that noble Service, to its dignities, emoluments, and labours, rightly or wrongly, a few natives have been admitted, having qualified either intellectually by examination or as being of respectable Indian families. It is manifestly impossible to exclude them from a single privilege which their brethren may enjoy, without inflicting a slur upon them as individuals, and without incurring the charge of breach of faith. The trial of Europeans on criminal charges is an incident of the position of a district executive officer and of a district judge. To refuse it to one officer and to grant it to another of similar rank, would be extremely inconvenient, and would be derogatory to the position of the officer deprived of the jurisdiction. To allow that officer to exercise the jurisdiction in Calcutta, as was actually the case, but to declare him unequal to the duty at Hooghly, some twenty or thirty miles distant, is anomalous. And though there are people who seem to think that it is no valid objection to an arrangement that it is anomalous, there are others who see no merit in anomalies as such. Anomalies which are part and parcel of a system, necessary to its existence, and representing certain useful traditions, may have some claims to consideration. But an anomaly must be judged on its merits, and if, as is now urged, it distinctly interferes with regular administration, introduces distinctions which had better be left out of consideration, and works injury rather than good, then that anomaly stands condemned. In fact, the burden of proof lies on those who

maintain that such an anomaly as that European-British subjects of her Majesty should only be triable by European magistrates or judges is defensible. One ground on which the anomaly is defended is, that it is alleged that native judges or magistrates would be unfair and partial. In the first place, this is a pure assumption. There are at the present moment but nine officers in all India on whom the jurisdiction could be conferred, and I do not know that there is any reason to suppose that any one of these gentlemen would exercise his powers unfairly, even though it were intended to confer the powers on all of them. It is unfortunately the case that all native magistrates could not be entrusted with the powers. But it is also the case that all native magistrates are not entrusted with full powers over *their own countrymen*. It takes a long time for a native magistrate to prove his capacity and high character, before he is entrusted with the full powers of a magistrate. Differences of character will always exist, and it is necessary to rely upon the good sense of a watchful Government to select officers carefully for important work. Again, it is not every European magistrate who is invested with the powers of a justice of the peace which give him jurisdiction over Europeans. Tried officers only have been selected for the duty during the ten years that European subjects of her Majesty have been under the jurisdiction of Europeans, other than members of the High Courts. It is but a very short time since it was practically held that no European other than a judge of the High Court could be considered sufficiently impartial or fair to try a European! But it has been found that this suspicion of British magistrates was most unreasonable. Power over Europeans has been granted them without the least injury to the administration, or to the liberties of Europeans. Nay, more, who can deny that the extension of jurisdiction which was made by the Criminal Procedure Act of 1872 has been most advantageous to the public at large? Previous to that Act, the European in the Mofussil was in a most independent position. He could be tried by none but the High Court in the Presidency town, however trifling the charge; and thus the chances were, that unless he actually killed or murdered some one, he got off altogether, and could defy the authority of the neighbouring magistrate. When he found that he was as liable to be summoned to the magistrate's court for an assault or a trespass as any one of his own servants, he became conscious that the law was nearer to him than it was formerly, and he speedily learned to act accordingly. The Meares case, in which a European was convicted, I believe of assault, and sentenced by a district magistrate to imprisonment, definitely informed Europeans in the Mofussil that their days of independence of the law were gone for ever. If, however, native civilians being now employed, they were denied such a jurisdic-

tion, a reversion would be made to the evil traditions of the time anterior to 1872. The only cause for this reversion would be that native magistrates would be unfair and partial. That native magistrates or judges would be unfair on Europeans, I think quite as probable as that Europeans would be unfair on natives. There is as much human nature in one class of men as in the other. I believe myself that the fear of this unfairness or partiality is an exaggerated fear. The native magistrate in any case in which Europeans were involved would be very careful indeed to behave in a judicial manner. All eyes would be upon him. He would be likely to be partial only in cases in which powerful people were interested, and in such cases the European would be well able to use all the many resources of the law to defend himself. Independent of the power of hearing appeals, superior courts in India have a power of sending for the record of a case at any time, and of transferring the case to another magistrate. No native district magistrate or judge is likely to be employed in those districts where the Europeans are massed together, and the probability of evil being done is therefore extremely small. In those districts where there are very few scattered Europeans, and where, perhaps, there might be sent in the future a native district magistrate or judge, it is my conviction that it would be far better to run the risk (which I think a very improbable risk) of such alleged partiality, rather than that some isolated and solitary European, vested with all the prestige of his race by an ignorant peasantry, should fancy himself outside the pale of the law and superior to the Government official himself.

Another argument that is raised in favour of the continuance of the anomaly, is that already there is anomaly in the law. The European is liable to much less punishment for an offence than any native would be. This is no doubt the case, but it shows how very much less the danger would be than is alleged by the opponents of the Bill. To judge from their heated harangues, it might be fancied that every European was to be liable to be brought before every native magistrate, and sentenced to interminable periods of imprisonment, if not death itself, on any false charge. But many existing privileges of the European are retained. He is only liable to half the imprisonment to which natives are liable. He can appeal in all cases. He has a right to a mixed jury, and all privileges of Habeas Corpus are retained. There is no intention of interfering with these privileges. All that is intended is to somewhat reduce the existing anomaly by providing that he may be triable occasionally by a native magistrate or judge. That anomalies are not completely removed is no reason why they should not be partially so.

It is argued, again, that there is no country in the world where personal privileges and exemptions are more recognized than in India.

For instance, that Mahommedan married women cannot be required to give evidence in open court; that great numbers of persons are exempted from attendance in court, and that therefore the exclusive privilege of Europeans might very fairly be retained. Now, leaving aside all considerations as to the desirability of approaching to equality as nearly as possible, it is obvious that the exemption of Europeans from appearance before the ordinary tribunals is an exemption of an altogether different quality from that which is granted to natives in the cases quoted. Let a Mahommedan married woman be charged with a crime, she would never be exempted from appearance in court, nor could she claim to be tried by a Mahommedan magistrate or judge. Similarly, a Mahárajah may be exempted from appearance before a civil court, but he will be assuredly placed in the dock if charged with a murder. The trifling exemptions alluded to are exemptions purely in conformity with certain definite customs of the country; they vanish before the solemnity of a criminal charge. But the exemption claimed from all jurisdiction of natives for Europeans has no analogy with these. It would be analogous with a law providing that Brahmins should only be tried by Brahmins, and unless there are grave political reasons to recommend such an extraordinary immunity, it is my opinion it ought to cease to exist. So far from British India being a country the law of which recognizes inequalities, it may be safely said that *with the exception of the exclusive privileges of Europeans there*, there is absolute equality before the law. Native customs no doubt greatly favour inequalities. But the law, and the whole tendency of civil administration, is to discourage them.

Nor does the allegation that in foreign countries, such as China, Japan, Turkey, and Egypt, special tribunals exist for the trial of Englishmen, and that accordingly they might very well be left to exist in India, apply to the case of India. China and Japan, Turkey and Egypt are governed by different codes of law from those prevailing in England. Not only is the procedure different in their courts from the English procedure, but I believe that the punishments inflicted differ in very many respects from those which the customs of Christian countries permit. Naturally, therefore, a separate tribunal is claimed where possible. Again, the administration of China, Japan, Turkey, and, for the present, even Egypt, is not an English administration. British subjects might be imperfectly protected, if left altogether to the rigour of the criminal laws of those countries. It is right, therefore, for this reason, to claim in foreign countries of this class, a separate tribunal as the only method of ensuring the performance of justice. In a country like France,

Russia, or Spain, where the Administration can be trusted to justice, on the whole, even though foreign, no special tribunal

exist for Englishmen. In the event of injustice, the British Minister interferes. In India, however, the laws are English laws, the procedure is essentially English; the magistrate or judge, even when a native, will be a proficient English scholar; the Government he serves, from whom all his hopes of promotion are derived, is an absolutely English Government, always under the influence of a powerful English bar and English press, and English parliamentary criticism. Any special tribunal, therefore, is entirely unnecessary for Europeans in India, however it may be in China or in Turkey. They are safe beneath the shelter of British rule.

Many have urged that it were useless to introduce such a measure if it were to have only the limited effect described of giving powers over Europeans to only one or two native civilians. It would, I believe, be necessary, even for so limited a number of officers, to introduce the law, for without it they could not exercise the jurisdiction, and considerable administrative confusion would ensue. These gentlemen have a distinct claim to jurisdiction on every moral ground. It would be more injurious to break faith with them than to admit Europeans to their jurisdiction.

"La fede unqua non deve esser corrotta
O data a un solo, o data insieme a mille.
Senza giurare, o seguo altro piu espresso,
Basti una volta che s'abbia promesso."*

If the small scope of the measure rendered it useless to introduce it, surely, it renders the agitation against the Act equally futile. Surely, if but few are to be invested with such powers, it is culpable to attempt to excite the army against the laws that the Government introduce, and it is equally improper to suggest that the volunteers should resign *en masse* at the mere prospect of some European or Eurasian being brought before a native magistrate, in the event of his breaking the peace in a remote district of Bengal. The feelings, no doubt, of the English community should be respected in legislation. Still it is hardly to be expected that the wishes of that community are to prevail absolutely over the rights of the natives in matters greatly affecting the latter, whenever Europeans lose their heads in one of the panics that occasionally seize the timid and luxurious dwellers in the Presidency towns. Most people who have read the history of the Mutiny, know what the feeling of the inhabitants of Calcutta was at that time, and how it needed the whole moral strength of Lord Canning to resist the urgent, the frantic appeals made to him to indulge in most violent reprisals,

* "Faith should never be broken,
Whether pledged to one or to a thousand together.
Without on oath or any express sign,
It is sufficient that a promise once be made."

which would have exasperated many natives who still were loyal. But it is not the English community alone who are against the Act; there is also the Eurasian community, persons who are not of pure European blood, and who have been born and bred in the country; these also are against the Act. It threatens a vaunted personal immunity which they have long enjoyed, and confidently relied upon as an inextinguishable right, raising them into a caste above the natives, and identifying them with the official hierarchy from England. Another lesson might be learned from the passion with which the proposed measure, although of such a limited character, has been met. If it is unnecessary to pass a law which affects so few, why is such vehemence shown against it? Does not the excitement show that some such law is urgently needed—that Europeans and Eurasians think that, to a very great extent, they can now do as they wish, and that they will not have such opportunities in future? In the violent speeches, the bitter taunts and insinuations that have signalized this controversy, is shown more manifestly than would well have been possible in any other way, how necessary it is for the English community to learn that India does not exist only for their benefit, and that the natives of the country are not to be considered by them as outside the pale of beneficent legislation. No one, however, but will sympathize with them in some measure for the vexation they must experience in losing their much-prized privileges. So long have they held themselves aloof as a superior caste, expressing in every possible way their faith that India is for the English, claiming as members of a ruling and conquering caste separate tribunals and distinct privileges, that the threatened loss of their position necessarily is very distasteful to them. Are abstract justice and right not to be considered as any reason for a measure being introduced, so long as their individual interests are concerned? Are the feelings, hopes, and aims of the millions and millions of natives to be as nothing before the aims, hopes, and feelings of the few Europeans resident in India? And how infinitely small the European community is as compared with the native! India is a territory the size of all Europe without Russia, with climates, soils, and races varying as much as those of Europe. It is throughout most densely populated. It has three hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants. Out of these, but little more than one hundred thousand are Europeans, including the army. For each European there are thus some three thousand natives. Bengal has the population of France; Assam of England and Wales; British Burmah of Great Britain; the Punjab of Austria-Hungary. On what principle of administration, of right feeling, of good sense, or of morality, are the wishes of so small a minority to override the needs, the hopes, the rights of the natives of the country?

In fact, when all is told, the arguments for and against this Bill of Mr. Ilbert's are very equally balanced, so far as one considers the arguments only that are *expressed*. Europeans are not truly alarmed at the prospect of two or three natives being invested with jurisdiction over them; nor are the natives elated at this infinitesimal contribution to the claims of justice. The European and the native loathe or welcome the measure both for the same reason. It is hated by the European, greeted by the native, because it is a further definite application of the principle first enunciated by the Charter Act of 1833, which departed from the old exclusive Cornwallis system, and which declared that no native should be excluded from holding any place, office, or employment.

By very slow and very cautious degrees, the thin end of the wedge then applied has been driven in ever since. By the Queen's proclamation, again the hope was held out to natives that they would be admitted to important offices in the public service. This hope has been systematically baffled. A whole generation has grown up, and little or nothing has been done to gratify most legitimate expectations. The door of competition has been closed. Although another door has been partially opened, as soon as it is proposed to give the natives admitted through it equal privileges with European officers, a strenuous effort is made to exclude them from a most important, perhaps the most important, part of their duties, by stigmatizing them with opprobrious terms and attributing to them odious qualities. It is the old story: "When you have a bad case always abuse the adversary's attorney." The sooner, however, it is recognized that for the good administration of the country natives must be more and more, in some shape or form, admitted to important posts in the Government, the better will it be for all parties.

The increased employment of natives must improve the administration of justice in one respect—namely, that it will be more in harmony with native ideas. It is said that some natives prefer to be tried before a European. This may *sometimes* be the case, but is it imaginable that natives prefer that foreign rulers should influence every action of their lives? The native magistrate or judge must perforce be in closer sympathy with his fellow-countrymen than foreigners can be, and the one cardinal virtue of a judicial officer, that he shall be able to enter into the feelings of those who come before him, must go far to compensate for other deficiencies. This reasoning will not come home to those who attribute every vice to the owners of a dark skin; but those who have lived many years amongst natives, and have found amongst them good men and true, ready to perform bravely and conscientiously their various duties, will not be those who would exclude natives from higher posts who have behaved

so admirably in inferior capacities. However, to pass lightly over this point, consider the question of expense. The following words were spoken by the Under-Secretary of State for India, on the night of May 8, with reference to the Home charges :—

“How could the Government so well prevent the growth of these charges as by the employment of more natives and fewer Europeans? Far be it from him to say a single word against those splendid men who had spent their lives in India in the service of the State. The country recognized to the full the services which they had rendered, and were still rendering ; but they were costly, very costly to a poor country, and besides this, when their active work was done they did not stay in their adopted country. Whereas, if they employed natives, they were less costly, they did not come home on pensions at fifty years of age, and by employing them in the service of the State they hoped to make their loyalty to English rule more active.”

Or consider the question of good sense. The Government of India in their Resolution of May 18, 1882, state as follows :—

“There is rapidly growing up, all over the country, an intelligent class of public-spirited men, whom it is not only bad policy, but sheer waste of power, to fail to utilize. . . .”

These are but two utterances, out of many that might be quoted, to prove that for mere purposes of economical and wise government, the task of ruling India *must* more and more pass into native hands.

The present proposal of the Government will, no doubt, tend to help on this most desirable object. It does not stand alone. It is brought forward at the same time that a scheme for introducing Local Government Boards is being worked out in India. It is, no doubt, a portion of an honest attempt to ensure government of India very much in accordance with Indian ideas. What is being aimed at is this. In all local affairs an attempt is being made to leave the management in native hands, to arrange for themselves as they please for their own good, subject to the general direction and control of the Central Government. People in England should have no difficulty in understanding this, for it is in this way that their own local affairs are managed. No one supposes that English corporations, local boards of health, of guardians, or schools, are perfect. They are not all free from all reproach of crassness, of jobbery, and of wrong-headedness. But the system of Local Government works fairly well. It is worked by the people for the people, and it is distinctly popular. Any gross abuses may be corrected by the Central Board. So will it be in India. But side by side with the District Boards will exist the District Officers, who will be responsible for the maintenance of order, and who will in each district represent the central authority of the Government guarding Imperial interests, while watching carefully the administration of local affairs. Gradually they will take less and less active part in

shaping these local affairs; they will simply keep the Government informed of what is going on, with a view to interference if ever need shall arise. These executive District Officers will be either European or native. Most of these powerful District Officers will be Europeans in order that a proper hold shall be kept on the country. But some of the Executive Officers should be natives, in order that the people at large should recognize that their own countrymen are associated with British rule. The judicial branch of the administration would be similarly divided between Europeans and natives, probably with a preponderance of the latter. Where natives are employed they will be trusted "for all in all, or not at all." No invidious distinctions will be recognized. Economy will be observed, and native talent utilized.

I confess that I see in this scheme foreshadowed a system which shall improve the Government of India immensely—which shall at length, after their long tutelage and repression, identify the natives of India with our administration, which shall relieve the European officer of the intolerable load of work that crushes him, which shall render administration far more effective and economical, and shall enable local works and local wants to be far better attended to; which shall more and more develop the resources of the country; which shall take good government home into the heart of every district, and which shall gradually replace the might of English rule which is based on force, for a might which is based as much on affection. Thus this instalment of reform, that Mr. Ilbert's Bill promises, will be hailed by me side by side with the Local Government scheme, as a step in the right direction.

While, however, together with other measures, much direct good will result to the people of India, it seems that much indirect good will result to them also. The passing of the law will announce distinctly to England and to the world that a further step has been taken to carry out the principles of right and justice, and also to fulfil the promises of two generations of Indian administration. Every step taken to fulfil those pledges has been met with the strong resentment and opposition of Europeans in India. The history of the passing of the Black Act, lately recapitulated by Sir Arthur Hobhouse in this REVIEW, is well known. In 1849 and 1855 similar violent agitation put a stop to similar schemes, for rendering Europeans more equal with natives before the law. In 1865, however, on the proposed abolition of grand juries, Sir Henry Maine had to face a similar storm, and he met it with firmness and success. But notwithstanding what has been done, throughout a century of conquest, the European has been everything, and the native little or nothing; the European has begun to think that this is on account of his inherent virtues and of the vices of the native. He fancies

that it is thanks to British rule only that law and order exist in India; oblivious of the fact that the quarrels of French and English contributed as much as anything to the downfall of the Mahomedan Empire, followed up as those quarrels were by British encroachments. Yet consider, since the establishment of British rule, can the result be said to be altogether satisfactory? The country is burdened with debt; taxation is crushing; many millions live in direst poverty; famines are frequent; foreign wars not uncommon. The Englishman glorifies himself for having governed India according to English ideas. An attempt is now made to govern India according to Indian ideas, and this message is sent to England:—

“No more, henceforth, shalt thou deal unfairly with India, she holds an equal place with thee in the comity of nations. She shall not be exploited for thy advantage simply. Affghan wars and Egyptian expeditions for thy benefit shall not be paid for from her exchequer. Equal justice shall be administered in India. Thou hast recognized her claim.”

And, as one last word, let us consider the recommendation that the Government shall withdraw from their proposal. I can only hope that nothing will induce the Government to do this. Withdrawal of the scheme will mean for India all that is evil. It will mean that it has been defeated by vituperation, its power crippled by abuse, the result of race-prejudice and ignorance. The scheme cannot well be brought forward again. All old pledges will be broken, and the Government of India will forfeit its high title to the respect of the world as the impartial arbiter of the destinies of India amid the conflicting claims of different creeds and of different races.

ALFRED H. HAGGARD.

M. RENAN ON HIMSELF.

Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. Par ERNEST RENAN. Paris, 1883.

THE object of M. Renan in publishing this volume is not simply autobiographical. It was no part of his purpose, he says, to supply information to those who might hereafter write notices or articles about him. He has done this, indeed, to a very important extent. No one will write anything in future about M. Renan without laying this work under contribution. From the point of view of biography, it is in many respects a strangely interesting narrative. But M. Renan's primary desire, in giving these chapters to the world, has been to "express certain shades of thought which were not rendered by his other writings, and so to communicate more effectually to his readers his own theory of the universe." (p. iii.) He invites us to study the influences which have made him what he is, that we may the better understand the world into which we are born, and the life of which we form a part. So far as details are concerned, M. Renan warns us not to take all that he has written as literally authentic. He "might have noted more than once in the margin, '*cum grano salis*.'"¹ He is on the side of those who have been moved to protest warmly during these late months against the thrusting of private life into publicity. He explains the almost complete absence from this volume of the name of his sister Henriette, "the person who had the greatest influence on his life," by stating that in 1862, a year after her death, he had written a memoir of her of which a few copies had been printed for private circulation, and that he had thought of adding this memoir to the other chapters of his Recollections; but that he had shrunk from exposing (*je ne dois pas exposer*) a memory which was so sacred to him to the criticism which became the right of any buyer of a book. "My sister was so modest, she had such an aversion to

the noise of the world, that I should have fancied I saw her reproaching me from her grave, if I had surrendered these pages to the public." (p. vi.) It is true that, with the taste for inconsistency which he is so constantly avowing, he announces that this same memoir is to be reprinted, with some of his sister's letters, and given freely to the public after his death. But the tribute which he pays to the obligations of delicacy where private life, and especially the lives of the departed, are concerned, will usefully reinforce those protests to which I have alluded. It is in the substance of this volume, and in the nature of the influences which it describes, that we are bidden to look for truth, not in its smaller details, or in the names introduced into it.

We are to hear M. Renan, then, telling us by means of these studies of his early life, what "theory of the universe" he has been led to form, and how it has become habitual to him to regard the course of things. It would be easy for different readers of this book, as of his other works, to attribute very various views to him; but one characteristic of his general attitude he insists that all shall recognize,—he finds entertainment, amusement, in contemplating the world. The age in which he has lived, "will be regarded without doubt as the most amusing of ages." He looks upon his life as having been, so far, "*une charmante promenade*." I am quoting from the last sentences of this book. It is not to be supposed that so light-hearted a view of things will commend itself to the sympathy of those who have felt the weight of the problems and difficulties of life, "the burthen of the mystery, the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." But such persons M. Renan is able to look down upon. In the singular rhapsody called a Prayer on the Acropolis, he confides to the goddess of Greek art how stupid the world has become. "*Et puis si tu savais combien il est devenu difficile de te servir! . . . De pesants Hyperboréens appellent légers ceux qui te servent*" (p. 65). There will be few Englishmen, certainly, who will not be disposed to charge M. Renan's philosophy with something of levity. There have been plenty of jesters in Hyperborean England, as well as elsewhere, who have used human life as an occasion for laughter. But M. Renan is not a jester, nor is he intentionally cynical. He is "the only man of his time who has been able to understand Jesus and Francis of Assisi" (p. 148). He does not set himself to extract amusement, for his own pleasure, from what he sees around him; he is of such a temperament that the contradictions of the world, the incoherencies and follies of mankind, cause him continually to smile, and give him never-ceasing entertainment. He surveys the world with a "*bienveillante ironie universelle*" (p. 152). Himself perfectly amiable and good, he releases all with whom he comes into contact. If he is amused by

other men, he is first of all amused by himself. "After sixty years of serious life one has a right to smile; and where can one find a source of laughter more abundant, more at command, more inoffensive, than in oneself? If ever a comic author wished to amuse the public at my expense, I would only ask him one favour—to let me have a share in the authorship; I could tell him things twenty times more amusing than any that he could invent" (p. 347). M. Renan, perhaps, rather outruns his readers in this capacity of being amused; the dulness of some will find his smiles occasionally beyond their power of sympathy. At all events this is the character in which he desires to present himself to those who wish to know what he is like—he is the smiling philosopher, "*l'homme qui sourit*."

We have just been studying the early life of a philosopher who groaned as persistently as M. Renan smiles. There are some resemblances, as well as striking contrasts, between Renan and Carlyle. They are both in the front rank of the men of light and leading of their time. In theology each may be called a Pantheist. In politics, each has had the same distrust of democracy, the same belief in an intellectual aristocracy. Each was bred amongst the peasants or small shopkeepers of a remote country district, and in a devoutly religious circle; each was educated for the ministry of his Church, and each had his faith undermined when he came into contact as a young student with the scientific and critical spirit of the time; each retained a passionate attachment to his relatives, a profound veneration for the religious life in the midst of which his boyhood was passed, a contempt for vulgar infidelity, and an unsullied personal purity of morals. But Carlyle's prophetic invective "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" could not have left M. Renan unscathed. There is much in this volume of the Breton ex-Catholic which would have been peculiarly distasteful to the Scottish ex-Puritan. It is M. Renan's cheerful faith that nothing succeeds in this world except selfishness. He is himself romantically devoted to the ideal, but the ideal has nothing to do with reality. The nations that become great, in his view, are those which cast morality to the winds. Germany has attained the hegemony of the world through renouncing political morality. England, until these last years, has been the first of nations because she has been the most selfish (pp. 122-124). To Carlyle, that a man of insight and reflection should believe this would not have been quite so strange as that he should find pleasure in believing it. With regard to the discipline of life, these two eminent men are as contradictory in doctrine as they are antipathetic in temperament. That some men should have the force to command, and that others should be compelled to obey, seemed to Carlyle the two things most indispensable to social well-being. M. Renan goes to the opposite extreme: "an order is a humiliation; to obey is to be a

capitis minor, defiled in the very germ of noble life:" "the very lightest punishment implies a servile principle of forced obedience" (p. 189). Amongst other surprising things in what M. Renan reports is his statement that in the training of clerics in France there is a freedom which may be contrasted with the compulsory *régime* of the secular schools. "Between me and my ecclesiastical masters all was free and spontaneous" (*ibid.*). The young students of the seminaries, he affirms, were left almost entirely to themselves, and the only discipline to which they were subject was that of sympathy and encouragement. He himself never knew what it was to receive a command; it was his nature and delight to be submissive and docile.

The tribute paid by M. Renan, not only to his own teachers but to the Roman Catholic priesthood generally, is one of which any Church might well be proud. It appears to be almost his principal object in this volume to express the admiration and gratitude which he feels towards the Church of his younger days. His gratitude may make his eulogies more indiscriminating than those of a colder critic would be; but it is impossible not to accept them as in the main no less true than they are honourable both to those whom he praises and to M. Renan himself. He speaks of the clergy of his Breton district as serious, disinterested, having every claim to respect and reverence. In his own teachers, he has "had the happiness to be acquainted with absolute virtue" (p. 12); it has been the greatest grief of his life, that his abandonment of the faith caused sorrow to those venerated masters. In the seminaries at Paris, to which he was promoted—those of St. Nicholas de Chardonnet, Issy, and St. Sulpice—he met with similar integrity, devotion, and kindness. Nothing can be more beautiful than his account of M. Dupanloup, afterwards the brilliant Bishop of Orleans, who had the direction of the first of these seminaries when Ernest Renan entered it at the age of fifteen. He had already shown so much promise at the Tréguier school that he had attracted the notice of "one of those enlightened men whom the ardent captain employed to recruit his youthful army." At St. Nicholas there were two hundred lads, to all of whom M. Dupanloup, full of enthusiasm and energy, was able to impart some inspiration; but the young Renan was brought into closer intercourse with him in a characteristic way. He was accustomed to write letters full of the tenderest affection to his mother; all letters of the students were read by one of the directors before they were despatched; and one of Renan's letters to his mother pleased the director who looked it over so much that he shewed it to M. Dupanloup, who had a mother to whom he was equally devoted, and who was accustomed to say that the worth of men was in proportion to the respect they had for their mothers. When the

places for the week were read over in his presence, Renan was fifth or sixth. "Ah!" said he, "if the subject had been that of a letter which I read this morning, Ernest Renan would have been first." From that time, Dupanloup became to him "a principle of life, a sort of god" (pp. 175-177). "C'était un éveilleur incomparable." The education of these seminaries M. Renan is able to regard as on the whole more awakening than that of the civil universities. Even in theology, he commends "la grande bonne foi de l'ancien enseignement ecclésiastique," by which the force of objections was fully recognized. With his strong leaning in favour of the schools in which he received his education, M. Renan goes on to speak with nothing but respect and kindness of the teachers under whose influence he came at Issy and St. Sulpice. "The virtue in St. Sulpice would suffice to govern a world" (p. 221). When he had to tell them that he had not faith to become a priest, they shewed no resentment; M. Dupanloup offered him help from his purse. The pleasure with which Roman Catholics read these testimonies will not be diminished, for most of them, by the scorn which M. Renan pours upon the Neo-Catholics who seek to reconcile Christianity with science. His admiration is for the Catholics of the old uncompromising school; "Broad-Churchism" is regarded by him with no more favour than it is by unbelievers in England.

The one grudge that he retains against his education is that it gave no stimulus to his aptitude for physical investigation. "Mathematics and physical induction," he says, "have always been the fundamental elements of my mind." He soon lost all confidence in metaphysics, and positive science became for him the only source of truth. He is provoked, however, by seeing Auguste Comte raised to the first rank of great men, "for having said in bad French what all scientific minds for 200 years have seen as clearly as he." In declaring his belief that if he had been encouraged to pursue physiology and the natural sciences in a systematic manner, he would have anticipated many of the discoveries of Darwin (p. 263), he reminds us a little of the famous saying of Comte, that if he had not known Clotilde de Vaux, he would only have been an Aristotle, and that it was due to her that he was also a St. Paul. Before he left the seminary, the principle of gradual change in the world had impressed itself upon his mind. With the *abandon* characteristic of him, M. Renan, who in one place has said that he rejoices in having been led to paint Nature by moral aspects, and to subordinate local features to human and historical associations, a few pages later proceeds to magnify the natural sciences in comparison with his own pursuits:—

"I was drawn towards the historical sciences, little conjectural sciences which are unmade as fast as they are made, and which will be neglected a hundred years hence. We see the dawning of an age in which man will no

longer feel much interest in his past. . . . It is by chemistry on one side, by astronomy on another, it is, above all, by general physiology, that we really grasp the secret of being, of the world, of God, whichever name may be preferred. It is the regret of my life to have devoted myself to a class of researches which will never have higher authority than that of interesting studies of a reality which has disappeared for ever" (p. 263).

In the seminary of St. Sulpice the young student devoted himself with ardour to the study of Hebrew, the Bible, and formal theology. He was "a philologist by instinct," and he found in M. Le Hir, one of his teachers, a man of extraordinary learning, with a special knowledge of Hebrew and the Semitic languages. M. Le Hir was no less remarkable as a saint than as a *savant*; a sort of Dr. Pusey, with, perhaps, more exact scholarship, and even wider erudition, and more entirely absorbed in study and teaching. M. Renan accounts for his remaining a believer whilst he was so well acquainted with German exegesis, by supposing that he had "watertight compartments" in his mind, and could guard his faith from contact with his knowledge. Under the tuition of M. Le Hir, Renan soon shewed what was in him, and rapidly became a master in the same field of learning. But his study of the Bible led him to see inconsistencies in the sacred volume. He anticipated the well-known experience of Bishop Colenso. The Church, he says, taught that the Bible was infallible. If there was a single error in the Bible, the Church was wrong. But the claim of the Church was to be infallible. If the Church was in error on a single point, the edifice of the Christian religion fell to the ground. But he could not shut his eyes to evident inconsistencies in the Bible. The more closely he studied the sacred books, the more certain and undeniable became the discrepancies, the contradictions, between these books themselves, and between them and the ascertained facts of history. It was this discovery that made M. Renan an unbeliever. He thinks that he would not have been troubled by difficulties about the orthodox dogmas or by the moral perplexities of Revelation. It was criticism, Biblical and historical, which shook his faith. When after a time he gave up all belief in miracles, it was not through any *à priori* conviction of the impossibility of the miraculous, but because he found no sufficient proof of a single actual miracle having occurred.

For a time, indeed, M. Renan's mind was drawn towards a rationalistic Christianity, like that of German Protestantism. He wished that he had been a Protestant. He did not willingly cease to be a Christian. The character of Jesus retained its hold upon his imagination and his affections. His definite aspiration was to be a Liberal Christian. But the Christianity which he had always had before him, and which in the persons of all his teachers had won his reverent respect, was that which had infallibility for its corner-stone. It still seems to him the only thorough Christianity. People in general used

to take it for granted that the Church of England was pledged to the dogma of the infallibility of the Bible. But this was a mistake; it is now generally known that the Church of England has been preserved from any dogmatic utterance upon this subject, and it is at least doubtful whether the Church of Rome has committed itself to an unreserved affirmation of the absolute truth of everything in the Bible. If I remember right, it has been shown in this REVIEW—I think by Mr. Mivart—that a Roman Catholic theologian may legitimately claim freedom on this point. M. Renan assumes that the faith of the Roman Church is irrevocably tied to Biblical infallibility. And, as I have said, he has no respect for any compromise. Like unbelievers in general, he shakes hands with the rigidly orthodox over the formula “all or nothing.” He despises the Liberal Catholic of every grade. Not many months after he left St. Sulpice, at the age of twenty-three, he rid himself of his last lingering belief in Providence, and a “clear scientific view of a universe in which no free-will superior to that of man acts in an appreciable manner” (p. 337), became the anchor to which he has held fast. All attempts to take off the edges of orthodox Catholicism, to make it more acceptable to persons of modern education, such as those of Lacordaire, Gratry, and Dupanloup, seem now to him to be good neither for religion nor for the human mind. He has no softer phrase for them than “pantalonnades théologiques,” however warmly they may be applauded at Notre-Dame. “At St. Sulpice,” he says, “the divinity of Jesus Christ was not proved by Mahomet or by the battle of Marengo.” It would appear that M. Renan’s early piety was little more than amiable submission to the creed of persons whom he honoured, and that he had no share in what he describes as the “mystical” religion of some of the seminarist teachers. So that it was probably natural to him to pass rapidly from the acquiescence of perfect orthodoxy to the complete repudiation of the supernatural. When once the conviction was forced upon him that errors and discrepancies were to be found in the Bible, his whole system of belief was shattered.

It was in the year 1846 that M. Renan disengaged himself finally from the religion of his childhood and youth. He tells us something of his first steps outside the seminary, of the occupations by which he supported himself, of the friendships he formed, of the beginnings of his career as a writer of books. He lets us see how blameless he has been, how careless of pecuniary gain, how devoted to study. But it was not until he arrived at Athens, in 1865, that his deepest sympathies and most enthusiastic admiration were called forth. He gives us, in an early part of this volume, a truly remarkable composition, written at that date, and entitled, “A Prayer which I offered on the Acropolis when I had come to understand its

perfect beauty." As an illustration of M. Renan's mind and opinions, it is as significant as anything in the volume. But it is a little difficult to understand how an eminent man of letters, when the enthusiasm of the moment had passed off and left his judgment cool, can have brought himself to publish this utterance. It is not for an English clergyman, Philistine enough to remain an orthodox Christian, to adventure into the region of the higher criticism; but I cannot help wondering what Sainte-Beuve would have pronounced as to the good taste and intellectual sanity* of this prayer. It was the fruit of a deeper emotion than any other which M. Renan has experienced. He still cannot speak in any language but that of rapture of the impression which Athens made upon him. "There is one place where perfection exists; there is no other; that place is Athens" (p. 59.) He saw there "the ideal crystallized in marble of Pentelicus. . . . When I saw the Acropolis, I had the revelation of the divine. . . . The hours which I passed upon the sacred hill were hours of prayer" (pp. 61-62). Accordingly, in this ode, or palinode, addressed to the ideal divinity of Greek art, M. Renan borrows all that is endearing and confidential in the language of domestic affection, all that is penitent and supplicatory in the language of religious devotion, to express his feelings towards the object of his worship. He tells his goddess with what remorse he approaches the altar of her mysteries, how ashamed he is of having admired barbarian churches, of having delighted in the chants of barbarian magicians. He asks her whether she remembers the day when an ugly little Jew, incapable of understanding her, discovered the altar to the Unknown God. "Eh bien, ce petit Juif l'a emporté; pendant mille ans, le monde a été un désert ou ne germait aucune fleur" (p. 66). "Le monde ne sera sauvé qu'en revenant à toi, en repudiant ses attaches barbares. Courons, venons en troupe. . . . J'aime mieux être le dernier dans ta maison que le premier ailleurs. Oui, je m'attacherai au stylobate de ton temple; j'oublierai toute discipline hormis la tienne, je me ferai stylite sur tes

* No one can be insensible to the charm of M. Renan's descriptions of the people amongst whom his childhood was passed; but does not his reason lose itself sometimes in sentiment? He quotes "an excellent remark made about himself by that fine observer, M. Challemeil-Lacour, 'he thinks like a man, he feels like a woman, he acts like a child.'" The whole "man" in him seems occasionally to sleep. He has a chapter entitled *La petite Noémi*. In this he lavishes all the graces of his style on an account of a girl-friend of his childhood. After leaving Tréguier he himself lost sight of her, but his mother in after-years related to him the subsequent history of Noémi. She lost her parents, and had no fortune; so she was taken to live with an aunt, who kept a most respectable hostelry. She was charming as a child, but at twenty-two years she was a wonder. She did what she could to hide her beauty. Her fine figure was disguised by a pèlerine; her long white hands were always covered with mittens. She wore a heavy cap over her hair. "It was no use. Young men assembled in groups to look at her in church. She was too beautiful for our country, and as discreet as she was beautiful. She died; died of *tristesse*" (p. 118). M. Renan was so touched by this image of the ^o pined away and died because she was too beautiful, that when God gave him a he named her Noémi. *Absit omen.*

colonnes, ma cellule sera sur ton architrave." What is this but a *pantalonnade esthétique*? The germ of all this exaltation is the perception of the incomparable *solidity* of Athenian building. The Christian Churches "fall into decay in five or six hundred years." An excellent architect was accustomed to say to M. Renan "that, for him, gods were true in proportion to the solid beauty of their temples" (p. 66). On this principle, Athenian paganism had no rival.

Yet, before his rapture has passed away, M. Renan is able to admit that there is something in the world too large for the strict limitations of Athenian genius. His blue-eyed goddess owes her serenity in part to her want of universality. After all, "O abîme, tu es le Dieu unique" (p. 72). Gods and goddesses, like men, pass into the great gulf. And this is our author's final theory of existence. All things are transient, all things pass on into the abyss. The one fact of which he is sure, to which he returns over and over again, is that he is happy, that he has had on the whole a good time. He knows as much as it is possible for anyone to know in the present age of the truth of things; he has made himself pleasant to his fellow-men, and they have been pleasant to him; he has nothing to reproach himself with, he has been all that the universe could expect him to be. God—such God as there may be—is in his debt. What is it that he perceives himself to be "a tissue of contradictions"? That amuses him; it makes life the more entertaining to him. What is it that the course of things in the human world is a perpetual outrage upon the ideal which he romantically adores? He can turn his back upon the ideal in practical things. In politics, with smiling irony, he can recommend, as well as predict, courses of action that he despises. He has known perfect virtue; but it has been almost exclusively associated with barbarous delusions. He has observed a severe morality in his relations with the other sex; his conduct has been that of a respectable Protestant pastor; but he has his doubts as to the reasonableness of this morality. His indulgence towards the moral laxity of Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier gave him a higher opinion of those eminent literary men than the looseness (*le décousu*) of their philosophy should have allowed him to entertain. He "cannot get rid of the idea that it is perhaps the libertine, after all, who is right, and who practises the true philosophy of life" (p. 149). He continued to live in Paris as he had done in the seminary; but it was "par convenance." "I saw clearly the vanity of this virtue, as of all others; I recognized, in particular, that Nature does not at all make a point of a man's being chaste" (p. 359). Nevertheless, if he had to begin his life again, with the right to strike out of it what he pleased, he would change nothing. His peace of mind is perfect; and, without knowing exactly whom he ought to thank, still he does give thanks (pp. 362, 374, 375). For himself, then, undisturbed

by contradictions, feeling no need of a firm ground to stand upon, M. Renan is entirely satisfied. But what advice has he to give to others, who may not be so happily organized, and to whom life has perhaps not been so uniformly propitious? He cannot give them an encouraging view of the present or of the future. He finds some satisfaction in the prevalent scepticism, and what he regards as the growing disbelief in the supernatural. For the one thing of importance is the development of the mind; and the condition of that development is liberty of inquiry and discussion; and where there are believing masses such liberty is impossible. Under the *régime* of faith, "a colossal weight of stupidity has crushed the human mind" (p. xiv.). Does he not augur well, then, for the future? By no means. If it seems obvious that freedom and equality are necessary for the development of the human mind, it is also probable that they tend towards mediocrity and vulgarity. We are advancing towards an American condition of society. M. Renan quotes "a distinguished thinker," M. Amiel, of Geneva, whose remarkable quality has been made known to the readers of this REVIEW by M. Gabriel Monod,* in his article for the last number on "Contemporary Life and Thought in France" (p. 124). M. Amiel says, "The era of mediocrity in everything is beginning. Equality begets uniformity, and it is by the sacrifice of the excellent, the remarkable, the extraordinary, that we relieve ourselves of the bad. There is less of coarseness everywhere, but more of vulgarity." A pleasant prospect! But there is some hope, M. Renan thinks, that the elect may be let alone. "*Noli me tangere* is all that one can ask of democracy." In any case, let us not trouble ourselves. Our complaints will avail nothing. It may be that the earth has reached its culminating point. Still, there is the universe. If he has no encouragement for mankind, or for our planet, M. Renan can at least cheer the universe on in its course. "Courage, courage, nature!" he exclaims. He believes that there is still a future for the sum of existence. Every check leaves the universe young, alert, full of illusions (p. xx.).

M. Renan has a right to assume that it is a matter of interest to the educated world to know what his theory of the universe is. He is an object of unmeasured admiration to a vast circle of readers. He habitually undertakes the office of a teacher and counsellor. He has done as much perhaps as any living man to destroy men's faith in the supernatural. He has helped to strike down the old guide-posts of the world. Well, what is it that he tells us, with the engaging frankness characteristic of him? He insists upon its being clearly

* M. Monod notices together M. Amiel's "*Fragments d'un Journal intime*," and M. Renan's "*Souvenirs*," as "two autobiographies, both of which must rank among the masterpieces of the French language." He would place M. Amiel's work between the *Pensées* of Pascal and the *Conversations* of Goethe and Eckermann.

understood, that he owes all that is good in him to priests of the old religion. When he compares the common infidel of to-day with the Christians by whom he was educated, it is the infidel, and not the Christian, that he despises. The claim of the half-educated to dispose of Christianity seems to him a pert and unwarrantable assumption. "Few persons have a right not to believe in Christianity." (p. 134) It was only after close and prolonged study that he himself abandoned it. His life has since been governed mechanically by the faith which he once held. "*La foi disparue, la morale reste*" (p. 342). It was the pretension of infallibility by which he tried the Bible, and found it wanting. He has rejected every statement implying supernatural action in the world of human life or in the history of Christianity, because he has not seen sufficiently demonstrative evidence of any such interference with the natural order. But, apart from Christianity, he knows of no ground of hope, no root of morality, no harmony in life or in the world. What comment I have to offer upon M. Renan's confession of faith may be put most briefly in the form of three questions:—Would it not have made a great difference to him if he had been taught from childhood to believe in the spirit rather than in the letter, and to think habitually of God not as having once committed a perfect deposit of revelation to an infallible keeper, but as having manifested himself in Christ and as continually revealing himself to responsive consciences and hearts? Is not such moral evidence as is given by this disinterested witness more powerful to support a faith in God and in Christ than any logical array of proofs could be? After studying one more new religion of our time, will not the lines quoted by M. Renan himself come home to many a reader?—

"*Plurima quæsi, per singula quæque cucurri,
Nec quicquam inveni melius quam credere Christo*" (p. 258).

J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN GERMANY.

THE parliamentary Session has at last come to its close, and the hard-worked and long-suffering members of both legislatures have been able to exchange by the first of July the burning Berlin atmosphere for the more genial temperature of the country, watering-places, or Alpine resorts. Yet it is doubtful whether the result of these long legislative struggles corresponds in importance to the amount of labour bestowed upon them. As regards the Reichstag, the most important bills which have been passed are those on working-men's insurance against sickness; the amendment of the law on trades; the modification of the export bounty on beetroot sugar; the literary convention with France; the commercial treaty with Italy; and the two budgets for 1883-84 and 1884-85.

The law on working-men's insurance against sickness is the first of those great legislative acts which the Government proposed as positive measures for solving the social question; its previous attempt to repress the agitation of the social democrats by the law of 1879 having had very imperfect success, as is proved by the facts that the social democrats have maintained their seats in the Reichstag, and that Hamburg, the second town of the empire, is now represented by two of them. The Government cannot, however, claim the authorship of the law as it stands, for its original Bill has been completely modified in committee, and it has only at the second reading enforced its will to exclude the agricultural labourers, whom the majority wished to include. The law is the result of the conviction of all parties that after so many promises something should be achieved in the domain of social reform. Its leading and sound principles we may consider to be the acknowledgment of the duty of the State to make provision for the wants of the economically weak, and the assertion that insurance, in order to be effective, must be compulsory. But whether the law as it stands will fulfil its purpose is another question. The organization which it provides is essentially bureaucratic and most complicated, and the influence of the working men in the administration

of the funds is very limited. It may be said, however, in excuse, that legislation has ventured upon an unknown domain, and that therefore every step was more or less destined to be a leap in the dark; it remains to be seen how the law will work, and experience only can teach whether and how it may have to be modified.

The amendment of the law on trades is not the first of its kind. It was passed by the joint efforts of the Conservative and Centre parties, and was strongly opposed by the Liberals of all sections, who decried the change as a triumph of reaction, and a violation of the principle of freedom of trade. Yet it cannot be denied that the original law of 1868, which was carried by a Liberal majority, has produced great evils. It demolished all restraints on labour, but it organized nothing, and the result was, in many respects, anarchy. The Government, having waited a considerable time, at last saw that something must be done; but it could not make up its mind to an organic reform of the law, and during recent years several amendments have been proposed and partly accepted, partly rejected, according to the shifting majority of the House; the result is a patchwork which wants homogeneity; yet it can scarcely be maintained that the Liberals are right in bewailing the stricter control of hawkers, pedlars, and the sale of filthy pamphlets and novels as encroachments upon the liberty of trade.

The reduction of the export bounty on beetroot sugar was necessary, but is entirely insufficient as to the amount. The tax on beetroot sugar is levied in Germany on the raw material, and was fixed, in 1868, at eighty pfennigs per cwt., on the assumption that 11½ cwt. of beetroots produce 1 cwt. of sugar. But this basis has become wholly antiquated by the latest technical improvements in sugar refining, which have enabled the manufacturers to realize 1 cwt. of sugar from 9 cwt. of beetroots, and to utilize the molasses also for producing sugar. The molasses are entirely untaxed, and yet the sugar produced therefrom equally enjoys the export bounty granted by the State in order to render the German industry able to compete in foreign markets. The result was an immense gain to the producers, and a corresponding loss to the Imperial exchequer. The Government, however, remained passive for several years; and it is only now, when the decline of the revenue from this source has become too considerable to remain unnoticed, that it has come forward with the timid measure of reducing the export bounty by forty pfennigs, whilst the molasses remain entirely untaxed as heretofore. Thus the producers will continue to make enormous profits, and the revenue to lose. This loss in 1881-82 was twenty-and-a-half million marks (more than a million sterling), and is estimated at thirteen-and-a-half millions for 1882-83. It is very doubtful whether the commission of inquiry, which has been resolved upon, will grasp the matter more firmly; for the producers, who are very largely represented in that body, will take care of their own interests, and the Government has shown them great tenderness.

The convention with France respecting the reciprocal protection of rights in literary and artistic productions was sanctioned by a unanimous vote, and without a debate: but it is an event of political, economical, and intellectual importance. Politically it places the Empire, in the literary domain, on a friendly footing with the State, which in other respects is considered as its decided antagonist, and at

the same time substitutes for the several heterogeneous conventions formerly concluded by France in 1862 and 1865 with German States one homogeneous treaty for the whole Empire. Those former conventions made the protection of the literary and artistic works of the one country dependent upon registration in the other country within three months after their appearance. The new treaty accords reciprocal protection without any such formality, and on an equal footing with its own national productions. But the most important feature is the enlarged protection given to translations. France demanded, indeed, that translations should be protected as much as the original works; but as such protection, according to the German law, would have embraced a period of thirty years, the German Government declined to accede to this demand, and declared itself willing only to extend the protection formerly accorded for five years, and conditionally, to ten years unconditionally. In consequence, the authors of both countries during this period of ten years will enjoy for the translation of their literary works, for the reproduction of artistic works, and for the representation of dramatic or musical-dramatic works, the same rights as for original works.

This stipulation is, of course, much more advantageous to France than to Germany, as the number of French books translated into German is far larger than that of German books translated into French; and numerous German stages reproduce the successful novel-ties of the Paris theatres, whilst German dramatic productions are almost entirely ignored in France. Yet this provision deserves unconditional approval. The whole aim of the law of copyright is to insure to the author the full benefit of his works, and in international relations this can only be realized by protecting the translation also, for if a French novel or scientific book is translated into German the original French work will be less bought in Germany. It must be further said, that if the act of translation is in itself only a secondary form of intellectual activity, it cannot be indifferent to an author whether it is performed by a competent pen authorized by him, or by a mere penny-a-liner; for bad translations will damage the reputation of the author, and consequently lessen the sale of his works in the foreign country. Germany was therefore fulfilling an honourable duty in according this concession to France, and will, we hope, find compensation in another way. German novelists have hitherto had to suffer from the overwhelming competition of cheap translations from the French, and particularly the feuilletons of local papers were almost entirely provided for by such translations, which cost next to nothing. The future protection of French works will, as we think, tend to raise the home production and insure it a better reward, whilst at the same time the public will be spared the translation of many sensational or immoral French books. And the same argument applies to dramatic productions.

The commercial treaty with Italy has also been accepted, if not without debate, yet without opposition. Its importance lies not so much in itself as in the circumstance that it is the first international act in which the Government, in order to secure the rights of the most
tion, found themselves compelled to reduce several duties
of 1879. Prince Bismarck, it must be remembered, was

until that year a staunch free-trader ; no one has more fiercely denounced the protectionist egotism of the great industrials than he did in the United Diet of 1846. He won his first diplomatic victory, when entering into the Ministry, by carrying the commercial treaty with France in the teeth of the Protectionist opposition of the middle and southern states. The author of that treaty, Herr Delbrück, became for many years his most trusted adviser as chief of the Imperial Chancery ; and even as late as 1875 the Chancellor appealed to the Reichstag to aid him in reforming the tariff after the English example, and in maintaining only financial duties upon foreign articles of consumption. If some years later he suddenly wheeled round and threw himself into the arms of the Protectionists, the fault may be attributed in a great measure to the narrow policy of the Liberal party. Prince Bismarck's perspicacity saw that the temporary high-tide of the French milliards would soon pass away, and that it was necessary to open in time new sources of revenue for the increasing expenditure of the young Empire. But he was feebly seconded by the Minister of Finance, Herr Camphausen ; and the Liberal party refused all proposals to raise the revenue by new or increased taxes on inland articles of consumption. Then the Chancellor fell back upon the tobacco monopoly and the customs. His idea was originally merely to raise the duties for revenue purposes, and he therefore proposed to tax all foreign articles ; but the Protectionists, who at once perceived the impracticability of this scheme, adroitly turned it to their own advantage, by proposing to protect equally all branches of national production, and succeeded in bribing the Conservative party, which had always been for free-trade, to accept high industrial duties, by according duties on agricultural products also. It was this coalition of agrarian and industrial interests which carried the Protectionist tariff of 1879 ; and it is a remarkable fact, that with this result its forces seem exhausted. As was to be expected, the Protectionists were not satisfied with what they had obtained, but last year the proposed higher duties on several articles were refused by the Reichstag, and in the present Session the considerable increase proposed in the duty on timber was rejected by an unexpected majority. As regards the commercial relations with foreign States, one of the reasons advanced in support of high duties was, that the Government would be enabled to offer proper compensation for concessions to be obtained for German imports. This argument has hitherto remained ineffective ; the consequence of the tariff of 1879 was simply that other States also raised their duties, and even with Austria, although united to Germany by the closest political bonds, it was impossible to come to satisfactory terms in the commercial field. The negotiations with Spain have, after many difficulties, led to a treaty by which Germany has at last consented to nearly all that Spain asked for, while the latter country has only promised not to raise its duties on German products. The treaty with Italy which I have mentioned is the first instance in which the Government has consented to reduce several items of the autonomous tariff of 1879 without obtaining a corresponding equivalent from the other party. It is true that the articles on which these reductions bear are of minor importance for German trade, but the Italian concessions are still more in-

significant. Germany was obliged to comply with the demands of the Cabinet of Rome, because her trade would have suffered too much if it had ceased to enjoy the rights of the most favoured nation. The free-trade party in the Reichstag did not miss their opportunity for insisting upon this feature of the treaty, and it may be taken for granted that the high tide of Protection has passed. The most characteristic proof of this was given by the above-mentioned refusal to increase the duty on timber. Still, in 1879, the Government, in introducing the duty, acknowledged that it must be moderate, because the exclusion of foreign timber would lead to devastation of the home forests; now it proposed to double the tax, because the State was bound to secure a sufficient revenue to the possessors of forests. These are, of course, the large proprietors, who alone would have profited by the increased duty, whilst the peasants, and all the trades which use wood for their products, would have grievously suffered. Besides, if the Bill had passed, the industrial Protectionists would certainly have asked an equivalent, and we might have expected a new edition of the barter by means of which the tariff of 1879 was passed. It is, therefore, fortunate that this attack has been repelled.

Biennial budgets have for some time been amongst the crotchets of the Chancellor. The Constitution providing that the expenditure and the income of the empire shall be fixed annually, he first asked that the budget should in future be voted for two years. The Reichstag having declined to comply with this demand, the budgets of 1882-3 and 1883-4 were presented together in the last Autumn Session; but the majority refused to enter upon the discussion of the latter. It was reproduced in the new year; and in order to force the assembly to yield, Prince Bismarck had recourse to an Imperial message, in which the Emperor stated that at his advanced age he was most desirous to see the proposed social reforms carried as soon as possible, and therefore asked the Reichstag at once to vote the budget, in order to leave the next autumn Session free for the Bill on working-men's insurance against accidents.

It might well be asked in what capacity the Emperor sent this message. He is not Sovereign of the Empire, as he is of Prussia; he is merely the chief of the confederated princes and free cities of Germany, in the totality of which, represented by the Federal Council, the sovereignty resides. The special rights of the Emperor are determined by the Confederation. He opens and closes the Sessions of the Reichstag, declares war, &c.; but all Government rights are exercised by the Federal Council, and this honourable body was as much taken by surprise by the message as all the rest. But passing by the constitutional question, the above-mentioned reason for voting at once the next budget was a shallow pretext; for the Government Bill for working-men's insurance against accidents had met with ill success in Committee. The proposed State subvention had been unanimously rejected, and the whole had to be recast upon different principles. This task, which the Committee had scarcely entered upon, could not possibly be achieved during the late Session; it would have to be discussed anew by the Committee in the autumn Session; and in the interval the House would have had ample time to vote the budget for 1884-85. It was, moreover, clear, that to vote it ten

months before the beginning of the fiscal year must be highly inexpedient. The very essence of a budget is that it fulfils the name which Colbert gave it—viz., to be an “*état de prévoyance*,” that it should be an approximately accurate estimate of the next year’s real income and expenditure; and in order to make such an estimate it is necessary to fix the budget as late as possible before the beginning of the fiscal year, in order to utilize all the statistics of the previous year, and so obtain an accurate guess at the resources and the claims upon the public exchequer in the coming year. The contrary practice only leads to the necessity of asking for numerous supplementary credits for wants which could not be foreseen half a year earlier.

The House felt this keenly; but in the face of the Imperial message it was unwilling to answer with a blank refusal, and sent the Bill down to the budget committee, on the chance that there would not be time to finish the work before the Session closed. The chairman of that committee, however, Herr von Bennigsen, took his task in earnest, hoping that the Chancellor would be satisfied that the committee should finish its business and leave the vote of the House to the autumn Session. But when, in an interview with Prince Bismarck, he stated this expectation, he met with an angry refusal; the Chancellor reproached him bitterly with the opposition by which the Liberal party had thwarted his designs on the last occasion, and insisted upon the budget being passed by the House. He did, indeed, obtain his wish, and the budget was voted with but slight discussion; but this nominal success led to an unexpected consequence. Herr von Bennigsen, deeply mortified at the slight which he had received, resigned his seat in the Reichstag as well as in the Prussian House of Deputies. In his answer to an address of his party, he stated that the unsatisfactory state of our public life, the increasing bitterness of parties against each other and in their relations to the Government, and the growing schism amongst the Liberals, had brought him to the conviction that there was at present no chance for the conciliatory policy which he had hitherto pursued, and had driven him to the resolution to retire from public life. This step produced a great sensation and was felt as an event. Bennigsen had played a prominent part in the parliamentary history of the last fifteen years. When a deputy in the Diet of the former kingdom of Hanover, he had been the leader of the Opposition, and one of the founders of the National-Verein; he had been a member of the first North-German Reichstag, and had taken a leading part in all the ensuing Sessions, speaking seldom, but always with effect—the undoubted leader of the National Liberal party, and perhaps the only parliamentary man whom the Chancellor respected without hating him. At the end of the year 1877 it was even expected that he would become Minister; he was invited to Varzin, and passed the last days of the year with the Chancellor. The scheme broke down, however, Bennigsen being too prudent to enter the Cabinet alone, and asking that seats should also be given to two of his friends, which Prince Bismarck refused to do. Once before he gave notice of his intention to withdraw from Parliament, but yielded to the wishes of his friends, accepted a new mandate, and continued to exercise his activity in order to prevent a rupture between his party and the Chancellor. That he went too far in this tendency to compromise cannot be doubted.

The first consequence was that his own party was split, and that his most gifted friends—Forckenbeck, Lasker, Stauffenberg—seceded; and yet the time soon came when even he was no longer able to yield to the increasingly imperious demands of the Chancellor. Most of all, he blamed Prince Bismarck for retracing his steps in the ecclesiastical conflict, in order to win the votes of the Centre party for his social and economic projects. He plainly told him, at an interview in the spring of last year, that he had lost his game, and that he would be led from concession to concession without being able to gain ground anew. He also opposed firmly, as chimerical, the intention of the Chancellor to replace all direct taxes, the income-tax excepted, by indirect ones. If he now withdraws, he implicitly avows that compromise with Bismarck's policy is no more possible for a man who intends to remain, at least nominally, a Liberal. The German *Punch*, the *Kaladderadatsch*, gave humorous expression to this fact, by representing Bennigsen as throwing away his mandates, in the shape of crutches, and exclaiming:—"I hereby certify to the physician, Dr. Otto [Bismarck's Christian name], that I was blind and lame, but in consequence of his cure, I now see and walk—off." But his retirement is not only a personal affair: it is equivalent to the dissolution of the moderate Liberal party, which owed its very *raison d'être* to its compromising tendency, and always tried to reconcile its principles with the stern, and yet constantly changing, command of the Dictator; it broke down in pursuing the shadow of hope, of uniting contradictory elements. *Principatum et libertatem, res olim dissociabiles*, as says Tacitus: with their leader they have lost their footing. The hopes by which Liberal papers try to palliate the defeat of their party—viz., that Bennigsen has only retired in order to be able to place himself some future day at the head of a great Liberal opposition—is idle. No one can jump over his own shadow; Bennigsen's shadow was the National-Liberal party; his importance decreased with this shadow, and yet he could not cast it off, because he was historically bound up with his party. The Liberal knife was never very sharp; but at last the leader found that he held in his hand the handle without a blade. We therefore are inclined to think that Bennigsen's political career is well nigh closed; and even if under a new *régime* he should by unexpected events become a Minister, he would fail, probably, as did the Liberal Ministry of 1858. The dissolution of the moderate Liberal party will strengthen the advanced Liberals, and compel Prince Bismarck to lean exclusively upon the coalition of the Conservative and Centre parties.

As to the Conservative party, it deserves the name only in a limited sense; it is far more a Government party than an independent Conservative organization, and therefore cannot be compared to the Tories. It numbers, of course, independent Conservative men, but they are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* of the Government officials, who have too much to fear and to wish from the fountain of all honours and places to be able to resist the Chancellor's frown. German politicians have not yet realized the truth that officials are not proper representatives of the people, because they lack that political independence which is far more important than intelligence. The Chancellor tries to keep the leading men of his party in good humour by yielding, from time to time, to some of their demands; but he sternly requires them

to follow his orders in all questions which are of importance to him, and as soon as they prove refractory, they get a sound scolding from his organ, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

The Conservatives, however, can do nothing without the Centre party. They had scarcely the majority when united with all the Liberal fractions, from which they are now widely separated, therefore the Centre keeps the parliamentary balance more than ever in its hands, and this leads us to the kernel of the situation, the question of the ecclesiastical conflict, the paramount importance of which must now be evident even to the most short-sighted politician. Prince Bismarck has only one aim, the national greatness and strength of the German Empire. Every other question appears to him only in the light of a means for achieving this aim, or thwarting it. This singleness of purpose and the recklessness with which he pursues it is the secret of his success. But admirable as is the art with which he manages the foreign policy in order to maintain Germany's commanding position, he has signally erred in his internal policy. No one equals him at the present day in the capacity to take an accurate estimate of the material resources of a country, of the motive power of Governments, and of political parties. He matures his plans, and carries them out with as much energy as patience; but he fails by transferring the method of foreign politics into the domain of internal politics. Knowing how strong particularism still was in Germany, he wanted to strengthen the national feeling by common institutions. This was certainly just, but institutions are of slow growth; they want time to take root, and his imperious will was too impatient to wait. A flood of hastily compiled and ill-digested legislation broke over the German people; laws which in England would have absorbed a Session, were voted in a few sittings; unification was thus achieved, but bad laws do not become better by covering a larger territory. Time was not allowed to examine carefully what reforms were really wanted; the principal thing seemed to be to make a clean sweep and to fabricate laws to which all Germans owed allegiance. A legislative mania seemed to have seized the Government as well as the Reichstag; the State was declared omnipotent, entitled to cover the whole of life with a network of regulations, through whose narrow meshes nothing may escape, while properly so much room should be left free for the exercise of individual liberty as the people can bear and exercise without damaging the public weal. There was certainly much that needed reform, but sound institutions, capable of further development, were swept away together with abuses which deserved to be destroyed. The maxim, that there is no protection of the law beyond the State, was perverted by maintaining that there is no law which the State has not made by special legislative enactment. From this point of view there is no law but the will of the present Government and the majority of the legislature. As soon as the Sovereign, the Ministry, or the majority change, the law is to be changed accordingly; to-day an article of the constitution is the rule of all special laws, to-morrow it is abolished; the only question is whether the factors of legislation are strong enough to enact the change or not. Thus the law itself loses its firm ground, and becomes co-extensive with the shifting power. What took place in Germany was a social revolution in legal forms, not a reform, and it therefore

produced, as all revolutions do, much dissatisfaction, disappointment, and many doubtful results. The Church could not claim exemption from this mania; the Protestant Church was already regarded as a sort of civil institution; the Catholic Church was to be reduced to the same level. Until the French war the Chancellor had carefully abstained from offending it; he did not choose to increase the difficulties of his struggles with Austria and France by challenging another formidable adversary, but after the peace the matter was different. The Vatican Council gave good reason to the State to secure its right, the more intelligent part of the Catholic population was ashamed of the part which their bishops had played at Rome, the old Catholic movement seemed promising; perhaps some sanguine people thought it might be possible to nationalize the Catholic Church and to establish a German patriarchate. Time has shown that this was a fatal illusion.

The State is certainly entitled to repel ecclesiastical encroachments upon the civil domain, but Governments should carefully abstain from answering them by carrying the war into the internal territory of the Church, and thus challenging the opposition of ideas, which, however erroneous they may be in themselves, can never be vanquished by legislation. This the German Chancellor failed to discern; his proceedings in the ecclesiastical conflict show, as did those of Napoleon I., how difficult it is for autocratic natures to realize the strength of purely spiritual forces. Political passion is strong, but religious passion is far stronger still, and no power has such good and evil passions at its command as the Catholic hierarchy. If it was necessary, as we admit it was, to repel its encroachments, and if the State undertook to remodel its relations with the Church, everything depended on this, that the Government in doing so should understand how to fix the right measure of its action; to be satisfied with steadfastly guarding the sovereign rights of the State, and carefully to abstain from all enactments likely to wound the religious feelings of Catholic laymen. Then the clergy will yield, because by persevering in resistance they would no longer have the Catholic people at their back. Thus it was in Austria, the bishops protested but submitted, whilst the Falk laws, attacking the Church itself, roused the indignation of the Catholic people and united them into one firm phalanx with the clergy. Therefore Falk was the representative of a policy fatally destined to fail; the real nature of those forces was entirely overlooked which were about to be let loose; all the violent measures passed to break the resistance proved useless; the Liberals harnessed to the car of the *Kulturkampf* abjured all their former principles; all the elements hostile to any church were fortified; most of what the Liberal press said against the Catholic Church might as well be said against the Christian faith in general; the "*tertius gaudens*" in this internecine struggle between two authorities destined to strengthen each other was Socialism; but the Catholic resistance remained unbroken; after each election the Centre party returned in unbroken force. At last the Chancellor saw that it was plainly impossible that the State should carry on war for any permanence with the third part of its subjects; but the way in which he tried to make peace, was as faulty as the manner in which he had carried on the war. He had made war upon the Church as he

did against Austria and France, and he thought that he could bring about at least a *modus vivendi* by diplomacy, believing himself strong enough to outwit the Curia as he had outwitted Beust and Napoleon. Both methods were doomed to failure. He met at Kissingen with the Papal Nuncio Sgr. Masella, and promised large concessions if the Pope would command the Centre party to vote with him in all important measures; but the Curia being unable to comply with this demand, the negotiations could not lead to any result. He then proposed to obtain the same aim by asking the Legislature to grant him discretionary powers for relaxing some of the most stringent provisions of the May laws, according to the parliamentary good behaviour of the Centre party, so that in this way he might be able to buy its votes by granting them concessions in the ecclesiastical domain, if they supported his economical policy. The result was, however, trifling; a number of the vacant Sees were provided with new dignitaries, but the heart of the conflict was not touched. The Curia remaining in the meanwhile passive and inaccessible to Prince Bismarck's favourite principle "Do ut des," or rather "Da ut dem," he felt obliged to try whether by concessions he could win its good-will. He knows how keenly Leo XIII. is alive to his sovereign position, and for some time had held out to him the bait of re-establishing the Prussian legation at the Vatican, but still, in his despatch of April 20, 1880, he had asked that the Curia should pay a convenient price for this mark of friendship. In March, 1882, M. de Schloezer, however, was accredited to the Pope, without any equivalent concession from the Curia. The Chancellor now intimated at Rome that it was the Pope's turn to "play out," and that he expected His Holiness would sanction the notification of ecclesiastical appointments by the bishops to the Government. The Emperor himself interfered in this sense, by his letter of December 22, 1882; he expressed the hope that the Pope would give expression to the satisfaction felt at the re-establishment of the legation, by answering this act by a similar concession. "I am of opinion that if this concession should take place in the domain of notifying the ecclesiastical appointments, it would be felt more in the interest of the Church than in that of the State, as it would offer the possibility of filling up the vacant Sees. If I could thus obtain the conviction that the readiness for coming to an understanding is reciprocal, I should be willing to reconsider such laws as were thought necessary during the conflict in order to secure the rights of the States, without remaining necessary at the re-establishment of peaceful relations."

The answer of Cardinal Jacobini was unsatisfactory; it declared only the readiness to permit the notification for "the new titularies of the presently vacant cures, who required the canonic institution—*i.e.*, only for the higher and definitely appointed clergy." Any further concessions were to depend upon a revision of the May laws, at least in so far that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the full liberty of the education and instruction of the clergy should be formally granted. The Curia evidently feared that if the obligation of notification was acknowledged in principle, the Government might reduce the proposed revision of the May laws to a minimum, and that, moreover, the Prussian legislature might even reject this. Thus Rome would have

yielded without obtaining a proper equivalent. The Government seemed resolved to refuse that demand. "The duty of notifying the appointments," said the Minister of Public Worship, in his speech of February 22, "is the gist of the whole present situation; the laws are the threshold which we cannot pass." The public was therefore much astonished when, some months later, a note of M. de Schloezer, of May 5, was published, which took an entirely different view of the matter. The duty of notifying the appointments, which hitherto had been considered as a condition *sine quâ non* was treated as comparatively indifferent, and only valuable if a close understanding between State and Church was established. The Government considered it simply as a point of honour that the Curia should sanction it in Prussia in the same way, as it had done in other States; and in order to facilitate this, they were ready to limit that duty to the beneficed clergy (*benefices paroissiaux*), the vicars, vicars-general, and deans, and to abolish the competence of the ecclesiastical court for this question. If Prince Bismarck could hope that a Bill to that purpose would find the Curia ready to sanction the thus limited duty of notification, he would be inclined to recommend to His Majesty to present it to the legislature; otherwise the Government would be obliged to have recourse to repressive measures.

The wily politicians of the Vatican seeing thus much conceded, and confident that further concessions would be made, as the Government could not remain in the *status quo*, wrapt themselves up in silence and only referred to the former declarations. The mountain not coming to Mahomet, Mahomet was obliged to go to the mountain; and a Bill was presented to the Legislature which went considerably farther. It did away with the obligation of notifying the appointment of all revocable ecclesiastics, and maintained it only for the ordained priests. The competence of the ecclesiastical court was abolished for questions relating to ecclesiastical offices, the appointment of teachers in establishments of education for the clergy, and the exercise of episcopal rights in vacant Sees, the decision of these questions being deferred to the Minister of Public Worship. The faculty of exercising spiritual functions, which by the law of 1880 was limited to vacant Sees, was made general. The only questionable point was Art. 4, which defined the obligation of notification for the remaining definite appointments, and the Government veto in a way somewhat different to the law of May 20, 1874, limiting this veto to objections on the civil and political domain. Although this was a further concession, the Centre party would not hear of it, as its acceptance would have acknowledged in principle an obligation to which the Curia still demurred. The Government, on the other hand, could afford to throw over this Article, the prescriptions of the law of 1874 thus remaining in force.

But the decisive point was, that the Minister of Public Worship could not offer the faintest pledge that the Curia would answer these large concessions by admitting even the limited obligation of notification. However hard he was pressed on this point, his enunciations remained dark and embarrassed, evidently betraying that he was not father of the Bill, and was simply obliged to defend an adopted child. He acknowledged that logic requires a further development of legislation, but was uncertain as to the direction it would take. "We are going

forward to a great decision," he said in the Herrenhaus (July 2), "either this bill will form a new basis of further development or only a station (*étape*) from which at the first occasion we shall drift more to the left, a basis on which the old conflict will continue, or a new peace will be growing up. It cannot be doubtful which side the Government will favour." Nothing could be more oracular; the basis on which the conflict will continue is probably meant to be the separation of State and Church; the new basis on which an understanding might be established will be an organic revision of the May laws, such as the Centre party has asked for, but on condition that the Curia accepts the limited duty of notification. What we have to expect in this respect is shown by the latest note of Cardinal Jacobini. It acknowledges the good-will of the Government shown by this Bill, but expresses astonishment and disappointment at the abandonment of the only legitimate way of establishing an understanding—viz., the negotiation with the holy See, and as to the pending question, simply repeats the former demand, that the consent of Rome to the limited obligation of notification depends upon granting the entire liberty of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the education of the clergy.

The Bill passed against the vote of the Liberal parties, who, it is true, have only themselves to blame for having aided the Chancellor in creating the May laws, but who now may well complain that by such a policy the State was not going, but running to Canossa. The only winner has been the Centre party, which has obtained new and important concessions without any equivalent, and without abandoning one jot of its opposition to the May laws; while the State is constantly retreating, and yet has obtained nothing from the Curia. It is, however, doubtful whether this series of defeats will open Prince Bismarck's eyes as to the uselessness of negotiating with a Power which claims infallibility, and accepts every concession only as an instalment of acknowledgment of his paramount rights, or putting new rags upon the old garment of the May laws, instead of replacing them by a comprehensive and well-poised legislation, which should secure the rights of the State without encroaching upon the necessary liberty of the Church, and thus establishing peace by a change of system, which would be no defeat for the State, but only of the special and false policy that has been adopted. This would of course be the most objectionable way to the Curia, for, as observes the *Journal de Rome*:—"If Prussia abandons the only legitimate way, and wants to settle the ecclesiastical question with a Parliament the majority of which is Protestant, the German Catholics are no longer sure that their interests are in the right hands." This very protest proves that that way of dealing with the matter would be the right one; it would not place the Centre party at the command of the Chancellor, but by removing the religious grievances, would dissolve it into its heterogeneous political elements, which are only kept together by the iron ring of the Kulturkampf. But the Chancellor has no organ for these questions, his sole attention is bent upon passing his projects of fiscal and economical reform, and he will probably make all the concessions necessary to buy the support of the Centre party, and will turn a deaf ear to all objections. He has long ago ceased to tolerate an opinion differing from his own, or even to listen to it. The members of his Cabinet are not Ministers, but mere

clerks, who have the choice either to register his decrees and to find the means for executing his will, or to go. Moreover, the Ministers often remain for a long time without any connection with the Chancellor, who does not take the trouble to answer their questions, and remains inaccessible in his palace or country seat, except to a few elect, to whom his colleagues do not belong, till, from the clouds of uncertain rumours as to his designs, there issues a new ukase. If the Emperor objects to some new and startling measure, the Chancellor puts the Cabinet question, and the Sovereign is obliged to submit, as he is convinced that Prince Bismarck is necessary for maintaining the prestige of the empire.

The future of German politics thus remains very much in the dark, one thing excepted, that the Chancellor will always exert all his resources for maintaining European peace and steering clear of all external complications. A new proof of his resolution to do so has been given by the refusal of the Government to allow a Chinese iron-clad built at Stettin to be brought by a German crew to Shanghai, as soon as complications between China and France were menacing. This measure has been frankly acknowledged as a token of friendly feeling by the French Government.

F. H. GEFFCKEN.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—CHURCH HISTORY, &c.

IN any notice of recent English publications in the domain of Ecclesiastical History, the first place must be given to the Bishop of Lincoln's lately completed *Church History** up to the Council of Chalcedon in the middle of the fifth century. It is really something to wonder at, that at his advanced age, and in the midst of the cares of his large diocese, the good Bishop should find time and energy to write four considerable volumes on the history of the early Church. Many of us find the history of the first three centuries alone, covered as they are with the débris of conflict ancient and modern, sufficiently difficult to grasp and set forth in intelligible order and method. The excellent Bishop, however, evidently experiences nothing of this difficulty; he reads the original authorities with the eye of a scholar, and walks over the treacherous ashes of still hot controversies with an assured step and a steady eye. His method is that of the great men of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; Tillemont and Fleury are the writers whom he most resembles; like them, he interweaves in his narrative large extracts from the original sources. But he has an earnest belief in the divine mission and authority of the Church, and a tendency to mystical interpretation, which scarcely at all appear in those writers. They belong to a colder, if not a more critical, school. So far as the Bishop is concerned, Baur and Schwegler, Ritschl and Hilgenfeld, might never have written; they do not seem to have had on him even the kind of influence which is manifest in many recent Roman-Catholic and Old-Catholic works published in Germany. Nay, even important works of our own countrymen, such as those of Professor Jowett and Bishop Lightfoot, appear to be passed by unregarded. It is really refreshing to read the work of one who has looked with his own eyes at the authorities on which alone the narrative must ultimately rest, and does not disturb us, as the German historians do, by continual allusions to the theories and fancies of their own contemporaries. The Bishop is abundantly conscious of the tendencies of contemporary thought, it is true; but it is with religion, not with the speculative theories of modern writers on Church history, that he is concerned.

Whatever may be thought of the merits or the demerits of the Roman See, no one can doubt that it has played an immense part in the history of Europe. Its story has an unfailing interest, and it is not difficult to point to many benefits which it has conferred upon humanity. It is one of those points of ecclesiastical combat where the assault and the defence hang long in balance. Mr. Murphy† is one of its defenders, and fights like an honest and courteous knight. But he has invented no new strategy; we do not find him more convincing than his predecessors who have held the same ground. He makes the most of the very slight evidence that St. Peter was Bishop of

* "A Church History." By Chr. Wordsworth, D.D. 4 vols. London: Rivingtons.

† "The Chair of St. Peter," &c. By John Nicholas Murphy. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

Rome; the fatal discrepancies in the early lists of Popes he passes over in a note as of no importance; of the Gnostic contributions to the Legend of St. Peter he of course knows nothing. And these are really the points which need to be settled. It is easy enough to show that the claims of the Roman Church had assumed something like a definite form in the fourth and fifth centuries.

The "Life of Anselm," the greatest of the Archbishops of Canterbury, can never fail to be attractive. A mediæval Boswell, Eadmer, fortunately preserved for us many traits of his life, and many modern writers have repeated his story. F. R. Hasse's Life was translated into English in an abridged form some thirty years ago by Mr. Turner; Charles de Rémusat wrote an excellent sketch of this most remarkable product of monastic life; Sir F. Palgrave gave to him an interesting section of his history, Dean Hook treated of him in the series of the archbishops, and Dean Church—much more sympathetically—in a separate work. And now Mr. Martin Rule has written the "Life of Anselm"—upon whom he bestows the very odd title of "Primate of the Britains"—with a hearty admiration and a fulness of knowledge which leave nothing to be desired—unless, perhaps, the pruning here and there of a certain exuberance of style. This is not a literary history; Anselm's works are comparatively slightly treated; it is the story of Anselm as a leading figure in the life of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, both religious and political. It throws a vivid light on some portions of the reign of the Red King and his successor, and generally on the state of the Church at the end of the eleventh century. In fact, it is one of the most important of recent contributions to mediæval Church history.

In the Hibbert Lectures for 1883,† we do not find the peculiar literary charm of M. Renan or of Professor Max Müller, but they are nevertheless well and clearly written. Mr. Charles Beard, the lecturer, tells us that "he has not tried to write, even within the smallest compass, a history of the Reformation, but only to show the relation in which its results stand to modern knowledge and modern thought." His work is, however, a history of the Reformation; not indeed of the wars and political intrigues which it occasioned, but of the teaching of its leading spirits, which those who wish to understand its different movements and influences will do well to study. A short work on the leading principles of the Reformation was much wanted, but in truth it is only lately that such a work has been possible. For some generations the dust of conflict hid its leading traits. In the century immediately succeeding the Reformation whatever was written upon it proceeded from its ardent friends or its bitter enemies; then came the Voltairean age, in which Catholics and Protestants were treated with tolerably impartial contempt. Only in the last generation has religious history been written by men who understand and sympathize with religion without being violent partisans in the contests which they narrate. Of such religious history Mr. Beard's "Reformation of the Sixteenth Century" is an excellent specimen.

While Mr. Beard has supplied a general sketch of the movements of religious thought in the Reformation period, Dr. Mitchell‡ has given us an account of a special incident, the famous Westminster Assembly, which drew up the books of Presbyterian discipline, doctrine and ritual, which, intended for the whole kingdom, came into actual vitality only in Scotland, where they are

* "The Life and Times of St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Britains." By Martin Rule, M.A. 2 vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

† "The Reformation of the Sixteenth Century in its Relation to Modern Thought and Knowledge." By Charles Beard, B.A. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ "The Westminster Assembly, its History and Standards. Being the Baird Lecture for 1882." By Alexander F. Mitchell, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. London: James Nisbet & Co.

still the "standards." Of this epoch-making body, Dr. Mitchell has given a clear and readable account, founded on adequate study of the original documents. Probably a perusal of his pages will induce some to think the Westminster divines more learned and able than they had supposed. Certainly the list of names which Dr. Mitchell gives includes many of the best men at that time in England.

A really important contribution to the history of the English Church has been made by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in the publication of its careful and accurate histories of the various dioceses of this country.* There is generally much in the history of a diocese, in the changes of its boundaries from time to time, in the removal of its See from one city to another, in the characters of its eminent men, in the records of its courts, which throws a strong light on the general history of the country, both in Church and State, and this is admirably brought out in the histories before us. The series is intended to cover the whole of the English dioceses.

The late Mr. William Palmer's account of his visit to the Russian Church† some forty years ago is interesting, not only for its descriptions of matters ecclesiastical in Russia a generation back, but even more for the light it incidentally throws on the thoughts of the best men of the "Oxford Movement" of that time. A very different work is Mr. Savile's "Historic Sketch" of Dr. Pusey,‡ which is principally an account of the points in which that divine's opinions differed from what may be called the received theology of the Church of England.

An English abridgment of the new edition of Herzog's well-known *Real-Encyklopädie* has been published by Professor Schaff of New York, with additional articles by several British and American contributors.§ As the first two volumes carry us to the end of letter O, it will be seen that it is on a much smaller scale than the original German work; the treatises of Herzog become articles in Schaff. It is, however, for that very reason a much more convenient work for rapid consultation, and there is probably no book of reference for the whole range of biblical and ecclesiastical history and antiquities which can be so strongly recommended to the student. It naturally contains articles on matters of interest to English readers which are not found in the original.

In the very important branch of Church History which deals with ritual, we have to notice two important works of a very different kind. These are the "Prayer-Book with Commentary," of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge,|| and Mr. Warren's edition of the "Leofric Missal."¶ Of the first it may be said that it is one of the many fruits of the revival of liturgical studies

* "Diocesan Histories. Canterbury, by the Rev. R. C. Jenkins; Chichester, by the Rev. W. R. W. Stephens; Durham, by the Rev. J. L. Low; Oxford, by the Rev. E. Marshall; Peterborough, by the Rev. G. A. Poole; Salisbury, by the Rev. W. H. Jones; Worcester, by the Rev. I. Gregory Smith and the Rev. Phipps Onslow; York, by the Rev. G. Ormsby." London: S.P.C.K.

† "Notes of a Visit to the Russian Church in the years 1840, 1841." By the late William Palmer, M.A., formerly Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Selected and arranged by Cardinal Newman. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

‡ "Dr. Pusey, an Historic Sketch, with some account of the Oxford Movement during the Nineteenth Century." By the Rev. Bourchier Wray Savile, M.A. London: Longmans.

§ "A Religious Encyclopædia, or Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology, based on the *Real-Encyklopädie* of Herzog, Plitt, and Hauck." Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vols. I. and II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

|| "The Book of Common Prayer, with Commentary for Teachers and Students." London: S.P.C.K.

¶ "The Leofric Missal, as used in the Cathedral Church of Exeter during the Episcopate of its first Bishop." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by F. E. Warren, B.D., F.S.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

during the last forty years. It is a book moderate both in size and price, intended for "teachers and students," but it displays a knowledge of the history of our vernacular services which before the days of Mr. Palmer's "*Origines Liturgicæ*" was probably not to be found in the country. It is the work of various hands, but forms a very harmonious whole. New features, which form very convenient additions to the Commentary, are a glossary and a concordance. While this little work supplies a brief but sound account of our services in general, Mr. Warren gives us an admirable edition, with historical introduction and excellent indices, of one particular service-book of the early English Church. This is the missal which was once the property of Leofric, Bishop of Exeter in the middle of the eleventh century, and was presented by him to Exeter Cathedral, whence it passed in 1602 to Bodley's then new Library. This is a document of great interest, inasmuch as it is one of the three surviving missals which are known to have been used in the English Church before the Norman Conquest, and consequently before the days when the "Use of Sarum" prevailed over the greater part of England. "Leofric's Missal" is not, however, one simple homogeneous work; it is a volume containing under one binding a Gregorian Sacramentary, written in Lotharingia in the tenth century, a calendar written in England probably a little later, and a disorderly collection of liturgical documents written in England in the tenth and eleventh centuries. This chaos Mr. Warren has reduced to order, and has produced a volume worthy both of the editor and of the Oxford University Press, which has sent it forth in so handsome a form. It is, of course, impossible within our limits to give any account of its contents, but we may say that it contains prayers of great beauty for almost every emergency in life.

Professor Westcott's thoughtful and compact little work on "*The Historic Faith*"* does not claim to be itself a history; but it does, in fact, contain a history of the formation of the principal Creeds of the Church. Nowhere else will the student find in brief space so clear and accurate an account of the characteristics of the Creeds, and of the thoughts which underlie their terse expressions.

S. CHEETHAM.

II.—ART.

1. PAINTING.

THE present year has not been a fruitful one in art either upon the Continent or in Great Britain, and its record in these pages is correspondingly difficult, since it is hard to select from mediocre performances without doing injustice to many an honest worker, and wearying many a conscientious reader. The greatest English artists have this year done but little that is memorable, and several of them have either produced no work of importance, or have been engaged upon one which is not yet completed. Thus Mr. Poynter, it is well known, is working upon an elaborate design for the meeting of "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," which will probably be in the Academy of next year; and he has had nothing in the present exhibition of especial importance. Sir Frederick Leighton, too, is badly represented at the Academy; Watts practically not represented at all, as he only sends one old picture of a child in a red frock. Hamo Thornycroft, our best, if not our

* "*The Historic Faith: Short Lectures on the Apostles' Creed.*" By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Regius Professor of Divinity, and Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan.

only sculptor (with one exception, to be mentioned presently), sends only a small sketch in clay of a lady in an easy chair, and so on throughout the list of artists. The two works of which we speak in detail farther on are in some degree memorable for their merit, but it is in neither case merit of any very exalted kind, though it is great in degree. Perhaps the most notable amongst the art events of the season, has been the opening of the new galleries of the "Institute of Painters in Water-Colours," a large building in Piccadilly, which marks a new departure in the aims and management of the Society who have made it their abiding-place. We cannot spare space to comment at length upon the attempt which the members of this institution are making to inaugurate a Free Exhibition of Water-Colour Paintings, which shall do for that art what the Academy (very imperfectly) does for oils, but can only say that it appears to have every prospect of success; and that the opening exhibition was certainly the most representative, and, on the whole, the best, which we have ever seen in this medium. The summer show at the rival Society (by the way both are now dubbed "Royal" by Her Majesty's good pleasure and diploma) was of average but not peculiar excellence. New blood is wanted, and is apparently not forthcoming; a too exclusive conservatism prevails in the management; and it is to be greatly regretted that an effort was not made to join the "Institute," and so create one large united Water-Colour Society, instead of two small rival ones. Of the minor exhibitions one deserves a word of notice. It was a collection of sculptures, chiefly in terra-cotta, by a genuine workman called George Tinworth, who is, we believe, habitually employed at Doulton's pottery-works. All of these were Scriptural subjects, mostly compositions in high relief of many figures, very rough and naturalistic in treatment, and full of a spirit of sincere and somewhat dogmatic belief. They reminded us a good deal of early German work, notably of such sculptures as those on the walls of St. Sebald's at Nuremberg; but it seemed strange to see the *naïveté* of the early Bavarian sculpture reproduced in the nineteenth century, and exhibited in a Bond Street gallery for a shilling. That Mr. Tinworth is a genuine and talented artist is beyond all doubt; that he is a sculptor who will or who could develop, we think more than doubtful. His very virtues will probably prevent him carrying his work any farther than he does at present; if it became more perfect it would become absurd; it is only while it remains childlike in its execution, that we can condone its simplicity of thought and its frankness of expression. It is a sort of Watts's hymn in clay, and would never bear elaboration.

Three painters, inspired of course by some enterprising commercial agency, have attempted to pictorially commemorate our vast success in Egypt. Of these two are English artists, Caton Woodville and Wyllie, and the third a very talented French battle painter, De Neuville. The pictures are only mentioned here since it is somewhat of a novelty for us to attempt the pictorial rendering of contemporary warfare. None of the three were good specimens of the artists' work, De Neuville's being the best picture, Woodville's the most spirited bit of action, and Wyllie's the least unlike what it was meant to represent. They represented respectively Tel-el-Kebir, Kassassin, and the bombardment of the Alexandrian forts.

The cause of their comparative failure was not far to seek; it was because the work had been done in a hurry to catch the public taste—it was speculation rather than art which was responsible for their production. It may just be noted in connection with these minor galleries that there was a small collection of French "Impressionist" work at one of the Bond Street picture dealers. The impressionist is an artist who despises modelling, and refinement of drawing and colour, and substitutes for these—what? Well, it is very difficult to say; perhaps vividness of impression would be his own answer, but why an impression should be more vivid because it is super-

ficial it is difficult to understand. The theory is, we believe, that all objects should be painted as they would appear if seen for an instant—illuminated, say, by a flash of light, or seen by an eye rapidly opened and shut again. On the whole, the impressionists need not trouble us much; they form one of the *lusus naturæ* of art, and are hardly likely to revolutionize its traditions.

One word must be said here as to the curious artistic enterprise which is now in course of undertaking at St. Paul's Cathedral—that, namely, of the decoration of the dome. This is to be accomplished according to a scheme part of which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year, and commented on at the time in the pages of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW. And we understand that one of the large experimental sections, which has been executed by a student under Mr. Poynter's superintendence, is just about to be put up. We will not say more on this subject, as we have already declared our conviction as to the utter unsuitability of the proposed work; but it is worth while for our readers to bear in mind, that, while many thousands are thus going to be spent to erect questionable decoration, which will probably be invisible when erected, there stands huddled away in a side chapel of the Cathedral—unfinished because the money to cast its chief figure is begrudged by the nation—THE FINEST PIECE OF COMMEMORATIVE SCULPTURE WHICH HAS EVER BEEN DONE BY AN ENGLISHMAN: the Wellington Memorial, by Mr. Alfred Stevens. Designed to stand in the middle of the nave, and to be surmounted by a splendid figure of the great General in whose honour it was constructed, this magnificent piece of work, on which Stevens spent the ten last years of his life, is left uncompleted, unnoticed, and hidden in a place where it cannot be seen, simply because it would cost £5,000 to cast its chief figure. Be it noticed, that the life-size model for this figure is still existing—we believe in the vaults of St. Paul's. The thing sounds incredible, but it is true. The truth is we don't know an artist when we have got one; we let him make fire-places for a living, and die a broken-hearted bankrupt, and when he is dead, we grudge to his memory even that poor justice which would complete the work of his genius; and whilst we jingle in our pockets the few pounds which our stinginess has saved us, we think we are an artistic nation and a pattern to mankind.

It is excessively difficult in speaking generally of English painting, and especially of English painting as seen at the Academy, to avoid using words which will seem harsh and over-severe. The combination of the sham-sentimental with the equally sham-picturesque, which marks the majority of the scenes of domestic life here exhibited, is one which results in producing the most uninteresting art in the world, for it produces pictures which have absolutely no reason to exist—except the old one which a younger brother gave for wanting money—*il faut vivre*. Our artists, too, must live; and hence nine-tenths of these great Academy compositions, made, like Moses' green spectacles, to sell. And it is a law of art, if not a law of life, that things made proximately and chiefly for selling, are little worth buying. Mr. Tennyson may get £500 for a sonnet to a review, or an ode to a princess, but he writes, "Break, break, break," for nothing. Art may be paid for, though it seldom is, but is never *done* to be paid for. The "dollars" are never of the "essence of the contract," but this, artists have forgotten long since. At Burlington House, this year, there were only two works of art which are likely to live as being of absolutely first-rate quality. One was a picture, the other a bronze bust. Let us take the picture first. It was by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and was called "Toil, glitter, grime, and wealth on a flowing tide," and showed a scene upon the Thames just below the Pool. The work was admirable in several ways. It depicted a significant bit of national life with truth and clearness; it showed the power of combining an aspect of Nature with

the doings of men, which is at the root of all great landscape-painting; and it also succeeded in making a scene significant and beautiful without in any way violating the facts of the case. Mr. Wyllie had had the heart to feel and the brain to understand that in a picture, as in life, beauty may lie in unexpected places, and depend no less upon contrast than harmony, and so he had made the dark strength of his barges beautiful against the glittering sunshine of the unstable water, and given to the rough forms of his watermen, the true picturesqueness which is their birthright; the freedom and power born of the sea and wind, and of a life in which action is bereft of uncertainty, though it is beset with danger. I can imagine no higher praise for this picture than to say that it might be worthily placed in our National Gallery as a companion to the "Old Téméraire" of Turner. It shows the life of the men who helped to make the tradition of England, and it is difficult to see why we should refuse that sympathy to the every-day labour and danger of the living, that we bestow so plentifully upon the vanished heroism of the dead.

In any case Mr. Wyllie is to be congratulated upon his achievement. He has succeeded in giving one more disproof to the doctrines of those shallow, morbid sentimentalists who groan so loudly that modern life has nothing picturesque or beautiful, and he has painted a picture which, for truth of action, natural effect, and vividness of delineation, may rank with any painting of the present day.

The other work to which I have alluded, is the bronze entitled, "Study of a Head," by a young Roman sculptor,* called Alfred Gilbert. It is a very fine though very unpretending work, done with equal skill and sincerity, and instinct with a feeling for the antique, which is very difficult to explain. The truth is, that Mr. Gilbert's work is like the antique less from the outside than the in. He is penetrated with the Greek spirit rather than the Greek form, and he is gaining from Nature and himself what the Greek gained from like sources. The chief works of modern sculpture fail, as a rule, from being either too brutally, or, perhaps, I should say, too exclusively, realistic, or from being simply echoes of the work of the Italian or Greek sculptors; and the peculiar quality of Mr. Gilbert's sculpture is, that it avoids either of these extremes, and that it succeeds in reproducing much of the Greek simplicity and unconsciousness, without imitating the mere outside form in which those qualities are displayed.

The Grosvenor Gallery had this year an exhibition of considerable excellence, but one which was, on the whole, less characteristic than usual. Indeed, this Gallery is losing its distinctive character, and becoming chiefly a place where artists of the Academy and others send their smaller works.

The only painting which stood out very prominently from the rest was Mr. Burne Jones' "Wheel of Fortune," a composition which in many ways is entitled to rank with his best pictures. And yet, when all was said and done, it was not a picture in the ordinary sense of the word, so much as a decorative composition. Rightly or wrongly, we are apt to think of a picture as necessarily and intimately connected with natural fact, and here the violation of fact was too obvious and too crudely presented. A gigantic female figure of Fortune was turning a still more gigantic wheel, which was suspended by some invisible agency, on the felloe of which were bound three male figures—a king, a felon, and a poet. The whole work was in greys, pale buffs, and browns, and the modelling and painting of the nude figures was wrought out with a curious clearness, and cleanness, and lack of texture. It was impossible to think of the figures as being composed of ordinary flesh and blood, and yet one saw no reason why they should not have been, except the artist's per-

* An Englishman living at Rome.

versity. But Mr. Burne Jones is a painter whose limitations are probably essential to his genius; his work would probably not have the peculiar emotional quality which distinguishes it, were it wrought out in a more natural manner. One may, however, fairly regret that a painter who can be when he chooses (at all events who has frequently been), one of the greatest colourists living, should forsake colour so entirely as he has done here.

For the rest, the chief honours of the Gallery were borne off by Mr. Millais, with his portrait of the Duchess of Westminster; Mr. Watts, with his four studies of the "Riders" in the Apocalypse; Mr. Alfred Parsons, with his two green English landscapes, of which the "Fulness of May" was an exquisite little bit of realism; and Mr. Richmond, with his seven or eight portraits, all of them interesting if not pleasant. This last-mentioned painter fails, from attempting too much to be a "classic" before he has fully learnt his trade. His portraits have a sort of meretricious young-old-master look about them, which detracts from their really clever work, and they have, too, a very unpleasant lack of Nature. This is especially evident in the most important of the group, the "Miss Netty Davis," which unfortunate young lady Mr. Richmond has so swaddled in folds of brown velvet, so overshadowed with a gigantic hat, so affectedly posed on a palpably stage bank, with a palpably stuffed dog at her feet, that the poor child's sweet English face is almost lost, eclipsed by its artificial surroundings.

There were some very fine realistic landscapes in the Grosvenor which deserved careful study, of which, perhaps, the finest example was a Fen picture, chiefly concerned with an effect of stormy sunshine. This was, if I remember right, by Mr. David Murray. Mr. Napier Hemry's "Old Putney Bridge," and Mr. Bartlett's "Bathing on the Venetian Lagoons," were also good examples of brilliant realistic painting, though Mr. Hemry's work had a little tinge of suggestiveness and poetry which the Venetian scene lacked, however strange it may sound to say that a picture of Putney was more poetical than one of Venice.

2. LITERATURE.

Mr. Curtis, in his "*Velasquez and Murillo*,"* has produced a work of which there is little to be said but praise. It is a very complete and classified index to the paintings of the above-mentioned artists, accompanied by a description of their pictures and notes as to their history. The defect of the work is one for which the author is scarcely responsible, since it did not lie within his capacity to remedy. It is that Mr. Curtis apparently does not possess to any considerable degree the critical faculty, or that, if he does possess it, he keeps it sternly in abeyance throughout this work. Indeed, the author says in the preface that he considers it to be "materials for a catalogue" rather than a "complete and finished work." Such as it is, therefore—a book of reference in which literary charm is ignored and critical discrimination banished—there is little or no fault to find. Mr. Curtis has been for years engaged in collecting all the prints and photographs he could procure of Velasquez and Murillo's paintings; he has read all the books and examined all the documents relating to those artists, and has, we presume, though it is nowhere definitely stated, seen the pictures which he describes. The notes which the author appends to his description of all the most important works are very full and valuable, and give information as to former owners, the copies, engravings, etchings, &c., which have been made, the probable date, value at the last time of selling, and many other details. Especially valuable is the notice of doubtful pictures by these artists, and the division of such from those of undoubted genuineness, though in this case Mr. Curtis's judgment

* "*Velasquez and Murillo*." By Charles Curtis, M.A. London: Sampson Low & Co.

must be received with caution. In short, the work is a very laborious, complete, and, to the best of our belief, accurate *résumé* of all that is known as to the paintings of these artists, executed by an experienced collector mainly as a labour of love, and it will doubtless take an assured place as a work of reference on its special subject. It is perhaps as well that its author has strictly confined himself to the hard-and-fast facts of the case, as a critical judgment which ranks Murillo with Velasquez, considers them of equal merit as artists, and appeals triumphantly to the relative prices which the paintings of these masters have fetched, and the comparative popularity of their works in earlier years, would hardly be of great value. That curious fallacy, which Mr. Ruskin argued so manfully against in "Modern Painters"—that "the many [in art matters] are right as often as the few"—is given by Mr. Curtis as one of his reasons for the above estimate. Would he, we wonder, think that a crowd of Wall Street speculators, or Irish navvies, were as good judges of the value of his elaborate catalogue as the few critics and artists who have made a study of Diego de Silva, Velasquez, and Bartolomé Estéban Murillo. We cannot say very much for the illustrations of this work, which consist of poor reproductions of the pictures. Otherwise paper, print, and binding are plainly unaffected and good.

Perhaps there is no living artist to whom the younger generation of Englishmen owes so deep a debt as to Mr. Randolph Caldecott, the pictorial chronicler of "The House that Jack Built," the "Mad Dog," "Bracebridge Hall," "John Gilpin," and many another standard work. An artist this, who is at once pretty and fanciful, funny and penetrating, who can give to men their passions, and to animals their pathos, who touches with an equally light and powerful hand our sense of the beautiful, the ridiculous, and the dramatic. In this latest work of his, which is called "Some of Æsop's Fables: with Modern Instances,"* Mr. Caldecott is seen at his best. The idea of the book is a good one, and easily explained. It is to give the Æsop fable as it stands, with an appropriate illustration, and at the end of the fable another drawing, translating into terms of humanity the lesson conveyed by beast or bird. In this the artist has been very successful, doing his work not only well and cleverly, *quâ* drawing and composition, but with a quick and subtle inventiveness rarely found. There is a fable of a man and his two wives, one of whom was much older than the other, which tells how the young wife plucked out her husband's grey hairs, and the old one gathered his black ones, till at last the poor man was left bald as a "coot." In Mr. Caldecott's modern version of this fable, we see an unfortunate artist who has slipped down upon his studio floor between two statues of the "Real" and the "Ideal," whilst in front of him stands a wretched canvas, labelled, "The Namby-pamby." In description there is little humour in this; but the expression of the artist and of the two statues, of which one is a modern young lady in lawn-tennis costume, and the other a Grecian maiden, is a wonderful specimen of good art, doing its work simply, freely, and excellently. A word of praise, too, must be given to the two most humorous drawings of frogs in the fables of "The Frogs who wanted a King," and "The Frog and the Bullock." The text of these fables has been re-translated by the brother of the artist, and is, we think, an improvement on the somewhat stilted language of the usual English version. It errs, if at all, on the side of over-conciseness. As an instance of a genuine art book, we can recommend "Some of Æsop's Fables" to our readers with the utmost confidence.

Mr. Ferguson's treatise on the Parthenon† can hardly be treated satisfac-

* "Some of Æsop's Fables: with Modern Instances," illustrated by Mr. Randolph Caldecott. London: Macmillan & Co.

† "The Parthenon." By James Ferguson. London: John Murray.

torily in a notice so cursory as the present. It is a long and minute argument devoted to the maintenance of certain architectural theories which relate not to the Parthenon alone, but to Grecian temples in general, and Grecian-Doric in particular. The evidence adduced is of various kinds, and can hardly be estimated by one who is unskilled in the subject; indeed, the book is entirely, we should imagine, written for experts; it is a special plea for a special theory, not a description of the temple from the artist's or the historian's point of view. In briefest terms the conclusions which Mr. Ferguson endeavours to establish are the following:

1. That as a rule all Grecian-Doric peristylar temples were lighted by opaions or clerestories.
2. That Ionic temples, except of the largest class, were lighted by windows such as we should use where glass was not available.
3. That Corinthian temples were lighted by hypæthræ or pseudo-hypæthræ.
4. That no temple of the ancient world, with the solitary exception of the Pantheon at Rome, was lighted by a horizontal as distinguished from a vertical opening.

This last is the great point of the treatise, and is one in which Mr. Ferguson's view is, we believe, contrary to that of most specialists. Whether he has proved his point or not, must be determined by those who have more knowledge of this subject than the present writer.

Mr. Frederick Wedmore has, in his "Four Masters of Etching," reprinted essays upon Mr. Seymour Haden, M. Legros, M. Jacquemart, and Mr. Whistler, which originally appeared in the pages of the *Art Journal*, the *Academy*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. The book is published in luxurious form, and illustrated with an example of each artist whose work forms the subject of an essay. Like most of Mr. Wedmore's writing it is pleasant, readable, suggestive, and a trifle unctuous, dealing with men and things with a grace which is sometimes tiresome, "going delicately," like Agag, amongst nouns and pronouns, adjectives and adverbs. Were we to write like this author, we might say with pardonable ambiguity that the "scent and savour of these essays, the very prose of them, are instinct with an archaic fragrance, a breath wafted, as it were, from those windy places where amidst the still echoes of the cloister murmur eternally the whispers of early English writers. Very certainly the exquisiteness of the medium is a little overpowering; the author fingers his subjects too fastidiously, and while he spins his prose with the dexterity with which a conjuror spins his plate, we wonder curiously at the limited suggestiveness of his long-continued effort—at the futility of the verbiage—at the very aimlessness of it."

This is a fair criticism on an old offender, for Mr. Wedmore could write plain English if he liked, the very vices of his style testifying to his capacity for doing better. He is like a child who says, *I will* be naughty, and sticks its little finger in its eye defiantly. Had Mr. Wedmore nothing to say, we could forgive him taking so much pains to say it feebly and finely, but in truth this is not the case. He has a good deal to say, and a good deal that is fairly worth listening to. He does genuinely try to understand an artist's work, and is frequently successful, and when he will only allow himself to speak out like a man, instead of doing a sort of literary egg dance for his own delectation, he is well worthy of attention. Of the four essays in this volume, the best is that upon Seymour Haden, the quality of whose etching Mr. Wedmore fully appreciates, though we think he somewhat overrates its merit. The frequency with which Mr. Haden's work becomes rather "insolent" than vigorous, is very numerous, and it may well be doubted whether what our author calls "the deep poetic note," struck by Mr. Haden in his plate of the "Breaking up of the

Agamemnon," exists anywhere but in his own imagination. No doubt the subject is in some ways analogous to that of the "Fighting Téméraire;" but in this matter the whole question is one of what the artist has realized, not what the spectator can imagine; and few unprejudiced judges would, I think, discover in Mr. Haden's etching any such poetic feeling as that which Mr. Wedmore suggests. The essay on Legros is feeble and wordy, bearing marks of haste and imperfect acquaintance with its subject; but both the essays on Jacquemart and Whistler are full of insight and suggestion, the latter being especially good. On the whole, the book is an interesting one, full of a pleasant kindliness towards the artists of whom it speaks; a kindliness untouched by any trace of patronage; it is not, perhaps, very vital criticism, but it is writing which tells us a good deal about the subject of which it treats, and which is calculated to make those who read, think for themselves more than they otherwise would.

We have only space to just mention the monograph by Mr. Edmund Gosse,* upon the life and work of the late Mr. Cecil Lawson, the young landscape painter, whose early death deprived English art of one of its most prominent members. The memoir is illustrated by a large etching of the artist by Mr. Harkomer, coarsely conceived and executed; and a clever little suggestion by Mr. Whistler of one of Lawson's unfinished pictures, and several other illustrations, chiefly woodcuts, from Lawson's early work. Mr. Gosse has done his portion of the work with accuracy and simplicity, and little more was needed: the book *quâ* book is spoilt by being issued in the inevitable *édition de luxe* form, folio size, vellum bound, &c.; and as the text is only about the length of an ordinary magazine article, the disproportion is too evident to be pleasing. That's the worst of these Fine Art publishers: they are prone to make literature either ludicrous or impossible; ludicrous, when they spin out a dozen pages to the dimensions of a folio volume; impossible, when they employ a writer to weld into one coherent narrative the subjects of half a hundred illustrations gathered from the four winds of heaven.

HARRY QUILTER.

* "Cecil Lawson: A Memoir." E. W. Gosse. Fine Art Society.

NEW BOOKS.

Samuel Sharpe, Egyptologist and Translator of the Bible. By P. W. Clayden. (Kegan Paul & Co.)—Crabb Robinson once said to the subject of this memoir, "Sharpe, if every one in the world were like you, nothing would be done; if no one were like you, nothing would be well done." Yet Mr. Sharpe did a surprising amount of work in the world. He was a London banker who lived, in the thick of the modern battle for money, the plain, simple, elevated life of the scholar, and produced, after business hours, a succession of important works of Oriental and Biblical research. He liked to have his friends and his family about him, but cared little for what calls itself society, and, though an early reformer, took no prominent part in public life. His main interests lay in his Oriental studies and his loved Unitarian Church. Mr. Clayden renders a service by placing upon permanent record the history of such a man, and he has done his task uncommonly well. It is a most readable and interesting little volume. Everything is set forth with clearness, good taste, and excellent proportions. In the course of the book many agreeable glimpses are furnished of eminent persons in various walks, with whom Mr. Sharpe was brought in contact in early life at the table of his uncle, Samuel Rogers the poet, and in later life at his own.

Surnames as a Science. By Robert Ferguson, M.P. (Routledge.)—Mr. Ferguson brings together a great deal of material in proof of his theory that the old Teutonic name-system is the basis of our modern surnames to a much greater extent than has hitherto been suspected. He deals with these surnames as a branch of philological science, rightly holding that they can only be explained when they are grouped by their root affinities, and traced through the various changes they have experienced in course of time by phonetic corruption or by popular attempts to give a meaning to them when their original meaning has been forgotten. Some of his results are a little surprising, and many of them will no doubt be challenged; but all will acknowledge the value of the inquiry, and the scientific spirit and fertility of suggestion with which Mr. Ferguson has conducted it. The names Brown, Black, and White, in his opinion, are not what they seem, descriptive epithets, but corruptions of old Anglo-Saxon family names. Perhaps the most striking conclusion he arrives at is, that modern Italian surnames are so largely Teutonic that the Italians must have been much more mixed with German blood than is commonly supposed. Garibaldi is just the English Corbould, Garbold, and Bonaparte and Gambetta are as purely Teutonic as Blücher or Bismarck.

Historical Records of the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders. By R. H. Burgoyne. (Bentley & Son.)—The 93rd was the last regiment formed in this country by feudal conscription. It was raised in 1799, by an edict of the Countess of Sutherland, requiring her tenantry to contribute a certain proportion of their number, parish by parish, to its ranks, and nobody thought of questioning her right to impose such a "blood-tax." It was remarkable, and long remained so, for its physique, a third of them being over 5ft. 11in., and one of them being the Goliath of the British forces, the famous "Big Sam," who stood 7ft. 4in.; but it was even more remarkable for its religious character. It formed a regimental church, chose elders, called a minister, and paid his stipend. The professional record of this modern regiment of "Old Puritans" is highly interesting, and Captain Burgoyne has taken much pains and pride in setting it all forth. He has gathered his materials from many sources, written and oral, describes the services of the regiment, the brave deeds of its individual members, the career of its distinguished commanders, and gives as full an account as possible of all its officers from first to last, and a list of those who were killed and wounded in its ranks.

The Sutherland Evictions of 1814. By Thomas Sellar. (Longmans & Co.)—This is not a history or discussion of the famous clearances in which a thousand families are said to have suffered between 1810 and 1820, but only a vindication of the author's father against a "persistent tradition" of inhumanity, that rests principally on his eviction of twenty-seven families from his farm in Strathnaver, in 1814. A popular tradition is a perverse thing to contend with. It is not founded on scientific evidence and will not always yield to legal disproof. Mr. Patrick Sellar was tried for culpable homicide in 1816, and unanimously acquitted by the jury, but the charges against him have, it seems, been ever and anon repeated anew. His name appears to live in the Highland imagination, very much like that of Claverhouse in the Lowland, as the impersonation of a hated and oppressive system with which it was identified, and in such circumstances, if a story is very characteristic of the type supposed to be impersonated, it is believed none the less readily because it may happen to be inconsistent with actual facts. Mr. Sellar has no doubt been the victim of this common kind of mythical exaggeration. It is simply incredible that he should have set fire to a house with an old woman of 100 still in it; but at the same time he seems to have carried out his evictions in a sufficiently stern spirit; for it is admitted that he ejected this old woman and her son-in-law from their house, that he set fire to it to prevent their return, and that he denied them a house elsewhere on the estate because the son-in-law bore a dubious character, allowing the old woman, however, a temporary refuge in the neighbouring sheep-cot, where she died a few days after. Power that might be exercised so should not be entrusted to any private citizen. Mr. Sellar's introductory remarks on the policy of the clearances are naturally partial, and are not free from error.

Life of George Frederick Handel. By W. S. Rockstro. With an Introductory Notice by George Grove, D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co.)—A good life of Handel has been long wanted, and the task has fortunately fallen into very competent hands. Mr. Rockstro is equally known both as a technical musician and a practised and skilful writer, and he has had access to many original documents, not before utilized for this purpose, from which he has been able to throw considerable fresh light on some parts of Handel's life and on his compositions. He touches, perhaps, too slightly on the vexed question of Handel's debts to previous composers; but a satisfactory discussion of the question would have carried him beyond the limits of a well-proportioned biography.

Recollections of the Cabul Campaign, 1879 and 1880. By Joshua Duke. (W. H. Allen & Co.)—A strictly accurate account of a campaign, as Sir Frederick Roberts remarks in the preface to this work, cannot be written by a subordinate officer who accompanied the army in the field, nor by any one, till the time comes for access to be granted to the original documents in possession of the principal actors in the war. This advantage Mr. Duke did not enjoy; but an eye-witness might still give us a fresh, picturesque, and trustworthy narrative of events as observed by himself at the moment. Mr. Duke, however, has not done so. He has written a big and uninteresting book, unredeemed by any permanent value in its matter.

Life of Sir William E. Logan. By Bernard J. Barrington, Ph.D. (Sampson Low & Co.)—Sir W. Logan was, up till the age of thirty, a clerk like other clerks in the City, without much thought beyond making money, but he then embarked in a mining venture in Wales, which was a failure pecuniarily, but excited the taste for geology that gave him his vocation for life. He made a name by discoveries in the coal measures, and was appointed Director of the Geological Survey of Canada in 1842. Of his thirty years arduous and successful labours in that work, Professor Barrington gives us an agreeable and sympathetic account in the present volume, which is accompanied by an excellent steel portrait of Sir William, and by numerous woodcuts copied from pen and ink sketches in Sir William's journal.

Memoir of Sir Charles Reed. By his Son, E. B. B. Reed, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)—Sir Charles Reed used in his later years to lament the decay of public spirit that follows the expansion of large cities. People who took an active and

liberal interest in the public institutions and causes of their old homes in the country, lost, he observed, in London all the local neighbourly ties that drew them into work for the community. Such work was the breath of his own life, and he contrived all through to encircle his days with fruitful philanthropic efforts. He was the very type of the best kind of public spirited citizen, and his son strikes a sound note when he justifies the present biography by saying that if his father was not distinguished by high abilities or a high career but only by a high purpose in an ordinary sphere, the record of his life is perhaps all the more valuable and stimulating on that account. The memoir is simple and unpretending, and will be read with interest.

Wanderings in a Wild Country ; or, Three Years among the Cannibals of New Britain. By Wilfred Powell, F.R.G.S. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington.)—Mr. Powell went from Sydney in 1877 to the little known islands of New Britain and Duke of York in a small ketch of fifteen tons, which he chose because it was better adapted than a larger vessel for exploring all the outs and ins of the group; and he remained for three years studying the country and its very primitive population. His book contains accordingly much new information of a geographical and ethnological kind. Mr. Powell's account of the customs of the people is particularly full and interesting, though sometimes his explanations are open to objection. One of the chapters describes a retaliatory war which he joined Mr. Brown, the Wesleyan Missionary, in making upon certain native tribes, and which he naturally represents to have been both necessary and beneficial. Altogether this is one of the best books of travel of the season.

Eight Years in Japan, 1873-1881. By E. G. Holtham, M.I.C.E. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—From eight years in Japan, employed in engineering work under the Native Government, one reasonably expects more information about the country and people than he gets in this volume. But Mr. Holtham apparently made no great effort to understand the institutions and culture of the interesting nation he lived among so long, and his narrative is mainly personal, growing out from his own work as a continuous centre. The best parts of his book are those connected with that work.

RUSSIA AFTER THE CORONATION.

I.

RUSSIA has, since the first months of the present reign, presented a very instructive spectacle to anybody who takes an interest in social questions. We see before us what might be called a sort of Cæsarean Democracy. The State had arrived at a fearful crisis, which even the daring spirits that now hold the rudder of public affairs in their hands could not mistake. The acute symptom was the terrorism, which for its part found, both morally and materially, ample support in the discontented minds of all the educated classes. But this discontent carried in itself its own *raison d'être*, for it was virtually the revolt of the human conscience and personality against a barbarous autocracy. At the present time the interchange of ideas between Russia and the rest of Europe is so great, that a Russian, however limited his education may be, can at least feel the shame, the scandal, the humiliation of being a mere toy in the hands of the commonest policeman, and longs to write and talk as he thinks, to discuss matters with whom he likes, instead of being deprived of those elementary political rights which in Europe are considered to be inherent in every man arrived at years of reason, so much so that even the Russian despot neither could nor dared to withhold them from the slaves of Turkey, the Bulgarians, whom he liberated from Mussulman oppression. The Terror was nothing else than a fuller and deeper expression of the indignation felt by the new race of men, fashioned by the spirit of the West out of a meek and flexible Russian world, which in its patriarchal family system, in its village community, and in the whole secular formation of the State, exhibited an eternal sacrifice of the individual to society at large, and of the personal will to that of the public. But those tendencies, however spontaneous and natural, would not of themselves weigh much in the political

balance of the country, considering the countless number of those who do not share them. The Government could affect not to hear demands from that quarter since it had the support of the immense majority of the popular classes, who do not comprehend one iota of political liberty, national representation, and the like, and have not even time to think of such things, being for the most part entirely pre-occupied with the question of daily bread. The desperate economical position of the people, however, supplied the necessary starting-point, the foundation-stone for political reorganization in a Liberal sense. In Russia, not only the Revolutionary party, which appears everywhere as the disinterested champion of the people, but also the Liberal—or, better, the Radical—party, has always given to the question of political liberty the democratic solution. And perhaps there is no country in existence where the Liberal party, exclusively formed of people belonging to the privileged classes, are so earnestly and openly inclined towards democratic concessions, even where their private interests are threatened by them, as in Russia. This inclination is the consequence of constant moral influences which we need not analyze; but its result will be, that the Liberal party, in order to satisfy their own intellectual and moral requirements, will be obliged to make important material sacrifices to the people; they can only see their wishes realized by becoming the people's allies, representatives, and leaders.

The Government understood this and was determined to undermine, by one effort, the foundations of both the opposing parties. Alexander III., on being proclaimed emperor, declared that he would relieve his people of their misery, without the intervention of the people itself. The outcome of this was a long phantasmagoria of democracy, in which the first part was played by the Armenian Melikoff, who was seconded by the Slavophil Ignatieff. Not to dwell upon the numerous committees, commissions of experts, and so on, that were appointed, let us consider the positive work done for the good of the people during these two years. Complying with the opinion of the whole press, which for twenty years had condemned the exorbitant taxes paid by the peasants on their land, these committees tried to diminish them. But the financial position of the Government did not allow any larger reduction than one rouble per farm in the poorest provinces, amounting in all to twelve millions per annum. Then the salt duty was abolished, and about this measure the Government made considerable noise; but it really passed almost unnoticed by the people, as also, if we must confess it, did the previous measure.

To understand how insufficient, how ridiculous even, these small reductions are, it is necessary to describe, in a few words, the economical position of the peasant.

When independence from serfdom was restored to them, the

peasantry were presented with small pieces of land, "wherefrom to derive their own subsistence and means for the payment of taxes," as the Act of the 19th of February, 1861, has it. But this idea was actually realized in such a manner as left the peasants insufficiently provided for either of the two purposes mentioned. They are obliged to buy bread during about one-third of the year, because their landed property is so small that, under existing agricultural conditions, it cannot provide them with the necessary food. Circumstances are therefore, so serious that the peasant cannot even think of being able to defray the tax on his land with the produce of his own farm. Here we must stop for a moment to say a few words about our unique system of levying taxes. What would an English farmer say if the tax-collector came to demand from him in taxes as much as three-fourths or nine-tenths, or even the whole of the rent of his land? How he would open his eyes at such a preposterous demand. But taxes are so high in Russia—not everywhere fortunately—that in most cases the amount of taxation exceeds that of the peasant's rent.

Not to overload our paper with figures, we shall cite a curious document which is, in many respects, authoritative for the state of affairs. In Zemstro's voluminous statistics of the province of Moscow* we find the register of a lease, dated November 14, 1874, in which a certain Grigorieff, peasant in such and such a village, such and such a commune, says that on leaving his farm he agrees to pay to the incoming tenant the sum of 21 roubles a year. Zemstro annexes here a small statistical table showing the average rent, which is not paid by the holder of the land, but by the original landowner.

And this appears to be the case everywhere in the province of Moscow. But the same occurs elsewhere. "The taxes exceed in most cases the rent of the farms," says Suvarin, *alter ego* of Katkoff, speaking of the whole Russian Empire.† This is also confirmed by the reports furnished by the various agrarian committees of the Government, or by Zemstro. In the well-known book of Professor Sanson, of St. Petersburg, which gives us a summary of the whole state of public affairs, we find that, according to the official statistics of thirty-one northern districts the tax amounts in some special cases to 76, 86.1, and 92.7 per cent., but less than 100 per cent. of the whole rent. In the majority of cases, however, the tax varies from 100 to 250 per cent.; so that it exceeds the rent and raises it to double the amount. And there is a third category, where the tax amounts to more than 250 per cent., and reaches as much as 330, 417, 430, and even 565 per cent. This category, of course, is less numerous than the one preceding, but much more numerous than the first.

* Vol. iv. part i. p. 201.

Russian Almanack for 1883, p. 190.

The reader who is interested in all these, and many other figures relating to the same, will find them in the book mentioned, authoritatively attested by references to volume, page, and paragraph of the official reports, from which the meritorious professor has extracted them.

But how is it that such an absurd and even fantastic system of taxation could be established? Why does the peasant not leave the land and betake himself to other and better-paying work? The reason why the peasant does not leave the land is because the law forbids it; he belongs to the class of "*glebæ adscripti*," in the strict sense of the word. The peasants are not free men, but slaves of the public treasury; and to meet the exorbitant demands of their master, they must have recourse to some accessory sources of income. To enable them to pay the taxes a considerable part of the agrarian population leave their villages and try to earn money in factories, in petty trade, or in railway building, &c. Where there is no auxiliary employment the peasant falls into deep misery. It is easily understood, that in a country which is to so small extent industrial as Russia, where the towns contain only the tenth part of the population, and where the whole value of the manufactured products does not reach one-fifth of the agricultural produce, the auxiliary sources of income are neither sure nor adequate. Looking at the more industrial provinces of Central Russia, we find only a single province where, after the tax has been paid, and the necessary food been purchased, a surplus of 26 roubles per annum for a family of six members remains. In other provinces we notice a smaller surplus of 12, 9, and 3 roubles, sometimes of some 10 kopeks. But in most cases we meet with a positive deficit.*

These surpluses can do little towards even the single item of clothing, on which, according to the very moderate calculations made by Zemstro of Moscow,† the family of a peasant must lay out 35 roubles per annum, and the peasant will have to spend about an equal sum in keeping his implements in order, paying the priest, entertaining friends on special occasions, not to mention unforeseen expenses caused by illness, loss of cattle, &c.

We may therefore conclude without exaggeration that, save in a few individual cases, the annual balance of the peasant shows an actual deficit, which can be made up only by diminishing the family consumption of food below the limits prescribed by physiology—that is to say, by voluntary famine, more or less acute—or by falling into arrears with the taxes—*i.e.*, by *Nedoinke*. Which of these expedients is the worst it is difficult to say. The fact is that the peasant has very often to take refuge in both of them. The first leads to slow bu

* "Tour," chapter ii.

† See appendix to the volume cited.

fatal ruin, for when prolonged it destroys the health and labouring power of the people, and threatens its future prosperity; the second ensures immediate ruin, it leads directly to the sale of the peasant's cattle and movable property, and so reduces him to a state of misery, from which he cannot extricate himself for ten or more years to come. This is the economical position of the agricultural population of Russia—that is to say, of 77 per cent. of the whole population of the country. What the political and social consequences will be, we leave to our readers to contemplate. We shall only ask one question: in a state of affairs so desperate, that the worst must inevitably come, if the causes that produce it are not removed, what good can be done by small reductions of taxes such as the Government has granted? The reduction of 1 rouble in the most distressed provinces is so entirely insignificant, that it may be called altogether fictitious. The "Nedoinke" (which can hardly be translated) is much more than a rouble a year. The abolition of the salt duty does not amount to more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ kopeks per pound; and as there is no more salt consumed than 10 kili per head, the peasant has a fine profit of 30 kopeks per annum.

But the balance-sheet of the State, weighted as it is by a public debt that is greatly increasing, cannot endure even this sacrifice: it has therefore been deemed necessary to raise the duties on other commodities—as, for instance, on brandy, which is almost exclusively consumed by the peasants, to 14 per cent. This means merely taking back with one hand what was given with the other.

The absolute incapacity of the Government to manage things more efficiently for the benefit of the people is clearly proved by this series of lame measures. It is confirmed by the manifesto of the coronation.

It was to be expected that the Government would reserve its most beneficial gift for a solemn occasion of such vast importance. But it had already exhausted all its resources with the reductions mentioned, and the manifesto did nothing more than proclaim a gracious forgiveness of one part of the Nedoinke in certain cases. Considering that the very existence of those Nedoinke is a sign of the overwhelming weight of the taxes on those who pay them, nobody can attribute any further importance to this measure than that it was meant to save the peasant for one year from the intruding tax-collector. The condition of the people has in no way changed. They contribute, as before, everything they can possibly be stripped of. We may go further, and say that the condonation of some ten millions renders the gracious generosity that dictated it effectual only on paper, because of the enormous amount of the original taxes. The Nedoinke arrears are either not paid at all or paid in quite insignificant instalments, so that those of the current year are added to those of the past; and as they

grow larger from year to year, they amount eventually to fabulous sums which far exceed the annual taxes. And then it is notorious that before the coronation the Nedoimke were extorted with a cruelty unsurpassed even in Russia. Therefore the condonation of Nedoimke merely came to this, that forgiveness was granted for what at the moment could not be obtained, and the measure was nothing better than a sham, which was hardly of any good to the peasant, or any disadvantage to the public treasury.

The political part of the manifesto is, if possible, of a more wretched character than the economical. In this part is presented a characteristic example of the whole policy of the Russian Empire, which has always been something between a wolf and a hyena. Incapable of magnanimity, without a spark of noble feeling, timorous like a delinquent who has many sins on his mind, the Government shrinks from granting an open pardon; it offers, with a calm face and graceful gesture, some trifle which it can take back at any moment. For instance, in remitting to the political offenders who are banished to Siberia some part of their punishment, the Government does so only under the condition, "with the approval of their superintendents in cases of good behaviour"—that is to say, according to the option of the latter. In allowing some of the political refugees to return to their country, it does so only on the "petition of the Minister for Internal Affairs." The Polish exiles of 1863 are allowed to return on condition that they "place themselves for three years under the inspection of the police," which means, in ordinary language, that they are to be *kept* at some place during that time. Such is the Jesuitism of the Russian law. If a citizen is placed under the inspection of the police, the latter can declare that they are unable to superintend him effectually, save in some town in Siberia or some distant province, and thither he is sent for fear that the police should be unable to do its business.

One might think that in one connection at least the Government would feel ashamed to take refuge in any such base and hypocritical game—we mean, in the matter of toleration towards the religious sects, the "Raskolniki," where, in fact, the matter is not one of granting a favour, but of paying what is due. Before the Emperor went on his tour on the Volga (1881), to show himself to his people, the most influential members of the "Okrana" (a secret society which has for its aim the protection of the Tzar)—as, for instance, Demidoff—made a hurried run through the provinces where the "Raskolniki" have numerous adherents, to promise them an ukase of toleration, on the occasion of the coronation, if they would form themselves into a special body-guard to protect the Tzar against his enemies. The pact seemed to be advantageous, and the principal "Raskolniki," who are nearly all great merchants, sent circulars to about 6,000 of their employé

calling on them for service during the imperial journey. These people formed at that time part of the rejoicing populace and of the body-guard. They held the same office during the ceremony of the coronation, maltreating the public, and committing outrages as reported by the Russian papers.* But even here the Government felt that it could not part with its evil system. The so-called ukase of toleration is far from what it ought to be. The "Raskolniki" are not allowed to print books of their rites nor to found monasteries; but they are permitted to re-open their old chapels and to build new ones, always, however, under the condition that the police has to see that this is done at the signified spot! Then follows a series of paltry prohibitions. The "Raskolniki" are forbidden to give their houses of worship the form and outward appearance of a church, for fear they might consider themselves equal to Christians of the orthodox rite; processions are not allowed; a formal decree is required for the use of bells (exactly as we read in the firman of the first Sultans, in respect to the Christians), &c., all which is intended to remind the "Raskolniki," how inferior and vile their religion is as compared with the orthodox rite of the State.

But worse than all this is the prohibition to change one's religion; as certain laws remain still in full force (at least, there is not the least mention made of their abolition) which punish anybody with deprivation of the common law and banishment to Siberia who abandons the orthodox rite, the adherents of the latter cannot acknowledge the "Raskolniki" without incurring this punishment. The ukase, therefore, only refers to those who belong to the sect of the "Raskolniki" *by birth*. It would appear to be a prohibition of proselytism, but in reality its meaning is widely different. The "Raskolniki" were persecuted by us for centuries, and were not even acknowledged by the Government. In the registers of the population they used to enrol themselves as orthodox, paying a certain fee to the "Stanovoi" (head of the police), and to the parson of the village, in order to be allowed to live in peace. But the more zealous were not willing to have recourse to such an evasion, preferring to suffer persecution rather than to forswear, even outwardly, their religious faith. The official number of the "Raskolniki" consequently does not exceed 900,000, whereas all-in-all they amount to from eleven to sixteen millions. By not allowing the members of the Orthodox Church to change their faith for that of the sects, the ukase extends the benefit of its half-toleration only to those 900,000, so that things substantially remain as they used to be. The police decide everything, and the mercenariness of the officials is the only guarantee against oppression.

The following are the written documents: The two addresses of

* See *Novor'i, Degli ultimi giorni*.

the Emperor; one to the elders of the rural communes, the other to the highest nobility, ratifying the solemn decision of the Government, (1) to maintain the immunity of the privileged classes, and (2) to make no alteration in the agrarian administration; in other words, to pledge itself to do nothing that could really improve the position of the people.

II.

It is apparent that the Imperial Government has in its home policy made a grave mistake. Those, however, will be equally mistaken who expect us to come down upon the Government with a shower of invectives. Rather than attack it, we will, like generous enemies, take upon ourselves the task of defending it, and prove that this was not altogether the fault of the Government itself, because, in fact, it was unable to do anything serious in the matter.

We exaggerate in no wise when we say that, to render the peasant's position, not satisfactory, but even tolerable, it is necessary to remedy to a certain degree the grievances from which he at present suffers. As the State, however, cannot diminish its expenses to such a considerable extent without sinking to the level of a Power of the third rank, to which not only the national pride, but the common desire for security and self-preservation as well, would refuse to consent, the only way of settling the question would be to bring the other classes to the rescue—as, for instance, the industrial class, who at present contribute very little to the revenue of the State. But if one-half of the 325 millions of roubles—the amount which the agrarian class has to pay—were transferred to the other class, aggravating, as that naturally would, the weakness of our industry, the latter would raise a terrible outcry under such an enormous burden. Seeing, therefore, it is impossible to diminish the agrarian taxes to half their amount, and to reduce them thereby to tolerable proportions, no other course remains but to increase the resources of agriculture to the required extent, that is, to multiply the produce of the land. Equalization of land, and equalization of taxation (if not the progressive tax), these are the two cardinal means which have been pointed out by all friends of progress as the only things that can help us to solve our economical crisis. Both means require a sacrifice of interest on the part of the privileged classes: the first on the part of the landowners, the second on the part of the capitalists. Considering that the number of this latter class is relatively small, the sacrifice must inevitably be anything but easy.

Let us now ask whether the autocracy will be able “to raise itself”—as its partisans tell us—above the interests of the classes so as “to carry those radical reforms into effect?”

“In free countries,” wrote once a French politician, “the privileged

classes take upon themselves the whole of the taxes, to make their privileges excusable in the eyes of others as rewards for public services." In despotic States, however, the despot tries to make himself agreeable to the upper classes—the only persons that, by virtue of their education, can hate despotism as such—relieving them of all taxation, and to acquire their consent, letting them participate in the profit of the injustice done to the nation at large. It may be generally taken for granted, that everybody who pays wants to know where his money goes. That is not the case, however, with the common people; deprived as they are of enlightenment and immersed in cares about daily bread, they can be robbed of the fruit of their labour without a voice being raised to ask where their earnings go, and without being able to protest against maladministration. The educated classes, privileged as they are, do not hesitate to take from them arbitrarily a considerable portion of their means of subsistence, and to squander it without asking their advice or their approval. That has been always the case, and kings know it, and we see it repeated in Russia, throughout its whole history. The autocracy, although pretending to cherish paternal love for the common people, has constantly sacrificed it to the higher classes; making use of the latter to establish its power where it did not exist before—as, for instance, in the Republic of Ukraine, annexed in the seventeenth century, where two centuries and a half afterwards, when the Muscovite rule has become definitely established, it still adheres to the same political plan, which is a natural requirement of its position and its self-preservation. Whenever these higher classes see themselves by force compelled to some sort of reform, they use all their might to secure their own interests, which is very difficult, as we know, in agitations about "give and keep."

But little radical to begin with, the reforms conceived in imperial brains come to an early death through the inevitable mode of carrying them out. It is a common idea that in modern States with their complicated administration, autocracy, or the government of a single person, does not exist; but this is a mere fiction, for it only transforms itself into the government of a bureaucracy. What can one man do, with no more than sixteen hours a day to work in, and much of that time spent in vain ceremonies, &c.; what can he do when he has to superintend everything, to decide about everything, in all the different branches of the government of a people of eighty millions? Not to speak of the sum-total of public affairs, let us take a only single question into consideration—for instance, the one about the emancipation of the peasantry. The two immediate predecessors of Alexander II.—Alexander I. and Nicholas I.—took this question much to heart and occupied themselves with it for many years without arriving at any conclusion. Nicholas I. was, perhaps, at the bottom of his heart more

abolitionist than his son, who, during the first years of his reign, was opposed to emancipation and did not betake himself to the measure finally adopted by him, until at a later period he became convinced by facts and by experienced advisers of the necessity of it for the sake of his own personal peace and that of the State. It cannot be said that Nicholas was a man of less character than Alexander II. Why, then, did he not take a single step towards the realization of that reform, which, he confessed, had been the dream of his whole life? For one very plain reason; because he feared Liberal opinion and publicity, as the owl fears the sunlight; he entrusted the elaboration of his project to a secret committee formed of "cinovniki," the chief men among his privy councillors. These were nearly all proprietors of thousands of serfs and did not like to hear much about emancipation; and although pretending to be obedient to his wishes, did not hurry themselves in any way, discovering constantly new obstacles and impediments. The Emperor dissolved and re-formed this committee several times, but the new members followed the example of their predecessors; because it was easy for men experienced in navigating the seas of courts to deceive the Emperor; and so these committees, during more than twenty years of continuous existence, did nothing but waste paper and ink. All these particulars and others of the same purport are to be found in the exceedingly interesting memoir of the senator, T. A. Solovieff.* It concludes at the time when the Emperor Alexander II. had brought the work of emancipation to an end, and had broken with autocratic traditions, calling upon the press and society for assistance. But this breach was quite insufficient. Jealous of his unlimited power, the Emperor wanted to retain the predominant part in the work for himself, and simply changed the autocracy into a bureaucracy. The latter made a mockery of the reform, as we have seen, and this was in fact one of the principal causes of the tragic end of its promoter.

Autocracy is sovereignty by a bureaucracy; and the bureaucracy in despotic States consists of the dregs of the privileged classes. It regards no other force but personal interest, the personal interest of privileged classes in treating economical questions, and the personal interest of absolute power in treating political questions. The line taken by this class has always been opposition to all reforms and to all liberal or democratical tendencies. Where it was impossible to hinder the progress of reform entirely, they have always tried to disfigure its appearance so as to make it wholly unrecognizable and render it practically useless; in which attempt they succeeded only too well, as is proved by the history of reforms in Russia.† Their endeavours to reject the services of

* Published in the *Zemskaya* of St. Petersburg, *Russkaya Starina* of 1882.

† Vide Golovateff, "Ten Years of Reform;" J. Z., "The Struggle of Bureaucracy against the Zemstvo for Eighteen Years;" "Memoirs of the Senator Solovieff," &c.

a class of people who had *pure interest* in letting the country benefit by the new reforms were crowned with singular success. To no single man, emperor or minister, however well instructed and intelligent, is the power given to resist successfully the false entreaties of a legion of followers who are the indispensable executors of his will.

This forms the principal cause of the organic sterility of the autocracy. We may add that on the question of economical and financial reforms, which engages our attention specially here, the impotence of the Government renders these reforms even more peremptorily needed. The question refers, as we have seen, not to a small change in affairs, but to a real financial revolution; the equalization of land and the transposition of a considerable part of the taxes to the shoulders of the privileged classes. Let us pass over the first head of this programme, which is so very complicated that we must refer to it later on, and let us consider the second—the taxation of capital. To avoid general discontent, this project must be based on a perfect and detailed acquaintance with local conditions, which the “*cinoyniki*” of St. Petersburg cannot possibly possess. They are not able to ascertain the sources of taxation, nor can they define their respective extent. Persisting in the old course would inevitably have ruined the country without benefiting the public treasury. We have not here organs of local self-government able to undertake and carry out such a measure efficiently. This consideration, although it may appear of small account, is, notwithstanding, of very great importance. It shows the desperate, sterile efforts of the Government in respect to the financial question; and in Russia, as everywhere, this will probably prove the fatal rock for despotism.

This is the key to the existing situation in Russia. It is evident that the economical crisis is resolving itself into a political crisis. Every road leads to Rome; every consideration which shows the incapacity of autocracy to accomplish what the state of the country imposes upon it, will result in the end in political liberty, in communal and provincial autonomy, in national representation in place of the bureaucratic régime, in civil liberty, which is the guarantee of progress, security, and the general welfare of the country.

All this has been for a long time perfectly well understood by the more advanced parties in Russia, and laying aside their particular differences, they are all now united into one party, which raises the flag of freedom against despotism. This unequal struggle has already lasted for many years, and Europe looks on perplexed. The coronation introduces a new phase of it, about which we shall, in conclusion, say a word or two.

Having left the people in the same state as before, having deceived the educated classes, who expected liberal concessions after the coronation, and displeased the revolutionists, who expected a more or less

considerable amnesty, the Government has set itself more than ever in opposition to the whole nation. It will yield nothing, it can do nothing, and it promises nothing except to do nothing. Nobody can put hopes in it any longer. How, then, do the various political parties shape themselves under and towards these conditions? We have already explained why the revolutionists seemed inactive at the coronation; in the first place, having missions in connection with insurrections, greater or smaller, which are in preparation, they naturally did not wish to scatter their forces or weaken themselves in a single terroristic attempt of so much less importance than the others.

It seems to us more advisable for them to keep secret for a time, for the sake of securing the realization of those plans; and, furthermore, to give the people and the citizens time to taste fully the gifts of the imperial horn of plenty. So, with all the indispensable reserve of a mere spectator—which, in fact, is our real position—we will not hesitate to repeat, that we are convinced Russia need not fear any dreadful attempt upon its Government at the present time. But it is not necessary to be a prophet to foresee that we are entering upon a period of great Liberal agitation, with perhaps more or less disturbance amongst the people, caused by famine and the desperate state of affairs. The moment is very opportune, and if our Liberal party, the “*Zemstvo*” (provincial assemblies) and “*Dame*” (municipal councils), possess an ounce of courage, (and we hope they do), they will follow the example of their principal leader, Tchischerin, town councillor of Moscow, whose speech excited so much attention throughout Europe.

There is no doubt that this struggle will end in the victory of the Liberal party; the Government will feel convinced of its incapacity to settle the urgent questions of the present moment. The best proof of this is the disorder which prevails in the upper regions of the Court of St. Petersburg, where intrigues are hatched not only among ministers, generals, and courtiers, but even among the members of the Imperial Family, and it is no wonder that the Black Institution directed by Pobedonoszeff and Katkoff is still upheld for the maintenance of the autocracy. Of this we shall speak at a future time. But how long the stubborn resistance of the Despotism will last, and how many more disasters it will bring down upon the country, nobody can foresee. There is one power which, at first glance, appears to be foreign to this whole state of affairs, but which is nevertheless able to exercise considerable influence over the fast-approaching end of this unfortunate period, it is the public of Europe. It may, indeed, seem strange, but it is true, that the opinion of the foreign press has far greater influence over the headstrong despots that rule our public affairs than even the public opinion of the country itself has. No doubt this is a sign of

barbarism, for barbarians are very sensitive to what is said about them in distant countries. Peter the Great, who, with his own hand, cut off the heads of the rebellious Strelitzes at a public place before the eyes of thousands of his "faithful subjects," was much offended when the Austrian ambassador, Korb, reported this incident to the public of Europe in his book on "Moskovia" and called it barbarous. The same sensitiveness to the opinion of the foreign public was manifested by his successors. The tender relations between the Empress Catherine II. and Voltaire, as well as Diderot, while the Tsarina kept on imprisoning, ruining, and banishing to Siberia moderate Liberals like Novikoff and Badisceff, constitute a sufficient proof of this. Some of our readers, perhaps, will remember, how the Emperor Alexander II., who always showed great indifference towards Russian public opinion, used, as is well-known, to decree an act of amnesty when he happened to go abroad, so as to enjoy a certain popularity before the public of Europe. So too in the Helfmann affair he showed great earnestness in his endeavours to neutralize what the French Radicals had said about him; whereas he was not capable of even conferring about this with his own people.

On one occasion the European press manifested its power; it was after the assassination of Alexander II. The press unanimously recommended the necessity of abolishing the autocracy, and of proclaiming a constitution, as the only way of getting out of the dangerous crisis, into which Russia had been led by the obstinacy of the late Emperor. We are positively informed by some of our friends, who have close relations with the Court, that this advice had effective influence, in maintaining the Melikoff Ministry, which represented a system of Liberal tendencies, although Pobedonoszeff and Vladimir, both highly accredited counsellors of the Emperor, were strongly opposed to the Minister's views. However, Russian society, as represented by its Ministers, did not understand the importance of the moment, or know how to profit by it. Instead of pursuing the frightened Government, which was uncertain as to the future, with fierce and stringent demands, society itself became timid in consequence of the audacious outrages committed by the terrorists at the last moment, and entirely lost its reason; so, instead of expressing to the Government its ardent wishes, it began to flatter it! A good opportunity was thus lost, and the autocracy gained sufficient time to get its senses back, rouse itself, and rise to its feet as before.

To-day parties have changed, but the situation is not less grave. The Nihilists are silent, but the economical and financial crisis, with an inevitable and imminent bankruptcy in the distance, and perhaps outrages on part of a certain desperate section of society in store, occupies their place. The opposition of the middle and intelligent classes has received an acute stimulus which in time we hope will

bear ample fruit. It is a great pity that at such a moment a strange sort of irresolution besets the mind of people. It is difficult to understand how and why, at a moment when the Imperial Government had confessed to be completely incapable, and had lost every shadow of prestige in Russia, the European press, especially that of England with its self-government, could raise its voice to say that Russia was not ripe for a Liberal constitution, and ought to content itself with a reformed and more humane despotism.

The instructors of the public ought to know that these words are self-contradictory. A reformed and more humane autocracy is nonsense, because it means merely the substitution of the Government of a Camarilla for a despotism pure and simple; and have they carefully examined Russian life before giving such a peremptory judgment? Do they know what is said, done, and projected in our Zemstvos, encumbered and hindered as they are by a suspicious Government? Do they read our papers and reviews, to be so convinced that Russia is destitute of men capable of understanding and interpreting the affairs of their country? We shall say no more than this, that all the measures that have been effected, projected, or even discussed, have been merely pale reflexes, or rather deformed counterfeits, of what had been proposed hundreds of times by the Zemstvos and the press! To prefer the Government of Pobedonoszeff, Baranoff, Ignatieff, and Tolstoi, and the whole administrative powers of St. Petersburg, is like doing wrong to truth, justice, and good sense, like preferring an ignorant and dishonest plagiarist to the original author, whom the former has robbed of his property; or like giving an incapable pupil preference to the professor, whose learning and instruction he is feebly trying to repeat.

In the name of humanity, we invite all those that guide public opinion to examine this question more carefully, and warn them not to throw their authoritative word incautiously into the scales of a despotism which dishonours this century.

We hope to treat on some future occasion of the present state of Russia as autocracy has made it, and to treat of it with all the circumspection and sobriety which are required by our position as revolutionists; and we trust that the English public which has lent a willing ear to the sufferings and the heroism, the hopes and the aspiring endeavours of our party, will not refuse us its attention when we write about our unfortunate people, which has really deserved a better lot.

STEPNIAK.

THE WORK OF TRADE UNIONS.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

PART I.—NUMERICAL STRENGTH AND FINANCIAL CONDITION.

THE annual record of the financial operations and far-reaching work of Trade Unions is an instructive and interesting study, and one which is most important to the sociologist, in order that he may properly understand the social and economic forces that are constantly and unflaggingly at work, influencing society in various ways; and interposing on occasion with a view of insisting upon conditions other than those usually regarded as the outcome of the teaching of political economy. These forces have scarcely hitherto been recognized as an appreciable factor in modern industrial life; certainly they have not been adequately weighed and estimated.

Trade Unions are in membership restricted to persons wholly belonging to the industrial classes, and each union is composed entirely of those belonging to a particular handicraft, or section or branch of particular trades. But by their action, singly and in the aggregate, they affect to a greater or less degree the whole community, inasmuch as their funds are partially used for purposes that must, either directly or indirectly, or in both ways combined, exert a powerful influence upon capital and the labour-market, and upon the prices of commodities of all kinds. The action of those bodies may be direct, as in the case of strikes, or it may be indirect by means of migration or emigration, or by the sustenance afforded to out-of-work members during depression or disturbance in trade. The results of their policy may also be proximate or remote, but whether seen or unseen, whether immediate or deferred, the consequences are sure and certain as anything that can be predicted as the natural and inevitable outcome of cause and effect. That the associations known as Trade Unions do exercise a vast influence, all well-informed persons will admit, and most will concede that it is very desirable that

the nature and extent of the forces at their command should be approximately ascertained and calculated. With a view of assisting to gauge their power and strength, a few well-authenticated particulars, in a condensed form, are here brought together with respect to their numbers, their financial condition, their net income, general expenditure, and payments in the shape of benefits to their members during 1881, and also the five previous years of partial depression in trade, as the best possible period for instituting a comparison as to their capacity, power, and work.

During the five years ending with 1880, Trade Societies experienced a pressure and a strain more severe than had ever before fallen to their lot; their resources for that period were strained to the utmost, and even their stability as an institution was subjected to a searching test. And it was not merely in financial matters that pressure was felt; their capability for taking hold of, and dealing with, difficult and delicate problems connected with labour, was tried and tested to a degree never before known. And they certainly would have failed if they had not been sustained by a devotion as intense as any body of persons can possibly feel for a voluntary society in which the only ties are conviction and self-interest, both of which motives are sometimes all-powerful, as stimulants and self-sustaining forces. The ordeals through which the Unions have been passing, and have to a great extent passed, have sorely tried the efficiency of their modes of management, the soundness of their financial basis, and the elasticity of their rules. Indeed the whole of their internal economy has been put to the test. How they comported themselves under the circumstances, how they met the demands made upon their funds, how they grappled with the difficulty of their unemployed labour, and with what results, are matters of deep concern and abiding interest to tens of thousands of workmen whose little all is invested in such associations; and they are of scarcely less interest to the sociologist, the politician, and the statesman, all of whom must feel that it is one method, in a sense the workman's only method, of solving the labour problem. Labour is here found in an organized state; we see its aims, its methods, and its work. How far the results are commensurate with the sacrifices made, and the expenditure involved, is a question which must be discussed by the light of the figures hereinafter given.

The first three years of depression in trade, 1876, 1877, and 1878, were sufficiently trying for any ordinary test of stability; but 1879 exceeded them all in its severity, and in the duration of the intensity of suspense. It seemed at one time as though the major portion of the Unions would be undermined at their very foundations, and that these industrial organizations would collapse altogether, crumble into mere wrecks, and disappear from industrial life. Men began to

compare their then present condition with their former wealth and strength, and little comfort was afforded by the comparison. But in 1879 the limit was reached, the lowest point was touched. Towards its close hopes began to be entertained that the worst was over; 1880 came, and it brought with it some relief, and this helped to restore partial confidence. Ere its close it was seen and felt that the tide of prosperity had set in, and it only required a little patience to witness such a revival as we had not seen for some years past. In some trades, 1881 more than fulfilled the most sanguine expectations entertained by the most hopeful of men. It is, therefore, an opportune time to test and compare the promises and performances of Trade Unionism, not in its more debatable aspects, but statistically and financially; from these their economic position may be readily deduced.

The undermentioned societies are taken by way of example, because they are typical of the largest and the best of the Unions, and they constitute samples of a group which is growing and extending in numbers, wealth, and power. Moreover, in their constitution, organization, and modes of government, they are almost identical in all essential particulars, and their rules, payments for benefits, contributions, and the like, are very nearly similar. In the first place, they are what is now generally understood to mean amalgamated societies—that is to say, they have a network of branches all over the country, with central offices, and a governing council as the controlling head. Secondly, the rules and regulations as to membership, qualifications, admission, and conduct, differ very slightly, if at all. Thirdly, the rates of contribution are, with one exception, the same—namely, 1*s.* per week. The steam engine makers only pay 9*d.* per week, and they appear to thrive very well on this lower contribution. Fourthly, the benefits vary somewhat in amount, but not very materially as will be seen as we proceed. Fifthly, in the matter of levies their action is in all cases pretty much the same.

The numerical strength of the seven typical societies selected, at the close of 1881, was as follows:—

Name of Society.	Branches.	Members.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . . .	412	46,101
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	108	11,209
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . .	178	22,965
Steam Engine Makers' Society	85	4,387
Ironmoulders of Scotland (Districts) . .	19	4,954
The Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners	363	18,765
The Amalgamated Society of Tailors . .	344	12,593
Totals—seven Societies	1,509	120,974

A comparison of the number of members in 1881 with those
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of 1875 shows that the boilermakers and iron shipbuilders have increased by 6,774, the carpenters and joiners by 3,848, the engineers by 2,069, the steam engine makers by 516, and the Scottish iron-moulders by 350, in the six years; on the other hand the tailors have lost 1,759, and the ironfounders 1,127 during the same period of time. Net increase, 10,671.

The net income and total expenditure of the seven selected societies, in 1881, were as hereunder:—

Name of Society.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . . .	132,506	8	3	116,293	13	2
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	38,777	14	1	36,535	7	9
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . . .	56,642	14	7	29,659	10	9
Steam Engine Makers' Society . . .	9,391	17	11	8,551	18	0
Ironmoulders of Scotland . . .	16,352	14	0	11,452	9	6
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners . . .	44,714	5	8	45,139	18	5
Amalgamated Society of Tailors . . .	17,834	2	1	16,191	18	6
Totals for the seven Societies . . .	316,219	16	7	263,824	16	1

The aggregate net income, and the total aggregate expenditure of the seven societies, for the whole of the six years—1876 to 1881, both inclusive—were as follows:—

Name of Society.	Income.			Expenditure.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . . .	761,125	15	8	879,480	11	7
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	234,772	8	0	292,851	14	4
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . . .	285,373	5	2	285,092	9	0
Steam Engine Makers' Society . . .	54,646	6	10	60,164	12	4
Ironmoulders of Scotland . . .	83,967	11	9	91,203	17	6
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners . . .	250,420	15	5	264,759	19	7
Amalgamated Society of Tailors . . .	114,104	15	1	110,449	15	9
Totals—seven Societies—six years	1,784,410	17	11	1,984,003	0	1

It will be seen that the expenditure exceeded the income in the majority of cases, the total balance to the bad being £199,592 2s. 2d. The boilermakers and the tailors show a slight gain in funds over the entire period, but not to any great extent. And even the apparent equilibrium was obtained only by the make-weight policy of levies, the normal contributions having been exceeded in all, or nearly all cases during some portion of the time. Still it speaks well for the Unions—for their management, their resources, and the public spirit of their members, that the crisis produced by the long depression in trade has not materially weakened the position of those associations as permanent institutions of self-help for the industrial classes of this country.

This deficiency of £199,592—or, in round figures, nearly two hundred thousand pounds sterling—had to be met by drawing on the balances of previous years, and, in consequence, these balances were reduced in nearly all cases. The relative financial strength

of the several societies, after the six years' drain on their funds, was, at the close of last year, 1881, as follows:—Engineers, 1876, £275,146 15s. 9d.; 1881, £145,957 4s. 5d.; decrease, £129,189 11s. 4d. Ironfounders, 1876, £65,395 6s. 8d.; 1881, £9,945 2s. 1d.; decrease, £55,450 4s. 7d. Steam engine makers, 1876, £6,130 3s. 9d.; 1881, £8,771 1s. 3d.; decrease, £7,359 2s. 6d. Ironmoulders, Scotland, 1876, £20,727 8s. 1d.; 1881, £14,526 1s. 0d.; decrease £6,201 7s. 1d. Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners, 1876, £70,109 13s. 10d.; 1881, £40,960 9s. 4d.; decrease, £29,149 4s. 6d. Amalgamated Tailors, 1876, £17,517 2s. 10d.; 1881, £16,483 6s. 6d.; decrease, £1,023 16s. 4d. The apparent decrease in the latter case must arise from an alteration in the mode of charging certain expenses to certain funds, as the income for the six years shows an increase over the expenditure of £3,655 1s. 4d. In the case of the Iron Shipbuilders and Boilermakers' Society, there has been a real gain of £4,900 8s. 7d.

The enormous expenditure of those societies for the period named has not, however, been met altogether by the ordinary rates of contribution, and by drafts on the accumulated funds. During a portion of the time the members have paid levies, ranging from 1s. to 1s. 9d. per week, for a limited number of weeks, in order that the state of the funds should not fall below a given sum per member. Most of the Unions have a provision in their rules to the effect that when the balance in hand falls below a certain stated proportion per member, "the council shall have power to put on a levy," to meet any deficiency. This discretionary power was exercised during the recent depression in trade; if it had not been, or the authority for it had not existed, some of the societies would have been helplessly bankrupt in 1879. In one society an accumulated fund of £65,395 fell to £1,908; in another, the funds fell from £45,337 to £9,194; and in another from £70,109 to £40,960 last year. Even the engineers' accumulated balance fell from £275,146, in 1876, to £130,074, in 1880. But the wise foresight of the before-mentioned provision prevented such a disaster, and the elasticity of the internal economy and machinery of the Unions saved them from an utter collapse. That a collapse of these Unions would be a national disaster some persons may feel disposed to question; but an examination of the several items of expenditure—their payments in the shape of benefits—may lead to a totally different conclusion.

PART II.—PROVIDENT BENEFITS AND PAYMENTS.

A synopsis of the amounts severally paid as benefits by the same seven societies during 1881, and a comparison of the amounts so paid with those of the five previous years, will, better than anything else, enable us to estimate the value of Trade Unions as beneficent

permanent social institutions located in our midst, and also their usefulness as trade-protection societies, specifically formed in the interest, severally and conjointly, of the numerous workers in the various trades in which they are established and flourish.

For the sake of clearness, and with a view to facilitate comparisons of one society with another, and of those named with other societies of a like kind, such as Friendly Societies, Provident Insurance Societies, &c., the payments for each separate benefit are kept distinct, and are summarized under their respective heads. An examination of the several benefits provided in the rules of Trade Unions, and especially a candid examination of the amounts severally paid, as hereunder given, will show that with regard to benefits, taking into account the average annual contributions, no societies in existence can for one moment compare with those under review. In one respect, they are absolutely unique—namely, in the provision made for *out-of-work* relief. There is nothing like it, or approaching to it, in the whole history of Friendly Societies, and no other kind of organization has attempted it. And it should be remembered that all benefits are covered by the payment of a uniform sum of *one shilling per week* (the Steam Engine Makers, Tailors, and Scottish Ironmoulders paying somewhat less), but occasionally supplemented by levies of a few weeks' duration, when the demands on the funds are more than usually serious and prolonged. The various weekly amounts of the several benefits, in each case provided and guaranteed, are given in the separate tables, together with the aggregate payments of each society, and the gross totals of the entire group; and most persons will admit that they are, all things considered, astounding.

I. *Out-of-Work Allowance*.—In most societies, the term used to denote out-of-work allowance or relief, is donation; this, again, is divided usually into two classes, called respectively "home donation" and "travelling relief." In former times provision was only made for the latter form of relief; now, however, "tramping in search of work" is not so customary as it once was, and is not regarded as being so respectable as it used to be. Indeed, during the recent stagnation in trade it would, in most cases, have been a useless waste of money, time, and strength to travel in search of employment, for the depression was general not only in the United Kingdom, but throughout the world. Emigration and migration were in fact equally fruitless. The more useful practice of giving "home donation" is fast superseding the old system of tramp relief, the evils of which had long been recognized and deplored. It has, moreover, this great advantage over travelling relief, namely, that the wife and family of the member are able to share the allowance, whatever it
 whereas, under the old method, the entire amount barely
 meet the wants and defray the expenses of the traveller

day by day. It helps also to keep the home together, a necessity and a fact not taken into consideration in the "good old days" of travelling mendicity, supported by local societies or branches in the towns through which the sojourner, not always in search of work, passed. In many of the societies additional aid, beyond the regular allowance named, is now given for every child under thirteen years of age; and in most cases the contributions, either wholly or partially, are remitted while in receipt of benefit. The amounts severally paid as benefits by the various societies during 1881, were as follow:—

Name of Society.	Weekly Allowance.	Totals.		
		£	s.	d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . . .	10s.	40,017	5	1
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	9s.	18,310	8	0
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . . .	8s.	2,453	18	6
Steam Engine Makers' Society . . .	10s.	2,617	16	4
Ironmoulders of Scotland . . .	9s.	6,295	0	2
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners . .	8s.	19,341	3	3
Amalgamated Society of Tailors . . .	8s.	1,368	19	4
Totals for seven Societies—one year	Average 9s. weekly.	90,404	10	8

This table shows that, even under the more favourable industrial conditions of that year, 3,477 families were wholly supported throughout the entire fifty-two weeks, by those societies. But the experience of 1881 in this respect was exceptional in many ways; not only was trade in nearly all branches fairly good, but the winter was exceptionally mild, and therefore suitable for out-of-door industries. To understand fully the value and importance of this particular benefit, we must turn to a year of suffering and distress, like that of 1879, for example; though by no means the worst that might be selected, it is sufficiently proximate to be keenly appreciated. In that year, over 11,550 families, or more than 46,200 persons, averaging four to a family, were wholly supported from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December, 1879, by five societies alone, to say nothing of what was done by other Unions for their own members in a similar way. But the extent and character of such support and relief will be better seen by giving the yearly amounts paid by the societies named in the order in which they stand for the five years previous to 1881—that is from 1875 to 1880 inclusive.

	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1	45,036	54,470	75,552	149,931	62,113	387,102
2	17,689	25,337	38,486	57,510	24,243	163,265
3	17,905	14,818	21,349	32,037	19,631	105,740
4	2,303	3,117	5,573	8,547	3,572	22,043
5	7,127	8,239	8,254	13,765	15,589	52,974
6	2,963	4,205	10,504	27,902	21,922	67,496
7	1,601	2,040	1,743	1,891	1,564	8,839
Totals	94,624	108,226	161,461	291,583	148,634	807,459

Here we have the enormous sum of £807,459 subscribed by 120,974 artisans, and spent by them in the relief and sustenance of their own poor, during a period of unparalleled stagnation in trade, and paying at the same time their share of the poor's rate. The work thus done, in this direction alone, furnishes an instance of self-help unequalled by any similar associations, in any age or nation. It affords, too, an example of what might be done in other directions, if only a plan could be agreed upon, a combined effort could be made, and the machinery necessary therefor were forthcoming.

II. *Sick-Benefit*.—The foregoing figures represent the beneficent work done by the one peculiar institution, *par excellence*, of Trade Unions, the maintenance of their own unemployed poor. This, however, is but one aspect of their many-sided character; though, being peculiar in its nature and bearing, it deserves the first and most prominent place in a record of their doings. The present one and the succeeding abstracts and summaries partake more of the characteristics of the usual friendly-society class of associations, the difference being that societies instituted specifically for the kind of benefits here and hereunder referred to, and for no other purposes, are able to afford a higher scale of benefits, at a lower rate of contribution, than are given by Trade Unions. Still, even as benefit societies, the organizations herein named will bear fair comparison with the best of the really good and sound Benefit Societies, instituted under the Friendly Societies Acts. But in instituting comparisons between the Unions and the Friendly Societies, all advantages and disadvantages must be taken into account, on either side. That is to say, not only must the rates of contribution, and the usual provident benefits of Friendly Societies, be weighed against similar rates and provisions in the Unions, but the out-of-work allowance and trade-protection benefit must also be taken into consideration. When this is done, and a fair balance is struck, it will be found that the sick pay of the Unions, and similar benefits, are not often surpassed by any other class of provident societies. The payments under this head in 1881, by the same seven Unions, were as follow:—

Name of Society.	Weekly Allowance.	Gross Amounts.		
		£	s.	d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . . .	10s.	25,672	5	4
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	9s.	6,440	17	1
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . . .	11s.	11,854	2	7
Steam Engine Makers' Society . . .	10s.	2,327	8	4
Ironmoulders of Scotland . . .	—	No sick fund.		
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners . .	12s.	12,870	5	11
Amalgamated Society of Tailors . . .	9s.	7,461	4	3
Totals—seven Societies—one year	Average 10s.	66,626	3	6

An examination of the amounts severally paid by the various Unions during the five preceding years discloses the fact that, in the

matter of sick allowance, an immense work is being done of a purely benevolent kind on the mutual principle—in fact, it is the mutual principle which guides and governs the Unions throughout their entire policy. The following are the amounts paid respectively by the same societies in the order given—the ironmoulders of Scotland, No. 5, being omitted, because they have no sick-fund in connection with their society:—

	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1	23,242	23,257	24,054	26,514	24,202	121,269
2	6,675	6,337	6,520	6,260	6,106	31,898
3	12,278	12,727	14,620	14,729	12,897	67,251
4	1,910	1,762	2,121	2,295	2,263	10,351
6	7,894	8,409	8,816	11,008	11,731	48,838
7	5,782	5,964	6,781	7,665	7,767	33,959
Totals	57,781	58,456	62,912	68,471	64,966	313,566

These figures show that, taking the total number of members, each of those societies pays a due proportion towards the maintenance of their sick poor, as well as towards the maintenance of the able-bodied poor, in their several trades. The aggregate sum of £313,566 in five years, by six societies, is no bad contribution in aid of their needy sick, in addition to their other benevolent work, within their own circle. In the total amounts here given the sums paid for medical attendance and fees for examinations and certificates are included. It will be seen from the above table that bad trade seriously affects the health of our labouring population, and that a revival of trade tends to bring back the high rate of sickness to its normal rate. Not a new doctrine certainly, but it is one that is often overlooked.

III. *Superannuation Allowance.*—The age at which this benefit begins to be available differs somewhat in the various societies, and the amounts payable by them in respect thereof after a certain number of years' membership also differ. This benefit is one of the latest added to the already long list of liabilities and responsibilities undertaken by Trade Unions, and it is the one most open to question on actuarial grounds. Indeed, this branch of their mutual industrial business has often been attacked by men who have made a study of the statistics of mortality, and have constructed comparative tables of the duration of human life. The hostile criticisms which this benefit called forth were due at one time more to the feeling of repugnance to the Unions *per se*, than to any desire to place it upon a sure footing as a permanent provision, and to see it made part and parcel of the economy of their constitution. Years have rolled on since the attacks were first made in the press, and in the interval evidence has

accumulated with regard to the fearful and fatal certainty, year by year, of additional and accelerated growing demands on this branch of their funds; ending, indeed, only in the one final payment—funeral allowance at death. The strain in this particular, during the last few years, has become intensified, and the figures indicate an annually increasing permanent charge. Latterly this has been felt by the Unions, and the more intelligent of the officials have seen that some modification of the rules will have to be made sooner or later. The difficulty is so to alter the rates and scales that no injustice shall be done to the older members, who in anticipation of this and other benefits have paid therefor, according to the rules.

The amounts paid during 1881, and also during the five previous years, are given in the annexed tables :—

Name of Society.	Weekly Allowance.	Gross Amounts.	
		£	s. d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . .	7s. to 11s.	23,524	8 11
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	5s. 6d.	4,537	4 8
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . .	6s.	2,304	19 6
Steam Engine Makers' Society	5s. to 9s.	1,295	15 2
Ironmoulders of Scotland	5s. 6d. to 7s.	1,860	4 4
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners . .	7s. to 8s.	665	11 8
Amalgamated Society of Tailors	2s. 6d. to 5s.	39	9 0
Totals—seven Societies—one year	Average about 7s. 6d.	34,227	13 3

The last two societies have not yet begun to experience the strain of superannuation benefit, for in neither case has it been long in operation. The older societies are, and have been for some time, feeling the constant drain on their funds by this one benefit, as the following figures show :—

	1870.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1	12,538	13,858	15,706	17,730	20,958	80,790
2	3,307	3,452	3,653	3,727	4,144	18,282
3	1,067	1,219	1,324	1,580	1,841	7,031
4	747	722	769	869	1,086	4,193
5	991	1,100	1,212	1,291	1,492	6,086
6	217	280	385	445	487	1,814
Total	18,867	20,631	23,049	25,642	30,008	118,196

The Tailors' Society is omitted from the above table, because superannuation benefit in that society only came into operation on May 1, 1881. When the rules were amended in 1869, provision was made therein for this benefit, but it was to date forward from that time twelve years, when the first scale was to take effect; the second scale will not come into force for some years yet. The three . . . list are also of more recent date than the three first; but . . . them the progressive development of the demand is obvious.

and, taking the totals, they show that it increases with accelerated speed year by year, and will do so up to a certain limit.* Fortunately there is a limit, though the society may be involved in difficulties before it is reached; a consummation not to be wished, even by the worst opponents of the Unions on economical grounds, on account of the enormous interests at stake, of a purely Friendly-Society and Mutual-Insurance character, quite apart from the protective purposes of the organization.

IV. *Funeral Allowance.*—This is one of the oldest of the benefits established in connection with Trade Societies—it is indeed coeval with their very existence. In the earlier period of their history, when the “protection of trade privileges” was really their sole object, this allowance was always added or attached. It was so in the old Guilds; indeed, it seems to have originated with the religious Guilds, and to have been intended not only as a means of ensuring decent but “Christian” burial, masses or prayers for the soul of the departed being partly provided for in the ordinances of nearly all the earlier Guilds, and subsequently in most of the Craft-Guilds of the Middle Ages. In some Unions it is still the only additional provision beyond trade protection. It was, doubtless, this very simple feature in their constitution that gave rise to the notion that Friendly-Society objects formed the fundamental basis of Trade Unions, and that they were perverted from their original purpose and intention by tacking on the protection of trade privileges and interests as an after-thought, as it were, and, in the opinion of some, a pernicious after-thought, and the father of no end of mischief, socially and industrially. Nor is it correct to suppose that the form of the Friendly Society was used by the Unions merely as a cloak for the furtherance of their own selfish designs. This was not the case in scarcely any instance—certainly it was not so in the majority of cases; nor in many instances was there any connection between the two objects, save and except the one now under consideration—funeral benefit. At one time, in consequence of the Combination Laws, nearly all kinds of association being then unlawful, however laudable the purposes for which they were established, no doubt the Friendly-Society form of constitution was partially resorted to as a cover, or, at least, it wore that aspect to the outside public; but then, as now, the one great object of all Trade Unions was the protection of trade privileges, which was construed in law as being in “restraint of trade,” a doctrine which in effect made every such association an illegal combination, and rendered all members thereof guilty of conspiracy.

* Since the paper has been in type a very significant fact has been brought under my notice—namely, that many of the members do not take advantage of this benefit at the date when by the rules they are entitled to it. If all members claimed immediately upon becoming entitled, the strain on the funds would be much greater than it now is.—G. H.

And many were prosecuted and imprisoned, on one pretence and another, for belonging to, and taking an active part in, the working of such associations. The only time when the Unions may be said to have made Friendly Societies subservient to their purpose was during the time that their rules were deposited with the Registrar of Friendly Societies as a means of protection to their funds, which fancied protection lasted about twelve years. But in this case it was not the Friendly Societies that were used—it was merely the law giving them recognition, legality and protection, that was taken advantage of, or rather it was its machinery, so to speak, for the clause under which the Unions claimed protection, was drafted and inserted in the Bill, with the view of giving such protection, and was carried, and thereafter became part of the Statute Law on the subject. It was this fact that made the decision of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in 1867, in the case of *Hornby v. Close*, seem all the more cruel, inasmuch as the section or clause ostensibly intended for a given purpose—protection of the funds of certain organizations—absolutely failed on a technical point, when a test case arose and was tried. It is not less singular that real protection was accorded by an Act called the Recorder's Act, the 31 and 32 Vict. c. 116, intended for quite a different purpose, and for the protection of another class of persons altogether.

The amounts severally paid as funeral allowance during 1881, and the same payable in each case at death, were as follows:—

Name of Society.	Amounts payable.		Gross Amounts.		
	Member.	Wife.	£	s.	d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . .	12	5	7,863	19	9
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	10	5	2,155	0	0
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . .	12	6	2,384	1	0
Steam Engine Makers' Society	12	5	580	0	0
Ironmoulders of Scotland	10	5	1,155	0	0
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners . .	7	5	2,174	0	0
Amalgamated Society of Tailors	10	6	2,309	19	9
Totals—seven Societies—one year	18,622	0	6

The following are the several amounts for the five previous years:—

	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1	7,539	7,659	7,874	7,387	6,553	37,012
2	1,810	2,010	2,005	2,160	1,565	9,550
3	1,897	1,929	2,137	2,379	2,261	10,603
4	605	695	597	617	589	3,103
5	1,430	1,285	1,985	1,760	1,750	8,210
6	1,506	1,702	1,946	2,003	1,924	9,081
7	2,492	2,367	2,509	2,515	2,368	12,251
Totals	17,279	17,647	19,053	18,821	17,010	89,810

These figures call for no special remarks; they simply show the usual fluctuations in the death-rate, the years of distress being higher than the ordinary or normal rate as shown by the amounts paid in 1878 and 1879. The tables of the rates of mortality annually published by these societies, giving age and cause of death, show that the duration of human life in all the organized trades is much longer than formerly—indeed, the average is much above the general average for the nation.

V. *Accident Benefit*.—This provision in the rules of Trade Unions is, in most cases, of more recent growth than those before mentioned, though in the engineers it dates from the re-organization of the Union in 1851. The benefit is also confined to certain trades which, to a greater or less degree, are hazardous. In each of the societies enumerated, the grants are awarded only in cases where the member is permanently disabled from following his ordinary occupation; temporary disablement being met by the ordinary sick-pay allowance. If, however, the person injured is able to follow some other and lighter employment, provided he is incapacitated from following his trade, he is still entitled to the grant—called in most societies Bonus—meaning, we suppose, a good gift. In point of fact these gifts or grants are made with the view of enabling the injured member to earn a livelihood in some other way, thus placing him above want, or in a way to become so. The amounts so granted in 1881 were:—

Name of Society.	Amount of Grants.	Gross Amounts.	
	£	£	s. d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . .	100	2,500	0 0
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	150	1,099	3 10
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . .	100	1,260	0 0
Steam Engine Makers' Society	100	100	0 0
Ironmoulders of Scotland	100	200	0 0
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners .	100	1,050	0 0
Totals—seven Societies—one year	...	6,209	3 10

The tailors being exempt from dangers of the kind intended to be met by the foregoing benefit, have no provision therefor in their rules. The amounts so paid during the previous five years by the same six societies, were as follows:—

	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1	1,100	2,200	1,500	1,800	1,900	8,500
2	1,858	943	1,619	943	1,130	6,493
3	1,100	1,500	1,800	201	1,181	5,782
4	200	Nil	500	120	300	1,120
5		Included	in	Funeral	Benefit.	
6	950	1,560	1,200	1,500	1,200	6,410
Totals	5,208	6,203	6,619	4,564	5,711	28,305

Although the sums paid by no individual society were very large, it is easy to see a sufficient reason for the earnest demand for a Compensation for Injuries Bill, and for the general satisfaction with which the Employers Liability Act was welcomed. And it must be admitted that £28,305, paid in five years, by five societies, in accident claims alone is a justification for some such demand. Of course many of such claims would not come under the provisions of that Act, or of any Act sought by the workmen. The total sum paid in the six years under review was £34,514.

VI. *Benevolent Grants*.—In addition to the foregoing amounts, which constitute the declared and clearly-defined benefits of the several societies named, "according to rule," many of them give liberally in the shape of benevolent grants to distressed members, or to the widows and orphans of such members, in cases not exactly met by any specific rule. These grants are made after careful examination and inquiry in each individual case. The sums granted do not exceed at any one time for any given case £6. In this table is included the grant, or compensation for loss of tools by fire, or otherwise. The latter sum is here included to avoid an additional table, this grant not being general, only a few societies having any provision for such.

Name of Society.	Amounts not exceeding.	Gross Amounts.
		£ s. d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . .	6	2,128 18 11
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	"	43 5 0
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . .	"	889 3 0
Steam Engine Makers' Society	"	55 0 0
Ironmoulders of Scotland	"	95 0 0
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners .	"	756 0 0
Amalgamated Society of Tailors . . .	"	38 6 8
Totals—seven Societies—one year	...	4,005 13 7

No fewer than 710 members were recipients of the total sum granted by the engineers alone, the proportion of participators in other cases being about the same. The grants last year were small as compared with some other years, as the annexed table will show. Taking the same period, the following were the total amounts :—

	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
[1	3,755	3,983	4,089	6,381	3,495	22,103
2	143	145	185	70	21	564
3	835	865	985	178	850	3,713
4	93	106	129	212	67	607
5	Not distin	guishable	in the acco	unts from	" Idle	Benefit."
6	1,773	1,540	1,927	1,755	2,110	9,105
7	Commenced in 1878		10	16	12	38
Totals	6,199	7,639	7,325	8,621	6,555	36,130

The aggregate total of the above table is by no means insignificant, when it is remembered that in those years the drain on the funds, in respect of the specified benefits of those societies, was exceedingly great and constant, that is, continuous.

VII. *Recapitulation*.—The aggregate amounts thus paid for the before-mentioned benefits for the past year, 1881, and for the five preceding years, by the seven societies named, were :—

	1881.			1876 to 1880.
	£	s.	d.	£
Donation Benefit (out-of-work, &c.) . .	90,404	10	8	807,459
Sick-pay	66,626	3	6	313,566
Superannuation	34,227	13	3	118,196
Funeral Allowances	18,622	0	6	89,810
Accident Bonuses	6,209	3	10	28,305
Benevolent Grants, &c.	4,005	13	7	36,130
Totals for the two periods	220,095	5	4	1,393,466

Making an aggregate, or grand total, for the six years, for the seven societies, of £1,613,561. The whole of this vast sum was expended solely for benevolent purposes. The value of this simple fact is unquestionable, and its importance, socially considered, is immense; and none will question the beneficial effects resulting from the distribution of all this money amongst the labouring poor, accumulated as it was in the first instance from their own weekly contributions and savings. The figures before quoted and summarized will, to some extent, explain why it is that the artisans of this country cling so tenaciously to their Unions—formed, governed, and supported, as they are, by themselves alone, without extraneous aid of any kind. The before-mentioned benefits are quite irrespective of all other advantages—real and supposed—offered by Trade Unions to their members, in the shape of “trade protection,” and the maintenance of “trade privileges,” “time-honoured customs,” and the like; and the advancement of the individual interests of members, as units in a common confraternity. At one time the latter aim was the be-all and end-all almost of those industrial combinations. Now, however, the militant side of the Unions is being softened down, and the provident side is being more and more largely developed. This, in the long run, will prove advantageous to employers and employed, to capital and to labour, and its beneficial influence will extend, more or less, to the whole community.

PART III.

VIII. *Strikes and Labour Disputes*.—The record before given would be manifestly incomplete without a corresponding record with respect to the cost of strikes, or the expenditure incurred, in one way and another, under the head of “contingent benefit,” as some

of the societies prefer still to call it, or, in other words, labour disputes. In many instances these disputes are very small matters, involving, it may be, the dismissal of one individual only, as in cases where an officer of the Union is "victimized," that is, discharged for officiating as the accredited representative of the men. Formerly this was no uncommon occurrence, the president and secretary of the lodge being in constant danger of dismissal. Fortunately such is not often the case now, for labour disputes are far less embittered than they were in days gone by. In other instances a few men in a particular shop may have a dispute, ending either by dismissal, or leaving of their own accord; in either case, if the dispute is a legitimate one, they are supported until the matter is set right, or they have found employment elsewhere. In a few instances the dispute may assume large dimensions, and end with a general strike, or it may be with a lockout on the part of the masters. Whether large or small, and whether one or many were engaged therein, the entire cost of strikes and labour disputes, for the period selected, is here presented, in so far as the records of the Unions furnish the information.

Last year the amounts expended by the several Unions were as follow:—

Name of Society.	Weekly Amounts.	Total Amounts.
		£ s. d.
Amalgamated Society of Engineers . .	10s.	1,680 17 9
Friendly Society of Ironfounders . . .	11s.	261 11 10
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders . .	12s.	711 8 8
Steam Engine Makers' Society	15s.	70 14 2
Ironmoulders of Scotland	12s.	Not stated.
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners .	15s.	732 8 0
Amalgamated Society of Tailors	12s.	407 14 9
Totals—seven Societies—one year	...	3,864 15 2

For the corresponding period of five years, as before given, for other benefits, the disbursements under this head were as follows:—

	1876.	1877.	1878.	1879.	1880.	Totals for five years.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
1	3,366	3,574	6,145	39,402	9,563	61,840
2	198	689	736	5,386	309	7,318
3	2,991	13,805	6,966	7,109	4,089	34,960
4	177	139	221	1,225	120	1,882
5	"Suspension Benefit" in this Society is not separately given.					
6	2,831	13,168	12,292	10,558	2,522	41,371
7	1,935	2,611	4,815	1,410	219	10,990
Totals	11,498	33,986	31,175	65,090	16,822	158,361

An attentive study of this table is instructive, it discloses the fact that, in proportion as trade is declining, or is bad for any length of time, so strikes are more frequent and disastrous. The three years

1877, 1878, and 1879, were in marked contrast with the years of activity which preceded 1875. For the most part the strikes from 1875 to 1880 were against attempted reductions in wages, or an increase of the hours of labour. Though not always successful in their resistance, they are alleged to have been extremely useful in preventing any very serious inroads upon either the rates of wages, the hours of labour, or the customs of the several trades. Defeat was suffered in some instances, after a stubborn and costly fight; but the losses sustained were for the most part recovered in 1881 and last year, without even the semblance of a struggle. The lesson taught by those strikes is one that many economical writers have more than once insisted on—namely, that strikes, when the “markets are falling,” are worse than useless—that they are in fact economical blunders. Still the numbers of the Unions cannot always see the wisdom of submission, without even a show of resistance, their contention being that, though they may fail in resisting a given attack, they are able to confine the downward tendency to limits which would have been exceeded but for their combined action.

IX. *Grants to other Trades.*—In addition to the amounts specially set down for strikes, sums are often granted by other trades towards the cost of a more than usually severe contest, waged by particular Unions for some commendable purpose, or what is considered to be commendable. The sums thus granted have generally to be added to the amounts specifically spent on strikes, but not always. In recent years grants have been annually made to the Parliamentary Committee for legislative purposes, which have nothing whatever in common or to do with strikes. These grants are not always clearly distinguishable from grants to special districts belonging to the same trade; and they may therefore be included in the sums accounted for under the head of “grants to our own and other trades.” When the amounts voted are given under the above heading, they are already included in the strike pay proper, so that they are placed to the proper account. But, apart from those, the following sums have been voted during the past six years by the six societies whose balance-sheets show such an item:—Engineers, £175; Iron-founders, £629; Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders, £366; Steam Engine Makers, £221; Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners, £432; and the Amalgamated Society of Tailors, £645—total, £2,468. In times of great emergency large amounts are voted in aid of other trades by most of the Unions. The engineers have on occasion voted £1,000 at a time, and in one instance at least—the builders’ strike and lockout—this vote was repeated three times over. Other Unions are not less generous according to their numbers and funds.

If the contest be prolonged and stubborn, or if some principle of vital interest to an entire trade, or generally to all trades, voluntary

TABLE III.—*Balances of the several Societies—seven in number—1876 to 1881 inclusive.*

Dates.	Amalgamated Engineers.	Friendly Society of Ironfounders.	Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders.	Steam Engine Makers.	Scottish Society of Ironmoulders.	Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners.	Amalgamated Tailors.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1876	275,146 15 9	65,395 6 8	45,337 0 0	16,130 3 9	20,727 8 1	70,109 13 10	17,517 2 10
1877	275,270 0 3	59,525 2 6	37,280 8 2	16,464 7 0	19,497 2 3	74,248 7 8	17,970 7 9
1878	251,675 8 6	38,894 0 2	28,519 0 0	13,938 10 4	12,228 3 7	71,370 7 5	15,908 17 9
1879	141,116 6 10	1,908 14 10	9,194 19 1	8,761 8 6	4,820 15 11	48,779 3 6	13,809 2 6
1880	130,074 0 3	7,702 11 8	23,294 4 8	7,931 1 4	9,625 16 5	41,386 9 4	14,841 13 0
1881	145,957 4 5	9,945 2 1	50,277 8 7	8,771 1 3	14,526 1 0	40,960 16 6	16,483 6 6
1876	275,146 15 9	65,395 6 8	45,337 0 0	16,130 3 9	20,727 8 1	70,109 13 10	17,517 2 10
1881	145,957 4 5	9,945 2 1	50,277 8 7	8,771 1 3	14,526 1 0	40,960 9 4	16,483 6 6
Difference.	Decrease. 129,189 11 4	Decrease. 55,450 4 7	Increase. 4,900 8 7	Decrease. 7,359 2 6	Decrease. 6,201 7 1	Decrease. 29,149 4 6	Decrease. 1,023 16 4

TABLE IV.—*Numerical Strength, Income, Expenditure, and Cash Balances for the year 1882.¹*

Name of Society.	Branches.	Members.	Income.	Expenditure.	Cash Balances.	Increase.	
			£	£	£	£	
Amalgamated Society of Engineers .	420	48,388	124,408	102,165	168,200	22,243	
Friendly Society of Ironfounders .	108	11,448	42,173	30,987	21,130	11,175	
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders	187	27,408	67,360	36,293	81,344	31,066	
Steam Engine Makers' Society . .	88	4,591	9,238	7,941	10,068	1,297	
Ironmoulders of Scotland	19	5,369	17,892	18,989	13,429	1,093*	
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners	376	20,622	49,363	43,934	46,389	5,428	
Amalgamated Society of Tailors .	344	13,304	18,731	17,332	17,783	1,294	
Totals—seven Societies . .	1,542	131,130	329,165	259,641	359,343	73,599	
Payments for Benefits.	Sick Pay.	Funerals.	Super-annuation.	Accidents	Benevolent Grants.	Out of Work.	Strikes.
	£	£	£	£	£	£	£
Amalgamated Society of Engineers .	26,272	7,648	26,311	1,800	1,931	23,043	895
Friendly Society of Ironfounders .	6,033	1,720	4,786	987	106	10,466	214
Boilermakers and Iron Shipbuilders	14,443	2,626	2,574	1,350	1,524	1,936	1,652
Steam Engine Makers' Society . .	2,219	665	1,395	330	60	1,548	90
Ironmoulders of Scotland	†	2,070	1,949	†	87	9,516	§
Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners	12,278	2,238	1,030	1,650	804	14,735	2,259
Amalgamated Society of Tailors .	7,100	2,321	153	51	60	1,322	565
Totals—seven Societies . .	68,345	19,288	38,198	6,168	4,582	62,566	5,675

* The decrease of £1,096 in the accounts of the Ironmoulders of Scotland is not really a decrease, for it was the payment of a debt previously due. The amount is, therefore, treated in the total as an increase on the year's transactions.

† No Sick Fund.

‡ Included in funerals.

§ To separate account.

|| Fever.

GEORGE HOWELL.

¹ Since the foregoing pages were in type the reports for last year, 1882, have been issued, the financial details of which are here summarized.

POACHERS AND POACHING.

IT is somewhat surprising that none of our present-day novelists, like Charles Reade or Thomas Hardy, who are always on the outlook for romantic realism, whether it be in incident or in fact, have had their eyes directed to the rural poachers who abound in every shire. Poachers, though neither quite respectable members of the Church nor of society, are more interesting characters than burglars or ticket-of-leave men, who figure frequently in the novelist's pages. And, very strange to say, it has been left to a lady to write the first accounts of poaching episodes, episodes remarkable for their masculine touches and their wonderful grip of open-air reality; Harriet Martineau, in her "Forest and Game Law Tales," astonishes us by her graphic realism and her delicacy of treatment; Charles Kingsley wrote one or two of his pathetic ballads on the subject of a poacher and his wife; Norman Macleod made a Highland poacher the subject of a character sketch; and in our own times Mr. Richard Jefferies, a writer who finds pleasure in minute description and vivid realism, has in his own style of exact word-painting given us a pleasant book about his own experiences as an amateur poacher. But the real poacher, the rural vagabond, the parish character, the ne'er-do-weel, whose life is a living protest against the game-laws, is of more lasting interest than any amateur can ever be.

Viewed from the serene vantage-ground of the philosophy of life, poaching is mean and ignoble, and demoralizing sport to you or me, and is not worth the powder and shot, while the fines and punishments are out of all proportion to the joys; yet there are not wanting apologists for it in this apologetic century. "Poaching! Man, there's no sin in catching a rabbit or snaring a hare. They belong to nobody. Bless you! it's a gentleman's trick, shooting." This notion of any Northern lowland ploughman's wife, as she looks

from her red-tiled cottage-door out upon the face of the corn-growing mother earth, which has given her sweet memories and a host of country neighbours and friends.

Sixty years ago peasants could use their guns without let or hindrance, and it was then a common thing for a farm-labourer to go out and have a shot when no sportsman was in the way. Taking an odd shot now and then was never, and is not even now, looked upon by them as poaching. But a noted poacher, nicknamed the Otter, tells me, with a sigh, "Poaching is not what it once was!" And it is true. Not so very long ago it was a very profitable occupation, and comparatively respectable, before railways and telegraph wires and penny newspapers stereotyped metropolitan ideas into all and sundry. An old farmer is pointed out as having made all his money by systematic poaching, and an influential city official is said to have laid his early nest-egg by no other means than being a good shot where he had no invitation to be. To-day even rural society would look down upon a young farmer engaged in poaching. It is no longer sport to gentlemen, says the Otter, and is left to moral vagabonds, the waifs and strays, the parish loafers. The great strides of agriculture, the game-laws, and the artificial breeding of game have driven it into sneaking ways, and robbed it of its robust picturesque adventures. To excel in it a man must give up his nights and days to it—in short, he must become a specialist, and even then it hardly pays.

A genuine poacher has great force of character; he has a genius for field and woodcraft. He is the eldest survivor of rustic romance. His wild life is tinged with the love of adventure, the love of moon and stars, the knowledge of the seasons, the haunts and habits of game, and the power of trapping rabbits in dark woodland glades. No man knows more intimately the night-side of Nature between the chilly hours of midnight and sunrise. In this cold-blooded age there are always some Quixotic individuals, born in the outwardly sleepy villages and lifeless farmsteads, with the love of midnight adventure, who wage long warfare against the game-laws, and who only knuckle under to the law's severity when their health gives way or an enemy turns informer. "Rheumatics plays the devil with poaching!" exclaims the Otter, referring to the long night-watches in wet ditches and beside hedges for hares on the lea fields. Irrespective of all thought of gain, there is an infatuation to eager spirits in this midnight sport. It appeals to strong, healthy, brave men. Charles Kingsley, in "The Bad Squire," with its strong sympathy and feeling, and its cry of "blood" on all the squire owned, from the foreign shrub to the game he sold, gives us the poacher's wife view, a view we are too apt to ignore or forget, with the weary eyes and heavy heart, that grow light only with weeping, and go wandering into the night. We forget too often that in the hearts of common

folk there is the glamour of poetic romance about poaching, and a bitter hatred towards the game-laws. Like Rizpah's son, many a lad has had no other incentive than that "The farmer dared us to do it," and that he found it sweetened by the secret sympathy of the people. Too often, I fear, the game-laws dare a brave rustic into poaching: he has only this one way left to satisfy the insatiable British thirst for field sport. It is gravely whispered that some of the most striking men have tasted its romance; and if all stories be true, the master of the English drama owes to an unlucky deer-poaching incident the lucky turn in his career which sent him to London and to writing plays, and poachers may reasonably claim Shakspeare as their patron saint.

When the strong sweet ale warms his heart, the poacher boasts of dreadful adventures in the night, of leaping broad mill-dams when chased, of giving fight in the dark, and discomfiting gamekeepers by clever tricks. He paints his exploits in such heroical glory, that the seat next the fire in the ale-house is given him by admiring and fearing rustics. Honesty he ascribes to practisedness in the world's ways, and he looks upon keeping out of gaol as the greatest victory that man can achieve. He is the type of man that makes our best soldiers, or, as he phrases it, is paid to stop the gun-shots. He requires no almanack to tell him when the moon is to rise to-morrow, and he could give the gamekeepers lessons. He is to be envied for his quick feeling of life and his sympathy for field and forest sport, and that wild exuberance of spirits which he seems to catch with his hares. It is this rural vagabond—and not Mr. Common-place Respectability—who rivets young folks' attention; his energy anywhere would achieve success; and he is free from that unpardonable fault, dulness. In the rustic drama of life he is the character that takes hold of us in our best impulses—and is not that the best world of the ideal? He disdains to shoot starlings or black-birds; he is too much a sportsman to pay attention to such small game. He can put his hands to various ways of living; he can collect bird's-eggs, shoot wild rock-pigeons for a farmers' club, gather blackberries, or, as they say in Scotland, "brambles," pull young ash-saplings in plantations, and sell them to grooms in the livery stables in town. He can even kill moles in the fields, and rats in the outhouses for farmers—there are so many ways he can make his usefulness profitable.

It is a wonder there are so few poachers in the Northern lowlands, which for richness of game preserves, plantation strips, and clumps of trees, might be the poacher's very home. Like the fishermen and miners, poachers all get nicknames, such as the Rat, the Otter, the Badger, the Quilp, Juice, Cheeky, Ninepence, and Squeaking Jim! They are a miscellaneous lot, and are recruited from law-clerks, field rers, miners, hawkers, masons, nailers, &c. One, the bravest most desperate poacher, who had a fearless heart, broke out

the prison, crossed the river, and wandered about the open country for weeks, his menaces and reputation for daring being alone sufficient to prevent any civilian laying hands on him. His little acts of kindness, his odd sayings and doings, appealed to the country folk, and they subscribed enough to send him to America. And local rumours have it that the lawyers for defending poachers get their fees in game which the servant-girl finds lying against the kitchen door in the dark winter mornings. There are poachers spread over the country who, though well known to the police, are seldom caught. They are men who make a trade of poaching, who in a night secure a "firlot" of partridges, and with a gig cover twenty miles before sunrise. The regular professional poacher is as full of caution as he is of tricks. In rural parishes it is the only night duty the police have, to listen for sounds of guns and cries of pursuing dogs or of dying hares. These Northern poachers, who live in red-tiled villages or thatched cottages in the river valley, have a grim sense of humour, and they consider it "funny" to set a trap on purpose to betray another. Cynics say that they take rabbits from traps in place of moles, and others say mole-catching is but a respectable name to cloak their poaching. Parcels addressed to distant game-dealers are regularly laid down on railway platforms, and when the parcels have been taken possession of by the police, neither station-master nor porters know anything further than that such parcels had been regularly flung down, and no one ever saw it done. The old-fashioned style of carrying game to the City by the country carrier is fast dying out; his hencoop very frequently contained peasants or partridges. The country carrier is too slow and insecure; and a regular poacher appreciates nothing so well as getting rid of his stock by a mail train. Some of the poachers are noted pedestrians; and I have known of a fleet-footed young baronet turning out at night with his gamekeepers for the purpose of joining in the chase.

Poachers possess in a wonderful degree the true sportsman's instinct and delight; they can imitate bird's calls and cries to a nicety. Nothing touches their hearts more than the trained ingenuity of their dogs and the accuracy of their guns. For instance, a poacher's mongrel dog, at a given sign, will run past him unnoticed on the road, as if running to an unseen master; or, when walking behind his master and noticing a hare, it will strike him on the shins; or will at night work hares into the nets spread at the gates in the hedges without barking. The poachers have every reason to be proud of their cross-bred dogs. Some can out-pace and out-general greyhounds; can kill and carry the hare, leap over a stone dyke and jump into the spring van in the high road, all in the clap of a hand. A poacher is never heard to better advantage than when talking about his dog; and the clever lurcher dog, a pocket net, a

gun that he takes to pieces and carries in his big pockets, are, with his own wits and ready handiness, all his stock-in-trade. Very touching stories are told of the love between the poacher and his dog, and many a poacher has been driven desperate by the gamekeeper shooting the lurcher on the squire's lands; he would as soon have been shot himself as have had his affectionate animal destroyed. Poachers will scour five miles of country, and escape the keenest gamekeeper. They find assistance wherever they go, for they are known to keep their word. If they are hard pressed by the gamekeepers, the tall, strong farm-women "lifting" the potatoes will take charge of their game and carry it home at night beneath their shawls. And, should the poacher, when pursued, be unknown to the gamekeeper, he will at a corner throw off his coat, dismiss his dog, and be at work stone-breaking with preserves on his eyes, when the keeper comes up and hurries past. Roadside stone-breakers are as often threatened as bribed, and no men are so serviceable for putting the keepers off the scent. They require to hear a simple question put slowly two or three times before they understand; and their answers have to be repeated oftener until the gamekeeper can make out the direction Jock took. Good five minutes have gone with talk, and comparing hours of the day on their watches, and the gamekeeper finds it useless to continue the chase. A young lad who poached secretly at night, had a dark suit of corduroy made specially for hedge and field work; and, even his father for two years never as much as knew he had it. A pig-dealer, who leased grass parks round large estates, was hardly ever seen with his coat on; he carried it swung over his shoulders, and always complained of heat. No wonder, when it was generally well filled with game!

The poachers begin to stir afoot when the crows come home to their rookeries in the evening and the cawing and flapping of wings fill the air, when the quick fud-fud noise of the hares is heard in the fields, and the rapid flights and quick cries of the partridges rise across the hedge. The village old dames, with their white caps and aprons, are circulating the morning's news at the white-washed fireside. Then the hind's light goes out, the stragglers are housed, and only the rattle of a doctor's gig from the town, or that of a belated farmer sounds on the road, and in the stillness the noise of the river at the bridge can be heard "sock-socking" for ever. The night darkens, and the stillness deepens, and what fears have the poachers' wives under these shining roofs where the quiet moonlight seems to be shedding repose! It is a time when city folk would hardly dream a man could find either profit or pleasure in moving in the maze of woods, in brushing up against spiders' webs borne down on one's face by the night dew, or coming in contact with the bat in its erratic course. The poachers are at home, and know all nit-runs and hare-paths, the gaps in the field hedges, the turn-

stiles, and the short cuts. They know the fields to avoid for net-work, those that have been bushed—*i.e.*, irregularly dotted with posts driven upright into the ground; and they are generally favourite fields, and on a slope or in a hollow. They are always on the look-out for covies of partridges in the stubble fields, so that they may know to go straight to them in the darkness; for a poacher will tell you that partridges, unless disturbed, never move all the night from off the spot wherever they settle at sundown. I have seen a man walking slowly and stealthily across a grass field, then suddenly stand stock still, and quick as lightning bring his stick down with a thud at something about his feet. He lifted up a hare warm in its lair. A poacher always prefers to have his hares netted or felled without losing a drop of their blood. Full-blooded hares command the best price in the market.

Winter brings joy to the poacher's heart. He then begins his work in earnest, returning to his task as regularly as the swallow comes to the window-eaves in spring. The weather makes him more active, and the grey afternoons and dark nights favour his enterprises. Then the poacher moves about more freely, for pedestrians have almost deserted the roads, and pedestrians to the poacher are all considered as witnesses in *esse*. It is remarkable the time he will sit in a wet ditch in winter, waiting for a hare. A successful poacher requires the patience of Job. No man more frequently uses the old bye-roads or footpaths, or appraises their value so highly. He does all the walking he possibly can along the narrow strips of beaten footpaths, which lead him suddenly away from the turnpike, and land him down at the same turnpike in a short cut. Footpaths invariably take one silently along, for the ground is soft and is not covered with stones; and to the poacher they possess this great advantage, they generally lead into many fields or across green meadows, and run alongside hedges or running water. Hedges and running water are to him, when hard pressed by the gamekeepers, most invaluable shelter. In dead of winter, when the frost has made stone-hewing and house and stone dyke-building impossible, the stonemason takes to poaching as naturally as a coastman takes to the sea. The frost makes both man and dog more alert, and sometimes when the snow is deep on the ground, the hares come to the house-garden for food. In broad daylight you may see the amateur-poacher using his eyes across the well-trimmed hedges, and about the plantation strips, which give colour to the landscape and break up the long stretches. He is taking stock and laying his plans for evening, or he may dexterously and quickly lay a gin-net. Nearly every stonemason in the country has a gun hanging in his house; he can get the loan of a dog from one of his set or mates, and with his ready hands he can easily make a few stray snares and nets. But what stands him in best need is that 'cute cunning akin to that of a cautious dog. He looks the

image of ruddy health; his black-and-red-checked cravat, brown corduroy trousers, and an old red-brown coat tied together by pieces of string in place of buttons, harmonize with the field colours. What else can he do? In winter one can only curl on the ice or poach in the fields, and the last is most profitable. So says the Otter, and no man knows better. Winter sends the best of us to our purses; the poacher's thoughts are always there, for the high festive days, New Year's Day and Auld Hansel Monday, are coming round. Now he moves about wide awake, alert, and on the *qui vive* from head to foot, for, at the one year's end and the beginning of the other, he must stand his hand like the rest.

To a philosopher there is no relationship between an inn and a poacher, but in every town or village there is one inn which is selected as the haunt of loungers. It is generally old-fashioned, kept by a kindly landlord, who provides good liquor and a roaring fire in winter, and who is not hard on the poachers, though they sit round the fire and "keep up" a box all day, and only treat themselves to a couple of rounds of whisky, which is as much as their funds can go. It is a pretty safe bet that the country innkeepers have hardly ever bought game from those having a licence to deal in game, and yet they have always an odd hare or rabbit, or pair of partridges hanging near their water-pump in a cool corner. The poachers supply them with hares for hare-soup on market days, and the police wink at it. To hear the landlord and the poacher talking unconcernedly across the bar-counter, you would think they were using mystic bye-words and signs of the Masonic lodges. The landlord knows precious well that a poacher cannot afford to higggle at the price, and he generally splits the difference by throwing in a glass of whisky, and then the bargain is his.

Old ladies, who live in villas on the outskirts of the town, who are numbered among the gentry by strolling companies of singers when they issue their bills to the nobility, landed proprietors, and gentry, and who look so staid and prim beneath their old-fashioned bonnets, that you would think they only knew what was between the boards of their Bibles or their bank books—send their maid quite naturally to the innkeeper for a hare, and any game they may want. Another old woman, but of a different type, and a poacher's mother, nicknamed Wangle-eye, regularly carries the hares to the inn under cover of her wide dress. It is to the inn the poacher runs when hard pressed, there he hides his guns, nets, and traps and gins, till suspicion has blown away. And strange to say, it is this very same inn that the policemen and gamekeepers frequent on Justice of Peace Court-days, and thither they bring at the early hours of the winter mornings the captured night poachers. Rapped up unwillingly, the landlord has a difficult task to perform, for the poachers and gamekeepers and rural police are all his customers; they all

gather round the kitchen-fire, sit drinking mulled porter and hot whisky, and chat, as pleasantly as they can under the circumstances, about all the news in the country side, except the night's adventure and mishaps, until the light steals through the windows, the gaol opens, and the public prosecutor arrives at his office, and the legal machinery can be set agoing.

The picture has another and a dark side full of terrors by night and by day; the whole truth is not told us in the hairbreadth escapes, exploits, and adventures that fascinate young rustics—something remains behind. The life-long misery of the poor, deluded, and ignorant men is beyond human aid. Beneath a hardened face lies a river of hidden horrors which the tongue will never utter. There is the tortured heart, the hardened conscience, the restless eyes, the dead sense of independence, the lost manhood, the slurs and the blots that stick to one's name, and with this miserable inheritance the poacher's children cannot hold up their heads in the places of their nativity. These terrible scars stick to one's life; they cannot be worn away; they remain when all the enthusiasm for crescent moons in autumn and rustling corn, for the sound of falling waters, and the love of midnight sport in forests or fields, have faded from one's memory and become a dream. This is, without doubt, the moral side, and the side of realism which can no more be hid than could Crabbe's real villagers. Zola would so minutely describe it as to make it disgusting. There still live mortals who adhere to the old idea of country life, that plenty begets pleasure, and pleasure begets singing, and singing begets poetry, and poetry begets singing again; and who, like kind-hearted Steele, imagine that country life is a rural paradise, and believe it is not enough that he writes "about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched." It is well-nigh impossible to write about poaching without describing its wretchedness, the stigma of prosecutions and convictions, the periods of imprisonment, the inborn guilty feeling that comes from continual contravention of laws, and dodging gamekeepers and policemen by night and by day. The stigma of imprisonment alone is sufficient to scare ordinary mortals. No class of offenders are so severely punished. Even thieves are not liable to be prosecuted under cumulative charges for the one offence. For instance, a poacher may open a field-gate and within two yards of the road shoot a hare, and for this one offence he may be prosecuted four different times under four different complaints:—1. For not having a licence to shoot game; 2. For firing a gun so near the highway; 3. For trespassing in the unlawful pursuit of game; and 4. For being in the unlawful possession of game. And it not unfrequently happens that they fall victims to each other's tricks and shoot each other by accident. Lately a poacher was out at night on the Lammermuir hills, and while creeping up a

hill-side was startled by the cry of the grouse, and had his attention directed to a moving object in the dim light. He fired and ran to pick up the bird; but he had shot a fellow-poacher who, with his hands on his nose, had, decoy-like, been imitating the cry of grouse. Tragic episodes of this nature occur every year.

It is not in human nature to expect that acred squires, who lay their heads at night on their pillows with self-approval that they are square with the world, should consider that poaching may be a fine art, or a poacher may have the soul of a sportsman, or be aware that their gamekeepers are recruited from poachers, who, unknown to them, drive a trade with the gamekeepers in buying pheasant's eggs. It is, I say, not in human nature to expect the acred squires, who consider that with their estate and lands they also purchased the respect of the parish, and that the poor should touch their caps and bend their trembling knees to them, and thank God for the parish relief and the glorious constitution that provides food to the infirm and sport to the rich, should believe—as do the peasants and farm and field labourers throughout the length and breadth of the land—that the game was made for the poor as well as the rich, and that God made the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea for all. Country gentlemen are apt to forget that the impulse to capture wild animals is not confined to those with blue blood in their veins. Parliament has raised many artificial though legal distinctions in the right to game, but hitherto it has not succeeded in obtaining the public to respect the game-laws as a British code of even conventional morality. In fact, there is no use denying it that the time has never yet come when the stalwart peasantry have admitted the feudal right of their lords to the game, or ceased to look upon it in the same light as Robin Hood and his merry men. This our best novelists have shown over and over again. Fielding, when he wanted to bring his hero into trouble without making him a criminal, sends him with all the sportsman's delight into the fields after a covey of partridges seen flying across the highway, and makes him kill them in forbidden ground and so be apprehended; and Goldsmith makes an honest character knock a hare on the head when for the purpose of the story he required him put into Newgate. There must surely be something wrong in all this; and a time may come when historians will turn up the long list of poacher's trials every winter, and find them as amusing reading as we find the story of the hunting of turkey-cocks in Richmond Park by George II., which Mr. Jesse tells us were wisely destroyed "in consequence of the danger to which the keepers were exposed in keeping them from poachers, with whom they had many bloody fights." It was then as artificial to hunt turkey-cocks as it is now to rear pheasants or hens, and to protect on the arable farms the game ch," to use the words of an eminent politician, "in a

country densely populated like this, must soon come to be considered as vermin." To whatever political party we belong, let us be fair-minded, and look facts straight in the face. And in what light can we esteem the game-law opinions—as tenaciously held as they are erroneous and against their own best interest—of the landed proprietors, who, it is surely not wide of the mark to say, have at least as much concern for the protection and preservation of the rabbits and the hares, and other vermin on their arable estates, as they have for the dwellings and welfare of the poor toilers of the soil? Fashions change even in sports, and squires, who whistle for a name, have in their own hands the rescinding of the game-laws; and let me ask, is it creditable to them, or is it to their own and the country's welfare, that the game should be increased and the population of farms and villages be decreased? that game preserves be carefully protected, while cottages are stripped of roofs, and the walls levelled with the ground? To sell or deal in game is, after all, not an occupation for any country gentleman; and shooting pheasants, fed like farmyard fowls, can no more receive the dignity of sport than hunting turkey-cocks could be natural to George II. Poachers, let it be frankly admitted, are parish pests; and poachers, let it be remembered, only sprang into existence with the artificial game-laws. But let any nobleman or country squire, with the strain of old blood in his veins, walk through his village some fine morning, and observe the contrast between the outwardly picturesque cottages covered with honeysuckle, ivy, and scarlet-runners, and the realism of these cottage interiors, where wretched creatures of both sexes and various ages are at night huddled in damp, rickety apartments, so full of foul air that a sportsman would not consider them fit for his horse or his dog; and then let him walk to the churchyard where fellow-mortals meditate on all that is serious in the cause of life, and with his hands behind his back look at the old family mausoleum where the family escutcheon is placed on the cold wall, then at the family records, the sacred memories of the dead written in the touching epitaphs, and let his eyes take in these dear old emblems of the swift uncertainty of life, in the sand-glasses, the smiling cherub faces, the cross-bones, and the skulls, and the tell-tale words, *memento mori*, *tempus fugit*,—that run round the broad margin of the recumbent tombstones, and there and then let him ask himself is it the interest, far less the duty or the privilege, of a landed gentry to deal in game or make money out of sport? Sport ceases to be sport the moment selling the game, or artificial means of breeding, or the excessive preservation of game, is resorted to; and it is a fact well worthy of deep consideration, that where game is most artificially preserved poaching is most prevalent, and poachers do most abound.

JAMES PURVES.

THE ORIGIN OF TITHES.

IT is more than two centuries and a half since the minds of the clergy were disturbed by the rumour that John Selden was writing a History of Tithes. The news spread fast that the greatest antiquary of his time was making the obligation to pay them rest upon "human positive law." His book was eagerly expected, and the rough sheets of it, while yet only "halfe printed and halfe writen," were obtained, it would seem surreptitiously, from the press, and subjected to the criticisms of "unequall Readers." Before it was actually published, and even before its arguments were concluded, "distempered Malice, Ignorance, or Jealousie" had "cryed it down in corners." When the book finally appeared, the very title was ominous. It seemed to some of the Church party, as under analogous circumstances it has seemed to some of their descendants in later times, that the writing of a history of an institution was an implicit denial of its divine origin. The candid and temperate disavowal of any sinister design, which the author found it necessary to prefix to his work, failed of its purpose. However much he might disavow his intention, the fact remained that he had shown tithes to have been the objects of human enactments. The High Commission Court was set in motion; and Selden only escaped the rigorous penalties of that arbitrary tribunal by signing a declaration, which, though not more explicit than his preface had been, was construed as a recantation: "My good Lords, I most humbly acknowledge mine error which I have committed in publishing the History of Tithes, and especially in that I have at all (by showing any interpretation of holy scripture, by meddling with Councils, Fathers, and Canons, or what else soever occurs in it) offer'd any occasion of argument against any right of maintenance jure divino of the ministers of the Gospell. . . ."

The action of the High Commission Court let loose the tongues of ecclesiastical pamphleteers. Spelman dealt with his great rival in an epigram beginning—

“*Sacra Dei temeras calamo, Seldene, profano,
Et male de rebus scribis agisque sacris.*”

James Sempil, who was then finishing his “*Sacrilege Sacredly Handled*,” demolished both Selden and Scaliger in an appendix. Tillesley, Archdeacon of Rochester, showed with much acumen and self-satisfaction that the book contained “more paines than truth, more strange reading than strong reasoning, more quotations than proofs, more will, God be thanked, than power.” Richard Montagu wrote “*Diatribae*” upon it, in which he congratulates King James that “by the helpe of God Almighty and his servant King James we are not made a prey unto the destroyer . . . nor shall, wee are assured, God willing, though the confident Author of the most malignant History of Tithes hath done his best to procure and effect a desolation.” William Sclater, a country clergyman, attacked the book on the general ground of theological morality. Stephen Nettles dedicated to Prideaux, then rector of Exeter, an attack upon it from the point of Rabbinical literature; and after much light skirmishing in the meantime, Thomas Comber thought it worth while, sixty-five years after the book had been first published, to bring to bear upon it a battery of arguments and quotations, which remains to this day the only serious attempt “to supply the omissions, answer the objections, and rectifie the mistakes of Mr. Selden’s History.”

But Selden’s main positions have never been overthrown. They were, in effect, that the tithes of the Christian Church are not the continuation of the tithes of the Levitical law, but that they had an independent origin, and that the obligation to pay them arises out of certain enactments of the civil power at a definite period of mediæval history. Like all historical writers of his time, though to a remarkably less degree, Selden encumbered these main propositions with unimportant outworks, some of which were no doubt open to attack. But there is a large amount of converging evidence, most of which was known to him, though he did not always see its bearings, which compels the modern student of history to regard those propositions as incontestable; and it seems worth while, especially in the absence of any good treatise on the subject, to state the case briefly from the modern student’s point of view.

Up to a certain period of history the mention of tithes is so rare as to exclude the belief that the payment of them was generally prevalent, or that the obligation of such a payment was generally recognized. The existence of other ecclesiastical institutions is proved by a continuous line of references; the exhortations or apologies of

the Fathers, the regulations of councils, the enactments direct or indirect of the civil law, leave no doubt whatever that century after century the sacraments were administered, and bishops appointed, and churches endowed. But of tithes there is hardly any mention whatever. In all the great Fathers put together, there are barely half a dozen references to them, of which not one is indicative of their general recognition, and at least one implies that they had ceased to exist: in the long row of conciliar regulations only a single local canon enjoins the payment of them, and so far from this canon establishing a precedent or a rule, its existence was denied by a bishop of the very province in which it was made, at a time when early authority for tithes was being sought for; and of civil enactments there are none. It is true that they are mentioned in the work known as the "Apostolical Constitutions," as part of the elaborate analogy which underlies that famous "Tendenz-schrift" between the Levitical and the Christian dispensations; but on the other hand they are almost wholly passed over in two remarkable kinds of literature, in which, if they had been currently recognized, they must of necessity have had a considerable place. 1. There exists, under the name of "Formulæ," a large mass of legal documents, consisting chiefly of draft deeds, to meet almost every contingency of church life in its exterior relations, such as the admission to and the tenure of church office, and the granting or holding of church property; these documents belong to almost every part of the old Western Empire, and they range in time from the sixth to the ninth centuries; tithes, if tithes had existed, must have had a prominent place in them; but as the case really stands, I have only noted, in reading carefully through all the chief collections, two insignificant references to them, of which at least one is subsequent to the date which will presently be mentioned, and is relative to a lease of church lands. 2. There exists also, under the name of "Penitentials," a large collection of lists of offences against ecclesiastical and moral law, from which a complete picture may be drawn of what were considered at the time to constitute a man's obligations towards the church; in the later books of this class the due payment of tithes is repeatedly insisted on; but up to the end of the eighth century there is possibly—for most of these books were interpolated and enlarged without scruple—no reference at all, and at most only two references, neither of which can be adduced to show that tithes were of general obligation.

But at a certain period, the middle of the eighth century, and almost continuously from that period, the mention of tithes becomes frequent; regulations respecting them occur repeatedly in both ecclesiastical and civil legislation; and there can be no doubt of their henceforward, with whatever limitations in the first instance,

taking their place as a recognized ecclesiastical institution. The negative evidence—*i.e.*, the absence or infrequency of references to them up to that time; and the positive evidence—*i.e.*, the continuous series of references to them after that time, furnish as good an example as any period of history can supply of that which Mr. Mill called “the combined method of agreement and difference,” and compel us to seek for the origin of tithes as a Christian institution within the limits of the early Carolingian period.

It will be found that the causes of the institution are not isolated, but that they lie, as the causes of almost all ecclesiastical institutions lie, in the circumstances of the times. They form part of that general change in the ownership of land in Western Europe which was brought about in the course of several centuries by the fusion or conflict of Teutonic and Roman institutions, and which resulted in what is sometimes comprehensively called the Feudal System. Whether we adopt the views of French or of German writers—from either of which a large discount must be made by their readers on account of the extent to which national honour is conceived to be involved in the determination—as to the causes of that change and their immediate operation, there can be no doubt that in the process there was much social distress and a general sense of insecurity. Partly owing to this sense of insecurity, which made the weak place themselves under the protection of the strong; partly owing to the success with which the clergy urged those who had misdeeds upon their consciences to save their souls by endowing a church; partly also, perhaps, owing to the fact that the last descendants of the rich Roman landowners preferred bequeathing their property to a church to perpetuating their race by alliances with alien races, the property of the churches of the West at the beginning of the eighth century had become enormous. Some of the land so held by the churches was let on leases, and some was cultivated by slaves or serfs; but on the one hand the leases were revocable, and under the most favourable conditions lapsed at the death of the grantor, and on the other hand it must be inferred from the frequent famines which took place that cultivation by serfs, on what was probably a *metayer* system, was an economical failure. In addition to this the State was in need both of revenues, and of soldiers, and of rewards for its soldiers. But the efficiency of the Frankish army was a matter of life and death, not to Frankland only, but to Christendom. The tide of Arab invasion had been stemmed, but not yet finally rolled back beyond the Pyrenees; and if ever there has been a time at which the maxim “*Salus populi suprema lex*” has justified itself in history, it was justified in the course which was adopted, possibly by Charles Martel, and certainly by his sons, in reference to church lands. That course was to override the nominal ownership, and to grant

perpetual leases of them, subject to the payment of a rent to the several churches to which they belonged. It carried out on a larger scale, and for State purposes, that which the churches were themselves doing to a limited extent; but it also, in contrast to the prevalent ecclesiastical practice, made the leases which it so granted perpetual. It may be doubted whether the churches were not, on the whole, rather gainers than losers by the change. For on the one hand they were better secured against the spoliation of their lands piecemeal by powerful lords, and on the other hand the payment of the rents of the leased lands was rendered less precarious by being based not upon private contract, but upon direct legislative enactment. Nor were the ecclesiastical politicians of the time dissatisfied with the change. The most important enactment of it was made at a joint meeting of clergy and laity at which Boniface was the ruling spirit, and Pope Zachary in writing to him respecting it thanks God that such good terms had been made. The names of "spoliation" and "confiscation" were afterwards freely given to it; and one of the most vivid of the vivid pictures which mediæval churchmen were fond of drawing, when they wished to take an ideal revenge upon their foes, represents Charles Martel in hell paying the penalty of his sacrilege.

But it was out of this compulsory leasing of Church lands, whatever be the light in which it is to be regarded, that the system of tithes sprang. This is a clear inference from the civil enactments which refer to them. Those enactments, up to the death of Charles the Great, are the following:—

The first is a decree of the meeting, or Parliament, held at Heristall in 779:—

"As to the properties of churches, which up to the present time, through the word of our lord the king, secular men have held in fief ('in beneficium'), let them continue to hold them, unless by the word of our lord the king, the properties be recalled to the churches. And if from them up to the present time a ninth and a tenth has gone to the share of a church, let it continue to do so; and moreover from fifty hides of land let there be one shilling rendered to those churches, from thirty half a shilling. . . ."

The next is that of the meeting which was held at Frankfurt in 794:—

"Let all who owe them from the fiefs and properties of churches pay tenths and ninths or rents, according to former capitularies of our lord the king. And let every vassal ('homo') pay from his property the legitimate tenth to the Church."

The next mention of tithes is in an angry letter which Charles wrote about this time to all the officials and magnates of his kingdom:—

"Let Your Utility be aware that there has resounded in our ears the immoderate presumption of some of you, that you do not obey your bishops . . . and moreover that with monstrous avarice you endeavour to abstract tenths and ninths from the churches of which the lands are fiefs; and that

you neglect to take leases of the properties as was provided by us in our capitulary."

The next mention is in certain injunctions to the clergy set forth at a meeting of clergy about 802, which to a casual reader might seem to give the payment of tithes a wider range:—

"That every priest should teach all who pertain to him to know how they should duly offer tithes of all their substance to the divine churches."

But the following injunction of the same meeting, which prescribes that those who pay their tithes should receive writings (*i.e.*, as is shown by Cap. Haristall. c. 15, written leases for the greater security of the tenant) shows that the limitation of the obligation to holders of Church lands still existed.

The next enactment is that of the Lombard, or Italian, capitulary (801–810), which enacts

"That whoever have fiefs of the properties of a church shall pay ninths and tenths to their churches in full, without either diminution or delay."

The next, or possibly earlier, enactment is also Italian; it gives no clue to the persons by whom tithes were to be paid, but contains the important provision that any who owed them and refused to pay were to be coerced by the civil power.

The next enactment is the instructions to presbyters in 809:—

"Let all who have fiefs of churches pay a tenth and a ninth to the church to which the fiefs belong."

Besides these enactments there are only two others up to the death of Charles which deal with the obligation to pay tithes. The one is the special case of the injunction of Pippin, the father of Charles, that, as part of a thanksgiving after an abundant harvest, every man should give alms and pay his tithe. The other is the memorable attempt of Charles to force the payment of tithes on the newly conquered Saxons; he did not indeed make the non-payment of them, as he made the eating of meat in Lent, or the refusal to be baptized, a capital offence; but it was on this point more than upon any other that the new converts tended to rebel; and Alcuin, after some ineffectual remonstrances with Charles himself, wrote to a friend that "Tithes, it is said, have ruined the faith of the Saxons."

If, consequently, we put together the fact that, on the one hand, up to the beginning of the system of granting leases of church lands by authority of the State, tithes are rarely mentioned and never enforced; and that, on the other hand, for at least three-quarters of a century after that system grew up they are mentioned, with the two exceptions which have just been stated, exclusively in relation to such leases—the inference will be forced upon us that tithes and feudal tenures of church lands were originally connected together; and that the subsequent extension of the system of tithes to all

Christian persons was due to other causes. If the question be asked, why, apart from the analogy of the Levitical tithes, a tenth part should have been fixed upon as the rent of lands held on perpetual leases, the answer will probably be found in the survival of Roman usages. A tenth of the produce was the ordinary "*tributum soli*" in the Roman provinces: and there is both antecedent probability and sufficient evidence in favour of the contention of French jurists, that this, among other parts of the Roman system of land tenure, survived the Teutonic conquest of both Gaul and Spain. In certain cases, some writers have thought in all cases, lands held in fief were subject to a payment of a tenth to the king, as over-lord: as late as the middle of the seventh century, tenths are mentioned among the conditions under which land was held by private tenants in the land laws of the Gothic King Rekesvinth; and even a century later, tenths (*i.e.*, rent-charges of a tenth) are co-ordinated with lands as property with which a church might be endowed. That the Levitical analogy was either felt or urged as a strong motive for the payment of a tenth earlier than the middle of the ninth century is rendered improbable by the fact of the almost total absence of references to it. This absence is more conspicuous than elsewhere in the great collection of dissertations, old and new, genuine and spurious, which is known as the pseudo-Isidorian decretals. The author of that collection passed the whole Church system under review. He put together not only all that he could gather, but all that he thought it necessary to invent, in support of both current, and nascent, and desired institutions. The analogy of the Old Testament was brought in without stint wherever some vague resemblance of circumstances, or some faint consonance of words, struck the fancy of the writer. But neither of tithes nor of the arguments from the Levitical law, on which in later times the payment of tithes has been made to rest, is there any mention whatever.

But as in the case of other Christian institutions which were designated by names found also in the Old Testament, this Carolingian institution of tithes came gradually to be identified with the tithes of the Levitical law, and the payment of them came to be regarded as a duty incumbent upon all Christian men. The change was part of that great revolution which in the course of the ninth and tenth centuries passed over Western Christendom, and which finally changed the institutions of the earlier centuries into an elaborate reconstruction of that which they had been designed to supersede. The relations between Church and State were those of the Books of Samuel and Kings, the Church officers became priests and Levites, the churches became temples with a daily sacrifice, and the ancient freewill offerings became the minutely calculated tithes of the Levitical law. Of each of these changes isolated instances may be found in

preceding centuries: the tendency to make Christianity the counterpart and antitype of Judaism, has never been absent from its history; but the complete triumph of that tendency, and especially its triumph in this matter of tithes, belongs in Teutonic Europe to the post-Carolingian period, and in our own country, in spite of the more than questionable authority of the Legatine Synods, to the times of the later pre-Norman kings.

The growth of this view of the nature of the obligation to pay tithes had a remarkable effect upon the conception of the purposes to which they should be devoted. Whatever points of uncertainty may still exist as to the history of their enactment, the purposes to which they were to be devoted are so clearly stated as to be beyond question. Not once or twice only, and not within a narrow area of either time or place, but repeatedly for several centuries, and in almost all decrees or exhortations in which tithes are mentioned, the rule was laid down that, like all other offerings to the Church, they were to be used for the benefit not only of the clergy but of the poor. Unlike the Levitical tithes, which were expressly given to the Levites "for their service which they serve, even the service of the tabernacle of the congregation" (Numb. 18, 21), the tithes which were paid to the Christian Churches were designed, in part at least, for the larger purposes of Christian charity. The legal enactments which enforced their payment also laid down rules for their employment. They were to be divided according to a definite proportion. The particular proportion varied according to circumstances: sometimes four parts were recognized, one to the fabric of the church, one to the bishop, one to the clergy, and one to the poor: sometimes there was an omission of one or other or both of the two first of these parts; but whatever basis of division was adopted, the share of the poor was never omitted, and it was always equal to that of the clergy. The tithes thus fulfilled the purposes partly of a "church-rate," partly of a poor-rate, and partly of a "sustentation fund." It was probably to this fact more than to anything else that they owed the rapidity of their extension and the permanence of their life. They were rooted in the necessities of contemporary society. The exigencies of the eighth century, which had rendered imperative the leasing of church lands, were succeeded by the exigencies of the ninth century, which required a considerable provision for the increasing numbers of the poor. But the growth and endowment on a large scale of special institutions, "*senodochia*," or "*hospitals*," for poor relief, and the diversion of tithes, which was also on a large scale, from churches to monasteries and to laymen, made room for the inference which was derived from the analogy of their ancient counterpart, that they were intended for the support not of the poor but of the clergy. The more the divine right of tithes came to be insisted on, the more did the clergy

come to regard them not as trust funds to be administered for the benefit of their flocks, but as private professional income: and in our own country, at any rate, the State has long been compelled to supply the place of this original poor-fund by independent, and often onerous, taxation.

It will appear from this brief sketch that tithes are not of purely ecclesiastical origin. They grew out of a necessity of State, within the Frankish domain, at an important period of European history. They were a compromise between the unlimited holding of lands by ecclesiastical corporations and the resumption, or if the term be preferred, confiscation, of such lands by the State. They also in many cases perpetuate the fact that land used to be held in limited ownership to a greater extent than is ordinarily supposed, and that the rentcharge upon land so held was sometimes made over to a church. From their wider extension to all holders of land, whether originally church land or not, and whether the land was or was not subject to a transferable rentcharge, it may be questioned whether the Church, from its own point of view, has not lost more than it has gained. For the fixing of a definite amount of offering tended to check the free flow of liberality. It substituted a tax for a gift, and in doing so it quenched the spirit of which it should have been the offspring. And from the appropriation to the clergy of that which was originally intended to be divided between the clergy and the poor, the Church has probably been a loser in a far more serious way. For it has ceased to be the great almoner, the central source from which the waters of charity were dispensed, as in its early ages, to the sick, and the friendless, and the poor. Hospitals, infirmaries, and poor-houses have passed for the most part from her hands. Private individuals and voluntary societies, State institutions and municipal corporations, almost all of them outside the specially ecclesiastical organization, do the work which the Christian churches, as such, once set themselves to do, and for which tithes and other offerings supplied the material means. To limit tithes to their original area, or to recall them to their original purpose, is as impossible as to roll back any other tide of history, and to reproduce with all its circumstances a bygone century. But the Church of modern times will be wise in time, and especially wise in face of the vast hostile population which has grown up round its walls, if it learns to depend less and less upon that which, however innocent its origin, is now only a system of compulsory taxation, and more and more upon the memory and the practice of that earlier time when with no other material aid than the free offerings of its members it humanized and Christianized a heathen world.

EDWIN HATCH.

MEDUSA.

IT was a night in spring, two friends who had been spending the evening with me were leaving me, and I came down with them to the house-door to watch their departure. As they went a neighbouring church clock struck the half-hour after eleven; it was an early hour to break up at, but one of my friends was married—he had not so “married a wife” that therefore he could not come, but he had married a wife and therefore he must go early. His determined departure took away in its train the other friend, who seemed to carry about with him a dim aroma as of approaching nuptials, though I do not remember the grounds on which I make the accusation against him. I watched them off and waved my hand to them as they turned the corner of the street, and then for a few minutes I stood still on the doorstep looking out into the murkiness of the night.

It was not a warm night, and yet there was a fatiguing element of sultriness in its constitution: a kind of steamy, quick-breathed vaporous quality, suggesting that winter could not have it all his own way even in London. But he had enough of his way to make me soon glad to shut the house-door, and go back with a shiver to sit by the fire in my working-room. The fire had some life left in it yet, and a fire by which one has worked all day, and sat cozily all the evening, is so companionable a creature that it seems to develop by the day's end some sort of right over one, and I, for one, do not like to leave it to die in solitude, but love rather to sit by it while it fades into darkness, and, as it were, to close its eyes for it. Besides too—for I am not ashamed to own that my motives are mixed—to go to bed earlier than one's wont has about it a flavour of obedience to the laws of virtue as set forth in copy-books that makes it difficult of accomplishment.

So I sat by my sinking fire for something like half an hour, and let my thoughts take me where they would, and that was into neither very pleasant nor very profitable places. Then the church clock interrupted my train of thought by striking out loudly again, and I took out my watch hurriedly, for I had forgotten what time it was, and I hate to listen and count while a clock strikes a great many strokes. For there is a nightmare of a story in my head of a man who was to be executed at twelve o'clock, and who had many, many prayers to make and thoughts to think before he could be fit for death, and who slept for a while and was wakened by a little clock striking very quietly, and who said to himself, "It is only six, or perhaps seven," and then listened while the clock struck six, and then seven strokes, and still went on, and who felt in a dreadful despair that all the strength in his body could not delay the meaning of that little clock; and it went on until the twelfth stroke, and then there came footsteps to his door.

While the clock was still striking, I felt by a small diminution of light that something was happening to my solitary tallow candle, for the careless resources of lonely housekeeping had left me with only a tallow candle that night, much to my disgust, as I had my friends to entertain. I looked at the candle, and saw that a prodigious length of blackened wick had accumulated and was falling over in my direction, and I watched it as it slowly fell, and as it fell it grew, and grew beyond the manner of wicks, and became at first a leg, and then gradually a whole black-clad figure stepping somehow out of the candle, and becoming the size of life and advancing towards me.

He—for the figure was masculine—did not touch me nor speak to me, but walked the little way to the fireplace and leaned against the chimney-piece, looking downwards at the fire, and putting up one foot on the fender as if to warm it. He was muffled in a cloak, and the foot in question had on it a tall riding-boot extending high up the leg. The leg, as I could see it, outlined on one side by fire and on the other by candle-light, was well shaped enough, but the foot seemed to have a deformity similar to Lord Byron's. I looked up at his face, and that did not carry out the notion that the foot had suggested, though I seemed to recognize it without having ever seen it before, as I might have Lord Byron's. For it was a face the like of which I had often sketched, especially as I now saw it in profile; and I knew well enough *whom* I had meant the sketches to represent, and judged by a satirical glitter in the eye (that I should have added to my sketches if I had had the skill), that it was he indeed.

He had, I also fancied, a kind of a resemblance to myself, that I could not help feeling was uncomfortable. I thought that he seemed

to wish me to commence a conversation with him, and so I refrained from making any acknowledgment of his presence, for I did not want him and I was not afraid of him, and being, by the circumstances of the evening, in a rather bad temper, I had a stolid determination not to let myself be out-stared or out-devilled by him.

So we maintained our relative positions and looked at one another quietly for a considerable time. I did not know if he could address me without my speaking to him first, and I thought that if he did he would have to address me as "mortal," and say something in King Cambyzes' vein that I should be able to laugh at him for.

This idea amused me so much that I felt my ill-humour was melting away under its influence, and that I was beginning to smile at him sardonically—nay, satanically—and it flashed across me that my expression must be becoming exceedingly like his own.

At last, quite suddenly, he burst out into a long fit of laughter and offered his hand to me, and I took it at once, and then we began to talk easily. I cannot tell who spoke the first, neither can I reproduce his words, for I do not remember them precisely, and I should do him an injustice (and we are proverbially bound to give him his due), for he spoke well. His voice and utterance I can best describe by saying that, if I had to plead with a woman for pity, I should wish to have just such a voice as his to do it with. He bore the burden of the conversation and I interspersed common-places. He said that he was passing that way, he did not particularize how, and saw that I was lonely, and being alone himself, he felt moved to join me. He added that he thought that to-night our moods were much in sympathy, at which I made the most hospitable endeavours to appear pleased. There was the least touch of diffidence about his manner that made it seem possible that at this point he might introduce a document to be signed by me with ink of my own manufacture, but if he had any such intentions he refrained.

He went on to say, "Though we start from different points, and work towards different goals, your line of action and mine often lie parallel. For you, with the best of intentions—and I give you full credit for them—do much mischief to others and get yourself into plenty of trouble, and I, with the worst intentions in the world, at least in the world no one will allow me anything better than that, not unfrequently do a good deal of absolute good." I could not make much of this, but I let him go on in the same strain to find out what he wanted, for he was far from tiresome to listen to.

All he wanted was, it seemed, that I should come for a ride with him, in which event he would show me some—*fun*.

Rather an anti-climax this seemed after the serious antecedent; yet there was a slight pause before the word *fun*, and a look in his

eye as it was pronounced, that settled in my mind that, of whatever nature it might be, it would not be like any of the things that the world calls by that name. And though I was on the high-road to sleep when he arrived, his arrival had made me thoroughly wakeful, and as I did not care greatly to go to bed with the prospect of a sleepless night before me, or to send him away and have my loneliness thrust in my face a second time that evening by his departure, I consented.

We rose to go; I left the candle burning, for I had a notion that something might happen to him if I put it out without consulting him, and I did not want anything to happen to him, as he was probably then in his pleasantest form. Also there would be an absurdity about mentioning his singular method of appearing, when there he stood, looking so much like any one else. I felt sure that, if I did refer to it, he would say that he had come in at the door and that I had not heard him knock, and had probably been drinking (as I had).

So we left the candle, and I locked the door and followed him downstairs, feeling just a little uncomfortable in the darkest parts of the passage, and much reassured when he issued out into the lamplight with no perceptible alteration in his appearance.

We walked a few steps down the street together, and then crossed it to where two horses were standing tethered by the bridles to some railings. Their well-dressed coats shone in the lamplight, and made them look like new-cast statues of bronze. They both stood very still, except for a way I noticed they had of lifting continually each hoof in succession as though the ground they stood on was scorching their feet. This action, together with their drawing now and then a deep breath with a sound surprisingly like a human sigh, made me not astonished that my companion should assist me to mount with some caution, adjusting the stirrup-leathers for me, and holding the steed's head until I was well settled in the saddle. His face was very visible to me as he stood in the full light of one of the street lamps; and, in spite of the bitterness that had certainly shaped some of its lines, I could not help liking it. One could see that he gave his whole mind to what he was about without *arrière-pensée*, and that is, I think, the sign of a man of whom it is possible to make a friend.

I began to look forward to the journey, during which I should make his more intimate acquaintance, with a kind of lazy pleasure that the singularity of his intrusion had thrown all the burden of guiding the conversation on to his shoulders.

When he too was mounted we started off together at a great pace, clattering over the stones of the deserted streets. It was not long before we were into those more crowded parts of the city where a kind of midnight fair is held by the light of guttering tallow-

candles and flaring petroleum lamps. Even here we dashed along at the same speed; and yet, though nobody seemed to notice us, we seemed to disturb nobody. There was something uncanny in the skill with which I, at other times the most wretched of horsemen, could guide the mettled creature I was riding through the surging and shouting human labyrinth.

We were soon clear of that part of the city, and I breathed more freely when we were out of the crowd and on a deadly dull and almost deserted suburban road, where there was no difficulty in avoiding the occasional late foot-passenger. On we went as fast as fast could be, and yet with such measured regularity that I fell into a kind of mazed trance for a while, listening to the sound of my horse's hoofs, and wondering whether it was a great sum of money that I was counting out by handfuls of four, or only the dripping of the roof of my house after a great storm. What brought me fully to myself again was the cold breeze that sprung up as the full moon rose, and when we were well away from the city. The sky all round was dark-grey blue without stars, and clouds were everywhere moving rapidly with the wind. The moon was shining clearly, and we were galloping on between dark hedges that seemed to dance up and down on each side of us, while the road gleamed white below us, and could be seen dimly white ahead of us going up hill and down dale.

But not thinking much of moon, or road, or clouds, I gazed with intense curiosity at my companion. The whole situation was so new and strange after my work-a-day life, where everything that happened every day was the same as something that had happened before, and where even the most interesting people I knew had told me nearly all of the interesting things that they would or could ever tell me, and where only a spark or two of really enthralling interest got ever struck out between the flinty world and the unskilfully held steel with which one strove to shape it. And he was quite new to me, and possibly full of helpful information; for though I followed his leading I had not surrendered my will to his—I would only take what I wanted from what he seemed disposed to give, and put it to my own uses. His face and appearance varied so under different aspects that it would be hopeless to try to describe him, the suggestion of a likeness in him to myself had been, I now thought, a foolish delusion on my part; there was pre-eminent in the expression of his face a freedom from perplexity, or from even the possibility of being perplexed, so that I greatly envied him.

On the road the noise of our riding was too loud for conversation, but presently—I have not the slightest conception how long after we had started—we turned from the highway and began riding over turf slopes, in the direction of the sea, as it seemed to me.

We slackened pace a little, and riding close together began to talk at once. I spoke first, driving straight at the question that was puzzling me, but beginning and breaking off in my sentence half a dozen times, until he answered the thought that was in my head, rather than anything that I had clearly expressed. I wanted to say: "Are you really the prince and source of evil and misery in the world, and if you are, what pleasure, in Heaven's name, can it be to you, and once more—what do you want with me?" He answered something like this:—

"Call what the world calls temptation, sin, misery, and aspiration, by the one name of pain, and that is the element in which I live and work. I did not begin it nor add one atom to it, and I cannot diminish it: there was, is, will be, always the same amount of pain in the world, just as there always is the same amount of water; you cannot—to follow out my image—add to or lessen that, though you may sometimes dry your own coat or pour a bucket of water over your neighbour. Do I like it? I do not, as those I deal with always do, spend my time in thinking whether I like what must be. How can I tell? Whatever one's hand may be, all the cards are dealt out, and there are only four aces in a pack; besides, one can like everything from some level of view. But how few can I persuade to look for the level that their life should have! I say to one, 'My friend, the deepest and darkest hollow in your life, where the black vapours gather and whence they rise to spread everywhere, is some passionate aspiration never to be fulfilled. Well then, let that stay where it is, be patient and humble (it is both wise and selfish to be so), and sink the rest of your life until the lowest point of that valley is the summit of a mountain, and from where you now are it is a great thing even to have aspired so passionately to so much; and the fulfilment of your desire, which was out of your reach even when the top of your mountain was the depth of a valley, is now safely remote in the sky beyond grieving for, as one cannot seriously cry for the moon. It is hard, may be, but the hard things in life are its bones and give it most of its shape, and one can always die, and nearly always one can live. But who listens to *this*, for I must tell all the other possibilities and all their consequences, though I suggest nothing and tempt to nothing; and the impatient hearer snatches at the cause and pleads my temptation when the effect, surely foretold but unregarded, follows; while the godly hearer treats my exposition with an arrogant rudeness, and when I have courteously withdrawn and left him in the hopeless safety with which stupidity environs the stupid, makes a bland fugue to himself of 'I have resisted him and he has fled from me.' If it were in me to waste time in thought without effect, I should wonder that mankind being what they are, any one of them should ever care to love or to hate another. I said

once, 'Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil,' and a momentous event followed the speech. If the god-like gain does not nearly counterbalance the knowledge of evil, of pain, am I—not *responsible*, for if the universe holds *one* fully responsible being it holds no more—but untruthful? Does not the pain follow the ignorance bestowed on man from other hands than mine? Yet from me, not *able* to speak anything but the naked truth, nor any less than the whole of it, have mankind constructed all the lies they have ever told and have named me the father of them."

As he spoke in this way, and as the sea-air blew fresher on our faces, and the horses galloped together, keeping time like musicians, and as I watched his face which emphasised each sentence he uttered, it seemed as if a clearer light was shed on my life, as if it might be for the future not such a mistake as it had been; that the pain in it might be suffered for those for whom it is the deepest pleasure to suffer pain. But when he paused for me to reply, I felt again the clothing of flesh and blood I had to wear, and its inevitable ignorance and inconsistency—inevitable, and therefore for it, *right*, and which he could not understand, though he understood both the devotion and the misery of humanity.

I felt this with a gush of pity, for it clouded the possibility of intercourse, and seemed to change him even then and there from something like an angel of light to the mocker and the blackened satyr that the inconsistency of our nature has made him. He seemed for the time less conscious than I of the change in him, for he waited some moments after I had given up all idea of possible answer, and then he suddenly struck his horse with the end of the reins, threw his head up, and began to sing in other tones than those he had used but now:—

"I fancy sometimes when I long to laugh
I should like to grin with the dead from the grave,
From under a marble cenotaph,
With every blazon the virtuous have:
A huge four-poster, where he who lay in it
Might oversleep the judgment day in it.

"How I would chuckle under the stones
To hear them rehearse my epitaph;
Shaking my most respectable bones
With an un-abashable satyr-laugh
To think, 'How he lied too when he had breath!'
When they solemnly read 'Here lieth in death.'

"And my 'virtuous walk as a husband and son,'
What says Deborah, laid here long since, to the first?
And two pauper graves, the scant word whereon
Names with my name hearts that my heart have cursed?
And my life, see 'Temperate!' Tra-la-la.
'Sober!' He-he. And 'Chaste!' Ha-ha.

"And those texts of Scripture,—I cannot quote them
Lest I split my coffin boards in glee,

Letting in the ooze,—and the prig who wrote them
 As most appropriate all to me,
 Were anything left of the breath of me yet
 The dog would be the death of me yet.

“To see too the solemn farce proceed
 In which I have played to such loud applause!
 No harm, you know, it was all decreed,
 And the cast filled up by a great First Cause.
 Yes the death's head, with the least ado,
 Laughs the last and the longest too.”

I felt bitter pain at the change in his mood and mine, but in the rhythm of his song there was something like the effect of a deadly opiate, and I must have fallen asleep for a moment at its close, for I went through with a dream that I have often dreamt in waking.

A dream of a vivid glimpse of battle as known by one of a broken army, lying just where he had been thrown, with a fevered exultation that the mere pain of crushed limbs prevailed over the agony of defeat. Dimly around him was the blazon of war, so unlike all picture or description of it, slow, mechanical, confused, and feet came trampling towards this one, and his heart was so swollen that it seemed to press itself against his ribs more urgently than they could give it room, and the foot of a victorious foe pressed his body, and he could hardly hear or see; but he knew that a bright blade was poised, and a question asked that he could deny with a clear soul by just raising his unwounded arm over his head, leaving the left side open. And then the blade came splendidly down between the ribs, sweet and cool, into the labouring heart, and he laughed to think of the welling blood and the hideous sight left to the conqueror, and the unutterable peace at last for him.

I woke up with a shudder, shook off me the nerve-thrilling power of the tones of his singing voice, and found a change in the scene about me. We were now going down a steep road between high banks with hedges on the tops of them, a rough road of stiff clay, mended in many places with large pebbles, water-rounded and telling that the sea was not far off. Our horses went on swiftly and carefully, the banks seemed to rise above us at every step, and presently we came out between tall cliffs on to a shingled bay, and the sea lay stretched out before us.

The moon was high up now and muffled in clouds, and there were great masses of dark liquid shadow about the rocks. The sea was still, and on it out to the left there was a faint glow as of the reflection of much dancing light; the light was just reflected, too, on some of the lowest misty clouds.

Our horses saw it as soon as we did, and without a word we made off for the left hand angle of the bay, they sliding and scrambling down from ridge to ridge of the amphitheatre that the waves had
 't out of the grey shingle, and I amusing myself with my absurd

sense of security in doing what at any other time would have been absurdly insecure for me. Down to the angle of the bay we came, and as the rocks were unscaleable there, we swam our horses out to sea by the side of a long black spit of rock until we reached a point where it was low enough for us to get upon it. There my companion scrambled ashore, and helped me to make a landing too, and the horses went away the way they had come. After a little climbing we stood looking landwards towards a dim roadway rather than road that seemed to lead up to some point among the cliffs where the light was.

The clouds quite covered the moon now, and made it very dark, and the way before us seemed anything but a secure one. Suddenly my companion leaned forward and whistled shrilly into the darkness; and I saw at length that a phosphorescent light that had been hovering over one of the pools in the clayey soil had recognized the signal and was coming towards us. It obeyed the signal distinctly, but it came in a strangely wayward fashion, sometimes moving to one side of the direct path to go and brood over a pool of water that we could only discern when the dim light was mirrored in it. It behaved much like a pet cat, that while obeying a summons from an acknowledged friend makes pauses for unnecessary ablution, and other assertions of liberty of action. It arrived at last about our feet, and made a pause. I thought I could distinguish a kind of weird childlike form or face in the midst of it, but when I looked at it directly, it twinkled with such suddenness and brilliancy that I had to turn away my eyes. My companion stooped and whispered to it, and it whistled and sputtered in reply. He looked up at me with a smile, and said: "I am asked for your passport, but I can assure it for you without asking for your word to it." "What is it?" said I, and the will-o'-the-wisp now moving slowly before us and shedding his light steadily on the path, began to sing as if in reply:

"A little, a very little sin,
A little deafness to virtue's din,
A touch of nature to make us kin
With the merriest half of the world we are in,
A little sin.

"Dear little sin, so hard to leave
And so dear that to quit you and make you grieve
Is not to be thought of, a saint might believe
With you in his heart into Heaven to win—
Dear little sin!

"Poor little sin, with the childlike face,
And just the teasing, tiresome grace
Of a child that begs in the market-place,
And with hardly a hint of the devil within—
Poor little sin!

"Little dainty sin, with the delicate taste
Of a slender lady whose exquisite waist
Is neither over nor under-laced;
Whose apparel is neat as a new-made pin—
Little dainty sin!

"Tiny sin, what stories the good books tell
Of you! Yet we hoard you, we cherish you well;
For even of such is the Kingdom of Hell:
And the devil, our master, has baited his gin
With the tiniest sin."

As the will-o'-the-wisp finished his song the moon broke out of the clouds again, attracting my attention and making me suddenly wonder if I were becoming mad, that I thought so continually about the moon. We had done a long scramble now, and were high up the cliffs and near, I could see, to the light that was our destination. The way was plain and even enough, so my companion dismissed our flickering torchbearer, and he blazed up and started off gliding in a swift zigzag down the hill, taking every puddle in his way and sweeping over its gleaming surface with an exulting swish, until he reached his stagnant birthplace, and hung there again almost motionless.

We went on our way, and my fellow-traveller began to talk again in a mood that might be either earnest or jesting.

"The strangest thing about you all," he said, "is that, though you are deeply scientific and striving to be more so about the weight, size, colour, and so forth of stars, that you cannot do anything with, and which at last you have found can do nothing for you, yet you are content to know nearly nothing, and trust to traditional and quite empirical guides about the play of influences between you and your fellow-man."

"See, for instance, the virtuous man endeavouring to reclaim one who is the prey to a vice. He can seldom remove from his mind as irrelevant the feeling that the sinner before him has got out of his vice a certain enjoyment denied to the more moral, and that consequently the department of virtue, in which when retrieved he ought to be placed, should have a corresponding degree of the dismal about it. This makes a difficulty at the very beginning, for the virtuous one will not acknowledge to the sinner that any enjoyment can exist in the vice, but stigmatizes it as in every way vile, degrading, filthy, and so following. The poor dear sinner cannot but feel that there is something to be said for this view of the case, yet, "the knave is mine honest friend;" a vice that has companioned a man through many turns of fortune cannot be spoken of with such disparagement as that without hurting his feelings and suggesting to his smarting soul, that perhaps this enthusiasm for virtue is more or less connected with a stomach too feeble for the fit digestion of cakes and ale. And thus they part, the one who was genuinely willing to give a good deal to be helpful, and the other possibly willing to be helped if help there might be, both assured now that the purposed reclamation is beyond hope."

"I understand you," I answered him; "but I think your sneer

is an easy one, easier than it would be to propose a better means without losing the clear distinction between good and evil."

"I have told you," said my companion, "that I don't deal in temptation, and it would be inconsistent with that if I could produce a ready-made irresistible form of persuasion to or from virtue. Yet I think I could make out a better plan than that on the spur of the moment. (If good and evil *are* two things, and not two parts of one, no words can really confuse the distinction.) Say that I borrow a hint from medicine and try inoculation. I take the same sinner as before, with his one besetting vice and a very moderate inclination to be got away from it, if somebody else will take a deal of trouble. I then present to his notice, not virtue, but another vice of equal attractions with his own and different tendencies. If he takes to it he finds a freshness and a variety about the second vice that makes him think less of the first, but the second being a thing of to-day, cannot suddenly get the hold on him that it took the other years to acquire. It occurs to him about this period to reflect for the first time where this kind of thing is likely to lead him, since wherever it may be he is obviously going thither now in a carriage and pair. By this I have him you see in considerable perplexity, and loosely attached to two vices instead of being bound hand and foot to one. Then I present myself to him and receive his confidence, and he tells me his woes and his difficulties. These I make light of, which at once arouses a sense of opposition in his mind, and I proceed to tell him that whatever he may have to grumble at in his position, it is at any rate as nothing to the dreary discomforts of virtue, and on these I descant in a tone of levity that is extremely painful to his present feelings. He gazes at me for a while in perplexity, and at last his countenance lightens and assumes that look of unutterable profundity that the males of your species have acquired by the process of remarking through successive centuries, to a less logical but, on the whole, more sensible sex, 'You don't understand these things, my dear.' And with this aspect he delivers himself of the remark that there is something to be said for virtue, after all. This I playfully admit in deference to his judgment, but suggest that in *his* case the process of conversion would be a long and tedious one, and, on the whole, not worth his while. He at once says that it is not so at all, and at the same time begins really to think it; and having got so far, the scheme develops almost of itself, and in brief space he has hoisted the colours of virtue, and is endeavouring to enlist me to serve under them."

I was half amused, half angry at his talk, but I could not find much answer to make to it, and presently a turn in the roadway changed my thoughts by bringing us face to face with a strange scene.

We were entering a small valley with high green sides, it was full

of light from innumerable torches, and here and there a fire, and it was crowded with figures moving in a dazzling confusion. The shifting of the lights as the wind affected them, and as they were now shown and now hidden by masses of figures, the strange enclosed look that this oasis of hot coloured light had amid the vastness of the night and the moonlight, the spaces of brilliancy that sometimes shone on the green sides of the valley and were eclipsed again, and the inextricable, changing, agitated pattern of light and dark woven on the grassy floor by the infinite shadows of a hundred wayward figures lit by a hundred wayward lights,—all this, and the fulness of the air of varied sound more or less human and more or less musical, for awhile dazed my senses and my thoughts.

But to this succeeded an intense desire to know something about all these strange people and creatures (for here and there came a centaur or a satyr, or some such being of an elder world). They seemed to be of all times and all manners of dress; but there was some mysterious bond between them so that the differences made no discords, as they would surely in the outer world. Some, it seemed to me, were people I knew, and yet with a strange difference that prevented their being completely recognizable; and others, again, whom I did not know had an inexplicable suggestion about them that made them seem familiar to me. I called to my companion. "Are not these people—not as they are, but as they *think* they are?" "A good guess," he answered. "Some are *that*, it is allowed to them, if they can get here, to be so for one night in the year, and some have gained for this night the desire that in the outer world is for ever refused them.

"Do you see that old man with the grimy basket and spade? He longs for a state that has an aristocracy of genius, and in which all social positions whatsoever are determined by relative strength of intellect. It is an unpractical scheme, but most unselfish on his part, for while in the world he has wealth, position, and a share in the government of his country, here you perceive he empties dustbins. Those jolly old toppers desire only infinite thirst and infinite wine of the best quality, there are many here more foolish than they.

"Do you see that beautiful girl smiling and talking with a ring of eager, impatient lovers, who look hearts and darts at her, daggers at each other, and sublime indifference on all the world besides? Well, in every-day life, that girl, with a clever head and a splendid heart, is so ill-favoured that as long as she lives no man will ever dream of asking love from her, be he never so wretched; and she knows it, and strives hard not to hate those who have the gift of beauty, and to-night, for once in her life, she has the gift herself; keep her secret and watch how she queens it with her little court, and pays way the coquetry that she has hoarded in her heart for the length

of her life. Will she have time to-night to find out that even this delight has its alloy? How will she, do you think, remember to-night to-morrow? Her life henceforward cannot be quite the same as it was before.

"That man with the haggard face, do you hear the incoherent frenzy that he utters to himself? His life in the world is a wreck, he suffers in his soul unceasing agony, yet he cannot seek death, for the chance that from the tortured activity of his brain might yet spring some fertile thought of use to mankind. Here he has the only solace possible to him, he is *mad*, and the inconsecutiveness of madness eludes the bonds of continual pain, and his imagination ranges at its will possessing all things."

I wandered away from my guide to wonder by myself at the strange beings about me: some seemed to me as if they were by-gone fancies of my own, unachieved and having existence only here, and some seemed in a manner linked with wild and foolish thoughts of mine, and made my blood tingle with shame as they flitted past me with a smile of recognition. My guide followed me after a while, and then leading me to a part of the valley where there was dancing going forward, suggested that we should join. Nothing at the moment seemed better worth doing, so I asked the hand of a slender-limbed pliant wood-nymph of a creature with eyes like those of a fawn. I could see that my guide smiled at some, to him, unwisdom in my selection, but he refrained from speech, and led out, on his part, a girl with rounded limbs and a face void from its very perfection. We did not join hands in dancing, but my partner from a belt of flame that girt her waist drew out a long fiery strand, which, when she threw it at me, coiled round my body linking us together. As the figures of the dance sometimes took us far apart, the chain of fire was drawn out to a thin line of brilliant sparks, and then it would break, and flashing back to its owner, coil and blaze around her waist to be thrown anew to me.

Our movements were made to the time of a song that we sang, something like this:—

"Sudden sorrow, sudden light,
O'er the soul too slackly bent
Of him who needeth not repent
Break, inextricably blent
Through the haze of his content.
Peace, but peace plucked out of fight,
And to fall again in strife,
Is the dancing hour of life.

"Dance and song and fantasy
Cannot dwell with joy alone:
But between the loss and moan,
Between the death-stroke and its groan,
Is a moment to atone:
Moment of no lethargy,
Given more than mortal power,
Soul's transcendent dancing hour."

A flash of vivid recognition broke for me the spell of the dance; a chance chasm had opened for a moment right through the environment of shifting masses of people, and I saw a figure that I knew. The fire-chain broke into thin smoke, and I began to make my way through the flitting crowd until I was stopped for a moment by him who had brought me hither. "What are you looking for?" he said detaining me. "A friend," I answered, I could not say more to him. "Do not go," he went on, "no good can come of it, nothing but danger; it is not well to cross her path—she is Medusa; if she turns her eyes upon you she will freeze you into stone, into a death worse than any death. I know with what power she draws you to her, but nothing can be worth the price she exacts. I beseech you stay—at least pause." I made him the answer that is always made to such advice; I flung him off and went my own way.

She sat remote from the throng near a small rift in the valley wall which showed her a glimpse of the sea, nor did she move as I slowly approached her. She was seated on a low rock, the elbow of one arm resting on her knee. The fingers of that hand held lightly the string of rubies that encircled her neck, and her chin rested on the back of it while the other hand hung loosely beside her. "Not Medusa," I said, for the masses of her hair, touched here and there with gold from the distant torchlight, were distinct in every exquisite curve, except that they were ringed as by a circle of dim blue cloud with a little shivering motion in it. Surely not Medusa, for though the side of her face only was towards me, and her eyes were turned away looking out over the dark sea, so that I hardly saw the iris, it were blasphemy to think that danger could lurk in so exquisite a face as that. To look on it was to feel that all doubt, hope, despair, struggle whatsoever, was gone from the soul, to make room for one immense emotion of adoration. The whole world of action, of life, and of thought, was empty of all but the two things—death, and her beauty.

How can words describe the beauty that is so divine that the heart cannot hold the fulness of it, but is again and again thrilled with surprised delight at its excellence? To try is only to make a heap of epithets. If it had been the highest aim of splendid pagan Phidias to shape that head and perfect form of hers for the noblest and purest goddess that Greece could conceive, and if, again, some mediæval Italian, full of mystic devotion for the Divine Virgin, and of deep fanciful Dantesque passion, had added to face and form touches of thought and possibility, and exquisite, almost *happy* melancholy; and if, once more, our greatest Shakespeare had infused and vivified the whole with his best conception of womanhood, tender, humorous, and pure, and if the intelligence that presided at my birth and knew by the stars that shone what would be my deepest aspirations, had dowered

this Pandora with the gift to more than fulfil them all,—that would be for me loveliness like this.

But when the beauty had pierced more and more deeply into my heart, I thought *then* : She must be Medusa, and she will look at me once ; it were too cruel else. I knelt by her side and began to say :—“ You *will* look at me. Only in our brain-clouded world is beauty without mercy, with you beauty is fearless and pitiful. There is a story of a straying hunter who by chance saw a virgin goddess unveiled, and she changed him into a stag and let him be hunted to death by his own dogs ; people in the world call that revenge, I say it is pity. She would not let him lead a weary life after that, nor would she quench the flame of adoration in his heart at once ; but she gave it time to burn awhile, with the dog’s pursuit and the pangs to break off the hopeless thoughts as they rose. That is the story, and I have sometimes fancied this ending to it. That a horn blown on the hill-side called off the masterless dogs, leaving the hunted hunter yet alive ; and that he limped back to the sheltered pool again, and found the white-limbed goddess still beside it, and then with his muzzle upon her knee, and perhaps even her hand upon his head, sobbed out the last of his life, with her grey eyes looking into his fading ones. Have you some such last moment for me ? ”

She lifted the hand that hung by her side, and laid it upon my forehead, and once again on that strange night I began to dream—dreams hard to describe, for I think there was little said or done in them ; the delight of them was the exquisite sense of companionship with her ; and as dreams will do, they enshrined that companionship, of itself sufficient to make an elysium in the fairest places known to thought or fancy.

At one time it was, I think, in a halting-place for pilgrims, in the days when Chaucer and pilgrimages were. We sat together resting, with milk and crisp bread and fragrant honey spread on a white cloth before us, in a kind of half-consecrated pilgrim hostelry, in an upstairs room with great oaken balcony and outside staircase—a room that looked the cooler for the hot sunshine shining outside on the river and on the fresh grass full of daisies, and on dusty foot-travellers and clinking riders in their mail. How the reflected sunlight loved her, and what soft lights it breathed on her face, and what colour it shed into its shadows ! It caressed every plait and fold of her dress, from the delicate lace at her throat to the hem at her feet, and touched every thread of gold in the pattern of the brocade she wore as if that were woven out of sunshine too.

There were other people in the room—an old nun with half a dozen quaintly-dressed hungry schoolgirls, who all looked at us and talked of us half audibly from the standpoints of their varying ages.

We talked too, and laughed at delicious trivialities, either striving to be more childish than the other. We discussed a sunbeam flickering about the polished beams of the ceiling, and having found that when he danced most there rose from below the sound of thirsty horses drinking, we decided that a ray of sunlight on the horse-trough was his origin, and descended to less arduous topics. The lady nun turned a stern countenance on us at first, but my companion's pure sweet face soon melted her severity (as what might it not?) and the youngest of the little hooded creatures was allowed to come across the room, and after due crossing of her little bosom, and the lisping of a fragment of baby-latin grace, to demolish bread and honey, in spite of the worldly beauty of my fellow-pilgrim or my own worldly passion. The dream shifted and broke many times, as dreams do, with always, *always* the same thread of gold in it, and all manner of beautiful colours twisted in with that thread—I think it ended with our hearing some great choral heart-stirring music, something very sacred, with silvery bell-chiming and vast organ fugues, we two listening alone, in the great frescoed nave of a vast dim cathedral.

As it ended, I woke to a shrill sound as of cock-crow, and I saw there was growing light in the sky. I looked about for the weird company who had filled the valley, and saw that their torches were burning out, and they themselves fading away, and at the same time I felt that even the remembrance of them was becoming indistinct in my mind.

I turned swiftly round again to her, by whose feet I knelt, my heart leaping with terror at the thought that she might have disappeared in that moment. But she was still by me, though the cloud around her head had grown large and had begun to shadow her face. I leaned forward and turned my face up to hers, but I never saw it, a freezing blindness consumed my eyes, and she shook her masses of hair over me, and I felt them fall on my shoulders like a wave of blood, and then turn to a shuddering mass of serpents.

Felt only for a moment, for the stony cold soon gained the heart, and wedged out of it the life—soul—what do you call it?—that fragile waif, like a bubble of foam that the sea-wind blows ashore, and that leaps from ridge to ridge of the hot sand, less palpable at every bound.

And the body with the heart that beat not long since! A grey stone with a dim grotesque mockery of human form about it, left in a cliff valley, where no one cares to seek it, with the sea-surf to crust it with salt, and the black and yellow lichens to cover it with colour inch by inch.

H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

THE GODS OF CANAAN.

MIDWAY between the eastern and the western worlds, between the immemorial civilization of Egypt and the rich valleys and snow-clad mountains of Asia Minor, lies the once wealthy island of Cyprus. It has been the meeting-place and battle-ground of all the nations who have left their mark upon the history of the ancient East. Babylonian, Assyrian and Egyptian, Phœnician and Greek, Hittite and Roman, have all passed through it or planted their colonies upon its shores. The kings of Assyria called it the "Island of the Ionians;" but there was an earlier epoch, when it was known rather as Chittim, when the Greek stranger had not as yet supplanted the Phœnician in the waters of the Mediterranean. Cyprus, in fact, was the first of Phœnician colonies; Phœnician traders sailed from its harbours, and the most famous of the shrines of the great Phœnician goddess rose upon its coast. This was the temple of Astartê or Ashtoreth, the Phœnician Aphroditê, at Paphos, the fame of which lasted down to the days of the Roman Empire. Coins and gems tell us what it was like. In the centre of the temple was a nave, on either side of which ran an aisle of lesser height. In front stood the chief altar, on which the rain was said never to fall. No sacrifices were ever offered upon it; incense alone was burnt in honour of the goddess within. But the goddess was represented by no image, no idol of stone or metal or wood. A stone column of cone-like shape was the only symbol that stood inside the shrine, like the stone symbol that still exists inside the old Phœnician temple, now called the Giants' Tower, in the Island of Gozo. Legend declared that it had fallen from heaven, as had the aerolite before which sacrifices were offered in the great temple of the Asiatic Artemis at Ephesus. Between the shrine and the vestibule were hung two

chandeliers, not unlike those which adorned the temple of Jerusalem, and at the entrance were two pillars reminding us of Jachin and Boaz, the two pillars in the porch of the Jewish sanctuary, which Phœnician artists built for Solomon. The walls were constructed of huge, unshaped blocks of stone, and the hill whereon the building stood was named Galgi or Gilgal, "the cairn," while the air above was filled with doves, the gentle messengers of Ashtoreth.

The worship of Ashtoreth, like the kindred worship of the Sun-god, Baal, marked the footsteps of the Phœnicians wherever they trod. They were a restless people, and there were few parts of the Mediterranean to which their trading ships did not, sooner or later, come, bringing with them the elements of culture and the civilization of the East. It was only in the language of the Greeks that they were termed Phœnicians. "Phœnician" is but a translation of Kefa or Kêphene, the inhabitant of the palm-land, the name under which they were known to the ancient Egyptians. On the monuments of Egypt Keft is Phœnicia, while Keft-ur or "Greater Phœnicia," the Caphtor of the Old Testament, denotes the coast-land of the Delta, where multitudes of Phœnician colonists had settled from an early period. But the title which they themselves gave to their mother-country was Canaan, "the lowlands," fitly denoting the narrow strip of plain shut in by mountain and sea on which Sidon and Tyre and Gebal and the other cities of Phœnicia had been built. The title came in time to be extended to the whole tract of country ordinarily known to us as Palestine or Philistia; but this was because the tribes which peopled it belonged to the same race, spoke the same language, and used the same manners and customs as the natives of Canaan proper. When the Israelites invaded Palestine, their enemies were roughly divided into the Canaanites of the plains and valleys, and the Amorites of the hilly districts. Apart from their names, however, there was little difference between the two; though possibly the Amorites were ruder than their neighbours of the plains, and included descendants of the aboriginal population whom the Semitic Canaanites had dispossessed.

However this may be, the Canaanites of Palestine and the Canaanites of Phœnicia were one and the same people. We may call them, if we will, Canaanites of the north and Canaanites of the south, but we must not forget that in language, race, culture, and, above all, religion, they differed only as one Greek State differed from another. The gods of Canaan were the gods of Phœnicia as well as of Palestine, and the rites which were practised in Phœnicia were practised in Palestine as well.

Unfortunately we know but little of Canaanitish religion except in the days of its decay. When the old cities of Phœnicia had passed under a foreign yoke, when new creeds and new ideas had been

introduced, and the spirit of an unbelieving Greek philosophy had penetrated into the minds of the educated classes, an attempt was made to gather together the religious legends of the several States, and to present the world with a systematized account of the gods of the Phœnicians. Fragments of this account in the Greek translation of Philo of Gebal have been preserved, and scholars have long found abundant employment in analyzing and comparing them. The original work, translated by Philo, was written by a priest named Sanchuniathon, "the gift of the god Sakun," whose date has been assigned to the age of the Judges in Israel, but who must have lived at the earliest under the Persian domination. The myths of Gebal, of Tyre, of Sidon, and of the Canaanites generally, are all mixed and fused together in the fragments we possess, and the Greek names under which their chief personages appear are sometimes difficult to understand. Nevertheless, with the help of inscriptions, of proper-names, and of the notices of the religion of the Southern Canaanites contained in the Old Testament, it is possible to make out a consistent and connected story. We must, however, remember that the deities of a past age have been rationalized into human beings, and that the separate traditions of different tribes have been thrown together without marks of distinction. Thus we find two entirely different accounts of the Creation, one of which bears a striking resemblance to the account given in Genesis, as well as to that recovered of late years from the clay records of Assyria. In both Philo and Genesis we are told of the *bohu* or chaos, "waste and desolate," of the darkness in which it was enshrouded, and of the *ruakh* or "spirit" which brooded over it, and gave rise to a watery substance, "the deep" of the Biblical narrative. But here the Phœnician document parts company with both the Old Testament and the legends of Assyria. The Creation itself, the movement which brings light and life out of chaos, is the work, not of the Word of God, but of desire, of the yearning felt by the Spirit for the chaos on whose bosom it reposed.

The chief object of Canaanitish worship was the Sun, the source of light and life, and at the same time the destroyer of living things in the fierce heats of summer. But it was more especially as creator and generator that the sun was adored. To him Nature owed its origin and existence, and his reappearance was anxiously looked for after the darkness of night or the clouds of winter and storm. The sun, therefore, was much more than the simple luminary of day, the lord and ruler of heaven; he was a creating power, whose presence was felt even where his rays did not shine, who might be recognized in all the generative forces of Nature, and by the side of whom stood a female power, like the woman by the side of the man. All living beings were his offspring; but it was because he was a father, united

with his double or "reflection," as the husband is with a wife. The Sun-god, consequently, did not stand alone; by the side of Baal, "the lord," stood Penê-Baal, "the face of Baal," more commonly known as Ashtoreth or Astartê. But Ashtoreth was not only the face or reflection of Baal; the pious Phœnician saw in her also the crescent moon, the pale reflection of the sun.

The forms under which the Sun-god might be worshipped were as numerous as the operations of Nature in which he displayed himself, or the separate cities upon which he shone. Hence, besides Baal, the supreme "lord" of Canaanitish faith, there were Baalim innumerable, as there were also Ashtoreth or Astartês, besides Ashtoreth. We hear of Baal-Peor, the god of the mountains of Moab; of Baal-Berith, the covenant-god of Shechem; of Baal-Zebub, the god of Ekron, adored under the form of a monstrous fly; of Baal-Hammâm, "the lord of heat," who became the Zeus Ammon of the Greeks; of Baal-Melkarth, the special deity of Tyre. Baal, in fact, was but a title, which was applied to the Sun-god wherever or in whatever form he might be worshipped. There was a time when the God of the Hebrews also had been addressed by the same title; the son of David was called Baal-yada (Beeliada, 1 Chr. xiv. 7), and the son of his friend Jonathan Merib-baal (1 Chr. viii. 34). It was only when the associations connected with the title had made it abhorrent to the pious Israelite, and the prophet Hosea had declared that the God of Israel should no longer be termed Baali, "my Baal" (Hos. ii. 16) that *el*, "god," and *bosheth*, "shame," were substituted for it, so that Beeliada became Eliada (2 Sam. v. 16), and Merib-baal Mephibosheth (2 Sam. iv. 4).

But Baal was not the only title by which the Sun-god was known. He was also El, "god"—a name, however, little used in the southern parts of Phœnicia—Elyon "the most high," or Melech, Moloch, "king," or again, Adon "master," and Adoni "my master." Elyon, "the most high," was the name under which he was worshipped chiefly at Gebal, where he was said to have married the sister-town of Beyrût, and to have been slain in a conflict with the wild beasts of savagedom and anarchy. But other myths spoke of him as El, and told how he had founded Gebal and struggled for the mastery against the Baal of Sidon and Tyre. Like the Kronos of the Greeks, he slew his own son Sadid and cut off his daughter's head with the sword, while he rent his father, the sky, into pieces, filling the streams and rivers with the blood that flowed from the mangled corpse. Here the veil of the legend can be easily lifted: the blood of the sky is the rain which is poured upon the ground before the Sun-god pierces the dark storm-cloud that covers his face. Yet another myth told of the sacrifice offered by El when danger threatened his land—a sacrifice repeated but too often by his

worshippers in later days. High upon the peak of the consecrated mountain, where men held nearest converse with the gods, El invested his son Yeûd, "the only-begotten," with the adornments of royalty, and sacrificed him to the deities whose wrath had been aroused. The myth was but the reflection of the hideous practice which stained the ritual of the Canaanites with blood. The calamities which befell mankind were, they believed, the signs of divine anger, and must be propitiated by the sacrifice of that which was nearest and dearest to the worshipper. Baal was not only a god of beneficence and creation, he was also a jealous god, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children; not the father of men merely, but their destroyer as well. To him, therefore, the parent had to bring his first-born, his only one; to resign him to death without tears or regret, while the cries of the innocent sufferer were drowned in the noise of flutes and tamburines, and the image of the stern deity was crowned with flowers. And the sacrifice had to be made by fire—by that pure element which formed the very essence of the Sun-god, and through which he dealt both life and death. The human victim was burned alive, a mode of death which the Jew of later times euphemistically described as passing through the fire. The custom, it must be said to the credit of the Semitic race, was not of Canaanitish origin. It had been borrowed, with so much else of religion and ceremonial, from the primitive Accadian population of Babylonia; but once borrowed, it became an integral part of Canaanitish belief. It was no sign of savagery or brutality, but of profound self-sacrifice, which led the worshipper to give even more than his own life to the offended gods. It was, in fact, a true *auto-da-fé*, or act of faith, and so deeply rooted was the conviction of its necessity, that not only did the Israelites yield again and again to its fascination despite the remonstrances of the prophets, but in far later times, when Carthage had been overthrown by the Romans, all the edicts of the conquerors, all the vigilance of their police, were unable to prevent the horrible sacrifices from secretly taking place. Whatever religious doctrine the Semite has once adopted he has always clung to ardently and fiercely; the empty form of leaping through the flames which superseded the burnt sacrifice among other peoples, could never satisfy him; when he ceased to burn his children to Baal it was because he had ceased to believe in Baal.

It was as "king" that the destroying Sun-god was more particularly adored. He was the "king of the city," Melkarth, a name which Greek popular etymology transformed into Makar ("Il.," xxiv. 544); elsewhere, as among the Ammonites, he was simply "the king," Milcom, Malcham, or Moloch. To Moloch the fires of sacrifice were lighted in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and the princes of Judah brought their first-born to perish in the flames. Malik, too,

was honoured in Assyria, and it was to Anammelech and Adrammelech, to "king Anu" and "king Adar," that the inhabitants of Sepharvaim, or Sippara, on the Euphrates, burnt their children in the fire. When invoked as Adon or Adoni, the Sun-god showed himself under a kindlier aspect. It was a title that brought with it no grim or unholy associations, and the prophets of Israel, accordingly, did not proscribe the use of it as they did the use of Baal. Throughout the books of the Old Testament their God is addressed as Adonai, and a time came when superstition caused the proper name of that God, national though it had been, to be disused and Adonai substituted in its stead. Nowhere in the Greek translation of the Septuagint do we find Yahveh (or Yahu); its place is taken by Κύριος; and in the Masoretic copies of the Hebrew text, though the consonants of Yahveh are written, the vowels inserted underneath them are the vowels of Adonai, which the Jew is bound to pronounce. When the scholars of Europe turned their attention to Hebrew in the sixteenth century, they imagined that the vowels ought to be sounded along with the consonants, and so produced the hybrid monster *Jehovah*, which the English reader has still further deformed by pronouncing the German consonant at its beginning as though it were the English *j*.

Perhaps there was a special reason why the title Adonai remained in favour with the Jewish prophets. It had long been in use at Jerusalem, and in Judah generally as the title of the Supreme Deity. Adoni-Tsedek, "Adoni is Tsedek," was the name of the Amorite king of Jerusalem whom Joshua defeated, and Adoni-Bezek, "Adoni of Bezek," was the prince overthrown by the tribe of Judah a few years later. Tsedek, "the just," is the Sydyk of Sanchuniathon, the father of the Kabeiri. Adoni, therefore, was a name familiar to Jewish ears, a name long in use among those Canaanites whom the tribe of Judah had partly destroyed, partly amalgamated, and was even more familiar to the people than the name Baal itself.

Such, then, were the Baalim of Canaan, the manifold aspects under which the Sun-god revealed himself to his worshippers, varying with the season of the year and the locality in which he was adored. Now he was the stern El or Moloch, now again the beneficent Adoni, now Baal-Hammâm, the Baal of the fierce heats of summer, destroying the creatures he himself had made, or Baal-Shemaim, "the lord of heaven" and father of mankind, to whom the first generations had lifted up hands of prayer. But even more numerous still were the Baalim worshipped among particular tribes or in particular cities. Wherever the high place had been consecrated on the sacred summit of the hill, wherever the temple had been founded in the midst of the populous town, there was the special Baal who looked after the interests of his adorers, hating their enemies and loving their friends.

Baal-Melkarth was the God of Tyre, Baal-Zebub of Ekron, Baal-Gad of the shrine of Gad. Thus while Canaanitish religion was fundamentally national, acknowledging but one supreme god and beholding him in all the operations of Nature, it was at the same time intensely tribal. Just as Israel had its own, its covenant God, so too had each Canaanitish community. The power and protection of this special Baal did not extend beyond the territorial limits of his worshippers; the gods of the hills had no influence in the plain or the gods of the plain among the hills. While Israel still addressed its God as Baal, a careful distinction was made between the Baal of Israel and the Baalim of Canaan, and even David asks Saul why he would drive him not only from his country but also from his God? It was not until the later age of systematizing philosophy, when the spirit of Greece combined with the spirit of the Semite, and the rivalries of the Phœnician cities had long been suppressed under the unifying rule of Persia, that the individual Baalim were absorbed in the one supreme Baal, and consciously regarded as but so many attributes or aspects of the common national deity.

By the side of Baal, the "lord," as we have seen, stood Baaltis, the "lady." She was but his "face," or reflection, just as woman, according to the conception of the Semite, was but the reflection of man. The subordinate part played by female deities in Phœnician religion will account in some measure for the ready way in which a belief in a goddess or goddesses was eradicated from the popular faith of the Jews. In this respect the Canaanite differed strikingly from his brethren in Assyria and Babylonia. Here the goddess occupies almost as important a place in mythology and religion as the god; she is no mere double of the male deity, but an active and independent power. The reason of this is easy to explain. The religious cult of Assyria was largely borrowed from that of the pre-Semitic Accadians of primæval Chaldea, and the Accadians honoured the woman as the equal, if not as the superior, of man. Among them, therefore, the goddess held as high a rank as the god, and continued to hold it when they had handed on their deities and ritual to their Semitic conquerors. If the female deity ever emerged into a position of importance and independence among the sons of Canaan, it was through that early influence of a more cultivated people which had affected their ancestors in the valley of the Euphrates.

The proof of this is not far to seek. We find two divinities only in Canaan who can be called goddesses in the true sense of the word. These are Ashtoreth, the goddess of the Northern Canaanites, and Ashêrah, the goddess of the Southern Canaanites. Students of the Old Testament have often confounded them together, while our Authorized Version has made confusion worse confounded by translating Ashêrah "a grove." In many respects, it is true, the two

deities resembled one another, but there were also many other respects in which they differed. Ashtoreth is the Istar of the Assyrians, a name which, as is shown by the want of a feminine termination, is not even of Semitic derivation. Both name and deity have alike come from the Accadians. Istar was the goddess of love and war, the patroness of the moon and the planet Venus, the equal and sometimes the rival of the male deities. So, too, was the Phœnician Ashtoreth, or Astartê, "with the crescent horns," as long as she was regarded as the goddess of the moon and the planter of love in the hearts of men. But in passing to the West, Istar underwent transformation. Not only did she become Ashtoreth, with the Semitic feminine suffix attached to her name, but she also became the mere double of Baal, the Sun-god. Hence in the Phœnician Ashtoreth we have to see the amalgamation of two essentially different conceptions—the Accadian goddess of love and war and the Semitic female reflection and consort of the male deity. It is the first Ashtoreth who became the Aphroditê of the Greeks, the Astartê of Paphos and Ashkelon; the second Ashtoreth represents the plural Ashtaroth of the Old Testament.

Like Ashtoreth, Ashêrah carries us back to the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. The word is an Assyrian one, and denotes the rich fecundity of Nature. Ashêrah was the goddess of birth and growth; the season over which she presided was the season of spring, and it was to her that the first-fruits of the earth were offered. She was symbolized, like Astartê at Paphos, by an upright cone of stone, or the trunk of a tree which had been chipped of its branches. Both symbol and goddess were often confounded together, and the Jewish prophets denounce them both under one and the same name. The symbol, however, was not peculiar to the goddess. Baal also, as god of generation, had upright columns, the "sun-images" of the old Testament, dedicated to him, two of which stood at the entrance of the great temple which Hiram reared to Baal Melkarth at Tyre. A similar column, surmounted with a star, represents on gems the Moon-god, the chief deity of Harran.

Both Ashtoreth and Ashêrah, when viewed as independent deities, were worshipped with rites which seem to us too strange and foul to have been ever practised in the name of religion. But we must not forget that pagan religion did not imply morality. It was a strict attention to matters of ritual with which human conduct had nothing to do. The myths told of the gods frequently violated all the moral principles which govern a civilized community, and came down from a time when barbarous man did that which was right in his own eyes. The Phœnician did not go to his religion to learn the rule of right and wrong; his religious duty consisted in winning the the gods or deprecating their resentment; and this could

only be effected by sacrifice and offering, and the strict performance of the ritual. Whatever, therefore, was done in the service of religion lay outside the sphere of morality; the ethical principles which controlled daily life ceased to exist within the precincts of the temple. It was this view of religious worship and duty against which the prophets of Israel protested, but protested so long in vain. Religion, mythology, and ceremony, were all united together. Religion was dogma enacted on the stage, the representation of the actions and sufferings of the gods. The worshipper became one with the deity, by doing himself what the deity was supposed to have done. He was thus placed in sympathetic union with the divine, and offered in his own person the sacrifice needed to obtain the favour of heaven. Hence the prostitution which disfigured the worship of the goddesses of Canaan, as well as of the Sun-god himself. Eunuchs, and worse than eunuchs, served in the temples; the foulest acts were performed in the name of religion, and the unmarried maidens were required to sacrifice their honour to the gods. It was all performed in cold blood, as a religious duty, not as a gratification of the passions. No wonder that the Jewish prophets lifted up their voices at the abomination, and cried aloud against the obscene rites of Canaan, which had defiled the inner sanctuary of the temple of Jerusalem itself.

It was more especially during the autumnal festival, which commemorated the death of the Sun-god, slain by the boar's tusk of winter, that these rites took place. In days long since past the Accadians of Chaldea had recounted how Duzu or Tammuz, the young and beautiful Sun-god, the "only son" of heaven, had been the bridegroom of the goddess Istar. As he hunted in the enchanted forest he was slain by an evil monster, and Istar wept in vain over his blood-stained corpse. The blood could not be stanchd, and the Sun-god had to descend into the nether darkness of the underground world. Thither the goddess descended also in her passionate love, and was imprisoned like her husband in the comfortless realm of the dead, until the bright powers of heaven sent "the renewal of light" to release her and Tammuz from their sojourn below. The waters of life that bubble up beneath the golden throne of the spirits of earth were given them to drink, and the Sun-god and his bride rose again from the embraces of death. The story sank deep into the mind of the uncultured Semite, while he yet lived under the shadow of the Accadian empire, and his descendants carried it with them to their new home in the west. Each year at Gebel, when the streams ran stained with the red clay of the hills, the women wept for the death of Tammuz, and saw his blood in the crimson waters by the side of which they sat. For seven days the funeral feast was celebrated, and the air filled with cries and lamentations. When, in the later days of commercial intercourse, the art and wisdom of Egypt came

to Gebal, Tammuz was identified with Osiris, and the priests of Phœnicia saw in the Egyptian Sun-god, who was slain, and yet destined to rise again from the dead, their own Sun-god Tammuz. To Byblos or Gebal, therefore, the ark, in which the dismembered limbs of Osiris were hidden away, was believed to have been carried by the waves, and at Byblos they were found by the mourning Isis, even as Tammuz had been found by Istar in the underworld. The day of finding was followed by the day of resurrection. When the seven days of mourning were over, grief gave place to uncontrolled joy. It was now that the renewed union of Istar with Tammuz was enacted in the persons of the worshippers; the women gave themselves up to strangers in the courts of the temples, and licence without restraint reigned on every side.

The feast of autumn was not the only feast that was held in honour of Tammuz. There was also the feast of spring, when again the death of the beautiful god was celebrated with all the marks of excessive grief. The eunuch priests ran through the streets, or sat in silent sorrow around the empty sarcophagus in which the body of the god was believed to lie; the women, with unkempt hair, uttered shrill cries of lamentation and lacerated their breasts, while vases filled with withered flowers, and called the Gardens of Adonis, were exposed to the scorching heat of the midday sun.

Adonis was the Greek form of the Phœnician Adoni, the title by which Tammuz was specially addressed. It was the name under which he became known to the Greeks when they received the myth of his death from the Phœnicians; Ashtoreth became Aphroditê, and Adoni Tammuz became Adonis. The Greeks, however, were not the only nation of the West which adopted the old Accadian legend of the Sun-god. The nations of Asia Minor also found a place for it in their own mythologies. A similar tale had been told of the Sun-god Attys, and the rites with which Attys was worshipped were of a like kind, so that there was little difficulty in identifying Attys with Tammuz, and fusing together the beliefs and ritual of Phrygia and Accad. But with Attys and Asia Minor the Phœnicians had nothing to do; the Accadian myth came to Asia Minor through another channel than Phœnicia, and we may therefore pass over the modifications undergone by the worship of Tammuz among Kappadokians and Phrygians. They need only just be glanced at, to show how widely the myth travelled in the ancient world along with the religious ceremonies entwined about it.

In Canaan itself, however, as was inevitable, it also underwent modifications. It was a myth which was the common property of the whole Canaanitish race. Even within the courts of the Temple of Solomon, in a chamber where the elders of Judah sat, surrounded by the images of their totems upon the walls, Ezekiel saw the women

weeping for Tammuz. From Nineveh and Babylon in the east, to the shores of the Mediterranean in the west, the same cries went up to heaven, the same rites were practised, the same Divine name was invoked when the autumn brought with it the first notice of approaching winter. But there were some who averred that it was not the wild boar that had dealt the youthful Sun-god the fatal blow. He had stricken himself to escape the embraces of the goddess of love and preserve his honour unscathed. There was yet another story which made him mutilated and slain by the sickle of his own revolted son; while the legend of El, sacrificing his only born son Yeûd on the high-place of Canaan, is but the myth in another form. Yeûd is merely the Phœnician rendering of the Accadian Tammuz. A time came when the myth was still further modified in accordance with the gentler feelings of a later age. Circumcision took the place of sacrifice, and the Sun-god ceased to be the first of the long line of human victims whom the parents of Canaan offered to their offended deity, and became instead the founder and patron of the rite of circumcision. Can we help being reminded that Abraham, who bound his only-born Isaac on the sacrificial altar of the high-place of Moriah, was also the "father of circumcision" among the people of Israel?

It has been necessary to speak of Tammuz as if he had been a separate and independent divinity, unrelated to the other forms under which the Sun-god was worshipped by the Canaanites. And this was strictly the case, if we look only to the two great feasts celebrated in his honour. At these Tammuz was doubtless conceived as an independent deity of whom an individual tale was told. But his title Adoni shows us that in reality Tammuz also had become but a form or aspect of the supreme Sun-god. He was as much Baal-Tammuz as Melkarth was Baal-Tsur. And opposed to him stood Baal-Tsephon, "Baal of the North," the maleficent form of the Sun-god, who, like Typhon in the myth of Osiris, had been the cause of his death. Baal-Tsephon was dreaded more particularly by the sailors. When the cold and gloom of winter set in, the north wind rages over the Mediterranean, bringing shipwreck and disaster to the traveller by sea. To Baal-Tsephon, therefore, stood two temples on the lofty mountains which overlook the sea at either extremity of Canaan, and in them the sailor made his vows or hung up his offerings. Each mountain was called Kasios by the Greeks, from a Phœnician word signifying an extreme point or promontory. The northern Kasios commanded the entrance to the Bay of Antioch and is termed Baal-Tsephon in an inscription of Tiglath-Pileser II.; the southern Kasios jutted out from the edge of the Serbonian lagoons between Alexandria and the Philistine coast. Mountains had a peculiar sanctity in the Canaanitish faith. The mount was a consecrated spot, and the name of Hermon "the san

still survives to bear witness to the belief. The gods of Canaan, the king of Syria imagined, were essentially gods of the mountains, and Phœnician mythology made Lebanon and Kasios giant deities of old time. Hence it is that so many of the Baalim are called after the high-places where they were worshipped, and that in the Greek period the temples raised on the flanks of Hermon were made to look towards the great central shrine which crowned its summit.

We may pass over the long list of the inferior deities of Canaan, of whom we know little save the names. Some of them had been borrowed from the nations whom the Canaanites had dispossessed; others had been brought from Babylonia when the Semitic tribes first moved westward from their primitive Euphratean home. Others, again, were local forms of Baal and Ashtoreth. Thus we hear of Mut, the god of death, to whom human victims were offered, of Pu'm, the pigmy deity, and of Sakun, whose name enters into that of Sanchuniathon. Resheph or Baal-Resheph was the Sun-god as he appeared during the sultry heats of summer, and M. Clermont-Ganneau is probably right in seeing in him the origin of the name of Arsûf, a ruined town to the north-east of Jaffa, under whose walls Saladin was defeated by Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Two of these inferior divinities are mentioned by the prophet Amos (v. 25, 26) in a passage the sense of which has been wholly missed in the Authorized Version. Though sacrifices had been offered to the God of Israel, the prophet declares, for forty long years in the Desert, the people had now fallen away to the deities of Canaan and worshipped Siccuth or Sakkut their king and Chiun their image, the Star-god they had made from themselves. Sakkut was one of the gods borrowed by the Semites from the Accadians of Babylonia, while Chiun was the planet Saturn, the Kaivan of the Assyrian texts.

But there is one group of gods which occupied a position of importance midway between the Baalim and Ashtaroth on the one side and the herd of inferior deities on the other. These were the seven Kabeiri and their leader Eshmun, "the eighth," whom the Greeks identified with Asklepîos, the god of healing. Wherever the Phœnicians planted their colonies they left behind them a remembrance of these mysterious deities. In Lemnos, in Samothrake, in Imbros, in Asia Minor, the worship of the Kabeiri survived to the last days of Greek paganism, the object of deep veneration on the part of the people, and of curious speculation on that of the philosophers. The names under which they went in Canaanitish mythology were various. More usually they were addressed as Kabeiri, or "mighty," but they were also known as the Pataeki, or "creators," and the Pygmi (Pygmæi) or "dwarfs." They were the fashioners of the universe, the architects whom the Demiurge had employed at the beginning of the world. To them Philo ascribes the invention of

navigation and medicine, and makes them the children of Sydyk, "the just." Perhaps we may see in them the seven planets, perhaps the seven Pleiades; however that may be, they belong to the oldest stratum of Semitic belief, and refer us to a time when the Sun-god had not as yet attained the supreme and unquestioned place he afterwards held, and the plural *elohim* had not as yet become the singular *El*.

In Eshmun we may discover the ancient Fire-god, who, as the hidden deity of the celestial fire, sits invisible above the waters of the heavenly ocean, and guides the movements of the planets and stars. He was naturally the chief architect of the world, the master-mind who guided the work of his ministers, the Kabeiri, the creator who made all things, and can therefore heal the maladies of those who pray to him. But as the cult of the Sun-god, little by little, engrossed the attention of the Canaanites, the fire-god was confused with the deity from whom warmth and life were believed to come, and Eshmun himself tended to pass into a form of Baal. But it was a tendency only. His close connection with the Kabeiri prevented the amalgamation from ever being completely carried out, and up to the last Eshmun had independent temples by the side of those of Baal. Nevertheless, the legends which gathered round his name took upon them more and more a solar character. Like Tammuz, he was associated with Ashtoreth, and we read in Damascius how he had been the most beautiful of the gods, how in the fulness of his youth he was loved by Astronomê or Ashtoreth-Naamah, and how in escaping from her passion he mutilated himself and died, only to be recalled to life by the goddess through the aid of the magic word. It is the myth of the Sun-god and Astartê over again, and in this Eshmun of popular mythology we can see only the young and beautiful Tammuz. But the Eshmun of the priests continued to remain distinct from the Eshmun of the popular mythology, and when the influence of Egypt was at its height, he was identified with the Egyptian Thoth, the god of writing, and made the inventor of letters and literature. Not only had he created the world, he had also written the history of all that he had done.

Shall we ever recover this literature and the history that the imagination of later ages assigned to the Phœnician Thoth? The marvellous results that have attended the excavations carried on in Egypt, in Assyria, and in Babylonia, give us ground to hope that we may yet do so when some Layard or Schliemann arises to explore the buried cities of the Phœnician coast. There is reason for believing that some part of the literature of Tyre, of Sidon, or of Gebal, was inscribed upon clay, and if so, we may hope it may yet be again brought to light like the clay literature of Nineveh. Meanwhile, we have to be thankful for the few and scanty inscriptions which tell us of the

deities, the ritual, and the beliefs of the Phœnicians. One of the very oldest, an inscription perhaps coeval with Solomon, engraved on the fragments of a bronze bowl, is the sole contemporary record we possess of the worship of Baal-Lebanon, the solar giant whose temple rose on the mountains behind Tyre. At Marseilles and Carthage tariffs have been found enumerating the sacrifices offered to Baal, and the prices at which each could be commuted. Oxen, kids, rams, lambs, goats, and birds were the animals alone allowed. For the most part they are the same as the animals prescribed to the Israelites by the Mosaic code, and, as among the Israelites, the first-fruits of the harvest, cakes, milk, cream, and perhaps also wine, were required to be placed upon the altar. It is curious to find no reference made to human victims: it is clear that the tariffs belong to those later days when Roman domination and the sceptical influences of Greek philosophy had abolished the ancient custom, and the ram seems to have taken the place of the child. It is at least worth notice that, when the hand of Abraham was stayed by the angel on the high-place of Moriah, a ram was the sacrifice accepted by God in the stead of Isaac.

Before we part from the Canaanites and their gods, there is still one question which needs an answer. Did they look forward to a future life, and, if so, what conception did they form concerning it? We all know how fiercely it has been contended whether or not the Israelites before the exile believed in a life beyond the grave, and Bishop Warburton in his "*Divine Legation of Moses*" rested his proof of the divine origin of the Mosaic code upon a denial of their having done so. Had Bishop Warburton lived to-day, it is probable that his book would have remained unwritten. The cuneiform inscriptions have given us detailed information as to what the Accadian instructors of the Semites and the Assyrian brethren of the Phœnicians thought of the world to come. As in the Old Testament, so too among the Accadians, the realm of death was a Sheol or Sual, the land of "the strong city" from which "there was no return"—a place of gloom and forgetfulness, where the pale and unsubstantial ghosts of the dead flitted like bats in the darkness, and the phantoms of the heroes of old time sat on their shadowy thrones. But above and beyond Sheol there lay another world, "the land of the silver sky," where the great ones of the earth reclined upon golden couches, feasting at banquets which knew no end, under the light of everlasting sunshine and in the company of the gods. A similar conception prevailed among the Phœnicians also. On his granite sarcophagus Eshmun-ezer, a Sidonian king of the fifth century before our era, prays that he who should violate or injure his tomb — never find a resting-place among the Rephaim or "shades," — ve behind him neither son nor seed, and be destroyed by "the

holy gods." When the violator dies, he adds, "may he have neither root beneath the earth, nor fruit above it, may he leave no image to the light of day, may he be as wretched as I am; I who have lost the fruit of my life, sons intelligent and valiant; I who am solitary and alone." The poor old king's pathetic words remind us of the psalm of Hezekiah, when he, too, childless and alone, turned his face to the wall and wept. For the Phœnician, as for the Assyrian and the Greek, the grave was "the house of eternal habitation;" the spirits of the dead, so far as they existed at all, were believed to dwell in this gloomy under-world. While man lived in the sunlight there was hope; out of the sunlight he passed away from the care and knowledge of the Sun-god, and however much there might be a faint and lingering hope that Baal would provide for his pious worshipper, it never became an assured certainty. The living dog was better than the dead lion; the living alone had voice and power to praise the gods many and lords many of Canaan; and it was for him only that the sun brought forth the fruits of the earth or withered and destroyed them in his fierce anger.

A. H. SAYCE.

LAST WORDS ON MR. ILBERT'S BILL.

THE paper which appeared on this subject in the June number of this Review was written by me in April last, and since that time I have witnessed some new things and learned some old things which affect the controversy, and which may usefully be added to it. First, let us recapitulate what the controversy actually is. The points I have endeavoured to bring into prominence are as follows:—

1. We are to rule India, not for the benefit of the dominant class, but with a single eye to the welfare of the Indians.
2. One essential principle of such government is that we should do what we can to cherish mental and political growth among the Indians.
3. For that purpose it is necessary to employ them in the administration of national affairs.
4. Such employment is also necessary on the score of economy, and as a means of giving scope to the national and honourable ambition of able men.
5. This object should be pursued with constancy but with great caution, and steps towards it should be gained as circumstances dictate.
6. In fact, Indian statesmen have so pursued this object for fifty years, and have done much while yet leaving much to be done.
7. Every step taken towards it has been received by the non-official privileged class with the gravest apprehensions, accompanied generally by prophecies of ruin, differing in degree, but the same in kind.*

* In addition to the instances by which I have proved this assertion, I should have mentioned the abolition of grand juries by the Government of India under the advice of Sir Henry Maine, in the year 1865. I did not think of it when writing the former paper, because it did not directly tend to confer any additional jurisdiction on Native

8. Whenever the Government has been firm enough to repel the opposition, the excitement has died away very speedily.

9. The prophecies of ill have invariably proved to be false, and each forward step has been attended by beneficial results without, so far as can yet be seen, any drawback.

10. Consequently, experience and principle are all in favour of Lord Ripon's action, while against it are only the sentiments of a very small though powerful privileged class, and conjectures and theories frequently propounded by that class, and as frequently belied by events.

To the foregoing propositions I have nothing new to add in point of principle, but they may be usefully exhibited again in the light of passing events.

I suppose that Lord Ripon's opponents are by this time aware that their attempts to enlist on their side the race prejudices of Englishmen in England are a failure. Their meeting at St. James's Hall, at which I was not present, so that I speak from hearsay, appears to have been very respectable in tone and character—but, as a political movement, weak. Their deputation to Lord Kimberley elicited a very plain declaration that Lord Ripon would be supported. They have tried an appeal to the artisan class in the Tower Hamlets, having previously disseminated statements of the terror felt by English men and women of the same class in India, in consequence of Lord Ripon's policy. But the Tower Hamlets men proved to be quite incredulous of these statements, and, so far as appears by the reports, their sympathies were much more with Lord Ripon than with those who convened the meeting to condemn him. There remained one place where it is absolutely certain that a social and political movement, even of moderate force, will find vent—at least, if it is capable of combination with an attack on the Ministry—and that is, the House of Commons. But, in that House, Lord Ripon's enemies could not find any better champion than Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and he, when he got possession of the House, could not find an adequate number disposed to listen to him.

On the other hand, the meeting at Willis's Rooms in support of Lord Ripon bore all the marks of an eager and genuine political movement, into which were drawn the same currents of feeling and conviction which have carried many similar movements far on their course.

I am one who regret that Indian questions should be whirled

Indian officers. But it was one, and an important one, of the steps taken for making Englishmen and Indians more equal before the law. It was very strongly resisted by the Anglo-Indian community, on no other ground than that I can find stated in the Legislative Proceedings than that it deprived them of a distinction and filled them with vague apprehensions of mischief to come. It was insisted on with firmness and ability by Sir H. Maine as the spokesman of the Government; and when passed, it was found to produce no evil and to have removed much inconvenience. In all these respects it is on a par with the other instances I have cited.

into the vortex of English party politics; I have reason to know that this feeling, not unmingled with apprehension, is shared by some of the most cultivated and thoughtful among the Indian community. But if one party is bent upon linking their case to English party politics, the other party have no option but to do the same. All that is left is to do with Indian affairs what we do with English affairs: make the main issues intelligible to a large number of people. It is a difficult job; but it was done thoroughly in the case of the Afghan war, and is being done again now. The moment, it is generally understood that this contest has no substance in it except so far as it is a contest between a very small privileged class on the one side and the whole country on the other—between, say, the privileges of one man and the welfare of two thousand men—that moment the contest will be decided for Englishmen.

All history tells us of how little use it is to warn a privileged class that has become frightened; and yet, whether they will bear or whether they will forbear, I cannot help saying to my Anglo-Indian friends, as one who has probably seen more of our urban populations than they have, that in endeavouring to stir up public feeling in their favour and against our Indian fellow-subjects, they are taking a most dangerous course. I read in one of the reports of the Tower Hamlets meeting, that one of the speakers, who has held high office in India, commenced by saying that vast numbers of Indians were ruled by a mere handful of Englishmen. He was doubtless about to draw the perfectly just inference, that whatever we do there should be done with great circumspection. But his audience immediately laid hold of his words in a different spirit, and cried, "Shame! shame!" The report may have been quite misleading; but it did not surprise me, because this exhibition of sympathy with the weak multitude exactly accords with my own experience in addressing assemblies in large towns on Indian subjects, as I have done many times quite apart from home political struggles.

Let me turn now from the strife of the platform to that of the pen, and get into the calmer waters of argument. Here it is pleasant to observe a great diminution of the temperature. There is still a great deal of frothy ebullition in Calcutta, and stories which, even if true, would be irrelevant, are telegraphed over and faithfully copied into the *Times*, in the hope of rousing the British Lion. But the tone of English newspapers is lowered, and that of the speakers on the subject, who are not impersonal or behind the veil, is both respectable and respectful. Such men as Sir Alexander Arbuthnot and Mr. Stanhope have not roared at us with dithyrambic fury, but have spoken like reasonable men with a reasonable case to unfold. And now come utterances from India, which are both temperately conceived and clearly expressed.

But exactly in proportion as we get rid of the misstatements, the exaggeration, and the passion with which the case of the Calcutta malcontents was introduced to the English public, so does the extreme meagreness and feebleness of that case stand exposed. I will touch on the topics as now presented to us. "The measure is introduced prematurely; there are too few highly placed Native officials to justify it." Supposing the fact were so, is it a reason for moving heaven and earth, for exciting disaffection, for prophesying ruin, and for threatening vengeance, that a measure has been introduced two or three years before necessity compels it? It is not any such cause as that which lashed the Calcutta meetings into fury.

"The privileges of Englishmen in India are not a mere sentimental gratification, but a real protection against danger." That is a solid argument if founded on fact; but it throws overboard at least nine-tenths of what has been dinned into our ears against Lord Ripon's measure—race prejudices, the rights of conquerors, and so forth. These are no longer an all-sufficient reason why the privileges of Englishmen in India should not be curtailed. Let us, however, see what are the dangers indicated.

These dangers consist, so far as I can discover, in nothing else than the readiness of Indians to concoct sham cases in courts of justice. I have seen the opinion of an eminent Indian official quoted to the effect that *his experience* has given him a strong feeling against the proposed measure. His experience is that Native Indians have recourse to very unscrupulous methods of conducting their disputes about land. Granted; but how is that material? Is it true that a Native Indian judge cannot or will not deal as efficiently with a case of fraud as a European judge? Is it true that the interests of Englishmen have suffered, owing to the fact that Native Indian judges have, as in fact they have for many years, had jurisdiction over land suits? Those are the material questions. Does the experience of any official lead him to answer them in the affirmative or not? If it does, it runs counter to the testimony which for many years and from all quarters have been borne to the merits of the Native judges. If it does not, it tells him absolutely nothing of the point for which he cites it.

But then it is said that we should be safe enough, or at least much safer, if only covenanted civilians who have come in by competition were to receive criminal jurisdiction; but it is proposed to give it to these statutory civilians, who are nominees of the Government, and may be most incompetent persons. This is a very hard saying. As explained in my previous paper, the statutory rules for admitting Native Indians to the Civil Service were provided by the express direction of Parliament, because the plan for admitting them by examinations held in England was found to be substantially inopera-

tive. I will not now insist that it is premature to condemn a class of which only a few individuals have yet been appointed. The objection is taken to the class as a whole, and because of the faulty principle on which it is formed. But that is an objection to the declared policy of Parliament in forming such a class, and not an objection to anything done by Lord Ripon. What mode would such objectors suggest for introducing an adequate number of Native Indians into high Government offices? I have not come across any objections to Lord Ripon's measure which seriously address themselves to this question. But those who object to his method are bound to propound their own, unless their objection goes to the whole policy of giving high employment to Natives. That, in truth, and not any matter of detail or method, is their objection. But then they are opposing the long-settled policy of successive English Ministries and Parliaments.

Nothing in this controversy has been more remarkable than the complacency with which the opponents of the measure have set down its advocates as mere theorists and sentimentalists, and themselves as the wise practical men who rest on experience and reason. I have before stated that this is an inversion of the parts. Compare the line of argument on both sides. On the side of the privileged class we have first violent gusts of passion and studied appeals to class prejudices. That is sentiment, pure and simple. Now we are hearing the still small voice of reason. When examined, it turns out to be a series of pure conjectures. The Government will have a bad lot to choose from; they will choose badly; the cases will be too difficult for these weak people; they will be unjustly biased against Europeans. These practical men pay no regard to what experience teaches us on such points. Let me put its teachings together.

To most people it would be sufficient evidence that Native Indians have for many years proved themselves fully equal to Europeans in the decision of civil causes. That is a more intricate and difficult branch of law than the criminal branch. In many cases—such as cases of fraud, forgery, and libel—it requires all the qualities of a criminal judge. And, as said above, it is pointed out by opponents that Indian civil cases contain a large amount of fraud and forgery.

But we have a large body of evidence to go upon in pure criminal jurisdiction. For many years Native magistrates have exercised that jurisdiction over Europeans in Presidency towns, and it is in those towns that a large portion of the whole European community of India is congregated. The Native High Court Judges have precisely the same criminal jurisdiction with their European colleagues. I believe that, not having been barristers, they do not often sit in cases; but in appeal cases they take their turn with the

others. Native Mofussil magistrates who exercise criminal jurisdiction at all, exercise it when Europeans are complainants ; and the complainant is just as much interested in a proper administration of the law as the defendant, though the contrary seems to be assumed in much of the arguments in this case. They also exercise their jurisdiction over Frenchmen, Germans, and other Europeans who are not European British subjects. In Ceylon, where the relations of Native and Englishman are precisely the same as in India, Native magistrates exercise criminal jurisdiction over Englishmen as freely as over Cinghalese. Through all this wide range of experience there has been no charge of incapacity against Native judges as a class, no charge of unfairness towards Europeans, no allegation of scandal or mischief resulting from their employment.

Is it not certain that in any practical affair of life, such a body of evidence as this would be thought sufficient to go upon, and that the man who resisted it, having no evidence the other way, would be called anything but a practical man? The Government of India, advancing cautiously in the path of a tried policy, and resting on long and varied experience, are called sentimentalists and theorists, merely because they have and avow a high ideal. And their opponents, on the mere ground that they have and avow a low ideal, call themselves practical men or even practical statesmen, when their only discoverable grounds of action are the sentiments of wounded pride and vague conjectures of danger.

ARTHUR HOBHOUSE.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE FAMILY.

TWO chapters in Sir Henry Maine's new book, "Early Law and Custom," have reopened a discussion which for some time has been in repose. What are the original forms of the human family? Did man begin by being monogamous or polygamous, but, in either case, the master of his own home and the assured central point of his family relations? Or were the unions of the sexes originally shifting and precarious, so that paternity was indistinct, and family ties were reckoned through the mother alone? Again (setting aside the question of what was "primitive" and "original"), did the needs and barbarous habits of early men lead to a scarcity of women, and hence to polyandry (that is, the marriage of one woman to several men), with the consequent uncertainty about male parentage? Once more, admitting that these relations of the sexes do prevail, or have prevailed, among savages, is there any reason to suppose that the stronger races, the Aryan and Semitic stocks, ever passed through this stage of savage customs? These are the main questions debated between what we may call the "historical" and the "anthropological" students of ancient customs.

When Sir Henry observed, in 1861, that it was difficult to say what society of men had not been, originally, based on the patriarchal family, he went, of course, outside the domain of history. What occurred in the very origin of human society is a question perhaps quite inscrutable. Certainly, history cannot furnish the answer. Here the anthropologist and physiologist come in with their methods, and even those, we think, can throw but an uncertain light on the very "origin" of institutions, and on strictly primitive man.

For the purposes of this discussion, we shall here re-state the chief points at issue between the adherents of Sir Henry Maine

and of Mr. M'Lennan, between historical and anthropological inquirers.

1. Did man *originally* live in the patriarchal family, or in more or less modified promiscuity, with uncertainty of blood-ties, and especially of male parentage?

2. Did circumstances and customs compel or induce man (whatever his *original* condition) to resort to practices which made paternity uncertain, and so caused kinship to be reckoned through women?

3. Granting that some races have been thus reduced to patriarchal forms of the family, is there any reason to suppose that the stronger peoples, like the Aryans and the Semites, ever passed through a stage of culture in which female, not male, kinship was chiefly recognized, probably as a result of polyandry?

On this third question, it will be necessary to produce much evidence of very different sorts; evidence which, at best, can perhaps only warrant an inference, or presumption, in favour of one or the other opinion. For the moment, the impartial examination of testimony is more important and practicable than the establishment of any theory.

(1.) Did man *originally* live in the patriarchal family, the male being master of his female mate or mates, and of his children? On this first point Sir Henry Maine, in his new volume, may be said to come as near proving his case as the nature and matter of the question will permit. Bachofen, M'Lennan, and Morgan, all started from a hypothetical state of more or less modified sexual promiscuity. Bachofen's evidence (which may be referred to later) was based on a great mass of legends, myths, and travellers' tales, chiefly about early Aryan practices. He discovered *Hetärismus*, as he called it, among Lydians, Etruscans, Persians, Thracians, Cyrenian nomads, Egyptians, Scythians, Troglodytes, Nasamones, and so forth. Mr. M'Lennan's view is, perhaps, less absolutely stated than Sir Henry Maine supposes. We read* "that there has been a stage in the development of the human races, when there was no such appropriation of women to particular men; when, in short, marriage as it exists among civilized nations, was not practised. Marriage, in this sense, was yet undreamt of." Mr. M'Lennan adds (pp. 130, 131), "as among other gregarious animals, the unions of the sexes were probably, in the earliest times, loose, transitory, and, in some degree, promiscuous."

Sir Henry Maine opposes to Mr. M'Lennan's theory the statement of Mr. Darwin: "From all we know of the passions of all male quadrupeds, promiscuous intercourse in a state of Nature is highly improbable."† On this first question, let us grant to Sir Henry

* "Studies in Ancient History," p. 127.

† "Descent of Man," ii. 362.

Maine, to Mr. Darwin, and to common sense, that if the very earliest men were extremely animal in character, their unions while they lasted were probably monogamous or polygamous. The sexual jealousy of the male would secure that result, as it does among many other animals. Let the first point, then, be scored to Sir Henry Maine; let it be granted that if man was created perfect, he lived in the monogamous family before the Fall; and that, if he was evolved as an animal, the unchecked animal instincts would make for monogamy or patriarchal polygamy in the strictly primitive family.

(2.) Did circumstances and customs compel or induce man (whatever his original condition) to resort to practices which made paternity uncertain, and so caused the absence of the patriarchal family, kinship being reckoned through women? If this question be answered in the affirmative, and if the sphere of action of the various causes be made wide enough, it will not matter much to Mr. M'Lennan's theory whether the strictly primitive family was patriarchal or not. If there occurred a fall from the primitive family, and if that fall was extremely general, affecting even the Aryan race, Mr. M'Lennan's adherents will be amply satisfied. Their object is to show that the family, even in the Aryan race, was developed through a stage of loose savage connections. If that can be shown, they do not care much about primitive man properly so called. Sir Henry Maine admits as a matter of fact, that among certain races, in certain districts, circumstances have overridden the sexual jealousy which secures male parentage and its recognition. Where women have been few, and where poverty has been great, jealousy has been suppressed, even in the Venice of the eighteenth century. Sir H. Maine says, "The usage" (that of polyandry—many husbands to a single wife) "seems to me one which circumstances overpowering morality and decency might at any time call into existence. It is known to have arisen in the native Indian army." The question now is, what are the circumstances that overpower morality and decency, and so produce polyandry, with its necessary consequences, when it is a recognized institution,—the absence of the patriarchal family, and the recognition of kinship through women? Any circumstances which cause great scarcity of women will conduce to those results. Mr. M'Lennan's opinion was, that the chief cause of scarcity of women has been the custom of female infanticide—of killing little girls as *bouches inutiles*. Sir Henry Maine admits that "the cause assigned by M'Lennan is a *vera causa*—it is capable of producing the effects."* Mr. M'Lennan had collected a very large mass of testimony to prove the wide existence of this cause of paucity of women. Till that evidence is published, I can only say that it was sufficient, in Mr. M'Lennan's opinion, to demonstrate the wide

* "Early Law and Custom," p 210.

prevalence of the factor which is the mainspring of his whole system.* How frightfully female infanticide has prevailed in India, every one may read in the official reports of Col. M'Pherson, and other English authorities. Mr. Fison's "Kamilaroi and Kurnai" contains some notable, though not to my mind convincing, arguments on the other side. Sir Henry Maine adduces another cause of paucity of women: the wanderings of our race, and expeditions across sea.† This cause would not, however, be important enough to alter forms of kinship, where the invaders (like the early English in Britain) found a population which they could conquer and whose women they could appropriate.

Apart from any probable inferences that may be drawn from the presumed practice of female infanticide, actual ascertained facts prove that many races do not now live, or that recently they did not live, in the patriarchal or modern family. They live, or did live, in polyandrous associations. The Thibetans, the Nairs, the early inhabitants of Britain (according to Cæsar), and many other races,‡ as well as the inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands, and the Iroquois (according to Lafitau), practise, or have practised, polyandry.

We now approach the third and really important problem—(3). Is there any reason to suppose that the stronger peoples, like the Aryans and the Semites, ever passed through a stage of culture in which female, not male, kinship was chiefly recognized, probably as a result of polyandry?

Now the nature of the evidence which affords a presumption that Aryans have all passed through Australian institutions such as polyandry, is of extremely varied character. Much of it may undoubtedly be explained away. But such strength as the evidence has (which we do not wish to exaggerate) is derived from its convergence to one point—namely, the anterior existence of polyandry and the matriarchal family among Aryans before and after the dawn of real history.

For the sake of distinctness we may here number the heads of the evidence bearing on this question. We have—

* Here I would like to point out that Mr. M'Lennan's theory was not so hard and fast as his manner (that of a very assured believer in his own ideas) may lead some inquirers to suppose. Sir Henry Maine writes, that both Mr. Morgan and Mr. M'Lennan "seem to me to think that human society went everywhere through the same series of changes, and Mr. M'Lennan, at any rate, expresses himself as if all those stages could be clearly discriminated from one another, and the close of one and the commencement of another announced with the distinctness of the clock-bell, telling the end of the hour." On the other hand, I remember Mr. M'Lennan's telling me that, in his opinion, "all manner of arrangements probably went on simultaneously in different places." In "Studies in Ancient History," p. 127, he expressly guards against the tendency "to assume that the progress of the various races of men from savagery has been a uniform progress; that all the stages which any of them has gone through have been passed in their order by all." Still more to the point is his remark on polyandry among the very early Greeks and other Aryans; "it is quite consistent with my view that in all these quarters (Persia, Sparta, Troy, Lycia, Attica, Crete, &c.) monandry, and even the *patria potestas*, may have prevailed at points."

† "Early Law and Custom," p. 212.

‡ "Studies in Ancient History," pp. 140-147.

1. The evidence of inference from the form of capture in bridal ceremonies.

2. The evidence from exogamy: the law which forbids marriage between persons of the same family name.

3. The evidence from totemism—that is, the derivation of the family name and crest or badge, from some natural object, plant or animal. Persons bearing the name may not intermarry, nor, as a rule, may they eat the object from which they derive their family name, and from which they claim to be descended.

4. The evidence from the *gens* of Rome, or γένος of ancient Greece, in connection with totemism.

5. The evidence from myth and legend.

6. The evidence from direct historical statements as to the prevalence of the matriarchal family, and inheritance through the maternal line.

To take these various testimonies in their order, let us begin with

(1.) The form of capture in bridal ceremonies. That this form survived in Sparta, Crete, in Hindoo law, in the traditions of Ireland, in the popular rustic customs of Wales, is not denied.

If we hold, with Mr. M'Lennan, that scarcity of women (produced by female infanticide or otherwise) is the cause of the habit of capturing wives, we may see, in survivals of this ceremony of capture among Aryans, a proof of early scarcity of women, and of probable polyandry. But an opponent may argue, like Mr. J. A. Farrer in "Primitive Manners," that the ceremony of capture is mainly a concession to maiden modesty among early races. Here one may observe that the girls of savage tribes are notoriously profligate and immodest about illicit connections. Only honourable marriage brings a blush to the cheek of these young persons. This is odd, but, in the present state of the question, we cannot lean on the evidence of the ceremony of capture. We cannot demonstrate that it is derived from a time when paucity of women made capture of brides necessary. Thus "honours are even" in this first deal.

(2.) The next indication is very curious, and requires much more prolonged discussion. The custom of *Exogamy* was first noted and named by Mr. M'Lennan. Exogamy is the prohibition of marriage within the supposed blood-kinship, as denoted by the family name. Such marriage, among many backward races, is reckoned incestuous, and is punishable by death. Certain peculiarities in connection with the family name have to be noted later. Now, Sir Henry Maine admits that exogamy, as thus defined, exists among the Hindoos. "A Hindoo may not marry a woman belonging to the same *gotra*, all members of the *gotra* being theoretically supposed to have descended from the same ancestor." The same rule prevails in China. "There in China large bodies of related clansmen, each generally bearing

the same clan-name. They are exogamous; no man will marry a woman having the same clan-name with himself." It is admitted by Sir Henry Maine that this wide prohibition of marriage was the early Aryan rule, while advancing civilization has gradually permitted marriage within limits once forbidden. The Greek Church now (according to Mr. McLennan), and the Catholic Church in the past, forbade intermarriages "as far as relationship could be known." The Hindoo rule appears to go still further, and to prohibit marriage as far as the common *gotra* name seems merely to indicate relationship.

As to the ancient Romans, Plutarch says: "Formerly they did not marry women connected with them by blood, any more than they now marry aunts or sisters. It was long before they would even intermarry with cousins." Plutarch also remarks that, in times past, Romans did not marry *συγγενίδας*, and if we may render this "women of the same *gens*," the exogamous prohibition in Rome was as complete as among the Hindoos. I do not quite gather from Sir Henry Maine's account of the Slavonic house communities (pp. 254, 255) whether they dislike *all* kindred marriages, or only marriage within the "greater blood"—that is, within the kinship on the male side. He says: "The South Slavonians bring their wives into the group, in which they are socially organized, from a considerable distance outside. . . . Every marriage which requires an ecclesiastical dispensation is regarded as disreputable."

On the whole, wide prohibitions of marriage are archaic; the widest are savage; the narrowest are modern and civilized. Thus the Hindoo prohibition is old, barbarous, and wide. "The barbarous Aryan," says Sir Henry Maine, "is generally exogamous. He has a most extensive table of prohibited degrees." Thus exogamy seems to be a survival of barbarism. The question for us is, Can we call exogamy a survival from a period when (owing to scarcity of women and polyandry) clear ideas of kinship were impossible? If this can be proved, exogamous Aryans either came through polyandrous institutions, or borrowed a savage custom derived from a period when ideas of kinship were obscure.

If we only knew the origin of the prohibition to marry within the family name all would be plain sailing. At present several theories of the origin of exogamy are before the world. Mr. Morgan inclined to trace the prohibition to a great early physiological discovery, acted on by primitive men by virtue of a *contrat social*. Early man, living in patriarchal families, discovered that children of unsound constitutions were born of nearly related parents. Mr. Morgan says: "Primitive men very early discovered the evils of close interbreeding." Elsewhere Mr. Morgan writes: "Inter-marriage in the *gens* was prohibited to secure the benefits of marry-

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ing out with unrelated persons." This arrangement was "a product of high intelligence," and Mr. Morgan calls it a "reform."

Let us examine this very curious theory. First: Mr. Morgan supposed early man to have made a discovery (the evils of the marriage of near kin) which evades modern physiological science. Is this credible? It may be replied that modern care, nursing, and medical art may save children of near marriages from results which were pernicious to the children of early man. Second: Mr. Morgan supposed that barbarous man (so notoriously reckless of the morrow as he is), not only made the discovery of the evils of interbreeding, but acted on it with promptitude and self-denial. Thirdly: Mr. Morgan seems to require, for the enforcement of the exogamous law, a *contrat social*. The larger communities meet, and divide themselves into smaller groups, within which wedlock is forbidden. This "social pact" is like a return to the ideas of Rousseau. Fourthly: The hypothesis credits early men with knowledge and discrimination of near degrees of kin, which they might well possess, if they lived in patriarchal families. But it represents that they did not act on their knowledge. Instead of prohibiting marriage between parents and children, cousins, nephews and aunts, uncles and nieces, they prohibited marriage within the limit of the family name. This is still the Hindoo rule, and, if the Romans really might not at one time marry within the *gens*, it was the Roman rule. Now observe, this rule fails to effect the very purpose for which *ex hypothesi* it was instituted. Where the family name goes by the male side, marriages between cousins are permitted, as in India and China. These are the very marriages which some theorists now denounce as pernicious. But, if the family name goes by the female side, marriages between half-brothers and half-sisters are permitted, as in ancient Athens, and among the Hebrews of Abraham's time. Once more, the exogamous prohibition excludes, in China, America, Africa, Australia, persons who are in no way akin (according to our ideas) from intermarriage. Thus Mr. Doolittle writes:* "Males and females of the same surname will never intermarry in China. Cousins who have not the same ancestral surname may intermarry. Though the ancestors of persons of the same surname have not known each other for thousands of years, they may not intermarry." The Hindoo *gotra* rule produces the same effects.

For all these reasons,—the improbability of the physiological discovery, and of the moral "reform" which enforced it; and again, because the law is not of the sort which people acquainted with near degrees of kinship would make; and once more, because the law fails to effect its presumed purpose,—we cannot accept Mr. Morgan's suggestion as to the origin of exogamy. M

* "Domestic Manners of the Chinese," i. 99.

M'Lennan did not live to publish a subtle theory of the origin of exogamy, which he had elaborated. In "Studies in Ancient History," he hazarded a conjecture based on female infanticide:—

"We believe the restrictions on marriage to be connected with the practice in early times of female infanticide, which, rendering women scarce, led at once to polyandry within the tribe, and the capturing of women from without. . . . Hence the cruel custom which, leaving the primitive human hordes with very few young women of their own, occasionally with none, and in any case seriously disturbing the balance of the sexes within the hordes, forces them to prey upon one another for wives. Usage, induced by necessity, would in time establish a prejudice among the tribes observing it, a prejudice strong as a principle of religion—as every prejudice relating to marriage is apt to be—against marrying women of their own stock."*

Mr. M'Lennan describes his own hypothesis as "a suggestion thrown out at what it was worth." In his later years, as we have said, he developed a very subtle and ingenious theory of the origin of exogamy, still connecting it with scarcity of women, but making use of various supposed stages and processes in the development of the law. That speculation remains unpublished. To myself, the suggestion given in "Studies in Ancient History" seems inadequate. I find it difficult to conceive that the frequent habit of stealing women should indispose men to marry the native women they had at hand. That this indisposition should grow into a positive law, and the infringement of the law be regarded as a capital offence, seems still more inconceivable. My own impression is, that exogamy may be connected with some early superstition of which we have lost the touch, and which we can no longer explain.

Thus far, the consideration of exogamy has thrown no clear light on the main question—the question whether the customs of civilized races contain relics of female kinship. On Sir Henry Maine's theory of exogamy, that Aryan custom is unconnected with female kinship, polyandry, and scarcity of women. On Mr. M'Lennan's theory, exogamy is the result of scarcity of women, and implies polyandry and female kinship. But neither theory has seemed satisfactory. Yet we need not despair of extracting some evidence from exogamy, and that evidence, on the whole, is in favour of Mr. M'Lennan's general hypothesis. (1.) The exogamous prohibition must have first come into force when kinship was only reckoned on one side of the family. This is obvious, whether we suppose it to have arisen in a society which reckoned by male or by female kinship. In the former case, the law only recognizes persons of the father's, in the second case persons of the mother's, family name as kindred. (2.) Our second point is much more important. The exogamous prohibition must first have come into force *when*

* *Fortnightly Review*, June 1, 1877.

kinship was so little understood that it could best be denoted by the family name. This would be self-evident, if we could suppose the prohibition to be intended to prevent marriages of relations. Had the authors of the prohibition been acquainted with the nature of near kinships, they would simply (as we do) have forbidden marriage between persons in those degrees. The very nature of the prohibition, on the other hand, shows that kinship was understood in a manner all unlike our modern system. The limit of kindred was everywhere the family name; a limit which excludes many real kinsfolk and includes many who are not kinsfolk at all. In Australia especially, and in America, India and Africa, to a slighter extent, that definition of kindred by the family name actually includes alligators, smoke, paddy melons, rain, crayfish, sardines, and what you please. Will any one assert, then, that people among whom the exogamous prohibition arose were organized on the system of the patriarchal family, which permits the nature of kinship to be readily understood at a glance? Is it not plain that the exogamous prohibition (confessedly Aryan) must have arisen in a stage of culture when ideas of kindred were confused, and to us almost, if not quite, unintelligible? It is even possible, as Mr. McLennan says,* "*that the prejudice against marrying women of the same group may have been established before the facts of blood relationship had made any deep impression on the human mind.*" How the exogamous prohibition tends to confirm this view will next be set forth in our consideration of *totemism*.

The Evidence from Totemism.—Totemism is the name for the custom by which a stock (scattered through many local tribes) claims descent from some plant, animal, or other natural object. This object, of which the effigy is sometimes worn as a badge or crest, members of the stock refuse to eat. As a general rule, marriage is prohibited between members of the stock—between all, that is, who claim descent from the same object, and wear the same badge. The exogamous limit, therefore, is the stock-name and crest, and kinship is kinship in the wolf, bear, potato, or whatever other object is recognized as the original ancestor. Finally, as a general rule, the stock-name is derived through the mother, and where it is derived through the father, there are proofs that the custom is comparatively modern. It will be acknowledged that this sort of kindred, which is traced to a beast, bird, or tree, which is recognized in every person bearing the same stock-name, which is counted through females, and which governs marriage customs, is not the sort of kindred which would naturally arise among people regulated on the patriarchal or monandrous family system. Totemism, however, is a widespread institution prevailing all over the north of the American continent, the aborigines of Peru (according to Garcilasso de la Vega) =

* "Studies," p. 112.

in Guiana (the negroes have brought it from the African Gold Coast, where it is in full force, as it also is among the Bechuanas); in India among Hos, Garos, Kassos, and Oraons; in the South Sea islands, where it has left strong traces in Mangaia; in Siberia, and especially in the great island continent of Australia. The Semitic evidences for totemism (animal worship, exogamy, descent claimed through females) are given by Professor Robertson Smith, in the *Journal of Philology*, ix. 17, "Animal Worship and Animal Tribes among the Arabs, and in the Old Testament." Many other examples of totemism might be adduced (especially from Egypt), but space compels us to restrict ourselves to the following questions:—

(1.) What light is thrown on the original form of the family by totemism? (2.) Where we find survivals of totemism among civilized races, may we conclude that these races (through scarcity of women) had once been organized on other than the patriarchal model? As to the first question, we must remember that the origin and determining causes of totemism are still unknown.

Mr. McLennan's theory of the origin of totemism has never been published. It may be said without indiscretion that Mr. McLennan thought totemism arose at a period when ideas of kinship scarcely existed at all. "Men only thought of marking one off from another," as Garcilasso de la Vega says: the totem was but a badge worn by all the persons who found themselves existing in close relations; perhaps in the same cave or set of caves. People united by contiguity, and by the blind sentiment of kinship not yet brought into explicit consciousness, might mark themselves by a badge, and might thence derive a name, and, later, might invent a myth of their descent from the object which the badge represented. I do not know whether it has been observed that the totems are, as a rule, objects which may be easily drawn or tattooed, and still more easily indicated in gesture-language. Some interesting facts will be found in the "First Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology," p. 458 (Washington, 1881). Here we read how the "Crow" tribe is indicated in sign-language by "the hands held out on each side, striking the air in the manner of flying." The Bunaks (another bird tribe) are indicated by an imitation of the cry of the bird. In mentioning the Snakes, the hand imitates the crawling motion of the serpent, and the fingers pointed up behind the ear denote the Wolves. Plainly names of the totem sort are well suited to the convenience of savages, who converse much in gesture-language. Above all, the very nature of totemism shows that it took its present shape at a time when men, animals, and plants were conceived of as physically akin; when names were handed on through the female line; when exogamy was the rule of marriage, and when the family theoretically included all persons bearing the same family name,

whether really akin or not. These ideas and customs are not the ideas natural to men organized in the patriarchal family.

The second question now arises: Can we infer from survivals of totemism among Aryans that these Aryans had once been organized on the full totemistic principle, probably with polyandry, and certainly with female descent? Where totemism now exists in full force, there we find exogamy and derivation of the family name through women, the latter custom indicating uncertainty of male parentage in the past. Are we to believe that the same institutions have existed wherever we find survivals of totemism? If this be granted, and if the supposed survivals of totemism among Aryans be accepted as genuine, then the Aryans have distinctly come through a period of kinship reckoned through women, with all that such an institution implies. For indications that the Aryans of Greece and India have passed through the stage of totemism, the reader may be referred to Mr. McLennan's "Worship of Plants and Animals" (*Fortnightly Review*, 1869, 1870). The evidence there adduced is not all of the same value, and the papers are only a hasty rough sketch based on the first testimonies that came to hand. Probably the most important "survival" of totemism in Greek legend is the body of stories about the amours of Zeus in animal form. Various noble houses traced to Zeus or Apollo, who, as a bull, tortoise, serpent, swan, or ant had seduced the mother of the race. The mother of the Arcadians became a she-bear, like the mother of the bear stock of the Iroquois. As we know plenty of races all over the world who trace their descent from serpents, tortoises, swans, and so forth, it is a fair hypothesis that the ancestors of the Greeks once believed in the same fables. In later times the swan, serpent, ant, or tortoise, was regarded as an *avatar* of Zeus. The process by which an anthropomorphic god or hero succeeds to the exploits of animals, of theriomorphic gods and heroes, is the most common in mythology, and is illustrated by actual practice in modern India. When the Brahmins convert a pig-worshipping tribe of aboriginals, they tell their proselytes that the pig was an avatar of Vishnu. The same process is found active where the Japanese have influenced the savage Ainos. We know from Plutarch (*Theseus*) that, in addition to families claiming descent from divine animals, one Athenian γένος, the Ioxidæ, revered an ancestral plant, the asparagus. A vaguer indication of totemism may perhaps be detected in the ancient theriomorphic statues of Greek gods, as the Ram-Zeus and the Horse-headed Demeter, and in the various animals and plants which were sacred to each god, and represented as his companions.

The hints of totemism among the ancient Irish are interesting. One hero, Conaire, was the son of a bird, and before his birth his father (the bird) told the woman (his mother) that the child must

never eat the flesh of fowls. "Thy son shall be named Conaire, and that son shall not kill birds."* The hero Cuchullain, being named after the dog, might not eat the flesh of the dog, and came by his ruin after transgressing this totemistic taboo. Races named after animals were common in ancient Ireland. The red-deer and the wolves were tribes dwelling near Ossory, and Professor Rhys, from the frequency of dog names, inclines to believe in a dog totem in Erin. According to the ancient Irish "Wonders of Eri," in the "Book of Glendaloch," "the descendants of the wolf are in Ossory," and they could still transform themselves into wolves.† As to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, there is little evidence beyond the fact that the patronymic names of many of the early settlements of Billings, Arlings, and the rest, are undeniably derived from animals and plants. The manner in which those names are scattered locally, is precisely like what results in America, Africa, and Australia, from the totemistic organization.‡ In Italy the ancient custom by which animals were the leaders of the *Ver sacrum* or armed migration is well known. The Piceni had for their familiar animal or totem (if we may call it so) a woodpecker; the Hirpini were like the "descendants of the wolf" in Ossory, and practised a wolf-dance in which they imitated the actions of the animal.

Evidence from the Gens or γένος.—There is no more puzzling topic in the history of the ancient world than the origin and nature of the community called by the Romans the *gens*, and by the Greeks the γένος. To the present writer it seems that no existing community of men, neither totem kin, nor clan, nor house community, nor *gotra*, precisely answers to the *gens* or the γένος. Our information about these forms of society is slight and confused. The most essential thing to notice for the present is the fact that both in Greece and Rome the γένος and *gens* were extremely ancient, so ancient that the γένος was decaying in Greece when history begins, while in Rome we can distinctly see the rapid decadence and dissolution of the *gens*. In the Laws of the Twelve Tables, the *gens* is a powerful and respected corporation. In the time of Cicero the nature of the *gens* is a matter but dimly understood. Tacitus begins to be confused about the gentile nomenclature. In the Empire gentile law fades away. In Greece, especially at Athens, the early

* O'Curry, "Manners of Ancient Irish," l. cccclxx., quoting Trin. Coll. Dublin MS.

† See also Elton's "Origins of English History," pp. 299-301.

‡ Kemble's "Saxons in England," p. 258. "Politics of Aristotle." Bolland and Lang, p. 99.¹

¹ Mr. Grant Allen kindly supplied me some time ago with a list of animal and vegetable names preserved in the titles of ancient English village settlements. Among them are: ash, birch, bear (as among the Iroquois), oak, buck, fir, fern, sun, wolf, thorn, goat, horse, salmon (the trout is a totem in America), swan (familiar in Australia), and others.

political reforms transferred power from the γένος to a purely local organization, the Deme. The Greek of historical times did not announce his γένος in his name (as the Romans always did), but gave his own name, that of his father, and that of his deme. Thus we may infer that, in Greek and Roman society, the γένος and *gens* were dying, not growing, organizations. In very early times it is probable that foreign *gentes* were adopted *en bloc* into the Roman Commonwealth. Very probably, too, a great family, on entering the Roman bond, may have assumed, by a fiction, the character and name of a *gens*. But that Roman society in historical times, or that Greek society could evolve a new *gens* or γένος in a normal natural way, seems excessively improbable.

Keeping in mind the antique and "obsolescent" character of the *gens* and γένος, let us examine the theories of the origin of these associations. The Romans themselves knew very little about the matter. Cicero quotes the dictum of Scævola the Pontifex, according to which the *gens* consisted of *all persons of the same gentile name* who were not in any way disqualified.* Festus defines members of a *gens* as persons of the same stock and same family name. Varro says (in illustration of the relationships of words and cases), "Ab Æmilio homines orti Æmilii sunt gentiles." The two former definitions answer to the conception of a totem kin; which is united under its family name and belief in identity of origin. Varro adds the element, in the Roman *gens*, of common descent from one male ancestor. Such was the conception of the *gens* in historical times. It was in its way an association of kinsfolk, real or supposed. According to the Laws of the Twelve Tables the gentiles inherited the property of an intestate man without agnates, and had the custody of lunatics in the same circumstances. The *gens* had its own *sacellum* or chapel, and its own *sacra* or religious rites. The whole *gens* occasionally went into mourning when one of its members was unfortunate. It would be interesting if it could be shown that the *sacra* were usually examples of ancestor-worship, but the faint indications on the subject scarcely permit us to hold this belief.

On the whole, Sir Henry strongly clings to the belief that the *gens* commonly had "a real core of agnatic consanguinity from the very first." But he justly remarks on the principle of imitation, which induces men to copy any fashionable institution. Whatever the real origin of the *gens*, many *gentes* were probably copies based on the fiction of common ancestry.

On Sir Henry Maine's system, then, the *gens* rather proves the constant existence of recognized male descents among the peoples where it exists.

* "Gentiles sunt qui inter se eodem nomine sunt. Qui ab ingeniis oriundi sunt. u majorum nemo servitutem servivit. Qui capite non sunt deminuti."

The opposite theory of the *gens* is that to which Mr. M'Lennan inclined. "The compositions and organizations of Greek and Roman tribes and commonwealths cannot well be explained except on the hypothesis that they resulted from the joint operation, in early times, of exogamy, and the system of kinship through females only."* "The *gens*," he adds, "was composed of all the persons in the tribe bearing the same name, and accounted of the same stock. Were the *gentes* really of different stocks, as their names would imply and as the people believed? If so, how came clans of different stocks to be united in the same tribe? . . . How came a variety of such groups, of different stocks, to coalesce in a local tribe?" These questions, Mr. M'Lennan thought, could not be answered on the patriarchal hypothesis. His own theory, or rather his theory as understood by the present writer, may be stated thus. In the earliest times there were homogeneous groups, which became totem kin. Let us say that, in a certain district, there were groups called woodpeckers, wolves, bears, suns, swine, each with its own little territory. These groups were exogamous, and derived the name through the mother. Thus, in course of time, there would be woodpeckers, suns, swine, and bears in the territory of the wolves, and thus each stock would be scattered through all the localities, just as we see in Australia and America. Let us suppose that (as certainly is occurring in Australia and America), paternal descent comes to be recognized in custom. This change will not surprise Sir Henry Maine, who admits that a system of male may alter, under stress of circumstances, to a system of female descents. In course of time, and as knowledge and common sense advance, the old superstition of descent from a woodpecker, a bear, a wolf, the sun, or what not, becomes untenable. A human name is assumed by the group which had called itself the woodpeckers or the wolves, or perhaps by a local tribe in which several of these stocks are included, and a fictitious human ancestor is adopted, and perhaps even adored. The result of these changes will be that an exogamous totem kin, with female descent, has become a *gens*, with male kinship, and only the faintest trace of exogamy. An example of somewhat similar processes must have occurred in the Highland clans after the introduction of Christianity, when the chief's Christian name became the patronymic of the people who claimed kinship with him and owned his sway.

Are there any traces at all of totemism in what we know of the Roman *gentes*? Certainly the traces are very slight; perhaps they are only visible to the eye of the intrepid anthropologist. I give them for what they are worth, merely observing that they do tally, as far as they go, with the totemistic theory. The reader interested

* "Studies in Ancient History," p. 212.

in the subject may consult the learned Streinius's "*De Gentibus Romanis*," p. 104 (Aldus, Venice, 1591).

Among well-known savage totems none is more familiar than the sun. Men claim descent from the sun, call themselves by his name, and wear his effigy as a badge.* Were there suns in Rome? The Aurelian *gens* is thus described on the authority of Festus Pompeius:—"The Aurelii were of Sabine descent. The Aurelii were so named from the sun (*aurum, urere*, the burning thing), because a place was set apart for them in which to pay adoration to the sun." Here, at least, is an odd coincidence. Among other gentile names, the Fabii, Corneli, Papirii, Pinarii, Cassii, are possibly connected with plants; while wild etymology may associate Porcii, Aquillii, and Valerii with swine and eagles. Several of the *gentes*, in their *sacra*, worshipped gods, as Dis and Venus, from which nothing in particular can be inferred. Pliny (H. N. xviii. 3) gives a fantastic explanation of the vegetable names of Roman *gentes*. Turning from Rome to Greece, we find the *γῑνός* less regarded, and more decadent than the *gens*. Yet, according to Grote (iii. 54) the *γῑνός* had—(1) *sacra*, "in honour of the same god, supposed to be the primitive ancestor." (2) A common burial-place. (3) Certain rights of succession to property. (4) Obligations of mutual help and defence. (5) Mutual rights and obligations to intermarry in certain cases. (6) Occasionally possession of common property.

Traces of the totem among the Greek *γῑνῑ* are, naturally, few. Almost all the known *γῑνῑ* bore patronymics derived from personal names. But it is not without significance that the Attic demes often adopted the names of obsolescent *γῑνῑ*, and that those names were, as Mr. Grote says, often "derived from the plants and shrubs which grew in their neighbourhood." We have already seen that at least one Attic *γῑνός*, the Ioxidæ, revered the plant from which they derived their lineage. One thing is certain, the totem names, and a common explanation of the totem names in Australia, correspond with the names and Mr. Grote's explanation of the names of the Attic demes. "One origin of family names," says Sir George Grey (ii. 228) "frequently ascribed by the natives, is that they were derived from some vegetable or animal being common in the district, which the family inhabited." Some writers attempt to show that the Attic *γῑνός* was once exogamous, and counted kin on the mother's side, by quoting the custom which permitted a man to marry his half-sister, the child of his father, but not of his mother. They infer that this permission is a survival from the time when a man's *father's* children were not reckoned as his kindred, and when kinship was counted through mothers. Sir Henry Maine (p. 105) prefers M. Fustel De Coulanges' theory, that the marriages of half-brothers

* *Fortnightly Review*, Oct. 1869: "*Archæologia Americana*," ii. 113.

and sisters on the father's side was intended to save the portion of the girl to the family estate. Proof of this may be adduced from examination of all the recorded cases of such marriages in Athens. But the reason thus suggested would have equally justified marriage between brothers and sisters on both sides, and this was reckoned incest. A well-known line in Aristophanes shows how intense was Athenian feeling about the impiety of relations with a sister uterine.

On the whole, the evidence which we have adduced tends to establish some links between the ancient γένος and *gens*, and the totem kindreds of savages. The indications are not strong, but they all point in one direction. Considering the high civilization of Rome and Greece at the very dawn of history—considering the strong natural bent of these peoples toward refinement—it is almost remarkable that even the slight testimonies we have been considering should have survived.

(5.) On the evidence from myth and legend we propose to lay little stress. But, as legends were not invented by anthropologists to prove a point, it is odd that the traditions of Athens, as preserved by Varro, speak of a time when names were derived from the mother, and when promiscuity prevailed. Marriage itself was instituted by Cecrops, the serpent, just as the lizard, in Australia, is credited with this useful invention.* Similar legends among non-Aryan races, Chinese and Egyptian, are very common.

(6.) There remains the evidence of actual fact and customs among Aryan peoples. The Lycians, according to Herodotus, "have this peculiar custom, *wherein they resemble no other men*, they derive their names from their mothers, and not from their fathers, and through mothers reckon their kin." Status also was derived through the mothers.† The old writer's opinion that the custom (so common in Australia, America, and Africa) was unique, is itself a proof of his good faith. Bachofen (390) remarks that several Lycian inscriptions give the names of mothers only. Polybius attributes (assigning a fantastic reason) the same custom to the Locrians.‡ The British and Irish custom of deriving descents through women is well known,§ and a story is told to account for the practice. The pedigrees of the British kings show that most did not succeed to their fathers, and the various records of early Celtic morals go to prove that no other system of kinship than the maternal would have possessed any value. These are but hints of the prevalence of institutions which survived among Teutonic races in the importance attached to the relationship of a man's sister's son. Though no longer his legal heir, the sister's son was almost closer than any other kinsman.

We have now summarized and indicated the nature of the evidence

* Suidas, 3102.

‡ Cf. Bachofen, p. 309.

† Herodot., i. 173.

§ Compare the "Irish Nennius," p. 127.

(scanty and evasive enough) which, on the whole, inclines us to the belief of Mr. M'Lennan rather than of Sir Henry Maine. The point to which all the testimony adduced converges, the explanation which most readily solves all the difficulties, is the explanation of Mr. M'Lennan. The Aryan races have very generally passed through the stage of scarcity of women, polyandry, absence of recognized male kinship, and recognition of kinship through women. What Sir Henry Maine admits as the exception, we are inclined to regard as having, in a very remote past, been the rule. No one kind of evidence—neither traces of marriage by capture, of exogamy, of totemism, of tradition, of noted fact among Lycians and Picts and Irish—would alone suffice to guide our opinion in this direction. But the cumulative force of the testimony strikes us as not inconsiderable, and it must be remembered that the testimony has not yet been assiduously collected. Thus, while there is nothing to compel assent either way, readers will probably admit that there is a good deal of reason to expect a final conclusion favourable, on the whole, to Mr. M'Lennan. There are two points worth mentioning before leaving the topic. The first is that human progress passes from the more complex to the more simple arrangement. If this rule holds good here, the totem-kin and its laws being more complex, should be earlier than the simpler patriarchal family. The other point (not perhaps made sufficiently clear in the foregoing remarks) is, that Sir Henry Maine's treatment of the subject forms but one element in a most valuable and interesting volume of extremely varied character.

A. LANG.

COLOURS AND CLOTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE extreme difficulty of identifying mediæval colours, and even those of the Renaissance time, has perplexed many historical painters, and even antiquaries from the same cause are apt to miss the point of many graphic verses in the old writers. Chaucer and his contemporaries are as careful as Van Eyck in realizing an exact and brilliant picture, and in trying to put it before our eyes as definitely as they saw it themselves. They attached more importance to the outer man, perhaps, as an index to the inner man than we do: hence every colour is named and placed, every pattern and motto on border and pendant noted. By-the-by, the fashion of embroidering mottoes on borders would never have come in but for this habit of scrutinizing dress, for a motto would have had no sense if never read.

The difficulties of future antiquaries will be as great as ours if they try to discover what shades of colour were known by such names as *feu d'enfer*, *eau de Nil*, Magenta, Alexandra blue, azuline, and a hundred others. When we say blue, do we mean light, dark, or middling blue? turquoise, indigo, or peacock blue? that is, blue with a shade of red in it, a shade of yellow in it, or a shade of deep green in it? When we say green, who is to distinguish between dark sage-green, pale grey-green, harsh arsenic-green, yellow mossy-green, sea-green, pea-green, emerald-green, &c., unless such words as *sage*, *pea*, *sea*, *arsenic*, help us out? The name of a princess or of a town gives no idea of a shade of colour. Nothing could do it but a natural object which is likely to remain always with us, like the poor.

But such are the elegancies of trade in this commercial country, that I suppose a thing could scarcely sell by its own English name, or by some simple epithet which described it. If a beautiful thing

with a sensible name occurs by chance, it never lasts long. Peacock, terra-cotta, and cream-colour, have been spoilt, and are much ill-used. Réséda, for instance, a pretty pale green which came in some seven years ago, was soon degraded into dark greens and slates, and ultimately into an ugly reddish-brown—all called “réséda, newest shades”—and the soft tint of mignonette was not recalled any longer.

Why, it is thought *infra dig.* to use such expressions as “black as thunder,” “red as fire,” and the rising generation are checked for such vulgarisms! I do not know what we should make of our historical colours, even the commonest of them, if dear old Chaucer, who mostly calls a spade a spade, had not helped us with continual happy “vulgarisms,” showing us the Franklin’s beard “white as a daisy,” “white as morning milk;” the monk’s horse “as brown as a berry;” Alison’s eyebrows “as black as any sloe;” the miserable face of Avarice “green as a leek.” How clearly and speedily we frame a mental image from such pictorial terms! and how they add to our pleasure!

Chaucer uses numerous other expressions in describing his people, which are meant to be as graphic as the others: but the names are obsolete, and we no longer catch his drift. The pretty woman with eyes “grey as glass,” the dainty Sir Thopas, with his face as white as “pandemaine,” the Summoner with his evil countenance “like the fiery cherubin”—these we do not understand without a little consideration, which interrupts the train of thought, and seems to blur the picture. Does he mean a woman with whitish, glassy, goggle-eyes? how frightful!—Or why had the cherubin the reputation of evil and vicious faces? and how can we realize a doughty knight with the chalky face of a coward? We shall see presently.

Something is gained by an examination of colour in connection with fabric; the one often throws light upon the other. Certain brilliant colours often gave in time their names to particular fabrics in which they were oftenest employed; this happened with “ciclatoun,” “burnet,” “russet,” and other webs, once merely names of colours, as our “Turkey-red” means a certain twilled cotton-material, not only the colour of its dye. Baize (orig. bays, bay-colour, red-brown?) is another instance. Sometimes certain fabrics christened the colours, *e.g.*, sable, which became an equivalent for black; plunket (blue), now blanket, and many more.

But it has unfortunately been so long the custom to christen colours after some obscure but once celebrated person who was in the habit of wearing them, or after the town or country where the colour was first sold, that it is in some cases next to impossible to identify the hue; and so it always will be. Yet it would certainly be wiser, usefuller, more poetic, to call a robe or mantle after the flower which suggested its shape, or the gorgeous mineral which gave it its colour, or

the variegated moss, or dancing butterfly, or drifting cloud, that originated some idea connected with its texture, &c., for the flower, and the mineral, and the race of insects would remain for ever as an explanation. Colours and forms ought always to be named after some common effect, so that the idea may not be lost. There is a great deal in a name, though Juliet did not think so. A name may carry the prettiest or the ugliest associations with it, may recall happy or horrible images; and popular names, like all fashions, are to some extent a chronicle of their time and an index to the manners of the age. Naming colours, however, is difficult, as the words themselves, although expressive once, change and cease to represent the same ideas. The slightest liberty with the word opens the door to oblivion. The classics used the term *purple*, for the sea, for a maiden's blush, for a cucumber, for something bright and shining, and for something dark and gloomy. How? Crimson is allied to blue, and a rich tint of either was produced from the same fish, *Murex trunculus*. This was the famous Tyrian dye, and it is easy to trace how a dark "empurpled" (we must say it) cucumber, and the other contradictory objects were describable by the one word used in various senses. Do we not take the like liberties, we moderns, with our words? Do not our colours still get confused with each other, the last meaning being as far from the first as in the old game of scandal?

No word has more exercised antiquaries than the above-named old word *ciclatoun*—spelt *siglaton*, *checklatoun*, &c. &c. This is not a bad instance of the difficulties besetting such studies. Some say the word was first *cyclas*, a certain round gown. Skeat derives it from the Persian *saqalât*, scarlet stuff, and *saqlatân*, scarlet cloth. Guillaume le Breton says it was a rich silk made in the Cyclades.

At any rate, the East produced a rich stuff suitable for certain garments called *cyclas*, as we might say, *coat-cloth*. Judith of Bohemia wore a *cyclas* worked with gold, in 1083. The knights' surcoats were called by the same word in the thirteenth century:

"Armez d'un haubergeon
Couvert d'un singlaton."

Some ancient writers seem to use *syglaton* as an equivalent for any kind of mantle.

Chaucer says Sir Thopas's robe was made of *ciclatoun*, or *checklatoun*, in some MSS.; and *checklatoun* was early confounded with a certain chequered cloth, properly called *checkeratus*, knotted in diaper design. Strutt considers them identical. Which came first, the place, the garment, or the colour? Here is a mesh which no consideration for the afterborns could perhaps have evaded. It is one instance among many.

Of course one of the obstacles in discovering the old colours by name is the oddness and variability of the old spelling—not to say,

the obstructive blinkers we have put upon ourselves with our new ordinance of a fixed orthographical standard. We never spell phonetically, according to the proper pronunciation, or individual accent. But that is just what our forefathers *did* do; and so when in old English and French we see the same word spelt in all sorts of ways, even in a single page, we are very much impeded in our progress towards light.

It is, however, very interesting to dig out the half-buried bit of antiquity, and charming little "finds" often occur by the way, which we did not expect. Whilst we are scratching for a proper name, some flower's scent is wafted to us, some strong and pithy term delights us, or a gem from a maiden's crown slips under our hands. And whilst we beat the great coverts for so small a thing as the meaning of a colour or a fold, from this side and that seeds quick for future wealth fall silently into our empty basket—a witty old proverb, or a little geographical hint, or some curiosity of lingering word or lost token. It is pretty play, on Tom Tiddler's ground, like mining.

Chaucer is of course the main reference for all mediæval questions. He goes over so much ground, and his tales are so crowded with allusions and similes, that he is a well of information. From him we might almost compute the extent of the scientific and art knowledge of his day. From him we get exact and telling pictures of fourteenth-century people inside and out, and implied pictures of England during the century or so before, as well as not a few promises for time coming—just as we find in some of Giotto's pictures, foreshadowings of Fra-Angelico and Signorelli.

There were a great many colours used in Chaucer's day, and there were a great many materials. Velvet, satin, samite, silk—plain and figured and painted—crape and gauze, with ribbons and fringes, and purflings of all sorts, with various linen and woollen webs, were all in use and all mentioned by Chaucer. Leather and *cuir bouilli* were already employed. Bright colours were in vogue for the dresses of both sexes and for the decoration of "houses of worship." Chaucer describes the fat dyer and tapisier in his prologue. They could well afford to take their private cook about with them—not that he was any better than other cooks, it was all ostentation. We do not hear much of white materials, probably the old white, even of linen, was less perfectly bleached than our own. The white skin of a very fair person was quaintly called by Chaucer ("Sir Thopas") after *pain de Maine*. Maine bread, as the cleanest white he could think of—perhaps the most tempting morsel, for all his similes have a *raison d'être*. Chaucer names many dyes, among them Brazil-wood and grain of Portingale ("Nun's Priest's Epilogue"), madder, weld, and woad (*Isatis prima*). Weld was a plant producing a yellow dye (*Reseda luteola*); madder would yield reds, such as Turkey-red, purples, lilac, and pink,

and woad a red-blue. With these, numberless shades could be produced. Among the most popular were "royal grene," which from ancient miniatures we should judge to have been a fine grass-green with a distinct dash of yellow in it, like the colour of a sunlit leaf. The chief reds were *scarlet*, named by the Wife of Bath, &c.; *sanguine*, or crimson, and *grain*, imported from Portugal—i.e., "vermus or vermillion"—in fact cochineal, a red so fast and permanent that the word "ingrained" had become in the fourteenth century, and still remains, a general term for a fast colour of any kind. And here I may say a word for the fiery cherubin as likened to the red-faced Summoner by Chaucer. In many old pictures the childish art of the time depicted these spirits wholly in red, the colour of love; rows of them surmounted rows of *blue* seraphim, the spirits of knowledge and truth, of which the colour was held blue. It had doubtless become a proverb already in Chaucer's time, "as red as the fiery cherubin," as blue as the seraphim, from the pictures in the churches; and no insult was meant to the cherubin, nothing even blasphemous, by the quaint simile.

So much for the reds. Russet, murrey, musterdevelers, watchet, vair, may be quoted among the commonest mediæval colours, which I must treat separately.

RUSSET.

That the leather employed for jerkins was reddish, we can infer from "russet" apples having been called "leather-coats." Russet and grey seem almost convertible terms, though russet was a very "warm" colour (Fr. *roussette*), whilst grey is decidedly "cold." Russet was fox-colour; Chaucer speaks of the fox as Dan Russel, from his red coat. Probably the red was often very dull in russet, and the grey imperfect, with a drab or brown tendency, like undyed wool—that is, when woven in coarse friezes, or *lynse-wolsē*, such as were worn by working-people, children, &c. None of the old colours were quite as pure as our own, I imagine, and were, therefore more beautiful; for when a colour is too pure, it is usually unpicturesque. Modern distillation had made most colours painful till art-Protestants insisted on re-introducing softer shades. A colour may be *bright* without being *pure*, that is, it may partake of some other hue just enough to take off the edge of its sharpness, like crimson, peacock, grass-green and some of the new (old) yellows. These are all imperfect colours. We may judge from the pictures by Van Eyck, Quentin Matsys, &c., how rich were the pinks and scarlets; and yet there seemed to be a certain softness present, owing to the scarlet having a hint of yellow, the pink being touched with blue or salmon, the yellow either reddish like orange, or greenish like mustard, or earthy like clay.

But it is probable that "russet" and "grey" had become the regular

names of homespun wool—irrespective of their precise colour—when Margaret Paston was ordering it both for the children and the servants' liveries. The useful linsey that was fashionable fifteen years ago, never took any strong dye; and russet was probably similar. We read in old stories of *grey* russet. "We are country-folks, grey russet and good hempe-spun cloth doth best become us." (Deloney's "Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading.") Peasants wore the cloth called russet, till they themselves were called "russetings," and their garments in general their *russets* in the sixteenth century. In this case the *colour* certainly named the *stuff*; and the *stuff* named the wearers.

MURREY.

The above hypothesis of the dulness of colours in coarse woollens may account for "russet" or "grey" representing "argent" in the Paston liveries (a metal usually signified by white in heraldry), just as drab liveries are carried now. But it is less clear how murrey (*Fr. murier*, mulberry), which was a dull lilac colour, much like claret spilt on a white tablecloth, could have stood for "or" in the same arms, as we gather from one letter that it did; unless there were as many shades of murrey as the berry passes through on the tree.

We can only account for "red gold" being represented in liveries by murrey, if the murrey was distinctly *red* (not lilac)—a very unripe mulberry.

Murrey is repeatedly spoken of in the Paston letters (1434–85), and painted in ancient pictures, from Giotto up to Matsys and his school. It was sometimes dark, sometimes pale, unmistakably mulberry-colour. I do not find that the mulberry tree was growing in England before 1434; thus the colour is likely to have been imported from Italy or South France, where the fingers of the fruit gatherers were stained by the purple juice, for some time before we had mulberries of our own.

It is an odd colour to place next blue; but in the Paston arms they stood together, and they were also the livery-colours of the House of York. We should think murrey and blue would go better together if the murrey were decidedly red. But the mixture was popular. In Quentin Matsys' pictures blue and true murrey are often combined, not disagreeably. I remember in the Amsterdam Gallery a Madonna in a blue dress cut square, a high white smock and murrey sleeves. She wears a green girdle, and the child rests on a deep murrey cushion. In the great Matsys' triptych at Antwerp, Herod has a murrey veil from his head, and a pale blue mantle shot with pink. But a great colourist can harmonize the strangest combinations, and Quentin Matsys is the master of the rainbow.

There is a figure in the MS. Hist. of Alexandria, *temp.* Rich. II.

(fourteenth century), wearing a "syde [*wide*] gown" particoloured, of blue and murrey; here the murrey is decidedly lilac. His cap is blue, and his hose respectively scarlet and white—the scarlet leg on the murrey side. Scarlet and crimson were often worn together also, strange to say. Burne Jones is the only modern painter who can reconcile them.

I will now give three extracts from the interesting Paston letters. Margaret P. writes:—

"As touching for your liveries, there can none be gotten here of that colour that ye would have of, neither murrey, nor blue, nor good russet, underneath 3s. the yard at the lowest price, and yet is there not enough of one cloth and colour to serve you: and as for to be purveyed in Suffolk, it will not be purveyed not now against the time, without they had had warning at Michaelmas, as I am informed."—Norwich, November 25, 1455 (?).

Before 1459:—

"I pray you . . . that ye will do buy me some frieze to make of your children's gowns. Ye shall have best cheap and best choice of Hays's wife, as it is told me. And that ye will buy a yard of broad cloth of black for one hood for me, of 44*d.* or four shillings a yard, for there is neither good cloth nor good frieze in this town" (Norwich).

Agnes Paston writes, January 28, 1457:—

"Item, to see how many gowns Clement hath, and that they be bare, let them be raised.

"He hath a short green gown. And a short musterdevelers gown, were never raised.

"And a short blue gown, that was raised, and made of a side (*wide*) gown, when I was last at London.

"And a side russet gown furred with beaver was made this time two years.

"And a side murray gown was made this time twelve month."

MUSTERDEVELERS.

In this letter we have "a musterdevelers gown" spoken of perhaps as a material, not a colour, inasmuch as it was "never raised," says the thrifty housewife. The word is very variously spelt. In a later letter the bride, Margery Paston, writes, "my mother sent to my father to London for a gown cloth of mustyrd-devyllers." In Rymer's *Fœdera*, in a list of articles shipped from England for the use of the King of Portugal and the Countess of Holland, in 1428, two pieces of mustrevilers and two pieces of *russet mustrevilers* occur. Some suppose the word to be a corruption of *moitié de velours*, "a kind of mixed grey woollen cloth," says Halliwell, evidently with a nap of some sort—*mestis de velours*, a bastard velvet, say others. There was a town, however, spoken of in the reign of Henry V., called Moustier de Villiers, near Honfleur, and this may have given its name to a cloth there made.

Whichever was the original word, Stow uses the name in his
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"Survey of London" distinctly as a *colour*, not a material. "In the nineteenth year of King Henry VI. there was bought for an officer's gown two yards of cloth coloured *mustard-villars*, a colour now out of use, and two yards of cloth coloured blue, price two shillings the yard." Here it is pretty clear that the *place* named the *stuff*, and the *stuff* named the *colour*. And what was the colour? Mustard-coloured cloth was much used for official dresses and liveries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The stockings of the Blue-coat scholars may be an instance of it. It is by no means clear that the manufacture of Moustier de Villiers was not as probably mustard-colour as grey. The Glossarists are fond of calling most woollen fabrics that they know little about, "grey mixtures." But dull grey colours are the rarest seen in the old pictures and miniatures; every one, poor and rich, loved bright tints. And I am much inclined to attribute Stow's evidently corrupted term to the tradition of its yellow colour. This is precisely the way in which a word so often becomes corrupted, especially among ignorant people. They attach no meaning to the original word, and it slides into one that has some sort of meaning to them—*e.g.*, *Lete-rede* (Wise Council), now *Leatherhead*: the ship *Bellerophon*, called *Billy Ruffian*. I have known countless instances of proper names being lost in terms that seem to *better* describe the object—*e.g.*, *bouffetier*, beef-eater, the dress being red as beef: *écrevisse*, cray-fish, for it *is* a fish: *huyzenblas*, (sturgeon-bladder) isinglass, for it *is* glassy and transparent.

Let us suppose, then, that *musterdevelers* was a handsomely-napped cloth, generally yellow, sometimes foxy yellow (*cf.* *russet mustrevilers*), in which we so often see ladies of position, such as Margery Paston was, arrayed in fourteenth and fifteenth century pictures by Fra-Angelico and earlier masters, and worn also by officials who are commonly required to be conspicuous.

METALLIC COLOURS.

The exact colour of the common metal *latoun*, often spoken of in mediæval literature, does not seem clear yet. All the glossaries describe it as a mixed metal, not unlike brass. But brass is yellow, as yellow as gold, and one allusion alone in Chaucer seems to mark it as a very different metal.

"Phoebus was old, and hewed like latoun,
That in his hoté declination
Shone as the burned gold, with stremes bright;
But now in Capricorne adoun he light
Whereas he shone ful pale."

Does pale here mean dull? Here is a pointed contrast drawn between gold and *latoun*.

In another place Chaucer uses the simile, yellow, "as any basoun-scoured newe," perhaps brass: and in *Piers Plowman* we read of

a cloister with conduits of "clene tyn" and "lavoures of laton," which, being not tin, might have been yellow metal. The use of laton by common people as the mounting for false relics (Prologue to the "Pardoner's Tale") points to its cheapness: the purse of coquettish Alison, the Miller's pretty wife, being pearled with laton, points to its brightness, as a copy of silver or gold, like the brazen armlets found in Etruscan tombs, so goldlike beneath the rust. Let us remember, too, the beautiful delicate hammered copper and pewter work of the Middle Ages. There are hammered vessels of a pale kind of brass, and latoun may have been used in several colours, according to the amount of alloy used. Latten stands in French dictionaries as *laiton*, *cuivre laminé*—wrought or hardened copper, distinct from *Pétain*, tin; and latten is a name which before the reform in the Customs tariff was applied here to sheet-brass. But the "mines of latten" mentioned in the time of Henry VIII. remain an archaeological *cruz*. If latoun was copper, it is curious that Chaucer names "coper" as well as "tin" in the House of Fame—though the sunken sun above quoted might be copper. If it was brass, as we understand it, how could Chaucer, the accurate, call it *pale*? and where shall we find mines of brass, save in the half mythical Corinthian conflagration? Chaucer uses the word "brass," too, in the "Squire's Tale," "the horse of brass." I have been shown a vessel dated very early in the sixteenth century of a very pale kind of brass; and I am told by a good antiquary that there are mines in England of a sort of bastard copper, poor in colour—either of which may be Chaucer's latoun. The word latten, indeed, is derived by Skeat from *latte*, a thin plate; and copper and brass, and even tin (*cf.* Port. *lata*, tin-plate) may all have been called latoun when hammered and perforated in a thin form. At any rate, it was markedly less deep in colour than "red gold."

By-the-by, conventional terms, such as "red gold," "teeres blew" (an expression used by Chaucer in his Complaint of Mars and Venus), are still more confusing. Gold was called red because it had decidedly "warm" shadows: it was apparently deeper in colour than ours, and it was represented in tapestries by a red colour. The rich gilding of letters in the old missals looks quite red against modern gilding. Not only is the gold thicker, but really it seems to me deeper in colour; and that it must always have been so, the term red gold, especially when applied to red hair, &c., seems to assure us. The two were always linked. "Blood betokeneth gold, as me was taught," babbles the Wife of Bath. Often purposely, gold was laid over red, as we see upon ancient picture-frames.

Blue, on the other hand, is a "cold" colour, and seemed to the ancients (not heralds) the nearest thing to describe silver, which is certainly neither white nor black. The old tapestries represent

silver vessels always by blue threads. And the "teeres blew" of the lovers in Chaucer's poem were silvery—with the cold glittering colour of white metal and water.

VAIR.

"Eyes of vair," praised so often in mediæval poetry, have exercised many minds. For my part, I was years before I realized that there was any point in the expression. But at last I "saw" it.

Vair was the name of the fur of the grey squirrel, from *varié*, because the belly of the squirrel, which was white, was mixed with the grey back in oval-shaped compartments—variegated. Probably the same confusion occurred between this word vair and *verre*, glass, as that in the old tale of Cinderella, whose "glass slipper" was indubitably the shoe of vair fur worn by nobles, according to Mr. Ralston.

This confusion of two similar words in a French-speaking country such as England was, is the less curious, as grey was commonly considered the nearest colour to glass—not then the clear white crystal which now rivals the diamond. Glass was then just white enough to show grey when thick enough to have any tint of its own, with white and variegated reflections. Chaucer plainly says the Prioress's eyes were "grey as glass,"—"grey as a goose," he says of Absolon's. Eyes of vair were the soft light-grey eyes common in England, with or without blue in them, and the lashes giving a sort of furry softness to the glance. When we see how the mediæval artist represented vair fur, in escallop-shaped compartments on a white ground, and how it is still "diversified with argent and azure" in heraldry—(in fact, the white and grey squirrel fur commonly used now)—we may see at once that there was a good deal of point in the expression, and a very pretty compliment, seeing that vair was the next costliest fur to the white ermine, and sacred to the *crème de la crème*. As in my sketch, the iris of the eye showed a grey escallop on a white ground, and heralds represented grey by "azure," as the *tapissier* used his dark-blue threads for silver, for convenience sake.



WATCHET.

Watchet is regarded by Tyrwhitt as a kind of cloth, on account of some MSS. reading "whit" instead of "light" in the portrait of Absolon in the Miller's Tale; and probably the name emanates from the town of Watchet in Somersetshire. But it is usually held to be a

colour, pale blue, which is precisely the sort of colour the dandified Church Clerk would have worn with red hose. It is common to see light-blue coats and gowns with red hose in the missal pictures. But in Barnfield's "Affectionate Shepherd," (1594), we hear:—

"The saphyre stone is of a watchet blue."

Now, sapphires are dark blue: not unlike the cassocks which Roman Catholic Church officials wear, and Absolon's "kirtle" was probably a cassock, not a coat, for he wore his surplice over it. Still Chaucer distinctly says Absolon went

"All in a kirtle of a *light* waget,"

whereas I do not remember to have seen any old picture of acolytes robed in really pale blue, though plenty of pale blue existed (*cf.* Giotto's pictures). I suggest, then, that Absolon's "light waget" was the lightest shade of a blue which is morally certain to have been sold in more than one shade: not turquoise, though described by Cotgrave as "plunket or skie-blue," but a red blue liker ultramarine or cobalt, which in the darkest shade would be sapphire, or that almost violet shade still used for cassocks in great festal services in foreign cathedrals. The sky is not seldom of a deep ultramarine colour—a red blue as opposed to a yellow blue—in fact, *jacinctus*, one of the names for plunket-blue. And plunket is said to have been taken from the name of one Thomas Blanket, who in 1340 set up a loom in Bristol, Somerset. Our "blanket" is said to come from "plunket," blue; whether from a bluey-grey quality of the wool does not seem clear: probably yes, the colour naming the cloth. Meantime, Blanket may have worked at Watchet, or the neighbour towns may have produced a very similar azure; and a blue many shades deeper than what we should call pale, might have been reasonably spoken of as "lyght blewe or skie-colour" when compared with the common dark Prussian or navy blue appropriated by sailors from very early times. We cannot do better than consult the old missals themselves, or an institution happily (for antiquaries) so conservative as the Roman Catholic Church in some of its great festal shows, for the explanation of many shapes and colours in garb, and manner of use.

I have now shown that both fabrics and tints were multifarious in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as is natural in every highly civilized age. Weavers from abroad were greatly encouraged under Edward III., and all native manufactures received a new stimulus from the royal interest.

The embroideries: England had been long so famed for them that they were known as the unrivalled *opus Anglicanum*, and the ancient painters show us how perfect they were. Heavy bullion work, and the daintiest imagery produced by the needle—scenes, portraits,

inscriptions, &c., were seen on the Church robes, on the coat-hardy of the young noble, and the royal mantle. Nay, sumptuary laws in vain tried to prevent their use by anybody else who could get hold of them, or make them. Moreover, these were *painted* dresses, not unlike those that came in a season or two ago. In the "Romaunt of the Rose," the robe of the God of Love is described as *not silk*—*i.e.*, I suppose, a plain, palpable silk:—

"But all in floures and flourettes,
Ipainted all with amorettes,
And with lozenges and scochons (*escutcheons*),
With birdes, libardes (*leopards*), and lions,
And other beastes wrought ful wel.
His garment was every del
Ipurtraied, and ywrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures"—

i.e., paint and needlework were blended.

As this was the period of elaborately painted tapestries, in which the subordinate parts were woven, the heads and hands, &c., of the figures being left to the artist's brush, it was natural that so easy a mode of decoration should have become popular for dress. How much less time it would take to paint a pretty border or motto, or to renew by such means a worn part, than to embroider or weave it. Both fashions then were in at once—embroidery, as of the Squire's coat (Chaucer's Prol.), and painted fabrics, as above.

SAMITE AND SATIN.

One word upon a much-discussed and still mysterious material—samite. The Germans say that it was satin, and that the two words are the same. It is impossible, however, to believe this, when Chaucer actually uses both words more than once. In the "Romaunt of the Rose," Mirth is described as clad

"In a samette with birdes wroughte;"

and he later speaks of "an overgilt samy." In the "Death of Blanch" he promises Morpheus a feather bed in fine black satin rayed with gold. The mediæval Latin words differed, *examitum*, samite, *setinus*, satin; and the chief glossaries enter the words apart, though each simply as "a rich silk stuff." That satin of old was precisely like satin of to-day many old pictures assure us; but if samite is what I believe it, painting could not make the web clear, it would only look like silk. The surface of satin is absolutely smooth, slippery, with long threads, from the Latin *seta*, a hair; that identifies satin, as the Latin *villosus*, shaggy, identifies velvet.

Now, I remember, when a child, wearing a cloak of rich antique Oriental silk, Persian, I think, of a web I have never since seen, either in museum or Oriental warehouse. It had a silk, not satin, surface, simple, not twilled, with right side and wrong, and was

damasked in a minute pattern on stripes of gold colour and violet—I think other colours as well—and, I think, with little birds and beasts mingled. Its peculiarity which delighted me was, that in whatever direction you cut it you found a double web, as of *two* rich silks made together. Cut it any way, the two were quite distinct, and yet inseparable, like the Siamese twins. I loved to clip odd bits of this silk for my dolls, alas! which I would gladly see again now, for it was an excessively rich, soft fabric, rather loosely woven, and easy to ravel, but as firm and strong and immovable as many a silken, yielding nature, taken edgewise.

The Low-Latin word *examitum* means a stuff woven with six kinds of thread, and if we give samite credit for some more mysterious quality than the variegations of six mere colours, at a time when all fabrics were frequently figured and variegated, I think the subtly-woven ancient silk I have described is more than likely to be samite.

The thickness, and the curiosity of design, possible in a material so woven *en jumelle*, may be imagined at an epoch whose days might be called, from one point of view at least, *des jours filés d'or et de soie*. And the samites “with birds wroughte,” and *rayed* (striped); and *overgilt*, which is likely to have meant trimmed with jewellery in parts—the black samite, the white samite, and the “vermeil samit,” of which was made the sacred *oriflamme*, may all have been a similar web to that I have in mind, of everlasting wear, strong as fate.

Satin, on the other hand, is likely to have been identical with the Chinese zatayn, of Zaitun, which, like many Celestial manufactures, may carry us back to the remotest antiquity; thus *setinus* would be a comparatively modern name for it.

It is remarkable how elaborate the mediæval love of dress rendered the trade-products; also how like the present day were the commercial shifts and tricks. In the “Vision of Piers Plowman,” Covetousness says:—

“ My wyf was a webber · and woollen cloth made ;
She spake to spynnesters · to spynnen it oute ;
But the pound that she payed by · poised a quarteroun more
Than myne owne auncere (*scales*) · whoso weighed treunthe” (*fair*).

Again, he says he learned another trick:—

“ To draw the lyser (*selvage*) along · the longer it seemed :
Among the riche rays (striped cloths) · I rendered a lessoun,
To broche them with a packneedle · and plaited them together,
And put them in a press · and pinned them therein,
Till ten yards or twelve · had tolled out thirteen.”

There was probably no “dodge” of modern commerce unknown to the ingenious inventors of the Middle Ages, as there was hardly any one of the rich and dainty fabrics and colours known to the classics unknown to them, from the costliest cloth of gold to the filmiest veils, such as the little kerchief of Valence (some infant lace

of Valenciennes?) that did *not* hide the charms of Venus ("Parliament of Birds"). Persia, India, the whole East supplied silks; Flanders supplied fine linen, "cloth of Lake," "cloth of Rennes," &c. The average worth of good common cloths, when the respective values of money are computed, did not vary greatly from our own, as political economists will easily understand, because the prices of necessaries are regulated by unalterable social laws. But the qualities may have been coarser, like the fitting and the making of clothes. Rich materials, however, fetched an enormous price. People probably spent more to begin with on their clothes; but they lasted longer. Indeed, dress has never been so cheap as now, never so un-durable; and that is commonly the result of a highly civilized state. In the ancient times the best materials were demanded, and were hand-wrought; and though cheater and deceit were busy, there were not so much adulteration and waste as now, when mechanical and chemical means combine to assist the ever-freer circulation of money, by producing rapidly and often helping to destroy.

Space forbids any digression here; but, in conclusion, I must express surprise that more use is not made by persons engaged in compiling Glossaries of Costume, or verifying facts in mediæval manners, of the beautiful mediæval pictures in foreign and English galleries. The old painters, like the old poets, were more exact in knowledge and expression than their critics sometimes give them credit for. Van Eyck's "Worship of the Lamb" is a whole glossary in itself: the same might be said of the Memlings at Bruges, and the Matsys at Louvain and Antwerp. And putting aside our own rich collections, the above painters alone, with the help of Chaucer, carefully examined, would almost suffice to answer many of the question which I have been dealing with.

M. E. HAWES.

YOUNG SERBIA—1883.

THE time seems long, so rapidly is history made in these days, since the fortunes of Serbia received any particular attention or sympathy from the British public. And yet it is not more than eight short years ago that the gallant little principality on the Danube challenged the Turkish empire, reopened for vexed and puzzled Europe the Eastern question, and turned over for the Sublime Porte a new leaf in the book of fate. The Treaty of Berlin is already an old story. In the nineteenth century, men who have read history are likely to allow themselves to be deceived by precedents, and to forget that one year of the Treaty of Berlin is as long and as full of incidents as ten years of the Treaty of Paris or twenty of the Treaty of Vienna. Hence, possibly, no great anxiety for information as to the effects of the Treaty of Berlin upon those who were most concerned in it has of late been visible in Western Europe. People have doubtless taken it for granted that the world will have a breathing time of at least twenty years in the troublesome regions of the Balkan peninsula—at all events that the peppery principality, amused by its development into a kingdom, will not for a long time invent any new and startling surprises. Such idealists may be right or wrong—I do not share their optimism—and time alone will refute or confirm their views, but all those who took an interest in the struggle to free a larger area of Eastern Europe from the dominance of the Turks, must be curious to know how Serbia stands to-day; whether her people are proving themselves worthy of the sympathy she once evoked; whether she shows any signs of permanent stability; what, at present, is her social and economic position, and what if any are the promises of the future?

I propose to give some information on these points, leaving the

reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts and remarks to be submitted to his notice.

The Treaty of Berlin left Serbia, with an extended area, a population of about two million souls, professedly governed by an assembly under an able and ambitious Prince, though in reality wholly ruled by the Prince and Jovan Ristich the Prime Minister. The country had endured a great strain in the war, forced contributions had been levied on the people in order to meet the expenditure, many of her most active and energetic sons had perished, public improvements, never very rapidly prosecuted, were at a standstill, trade and commerce followed the quiet, happy-go-lucky course of everything in the East. In fighting, the Serb shows energy, in trade and industries his best virtues are steadiness and patience. When the war closed men were not wanting who wished to show him how to add to these virtues. The eye of the promoter was fixed upon Serbia. It was a virgin field. Before her hospitals were cleared of the wounded, or the native-made tombstones, which seem to be designed to make death as repulsive as possible to the living, had been erected over the dead heroes, the concession-hunters of all races, and the Jews of Vienna, had pounced upon the devoted nation. Bontoux had not yet arisen but he was looming in the distance. And we must admit at once that the two most important items in the history of Serbia during the past six years, have been, first, its erection into a kingdom, and, secondly—Bontoux. The signs are that she will survive both these events. Beyond this, outsiders will imagine that there can be very little to say. But happily, the most salient facts in a nation's history are not the most important, and possibly we may be able to detect, amidst the quietude that has settled on Serbia, signs of an awakening spirit, promises of a useful, if not a brilliant, career. The country and the people repay inquiry. Their history is romantic and melancholy—the race, its character, qualities, manners and customs, are full of interest—the territory is one of the fairest, and probably one of the richest in resources of any on the globe—and it is the central scene of the vast intrigues of two great Empires. Moreover at this particular moment there are rumours of a Ministerial crisis, arising out of the manufacture of a new constitution. I shall offer no further apology for my topic.

There is very much, at all times, that is interesting about the Serbian people. Their prolonged misfortunes, their perpetual struggle against Turkish tyranny, their wild, fierce resolution; and yet the natural gentleness of the race, their love of liberty and the perverse ways in which, in their ignorance, they have sought to attain it; their qualities of good citizenship, only needing to be cultivated by patriotic and unselfish hands to develop into something like greatness, the patriarchal organization of their communes and the equality

with which wealth is distributed among them—are all points which repay inquiry by the student of men and societies. There is hardly a country in the world more purely democratic, where all the citizens stand upon a footing of more perfect equality. This democracy is directly in face of a king. There is not a shadow of aristocracy to interpose between these two apparently incompatible powers. One of the few blessings the Turks gave to Serbia was to destroy the feudal system. There are no great landowners, no very wealthy men of any class, no dominant families. Hungary has her *magnates* and Roumania her *boyars*, but Serbia knows nothing of nobilities. This peasant community look upon the king as the man they have made, and can unmake at will, in a manner more or less rude or polite. Under old Milosch, a group of notables tried to create a privileged class or aristocracy. He opposed them: he objected to a new Christian edition of Turkish pashas, spahis and agas. Though they succeeded in driving away, for a time, the rough old ruler and his son, they were themselves soon quietly put in their proper places by the people. To us, accustomed to the complicated systems of more civilized nations, there is something refreshingly curious in this primitive state of things.

The progress that has been made by Serbia since the war is not very discernible upon the surface, but it is real. In political knowledge and expansion it has been very limited. The constitution which Blasnavatz and Ristich created during the Regency, and under which it is now governed, contains many sound principles, but its obvious design was to procure the longest possible lease of power to the "Three Regents," two of whom, Blasnavatz and Ristich, were the ablest men in the country. The factitious Liberalism of some of its clauses, such as "All Serbs are equal before the law"—"The domicile is inviolable"—and so on, will not deceive anyone. How is the Skuptschina formed? For every three persons elected by the nation one is nominated by the Prince, and all ex-Ministers and ex-functionaries are ineligible by the constituencies. So are all *advocates*. Not so very long ago there were no lawyers in Serbia, now they are legion. The constitution of the "Three Regents" recognized the danger of permitting such a voluble and persuasive set of men to get into the legislature, and in the most naïve manner possible they were shut out by a clause in the constitution. To an Englishman, the provision has a certain wise, seductive aspect about it. The object of all this is clear enough. The Regents felt sure of the peasants, who simply attended the Skuptschina to vote on the questions submitted to them, and hardly ever spoke. The nominated members, constituting one-fourth of the assembly, were of course amenable to their nominators. These would be the most intelligent deputies and would lead the assembly. Thus, while Serbia was

ostensibly presented with a free constitution, it was a constitution which handed its freedom over to the care of a clique. The clique was ensured against a troublesome opposition, by the exclusion from the Skuptschina of all the intelligent classes outside the public offices, all the men who had been Ministers and knew something of public affairs. The guileless simplicity of an assembly that could adopt such a constitution is refreshing. To draw the cord still tighter, it was provided that, though the people could not elect public officials, ex-officials or advocates, the King could nominate from either of these classes. The chances of independence were therefore reduced to a minimum. Inconvenient opposition to the existing Cabinet was snuffed out. The most experienced men in the State, out of office, are practically excluded from any participation in public affairs. Officials, in the actual service and pay of the State, sit, as royal nominees, to legislate, to criticise or approve their own acts or defaults. All the intelligent and independent elements of society having no public voice, left seething outside the legislature, become more injurious to the repose of society by agitation and intrigue. Some stir up the peasant-representatives, inoculate them with their ideas, put them up to criticisms and inquiries, which they themselves are debarred from uttering. The peasant-representative, thus inspired, is simply the tool of persons who have no responsibility—the country is denied the privilege of hearing an opposition, conducted by experienced and responsible men, state its arguments on the floor of the house. How imperfect would be the opinion formed, in such circumstances, even by an intelligent community! What must it be when the constituencies are nearly altogether composed of uneducated peasants! In Serbia, however, the monstrosity of the thing has by degrees come home to the people themselves. They have a shrewd notion that reforms are needed, although they have not attempted to formulate any opinion on the character of the remedies. Three Constituent Assemblies have met and resolved that the constitution shall be amended and revised. The present Ministry, who in a few weeks will meet the Skuptschina, are now preparing the draft of a new constitution, which must eventually be confirmed by a Grand Skuptschina. This assembly, summoned for the purpose, is four times more numerous than the ordinary Skuptschina. In Belgrade it is understood that there is a serious difference of opinion in the Cabinet in regard to the project. A Ministerial crisis is apprehended. Differences of opinion in a Serbian Cabinet are sometimes quite dramatic. The story goes in Belgrade that in one Cabinet, which it is not necessary to particularize, the then Premier threatened to resign. One of his colleagues said: "If you do I will shoot you!"—and they say in Belgrade he would have done it! Whatever crisis may ensue one thing is certain, the proscription of

ex-functionaries and the nominative system will have to be modified, or the new constitution will be even more short-lived than the last.

This then is a critical moment for Young Serbia, which finds itself obliged for the third time within thirty-two years to remodel its constitution. A new constitution every ten years is a dose which may well test the natural forces of any nation. Outsiders would suspect that a people, who found it necessary to change their political organization so often, must be weak, inconstant and generally in a bad state of health. But, in reality these changes are indicative of rapid, and not unhealthy, growth. When we compare the state of things under old Milosch, the father of Prince Michael, who was succeeded by the present Sovereign, with that which exists to-day, we see how remarkable has been the advance of the Serbians in political ideas and organization. The able and imperious old Prince rarely resorted to the popular assembly. When he did, it was in characteristic fashion. The assembly met in the open air. The constituents came up to the meeting in crowds, escorting their representatives, and resolved to have something to say on the matters in hand. As many as ten thousand persons would assemble. Pigs were roasted in large quantities for their entertainment. Milosch came out and harangued them, telling them what he meant to do, and what he desired of them. His proposals were carried by acclamation, without useless expenditure of verbiage. The multitude then ate their pigs and drank their *slivovitz*, and went home with a sense of duty discharged to God and the country. Thus, within living memory, Europe had actually working under its eyes primitive institutions similar to those described in a memorable passage in Tacitus, and resembling those that preceded the oldest European constitution. From that to the parliamentary government of Serbia in 1883 is a long stride, and ages have been passed in a few years.

It is one of the finest ironies of fate that M. Ristich, the chief author of the existing constitution and the most experienced of Serbian statesmen, should be excluded from taking a part in the deliberations of the legislature on a revision of that constitution, unless he accepts the nomination of the King. But that does not prove that he was wrong or that he was animated by any but patriotic motives. His own vindication of the constitution at the time is not wanting in force and dignity, and deserves to be reproduced. He said :—

“It will not enter the mind of any of us to wish to take from abroad and transplant among ourselves, institutions which upon our soil would bear no happy fruits. We shall acquit ourselves of our task with better success, if taking advantage of the experience of more advanced nations, we know how to extract from the elements which exist in our midst, institutions which respond to our actual needs, in carrying them to such a point of perfection as they will admit of. It little matters whether this creation, which will be our

own, shall correspond with this or that theory: we shall still less care to inquire what will be its denomination among political systems. What we shall seek to know is, what is demanded by the conditions and necessities of our country, and if, in following this course, our national work shall find itself in harmony with the institution of the best governed European States, we shall be the first to congratulate ourselves on the circumstance."

If the people were then satisfied with these reasonings they have grown to feel that it is now time to reapply them. There is some movement in the sort of chaos and dead-weight of political simplicity and ignorance which the majority in the Skuptschina so aptly represented. The country is waking up to the idea of a higher artistic finish and practical efficiency in the machinery of government. The old peasant is very much the same sort of man as those who used to trudge to Topchideré to meet old Milosch. But a gradual change is taking place. The new generation is coming to the front. Every boy and girl is now more or less instructed.

Old Milosch could not read, and set his seal to public documents because he could not sign them, but he was an able and far-seeing man. He established the first school at Kraguievatz in 1832. To-day there are schools for boys and girls in every village, supported out of the national school fund. In all the large towns and country towns there are colleges or *gymnases*. Belgrade and Kraguievatz each possess a college with fifteen masters. Besides these, there are, at Belgrade, a preparatory polytechnic school, a commercial school, a superior girl's seminary, and the higher college for young men, with its philosophical, technical and juridical faculties. A medical faculty is to be added. Belgrade also has its theological college of the Orthodox Greek Church, but unhappily it adds little to the intelligence of the country, for it is a rare, though not an impossible, thing to find a priest or a monk in Serbia of any information or any intellectual power. To an artist they make up for it by their wonderful picturesqueness. Much of the educational machinery may be imperfect, but it is working, and the mass is being aerated with modern ideas. The generation now growing up will produce a profound impression on the future of Serbia.

But the constituencies of 1883 have not put forward any remarkable men. Most of the men who have risen to power in Serbia have owed their education to the Government or to the Church. In the time of Milosch youths were sent abroad to study, and among them were Ristich and others who have risen to high places. The Ministers are nearly all ex-officials or lawyers selected by the Crown, but that does not necessarily detract either from their ability or their patriotism. In criticizing such a state of things one must remember the kind of material—the mass of ignorance and prejudice with which the Prince of such a country has to deal. The majority of the

Skuptschina could not read or write, though they could drive a shrewd bargain for a herd of swine, and manage the affairs of their communes with economy and tact. They would like to conduct the business of the nation as they do those of their villages. Their manner of viewing things may be illustrated by the following incident which occurred in the last Skuptschina. It relates to a Bill for enabling the city of Belgrade to raise money for public improvements. Belgrade is one of the most beautiful cities for situation that can be imagined. It crowns a fair promontory jutting out boldly between the Danube and the Save, which sweep in graceful curves from its feet, meandering off through vast, flat plains, broken in the foreground by the fine *silhouette* of Semlin, and ending in the far horizon in faint, blue-tinted ranges of hills. Behind and around the base of the promontory stretches a charming series of downy undulations, here and there picturesquely wooded and cultivated, a perfect English landscape. The city with its churches, houses, gardens and tree-lined streets is not unhandsome, the majority of the houses are well-built, and prove the comfortable position of its *bourgeois* inhabitants. It is clean, healthy, well watched at all hours, without a trace of disorder or danger. Yet it lacks some of the ordinary necessities of civilization. There is no drainage. The streets and houses are lighted with petroleum oil. Though the old Roman aqueduct, repaired by the Turks, supplies at public fountains good drinking water, there is no provision of water for domestic use, and carters vend the Save water in the streets. The other day these fellows struck because the police ordered them, for sanitary reasons, to draw their supply from the Danube instead of the Save, and the price of a morning sponge in Belgrade went up a hundred per cent. The strike was soon ended by the King, who threatened that if the men, who are chiefly Turkish subjects, did not return to work, they would be sent across the frontier. They did. This amiable way of settling a strike becomes quite lovely to the most uncompromising of Radicals when it secures him his morning bath. And, to return, lastly the wide streets and boulevards of the city are paved in an impossible manner, with large, irregular boulders, or mammoth cobbles, on which walking is torture and driving a penalty for luxury. Thus a large and handsome town, soon to be in direct communication by rail with Pesth and Vienna, is destitute of some of the first necessities of civilized life. With the notions now current in Belgrade, it would not be possible to levy a direct tax on landowners and shareholders in order to remedy this intolerable state of things. Wherefore the town authorities and the Ministry bethought them that it might be done in an indirect manner by the establishment of an *octroi*. A Bill was brought into the Skuptschina for the purpose. Town and country rose together. "Could it be

borne that the citizens of Belgrade should be forced to eat dearer meat and vegetables in order to pay for their own improvements?" was the town side of the question. "Were the people of Belgrade mad enough to suppose that the peasants were going to allow them to levy a duty on all the produce that went into the city, in order to give themselves light and water and good pavements when they were too well off already?" was the cry of the countrymen. The Bill was thrown out. And yet, if the Government had brought in a Bill providing for these improvements out of the general revenues of the country, it would have been passed. Meantime the streets of the capital remain a disgrace to the city, on the eve of the opening of the railway which connects it with the capitals of Europe and will soon fill it with foreigners. As for the country at large no effort has been made since the war to improve the existing roads or open up new ones. The slow and primitive method of draught by oxen is universally employed, and is typical of the progress of the people. The old peasant is still the master of the situation. He dislikes taxation which to him is a Turkish abomination. He is a stolid Conservative. He is doubtful about all these new-fangled notions of railways and good roads. He despises the opinion of Belgrade, whose people are "shopkeepers," a word which with him is equivalent to the popular meaning in England of the term "Jew."

Nevertheless this peasant with his independence, his obstinacy, his thrift, his shrewdness in small things, his healthy love of liberty, his calm sense of equality, forms a solid basis for a strong nation. He is well worth a study. He may be ignorant and unpolished, but he has a certain gentleness of character, a certain dignity, which prove that he does not belong to one of the rude and inferior races of men. He is religious by heredity, he does not think enough about religion to have any convictions. Nothing would disconcert him more than to be invited by his priest to reflect upon the grounds of his belief, and the last thing his priest would do would be to ask him to try it. When he goes to church on Sundays or fête days, he stands outside; he is content to know that the service is going on within. There is no danger of missing a sermon, the priest has the good sense not to preach. The ritual is performed without long and useless exhortations. When the bells begin to ring he crosses himself, and returns to his house with the happy feeling that he has done his duty. He is never troubled about rites and dogmas, and reverts to his religion in hours of need as a sick man to spoon diet. The priest is useful at christenings, weddings and burials, at other times he can do without him. Continual feasts and holidays remind him of the existence of his religion and he believes himself to be living under its influence. Mixed up with it in his mind are many pagan superstitions which have come down from the times that preceded

Christianity. On the day before the festival of St. George he must fetch water from a well; on the first of May he must roll himself in the morning dew; at the fête of St. John the Baptist, when day and night are equal, he, like the old pagans, hangs up a wreath of leaves and flowers, well-garnished with garlic, detested of witches, on the outside of his house. Even in Belgrade there is hardly a house to be seen without the withering chaplet on its front.

Amidst all this simplicity the peasants are shrewd, serious, sober. Among them a man must not openly disregard morality or honesty. They have a deep love of country, a singular and profound consciousness that the future is for them, a belief in their capacity for better things, and a firm determination to go on and win them. From their ignorance they must make many mistakes, their narrow prejudices must from time to time mislead them, but a people possessing at once their capacity and seriousness, their practical shrewdness and poetic fervour, must, as soon as they are enlightened, become a respectable nation.

To govern such a people requires a faith that will remove mountains, a patience akin to stolidity, a burning patriotism, an indefatigable energy, a persistent industry, a clear head and a true heart. How far the men who have had and who now have charge of the fortunes of the nation are possessed of all or any of these qualities, a not very remote criticism will decide. It is certain that the man has not yet arisen, the man with large heart and eloquent tongue, who is to be the political regenerator of his people. He must be not a revolutionary dreamer but a practical statesman, he must appeal at once to the poetic side of the Serbian nature and to their practical liking for well-being and repose. He must lead them by nobler arts than those of the selfish *intriguants*.

In the towns, and particularly in Belgrade, which is increasing in size and importance with great rapidity, are to be found a numerous and very well-to-do class of traders. Through them the country is supplied with foreign goods, among which figure Manchester cottons and Belfast linens and some items of English hardware, but British trade with Serbia, though amounting to some half a million a year, is swamped out by the incessant, industrious, intriguing, and, shall I add, unscrupulous policy of Austria. Since she occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina British trade, which was before predominant in those provinces, has of course been expelled with a fork. She is trying to use the same tool in Serbia. I shall refer to this directly. The Serb is a natural trader. He is not speculative, but sober, timid, a little inclined to huckster, but honourable, and with a quiet *canny* side to him that reminds one a little of the Scotch, whom the Serbs resemble in other particulars. Such a nation in the East must make its way. Such people the Eastern Jew cannot, as he does in

Hungary or Roumania skin or fleece. They do not require him, they give him no chance. Whether it be by association or by nature I cannot tell, but the Serbian Jews are different from those of Hungary or Austria or Roumania. There is no strong antipathy to them in Serbia. They are descendants of Jews, who migrated from Spain, to avoid the Inquisition, and who reached Serbia by way of Constantinople. In Belgrade they are an industrious and thriving class, and possess a quarter of their own, a large synagogue, and the most dismal cemetery in the world—a rank wilderness, where cattle feed, and dogs roam, and broken tombstones lie scattered among colossal weeds. The other nations of Europe are represented among the merchants, particularly Austrians and Germans. Many of these get naturalized. There is not a solitary English merchant in the place. A Scotch minister, who came out to convert the natives, and having taken to preaching against the Orthodox church, was silenced by the police, consoled himself by purchasing a large piece of land in the suburbs, which is being rapidly covered with houses, and the reverend gentleman is said to be making a fortune. The success of this investment gave rise to a characteristic difficulty. The Burgo-master and town council had their attention called to the success of the “English town” as it was termed, and the probability that before long they would be obliged to provide lighting and watching for its hundreds of inhabitants. It was also urged that the effect of selling land cheaply for building purposes in the suburbs, was to leave many lots unbuilt on within the town, and to diminish the price of town lots. Accordingly the town authorities served the owner with a notice not to sell any more land till the city proper was filled up! And the matter made a sort of diplomatic incident for the amiable Minister of Great Britain at Belgrade. It was with the greatest difficulty that the Serbians were made to see that they could not interfere with a man’s disposition of his own property except in a legal manner, and that their action was quite Turkish—that is, almost everything that was bad and tyrannical, but I fear they are not yet convinced, and are sighing that old Milosch is not alive to order the reverend gentleman to be deported or shot. Meantime, as it is Milan and not Milosch who reigns, the Scotch minister’s lots continue to go off at fancy prices.

I may say, while speaking of this incident, that Belgrade is expanding in a very remarkable manner. The price of land has gone up and is increasing rapidly. Hundreds of buildings, some of large and handsome proportions, are being erected. The suburbs are pushing out into the country. The opinion of persons on the spot entitled to form a judgment is that the progress of this Eastern town, as soon as the railway is completed, will rival that of the new “Cities” of Western America. It will then become a great emporium,

lying on the most direct route between Vienna and Constantinople, and it is impossible that the enormous influx of foreigners which will take place, should not double the population within a short period. In addition to this the Government, whose offices are distributed in sections all over the town, must soon commence the erection of Government offices and other public buildings.

Serbia was meant, and was cut out, to be a democracy, and her constitution will always lean towards the democratic side. With her communal system, the singularly equal distribution of land (only the State and the Church possessing it in large holdings)—and the consequent total absence of a great landed class, it does not possess, as did Roumania with its Boyars, any of the elements for the creation of that aristocracy, which, for practical purposes, better than any divinity, “doth hedge a king.” In destroying the Serbian kingdom the Turks crushed out the ancient families of Serbia, who refused to turn Muhammedans, with the Bosnian nobility, and their estates were forfeited. The Raïahs were left to till the soil. The great estates fell to the Pashas or feudatories of the Porte. When the country was freed from the Turkish yoke, the great estates became the property of the principality, but each peasant retained his land, and each commune, the lands of the commonalty. The years that have elapsed since the liberation have not produced any rich men bitten by the land-fever. Probably there is no country in the world where wealth is more equally distributed than it is in Serbia. And it is not put *en evidence*. The practice of hoarding gold is universal. Many of the city merchants of Belgrade do not invest—they accumulate. If they build a new house or buy land, they pay on the nail in *ducats*, drawn from some secret hiding-place. In pulling down houses, or digging in gardens, such deposits are frequently discovered. Quite recently a deputy from Nagotin, who was attending the Skuptschina, and was taken mortally ill at Belgrade, sent for the chief of the police and disclosed to him that in a certain part of his garden near Nagotin would be found a deposit of money, which turned out to amount to several thousand ducats, and agreeably astonished his relatives, who had never imagined him to be half so wealthy. Had he died suddenly, this deposit would most probably have been left to mature, until it came to the lucky finder, with an agreeable flavour of antiquity about it. Thus there is a vast amount of gold hoarded in Serbia, which does not “grow.” A few men, of the more worldly and energetic type, may be rich to the extent of some millions of francs, but they are nearly all foreigners. Nothing therefore exists out of which to make an aristocracy. There are some well-bred and agreeable courtiers, connections of the King, or relics of old families, but nothing to give even a commonplace brilliancy to a Court. The Queen, I am told, adds a clever wit to a charming person, does the hono

the Court on democratic principles. The *belle* of the last season at the Court balls was the daughter of an apothecary, a class of tradesman which in Serbia appears to be generally well-off, and enjoys much more consideration than the poor doctor, whose fees are not above two or three francs a visit. In the modest mansion which serves for a palace, the Queen receives the Serbian ladies, and gives herself great pains in instructing them in Court manners, and coaxing them to exchange their quaint national costume for French fashions. This is not æsthetic, but perhaps it is good policy. There is not much of the old Serbian, twisted and attenuated by Turkish tyranny, that is worth keeping. To new ideas, new dresses. You could not have civilized Pomaré without improving on the candid simplicity of her native costume.

It will be asked—"What then has been gained by erecting Serbia into a kingdom?" That is a question which it would take a long time to answer thoroughly, and which might involve a number of delicate political reflections into which I would rather not enter at this particular time. The relations of Russia and Austria have something to say on it, and personal considerations are involved in Serbia itself that it would be indiscreet to review. By principle and personal inclination I should have replied offhand—"Nothing:" but speaking as an impartial onlooker, and fairly weighing the circumstances, I am obliged to say "Much." I owe my conversion on this point to a distinguished American republican, who has been a firm and valuable friend to Serbia.

When Austria occupied Bosnia, Serbia and the spirits of the Serbian nation were *ecrasés*. Adieu forever the cherished idea of a union of the Serbs from the Adriatic to Bulgaria. The treaty of Berlin deliberately stifled all such aspirations. Russia, as we shall see, threw over Serbia, and drove M. Ristich into the arms of Austria-Hungary. Her occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina completed the subservience of the nation, though there are, I believe, Serbian politicians who cherish the idea that some day Austria-Hungary will magnanimously hand over the two provinces to their kingdom. It would be pleasant to have one's life insured to the date when Austria-Hungary *voluntarily* performs this gracious act. In face of her occupation, Serbia, flouted at Berlin, and meeting with scant sympathy elsewhere, was in danger of internal collapse from pure chagrin. What had they really gained by the war? A pertinent question and hard to answer. The movement to create a kingdom diverted the popular mind, excited enthusiasm. It was a good *coup de théâtre*. Its success gave the simple peasants a sense of historic dignity, it elevated their spirits, it revived their ambition. Surely, now, as a kingdom, they must become the head and forefront of the Serbian race. They had erected a royal standard to which all Serbs could rally. However

incongruous therefore it may appear to outsiders, to have established a monarchy among a couple of millions of peasants and tradesmen, it would seem in this case to have been a politic move, which has tended to revive and elevate the spirit of the country. And then possibly it may have saved to Serbia some venerated heads.

This is all one need say about the creation of the Kingdom. The other salient subject of "Bontoux" is not a savoury one. Nor is there anything to be gained by reviving it. Serbia was punished, and the punishment was aggravated by the laughter of Europe. We have seen with how naïve a constituency Bontoux had to deal, and when he and his Jewish colleague Rappoport of Vienna swooped down upon Belgrade with their millions, they took the worthy representatives of Serbia by surprise. It is something to be able to say that such an incident could not happen again, which is more than could be said of some much more lofty nations in her immediate neighbourhood. Although there may not now be much criticism in the Skuptschina of the concessions granted by Ministers, there is very little scandal, and foreigners who go to Belgrade to make propositions must do so in a serious, business-like manner and moreover be prepared to show that they are competent to carry out their undertakings. There is, as we shall show, a vast field for legitimate investment in the country, and the Government have resolved that it shall be "exploited" only by serious people. The loss to Serbia through M. Bontoux's operations is said to have amounted in round figures to 22,000,000 francs, but it is significant of the imperfect character of the constitutional machinery, that the real sum is unknown to the people. Of this it is said, some ten to eleven millions will be recovered, leaving about 11,000,000 as the cost of a lesson, which, coming at the outset of the destinies of Serbia as a kingdom, may be considered as having been cheaply gained. It may have temporarily deranged the finances, but no one who knows the country and sees the vigour with which its trade is being developed, can fail to be convinced that, in the hands of honest Ministers, its credit will rapidly rise in the money-market of Europe. Meantime the exigencies of the situation have compelled the Government to resort to expedients on which a few words may be said.

The main and old resource of the revenue is a capitation tax and a kind of property-tax, to which have more recently been added customs and excise duties. One can only speak of these in a general way, for there is a lamentable absence of information on these vital questions. Those who have examined the statistics such as they are, which reach the public a year or two late, inform me that they are utterly unreliable and self-confuting. The statistical department, which now, in every civilized country, is reckoned to be one of first-class importance, is a mere farce at Belgrade, and he is most kind

who visits it with the most merciless criticism. The statistics are years in arrear. No trustworthy information on any subject whatever can be obtained from it. The department consists of one *employé* with one, and sometimes two, assistants. Its solitary merit is to admit its own impotence, and here perhaps it affords an example which might be commended to some more pretentious states.

The capitation tax is levied on every adult male. The property tax is assessed by the local authorities upon the householders in proportion to their wealth real or supposed, a very delicate duty, akin to that of our Income-tax Commissioners, but, owing to the patriarchal habits of the commune and the character of the people, creating less offence in the manner of its discharge.

Almost every article imported is subject to some duty, but the Government, if it be necessary to encourage some local industry or some public works, will resort to the iniquitous principle usual in Continental States, of relieving from duty the machinery and plant imported for the use of such industry or improvements. To meet the changes required by the adoption of the metric system, a new Tariff has recently been published. Mr. Potter and the Cobden Club might with some advantage turn their attention to Serbia, particularly as the Minister of Finance is a devotee of Cobden and one of their colleagues. M. Mijatovich found these customs duties in operation when he came into power, and the difficulties of Serbian finance have compelled him to maintain them, but it is clear that for a country which has absolutely no manufactures beyond beer and spirits, and does not produce even a match, a pin or a needle, this is only one way of cutting its own throat. It can only be defended on the ground adopted by apologists of the tariffs of our own colonies—namely, that it is not imposed for protection but for revenue. The excise duties are on beer and liquors. Tobacco, of which there is both a large consumption and production, is as yet untouched. But there can be no doubt that the Ministerial eye is fixed upon it, and the days of fine native grown at three to four francs an oka (2½ lbs.) are numbered.

But there are other, and some of them less defensible, modes of raising the revenue. To meet the difficulties created by the Bontoux fiasco, various new taxes were instituted. The first, considered legitimate in every country, is a stamp duty on all agreements, transfers and written transactions of every kind. This is carried to a whimsical extreme. Every application made to a Minister or department must be stamped. An official informed me that he sent in an application for leave of absence, which was returned to him because it was not stamped, and it cost him twenty centimes to prefer his request. This tax raises a large and increasing revenue, and as the number of and business transactions is yearly augmented, will

become one of the most substantial contributions to the resources of the State. The second is not so politic. It is a license fee charged upon all shopkeepers, handicraftsmen, &c., graduated, and not very onerous, but in principle most obnoxious.

The least legitimate of these expedients for raising money is that resorted to last year, of granting a monopoly for salt. The Government required a large advance to enable it to pay for a quantity of arms. The Anglo-Austrian Bank succeeded in getting the monopoly, on agreeing to advance five and a-half millions in instalments to meet the payments as they became due. The terms are alleged to have been very favourable to Serbia, the prices fixed for the contract being very low, and the concession only lasts for fifteen years. If there must be a monopoly, the terms of this one seem to bear examination. The Government has the power of creating industrial monopolies and granting concessions for them, without resorting to the Skuptschina, but only for a period of fifteen years. Recently a combination of English and French capitalists have obtained such a monopoly for the establishment of a pork-factory on the principle of the large factories of Chicago and Cincinnati. Such concessions however are not for raising revenue, but are supposed to be necessary in order to attract foreign capital, and encourage home production.

It may be judged that Serbia with such a respectable schedule of taxation and a public debt, is rapidly fitting herself to take a place among the most civilized European States. The peasants of the Skuptschina will defend themselves from direct taxation, but they will cheerfully vote any tax which seems to fall upon the merchants and shopkeepers. They labour under the delusion that in so doing they are saving themselves. There is no one to undeceive them, except the merchants, who in due time will unite in self-defence, but at present things are too much in a state of solution to allow any definite ideas to crystallize on these or any other economical questions.

When we come to examine into the resources of Serbia, the picture is more bright and hopeful, although, owing to the absence of correct statistics, it has something more of the indefinite glow of a Turner landscape than the rigid accuracy of a pre-Raphaelite painting. In a country possessing such an excellent soil and magnificent climate the agricultural products must necessarily be large, and, in these days, they will increase as the peasants wake up to the fact that there are means of increasing them—that, being produced, there is a demand for them, and that they will pay for the extra cost and labour.

The pig industry has long been a capital one in this country. As far back as 1838 the Pesth market was overrun with Serbian pigs. The present export to Hungary is variously estimated at from \$800,000 to 1,200,000 per annum, but I suspect this is an exaggeration. The breed is a fair one, the average weight is about 80 lb

okas, and the price in the country districts is 5 to 6 ducats (£2 10s. to £3) per couple. It is hoped by the promoters of the new factory that a large proportion of these animals now driven to Pesth will pass through its gates.

The tobacco product is important and yearly increasing. The leaf is generally of a fair quality, and, in some parts, that grown from the seed of the famous Turkish district of Yenidjé, is peculiarly fine. The best comes from the neighbourhood of Alexinatz and Baïna-bagitché. Very good tobacco is retailed in Belgrade at eight francs the *oka*. St. Antony could hardly have resisted the temptation to smoke which is thus placed before all classes in Serbia, and even the boys in the streets may be seen rolling their cigarettes or puffing them with serious enjoyment. There is an immense source of future revenue in the tobacco product.

Wine-culture is extensive and flourishing. There have been alarms about the phylloxera, but as yet no definite losses. A great impetus has been given to this culture of late by the demand from Bordeaux for wines which will lend themselves to the treatment which the French delicately term *coupage*—but which in plain English is *concoction*. Hungary and Transylvania have been ransacked for the same purpose, and vast quantities are yearly transported to Bordeaux and to Switzerland. Of the Serbian wines, those of Semendria and Nagotin, have for centuries enjoyed a great reputation, and are of a high class. Semendria wine is as light as natural sherry, has considerable alcoholic strength, and a delicate *bouquet*. It is infinitely preferable to many of the light French wines and German hocks sold at high prices in England. The Nagotin resembles Burgundy in body and colour, and when kept acquires a softness and flavour which belong only to good and pure wines. These two wines kept in the wood for four years are retailed in Belgrade at 1 franc to 1.20 a bottle. But French competition must soon drive up the prices. I have been told that a French agent recently arrived in Belgrade with orders for 1,000,000 francs' worth of wine. One merchant lately sent off in one consignment 40,000 francs' worth to Switzerland. Both French and Swiss houses have regular agents in the country. This and the tobacco culture the peasants understand, and they are admirably fitted for it, by their patience and deftness. The cultivable area for vines is immense, and it is reported that a large number of new vineyards are being laid out this year.

Another product, for which there has sprung up in the world an enormous demand, is dried plums, which Serbia produces and can produce in great quantities. The plum cultivation used to be carried on for the purpose of distilling the well-known *slivovitza* or plum-brandy, but it should rejoice the heart of Sir Wilfrid Lawson to know that this abuse of an admirable fruit has been stopped by the

demand in European countries and the markets of the United States for dried plums, which combine salutary medical properties with a flavour which some people think pleasant. The business is assuming large proportions in Serbia, and is capable of unlimited expansion, but here again statistics are wanting.

When to these products are added the vast growth of the cereals, all of which, in particular corn and maize, grow in perfection in the rich and unexhausted soil of the country,—the horned cattle so largely exported to Hungary, the vast forests of virgin timber, there would appear to be a very promising economical prospect before the country and its future ministers of finance. The people are admirably adapted for agriculture. They have the thriftiness, the handiness, the industry, the fatalism which are needed to make a good cultivator. Their money-loving qualities will prompt them to increase their produce, and by-and-by to introduce machinery which is now totally unknown. They have only quite recently abandoned their old-fashioned ploughs for others of a later pattern. It will take some time however to introduce machinery. Their holdings are too small to make it worth while for many individuals, but the communes might be induced to purchase machinery for the general use. This places the country at a great disadvantage in its competition with Hungary and Roumania, where an enormous amount has been invested by the great landowners in agricultural machines. On the other hand, Serbia will improve immensely in all that can be produced by the *petite culture*. Flax of a very superior quality will grow over a large area, and the peasants could soon learn the troublesome and delicate handling it requires to make it marketable. The sugar-beet will grow to perfection, and would be provided in any quantity were a factory to be established. With peace and a sound financial policy, the peasants' hoards of ducats must materially increase.

The agricultural wealth of Serbia pales before the historical and scientific renown of her mineral riches. The traces of vast mining works, carried on for centuries by the Romans, the Venetians, the Ragusans, and the accumulation of *débris* left by those operations, prove that rich deposits of lead, of iron, of silver, of copper, were worked for ages in various parts of Serbia. Scientific investigation has confirmed the fact, and certified the existence of rich deposits of many minerals which, treated by the improved methods of modern times, may give returns that would have startled the ancient adventurers. These deposits abound all over the country. New deposits are being constantly discovered. There is hardly a week which passes without an application to the Government for a new mining concession. In the Kraina district gold washed down from the hills has been gathered by the peasants for centuries, after every

storm or freshet. A goldsmith of Belgrade set out to discover the source of this supply, and discovered a vein of gold-bearing quartz, which yields on Mr. Claudet's analysis, nearly 9 oz. per ton. But it is a delicate matter nowadays for a publicist to enter into details on such a subject. Mining is a lottery, and the losers will never believe that the information submitted to them was *bond-fide*, however accurate and candid it may have been. All that can be said is that careful examinations, some of them made at the instance of the Government, place it beyond doubt that vast and varied mineral wealth is laid up in the mountains of Serbia. At Krupan, on the Bosnian frontier, the Government now works a lead mine, to supply the requirements for bullets and shell-casings. The lead ore is rich in silver. Copper and antimony, in large veins, exist on the same property. Krupan is close to Saësia, the famous mining town of the Romans, and not far from existing mines which have been opened by the Austrians across the Drina. Coal, in immense deposits and of superior quality, has been found at Sikola, on the Danube. Many other coal outcroppings have been discovered of great promise and in the neighbourhood of the line of railway. But copper, lead, silver-lead, galena, antimony and iron abound all over the country—there are fine qualities of stone, marble and slate. The piers of the railway bridge at Belgrade are being built of a beautifully variegated marble in default of cheaper material within easy reach. This wealth of minerals there is no local capital to work, and the bold pioneers who tempt the distant deep of the Pacific or the western seas of Africa in search of precious metals, neglect a country as promising as any in the world, which lies within safe and easy reach of Paris or London. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico!* There is no doubt that Western capital and enterprise would long since have been engaged in developing the mineral riches of Bosnia and Serbia, but for the dominance of the Turk and the difficulties of transport. Now that there is a settled Government, and a railway will traverse the country from end to end, capital will be attracted to these ancient and attractive fields. Two mines in the country are being worked by well-known English capitalists.

So far as material resources are concerned, Young Serbia might look forward to the future with a glad heart. She has liberty, a people capable and teachable, and she is developing her resources year by year. She is young, and has some of the defects of youth, but youth matures rapidly in this age and sometimes astonishes its elders. Those who saw Belgrade in 1876 are surprised on returning to it in 1883. Signs of change and progress strike the eye on every side. The trade quarter of the city, on the low-lying bank of the Save, is full of bustle and business, large warehouses are crammed with merchandise, the streets are crowded with a great traffic. It is already an

important mart. New and handsome shops and offices are rising in the principal thoroughfares, and their windows are filled with all the articles of use or luxury to be found in Western cities. The national costume is giving way to French and English fashions, and these are also penetrating into the towns of the interior. Antiquated methods of business may still hold their ground, but they are being seriously undermined. The influx of foreigners, with modern ideas and energetic habits, is breaking through Eastern stolidity and stirring up the Serb, who is a born shopkeeper, and has no notion of allowing himself to be distanced by strangers on his own ground. The other day I came across a Serbian merchant, the head of one of the richest firms in the country, who was on his way to New York to establish a branch of his house there. Large quantities of kid and sheep skins for gloves, dried plums, and other Serbian goods, are exported to the United States. On the other hand the hides used for making their peculiar national *opankas*—a sort of moccasin, of prepared bullock skin—are imported into the country from South America, while Serbia sends away every year to Hungary many thousands of hides on the backs of live cattle. This is one of the mysteries of trade—easily explained. The number of cattle killed for the use of the people is small, and no manufactory exists for curing and salting beef, though it would pay well. Consequently the Serb sends his cattle, hides and all, across the Danube, and supplies his own wants in cattle skins from across the Atlantic.

The internal indications, then, of the health of young Serbia are on the whole favourable. Could he only be left alone, would the meddlesome nurses, who worry and rate him, only keep their "hands off," he might grow up into a very sturdy and estimable youth. But the little nation is surrounded by difficulties. She is a sort of central practising ground for the diplomatic intrigues of jealous and rival States. And moreover, from political causes and by physical juxtaposition, she has been thrown into the power of the least generous and most illiberal of commercial nations. The evils and the perils which Serbia has most to dread come from these causes. They are serious, they affect her vitality, they have a fatal influence on her welfare. The evil too is of a kind which it is most difficult to remedy. The diagnosis cannot be made public. Only the King, the Ministers, and a few functionaries are aware of the dangers as they arise, or vanish, or are revived. The people cannot know of them, and cannot be consulted about them. Yet they must suffer for the mistakes of their governors, and these may be puppets in the hand of one powerful State or another. The cross intrigues of Russia and Austria hamper its domestic policy, and make it difficult for its rulers to be true to the nation. Moreover the present dynasty always has hanging over its head the menace of the Karageorgeovitch pretensions. And that

means something. Four times since his accession and recognition as ruler of the Principality, has the King's life been attempted. These were not the acts of madmen or the efforts of private revenge. No one on the spot believes that the latest attempt by the woman Markovitch to shoot him in the Cathedral was prompted by any but political motives. What could have been the motives of any party, however fanatical, to plunge the country, so much in need of repose, into the disorder which would have followed the success of such a dastardly crime? Milan is popular, he takes a keen interest in affairs, he does all he can to encourage the development of the country. There are only two parties, it is suggested on the spot, who could have had any motive for the crime. One is the pro-Russian and Orthodox Church party, who were furious at the part he was credited with playing in regard to the removal of the Metropolitan Michael from Belgrade. Michael, able and astute, was the mainstay of the Russian party. His fall was an evidence of the potency of Austrian influence in the Court at Belgrade. The motive alleged, as likely to have inspired this party to such a crime, is a somewhat feeble one. They attribute to the queen sympathies with Russia and the Orthodox religion, which, it is said, led them to hope that a regency under the queen would be less favourable to Austrian influence than the present régime. The other party, which might have had a motive for removing Milan, is of course that of the partisans of Karageorgeovitch. I mention these stories, neither as facts nor probabilities, but as the surmises current in Serbia. They, and the events which have given rise to them, are significant of the dangerous volcanic nature of the forces at work in South-Eastern Europe. Now, the marriage of Karageorgeovitch with the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, is regarded as a card played by Russia, to trump that played by Austria-Hungary in the affair of the Metropolitan. All this is deplorable enough for Serbia which needs peace and repose. As it is the anxieties of Government are intensified by extraneous matter, and the minds of king and people are diverted from practical politics.

The struggle of Russia and Austria-Hungary for the commanding influence at Belgrade is always acute. The Austrians have the advantage in the fact that their trade with Serbia exceeds that of any other country. They purchased the right to such an influence by assisting M. Ristich at Berlin. Russia showed an impolitic coldness to Serbia at the Congress. Moreover she intrigued to secure for Bulgaria Pirot and other parts of the territory conquered by Serbia from the Turks. The spirit of the Serbians was in no mood to endure anything of this kind. No man knows his countrymen better than M. Ristich. It was a case of life and death. He went to the Austrians and made those propositions which have resulted in the predominancy of Austria-Hungary in Serbian affairs. He

could hardly have done otherwise. The people of Serbia were by no means satisfied with the outcome of the Congress, and the results of the war into which their leaders had plunged them. To have gone back to them from Berlin with the mandate of Europe that part of their conquests was to be given up would have been political suicide for the Minister. The cord then tied round the neck of Serbia, the Austrians have steadily tightened. Their commercial policy is directed to securing the monopoly of Serbian trade. The railroad rates (it is even openly stated in Belgrade, *the manner in which the railways conduct the traffic*), the charges of the Danube Steam Navigation Company, make it impossible for other countries to compete with Austria on the spot in any of her products. Her watchfulness is incredible. The courses of trade are the subject of diplomatic vigilance; and Austrian officialism aids mercantile jealousy in putting every possible obstacle in the way of independent commerce. For instance a match factory was started in Serbia. The export of the Serbian matches into Austria was stopped, and a drawback was allowed by the Government to the Austrian manufacturers of matches. The poor little Serbian factory was squelched by the Nasmyth hammer of the Imperial policy. There is no matter so small that an Austrian merchant will not complain of it, or an Austrian Minister refuse to entertain it. Indeed, the incessancy and minuteness of their bureaucratic study of every means of supporting the national commerce might with advantage be emulated by our British officials, at home and abroad.

The only chance of extending the trade between Serbia and Great Britain, now estimated at half a million yearly, is by the mouth of the Danube. The cost and delay, the innumerable petty exactions and red-tape formalities by which Austrian ingenuity encumbers the through international traffic, render it a slow torture to engage in transporting merchandise *via* Trieste or Hamburg. On the Danube, the importer is checked by the charges of the Navigation Company. The rate asked of an English firm for bringing up some machinery from Galatz to Belgrade by the river, about 1,000 miles, was £4 per ton. One-fourth of the money would take the goods to Galatz from England. This rate is imposed to maintain the ring round Serbia, and keep out English and French goods. That it is a rate of policy and not of business is proved by the fact that the charge *down the Danube* to Galatz is 17 shillings per ton. The difference of cost and time of up-stream navigation does not account for this discrepancy. The Austrian commercial policy is to carry as large exports as possible down the Danube and to shut out all imports. This policy is detested by the riparian States of Roumania and Serbia. So strongly is it resented that in both States propositions have been made to create independent navigation on the Danube. A

prepared and will be introduced at the next session of the Roumanian Parliament, to create a navigation company with a Government guarantee. A similar company would receive all possible help from the Serbian Government. The subject is well worth the attention of British Chambers of Commerce and of British shipowners. At present, two-thirds of the tonnage which enters and leaves the Danube is British, in steamers averaging 1,047 tons. In 1882 out of 1,646 vessels of all classes, with a tonnage of 903,063 tons, leaving the Danube, 580 steamers with a tonnage of 607,219 tons were British. The outgoing rates from Great Britain are low, as the vessels go for cereals. Yet goods cannot reach Serbia by this route from England at a less rate than those charged on the Continental railways.* A very large trade could be done between Serbia and Great Britain, were the costs of carriage reduced. Manchester goods, hardware, linens, &c., of British make are well appreciated at Belgrade and Nioch.

The consciousness of their being bound hand and foot, commercially and politically, to and by Austria-Hungary, only intensifies the natural antipathy of the Serbs to that Empire and the hatred promoted by its internal policy in regard to the Austrian Serbs. This feeling is one of the factors of the problem to be solved in the immediate future with one knows not what outpourings of passion and blood. Two significant incidents here lately occurred. Last year the Serbian philharmonic societies of Austria, which are accustomed to hold an annual gathering or festival, decided as a compliment to the Serbs of the kingdom, to hold it in Belgrade. A large number of societies and individuals had signified their intention of being present, but only a day or two before the meeting was to take place, an order was issued by the Hungarian police that no one would be permitted to cross the frontier without a passport *visé* for foreign countries. The meeting was consequently a *fiasco*, as many of the intending visitors had not time to get a passport.

This year the Austrian Serbs organized a great Serbian demonstration at Carlovitz and Neusatz in honour of the popular Serbian poet Branko Raditchivitch, who died in Vienna in 1853 and lay buried there. Branko was a sort of Serbian Burns. He was the first to write popular prose and poetry in the vulgar spoken language or vernacular. His poems are sung and declaimed wherever Serbian is spoken, and are familiar to the entire Slavonic family—the Czechs, Poles, Russians, Croatians and Bulgarians. It was proposed to bring his remains from Vienna and to inter them near Neusatz, in Austria—but in “Serbian soil.” Four or five thousand Serbs collected from Montenegro, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina and elsewhere to

* I am informed that the cost of transport of Manchester goods in bales from Liverpool to Belgrade via Trieste and Hamburg is 109 shillings per 1,000 kilos, about a ton.

this ceremony. The Austrian and Hungarian journals attacked the proposed celebration with some virulence. Either by bad luck or mismanagement, or *malice prépende*, the body transported by the Austrian routes did not reach Neusatz till the day after the celebration, but the assembled multitude resolved to wait, and the next day the ceremony was carried out. In Belgrade and Serbia the indignation aroused by the circumstance was intensified by a little home incident, in which once more the potent finger of Austria was seen. A large company of Serbian students and *litterati* had obtained leave from the Government to use the only steam-vessel it possesses, the *Delignad*, to take them to Neusatz to attend the celebration. But the Austrian-Hungarian Minister at Belgrade presented a remonstrance against it, on the ground that the incident might be taken to import sympathy with the celebration on the part of the Serbian Government, and the leave to use the vessel was withdrawn.

These are indications of high pressure. Is it Austria-Hungary who is sitting on the safety-valve? And Russia is also on the spot. She never sleeps. Her diplomacy is wide-awake and even active. The aims, the policy, the fortunes of the two Empires are utterly antagonistic and the issues are vital. Between two such millstones will little Serbia be ground to powder?

Whatever befalls good-luck attend her! In every event let her sons be true to her. May young Serbia keep a wise cool head and a stout heart, and a hand ready to defend her rights.

EDWARD JENKINS.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I. — NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

TO English scholars at all events, and perhaps to all others, the most interesting event in the course of New Testament criticism is the appearance, within the last few days, of the third edition of Dr. Scrivener's "Plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament." Ever since the publication of the Revised Version, and the appearance, soon afterwards, of the text of Professors Westcott and Hort, the learned world has been anxious to know Dr. Scrivener's views on the critical questions there raised. The Revised Text, and the principles of the two great Cambridge scholars, were challenged in the most uncompromising manner by another distinguished authority in the *Quarterly Review*. Two members of the New Testament Company undertook the vindication of their colleagues. Canon Cook published an important argument on the other side; and amidst this conflict of skilled opinion increasing interest was felt to know the judgment of so eminent a textual critic as Dr. Scrivener. It will carry the more weight from the deliberation with which it has been expressed, and it will with justice be regarded in many quarters as in the nature of a judicial decision upon the present stage of the controversy. Dr. Scrivener's discussion is at least conspicuous throughout for its judicial temper; and theories against which he pronounces decisively must at any rate be regarded by all scholars as extremely precarious. In this volume the reader now possesses a full account of the materials of textual criticism at present in our possession, and the general results of Dr. Scrivener's study of them. As he says in his Preface, "whether his principles or his application of them be right or wrong, they are the fruits of patient investigation pursued through a period extending over more than half a lifetime?" Without the presumption of entering on any review of such a work, or of offering any opinion on its conclusions, some account may be acceptable to the reader of its views on the topics of current interest just referred to.

In the Preface, Dr. Scrivener makes a few general observations on the text adopted in the Revised Version. He says he feels it neither necessary nor becoming for him to undertake a formal review either of that version or of the text from which it was made. But "he is happy to avow his firm opinion on three points with regard to it, which have been much controverted during the last two years. First, that the task of scrutinizing the Greek text was one which the revisers could not have shrunk from, without reducing their labour to a nullity: Secondly, that the text as adopted by them, especially in passages of primary interest and importance, is far less one-sided than is generally supposed: Thirdly, that the various readings recorded in the margin are nothing better than *rejected* readings, deliberately refused a place in the text, and set in the margin, if sometimes too lightly, yet always in a spirit of fairness to the unlearned reader of Holy Scripture." At the same time he sufficiently disclaims being personally responsible for those rejections, by observing that "no one could gravely suppose that the conclusions of that or

any other large company were arrived at by a series of unanimous votes, for each one of which every member was personally responsible." It is of no little importance thus to be assured that, when we are told in the margin of the Revised Version, that "some ancient authorities omit" certain words of our Lord, we are to understand that the testimony of those authorities is "nothing better than a *rejected* reading."

From these reserved remarks on the text adopted by the revisers, it is natural to turn with special interest to Dr. Scrivener's observations on the work of Professors Westcott and Hort. In his account (ch. v.) of critical editions of the New Testament, he describes it as "this important and comprehensive work, the joint labour of two of our best living scholars toiling, now separately, now in counsel, for five-and-twenty years." He observes generally that they "depart more widely from the *textus receptus* than any previous editor had thought necessary; nor can they be blamed for carrying out their deliberate convictions, if the reasons they allege shall prove sufficient to justify them. Those reasons are given at length by Dr. Hort in his *Introduction*, a treatise whose merits may be frankly acknowledged by persons the least disposed to accept his arguments; never was a cause, good or bad in itself, set off with higher ability and persuasive power" (p. 488). The validity of the theory thus defended by Dr. Hort is discussed in Dr. Scrivener's seventh chapter, "On Recent Views of Comparative Criticism." In that chapter the general principle which he advocates is sufficiently indicated in the observation (p. 521), "that it is both our wisdom and our duty to *weigh the momentous subject at issue in all its parts*, shutting out from the mind no source of information which can reasonably be supposed capable of influencing our decision. Nor can such a course become less right or expedient because it must perforce involve us in laborious, extensive, and prolonged examination of a vast store of varied and voluminous testimony. . . . Hence such a plan as that advocated by Lachmann, for abridging the trouble of investigation by the arbitrary rejection of the great mass of existing evidence, must needs be condemned for its rashness by those who think their utmost pains well bestowed in such a cause; nor can we consistently praise the determination of others, who, shunning the more obvious errors into which Lachmann fell, yet follow his example in constructing the text of the New Testament on a foundation somewhat less narrow, but scarcely more firm than his." It is evident therefore, that in Dr. Scrivener's opinion, it is no such formidable objection to a critical view as seems sometimes supposed, to urge that it is inconsistent with the principles which have been developed by Lachmann and his successors. He states very clearly the point at which the real difficulty arises. Where we have the agreement, in the main, of our oldest uncial MSS. with the citations of the Primitive Fathers, and with the earliest versions, we have no right whatever to set it aside. But the question is what we are to do when these elder authorities differ? Take, for instance, the five oldest MSS. "The reader has but to open the first recent critical work he shall meet with, to see them scarcely ever in unison; perpetually divided two against three, or perhaps four against one." In such a case, Dr. Scrivener upholds, against the school of Lachmann, the importance of taking into account the later authorities. "It is not at all our design to seek our readings from the later uncials, supported as they usually are by the mass of cursive manuscripts; but to employ their confessedly secondary evidence in those numberless instances wherein their elder brethren are hopelessly at variance."

With these principles, which preclude that exclusive deference to two or three early codices on which recent texts have been based, Dr. Scrivener proceeds to an examination of the theory of Dr. Hort, which, as he says, has thrown all others into the shade. His general view is clearly intimated in his opening observation. "The germ," he says (p. 532) "of this theory can be

traced in the speculations of Bentley and Griesbach; its authors would confess themselves on many points disciples of Lachmann, although their process of investigation is far more artificial than his. But there is little hope for the stability of their imposing structure, if its foundations have been laid on the sandy ground of ingenious conjecture; and since barely the smallest vestige of historical evidence has even been alleged in support of the views of these accomplished editors, their teaching must either be received as intuitively true, or dismissed from our consideration as precarious, and even visionary." He then proceeds to give a careful account of the principles advocated by the two editors, and observes that Dr. Hort's theory of a twofold revision of the text of the New Testament having been executed by the Syrian bishops and fathers between A.D. 250 and 350, is "the feature which distinguishes his system from any hitherto propounded; by the acceptance or non-acceptance of which his whole edifice must stand or fall." But he dwells on the fact, which Canon Cook had emphasized in his book on the Revised Version, that of any such revisions, although they must have been public acts of great Churches, "not one trace remains in the history of Christian-antiquity; no one writer seems conscious that any modification either of the Greek Scriptures or of the vernacular translation was made in or before their times. It is as if the Bishops' Bible had been thrust out of the English Church service and out of the studies of her divines, and the Bible of 1611 had silently taken its place, no one knew how, or when, or why, or, indeed, that any change whatever had been made." Yet, Dr. Scrivener observes, "regarding his speculative conjecture as indubitably true," Dr. Hort names the new text "Syrian," and does not shrink from declaring that all distinctively Syrian readings must be at once rejected, "thus making a clean sweep of all critical materials, Fathers, versions, manuscripts uncial or cursive, comprising about nineteen-twentieths of the whole mass, which do not correspond with his preconceived opinion of what a correct text ought to be." Dr. Scrivener then proceeds to criticize Dr. Hort's reliance on the neutral type of the text—that represented by the Sinaitic and Vatican manuscripts. That "these two MSS. should thus lift up their heads against all the world is much, especially having regard to the fact that several versions and not a few Fathers are older than they." It is strange, again, that Dr. Hort will allow no deduction from the united authority of the two MSS. by reason of the curious fact, demonstrated to his own satisfaction, that the scribe of the Vatican MS. was the actual writer of three distinct quires of the Sinaitic. In fact, in Dr. Scrivener's opinion, Dr. Hort's whole experiment is unconsciously prompted throughout by a foregone conclusion in favour of the Vatican MS. "Cod. B. and its characteristic peculiarities are never out of the author's mind, and these lines of thought are closely followed which most readily lead up to the theory of that manuscript's practical impeccability." Dr. Scrivener concludes that Dr. Hort's system "is entirely destitute of historical foundation." Dr. Hort himself, indeed, "does not so much as make a show of pretending to it;" but he has persuaded himself that its substantial truth is proved by results; and his view in this respect has been supported by the "Two members of the New Testament Company of Revisers," who replied to the attack made upon their Greek text. They assigned three reasons for the belief that the Syrian text is posterior to the Neutral, Alexandrian and Western types. These reasons Dr. Scrivener analyzes and pronounces them wholly insufficient to bear the argument founded on them. He then proceeds, in ten closely printed pages, to illustrate the unsatisfactory character of the text which Dr. Hort's principle would force on us, "by subjoining a select number of those many passages in the New Testament wherein the two great codices α and B, one or both of them, are witnesses for readings, nearly all of which, to the best of our knowledge, are corruptions of the sacred originals." At the end of this collection of examples he says that the foregoing list of errors patent in the

most ancient codices might be largely increased; but he considers that "enough has been alleged to prove to demonstration that the true and pure text of the sacred writers is not to be looked for in \aleph or B, in \aleph B, or B D, or B L, or any like combination of a select few authorities, but demands, in every fresh case as it arises, the free and impartial use of every available source of information." He owns, indeed, that "Codex B is a document of such value, that it grows by experience even upon those who may have been a little prejudiced against it, by reason of the excessive claims of its too zealous friends." But his final conclusion on this whole subject is expressed in the following important passage (p. 542):

"The process of grouping authorities, whether by considerations of their geographical distribution, or (more uncertainly) according to their genealogy as inferred from internal considerations, occupies a large measure of Dr. Hort's attention. The idea has not, indeed, originated with him, and its occasional value will be frankly acknowledged in the ensuing pages, so that on this head we need not further enlarge. In conclusion, we will say that the more our Cambridge Professor's 'Introduction' is studied the more it grows upon our esteem for fulness of learning, for patience of research, for keenness of intellectual power, and especially for a certain marvellous readiness in accounting after some fashion for every new phenomenon which occurs, however apparently adverse to the acceptance of his own theory. With all our reverence for his genius, and gratitude for much that we have learnt from him in the course of our studies, we are compelled to repeat as emphatically as ever our strong conviction that the hypothesis to whose proof he has devoted so many laborious years, is destitute not only of historical foundation, but of all probability resulting from the internal goodness of the text which its adoption would force upon us."

In his ninth chapter, as before, Dr. Scrivener applies the principles he has been vindicating to the criticism of select passages of the New Testament; and the reader will be glad to know his conclusion on some of the passages which have been recently brought into discussion by the Revised Version, or by the edition of Drs. Westcott and Hort. With respect to the doxology at the conclusion of the Lord's Prayer, in St. Matthew vi. 13, Dr. Scrivener says "I can no longer regard it as *certainly* an integral part of St. Matthew's Gospel, but (notwithstanding its rejection by Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Westcott and Hort), I am not yet absolutely convinced of its spuriousness." On the reading in Matthew xix. 17, "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good?" Dr. Scrivener is "no longer able to uphold the Received text with the same confidence as before." All his prepossessions are strongly in favour of the Received text here, yet he "dares not hold out unreservedly" against the other reading. With respect, on the other hand, to the long and important passage at the end of St. Mark (xvi. 9-20), Dr. Scrivener defends its authenticity, "and that without the slightest misgiving." He thinks it may fairly be said that Dean Burgon's conclusions, in his "brilliant monograph" on the subject, "have in no essential point been shaken by the elaborate and very able counterplea of Dr. Hort." He concludes that "all opposition to the authenticity of the paragraph resolves itself into the allegation of Eusebius and the testimony of \aleph B. Let us accord to these the weight which is their due; but against their verdict we can appeal to the reading of Irenæus and of both the elder Syriac translations in the second century; of nearly all other versions; and of all extant manuscripts excepting two. So powerfully is it vouched for, that many of those who are reluctant to recognize St. Mark as its author, are content to regard it notwithstanding as an integral portion of the inspired record originally delivered to the Church." In the angelic hymn (Luke ii. 14), Dr. Scrivener supports unreservedly the familiar form "Peace on earth, goodwill

towards men." In a note to this discussion, he quotes, very appositely, an observation of Addison, in the 470th number of the *Spectator*: "So many ancient manuscripts," says Addison, "concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading as I have published it: first, because the rhyme, and secondly, because the sense, is preserved by it." With respect to the account in Luke xxii. 43, 44, of the appearance of the Angel to our Lord in the Garden, and of His sweat being as drops of blood, Dr. Scrivener pronounces that "any lingering doubt of its authority is completely dissipated;" and he endorses Canon Cook's conclusion, that "supporting the whole passage we have an array of authorities which, whether we regard their antiquity or their character for sound judgment, veracity, and accuracy, are scarcely paralleled on any occasion." Similarly, with respect to our Lord's prayer on the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," which is placed in double brackets by Drs. Westcott and Hort, the conclusion of Dr. Scrivener is that "It is almost incredible that acute and learned men should be able to set aside such a *silva* of witness of every kind," as exists in its favour, "chiefly because Codex D is considered especially weighty in its omissions, and Codex B has to be held up, in practice if not in profession, as virtually impeccable. . . . Nor can we," he adds, "on our part, doubt that the system which entails such consequences is hopelessly self-condemned."

These examples will suffice to show the general position maintained by Dr. Scrivener in relation to recent criticism. On the whole, although with due reserve, and with the judicial moderation of which we have spoken, his great authority must now be reckoned as substantially in favour of the views already advocated in the *Quarterly Review*, and by Canon Cook, and against the school of which Drs. Westcott and Hort are the most eminent representatives. There will be many persons to whom his judgment will carry decisive weight. But, at any rate, it must now be recognized on all hands that the gravest critical authorities are divided on the points at issue, and that *adhuc sub judice lis est*.

We must not conclude without mentioning one most interesting fact, stated by Dr. Scrivener in his postscript. When the last sheets of his volume were about to go to press, he most unexpectedly received from Dean Burgon a catalogue of about three hundred additional manuscripts of the New Testament or portions thereof, deposited in European libraries, but hitherto unknown to scholars, which must hereafter be examined and collated by competent persons. The catalogue is compiled from replies to inquiries made of the several custodians by Dean Burgon, and is printed in an appendix to Dr. Scrivener's Preface. The chief contribution is made by the Papal librarian, who set three assistants on the search, and brought to light 179 separate codices in the Vatican hitherto overlooked. Dr. Scrivener had said in his text that "the sum of extant copies must be considerably greater than we know of," without in the least anticipating so sudden an accession of fresh materials. He naturally adds that, "Now that the Vatican library is administered in a free spirit, it is hard to conjecture what light its contents may throw ere long upon this and other branches of sacred learning."

HENRY WACE.

II.—POETRY.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth"* have very little in them that is conventional or old-fashioned. Their general theme is an old one, it is true, but it is dealt with in a manner that is far from being common-place. The characteristic mark of the poems is the confidence with which they insist that the Earth and Man are not hackneyed or uninteresting subjects. Not all the prose pages that have ever been spoken or written concerning the unity and variety of Nature, concerning the destiny of man, can depress the spirit of a poet who chooses to forget the prose phrases. These "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth" have a fire in them which is dangerous to obstructions and commonplaces. They tear away comfortable theories that put a veil on the mystery of Nature. They are Protestant and destructive; the poet claims in them his right to disregard what he has not verified, his independence of tradition. He will have none of the superstition that the former glory has passed away from the earth. The earth is beautiful and terrible to any one who will claim his birthright as a son of the earth, and no nation or time has any special grace in this matter. It was once fashionable to say, with the *enfants du siècle*, that "we have come too late into a world too old." That saying came from prejudice and cowardice, and the poets who give up that prejudice have their reward. They find the way into "that new world which is the old," a world whose beauty is none the less eternal because poets and prosaists have spent centuries in making phrases about it.

There is nothing half-hearted or dispirited in Mr. Meredith's poems. They do not apologize in any way for their existence. They speak out because they have something to say, because the poet is quite sure of his object. The way in which the mythologies are used is an example of the unhesitating spirit of the poems. "Phœbus with Admetus," "Melampus," and "The Day of the Daughter of Hades," are poems taken from Greek legends. None of them show any misgiving about the expediency of repeating old stories. They are not repetitions of old stories; they are not antiquarian poems about Greek gods and heroes—they are poems about the earth and its life. "The Day of the Daughter of Hades," tells how the Sicilian youth Callistes met the daughter of Hades and Proserpine, when she had risen for one day to the upper air to see the living things on the Sicilian earth, and to sing about them—not to learn the art of war, or the constitutional history of the Sicilian cities. The dignity of this story, its effectiveness and beauty, come from the real contrast between the majesty of the life of earth and the unrest of the life of man. This idea is no fiction of the poets, and it is this that gives life to the shadowy figure risen from the under world. "The Woods of Westermain" and "Earth and Man," are the most difficult poems in the book, perhaps because they have received no help from mythology. They are closely akin in their subject—the progress of man in knowledge, hindered by "his distempered devil of self," which stands between him and the secret of the life of Earth and Man. "Love in the Valley" is more easily comprehensible. The variety of images in it, the clearness with which it reflects all the aspects of the fortunate valley, give it a character of its own among pastorals.

The first of the sonnets may be quoted here :—

* "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth." By George Meredith. I
 Macmillan & Co. 1883.

"LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT.

"On a starred night Prince Lucifer arose.
 Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
 Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
 Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
 Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
 And now upon his western wing he leaned,
 Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careened,
 Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
 Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
 With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
 He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
 Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
 Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
 The army of unalterable law."

The style of Mr. Meredith's poems is as original as that of his "Comedies in Chapters." The enigmatic sentences perpetually recall the prose epigrams of "the Egoist" or "the Tragic Comedians." The "Poems of the Joy of Earth" are lyrical interludes in the comedy, reminding the audience that there are things worth attending to besides the vagaries of the actors on the stage.

Mr. Browning's latest volume* is a collection of "cases"—sketches of characters, and situations, and motives. It is remarkable as having called up rather more tumult than usual in the reviews. One critic (who is also a poet and a humorist) rebuked Mr. Browning, in the *National Review*, for making jokes about the Queen of Sheba. Mr. Browning went against Scripture, it appeared, in describing the motives of her visit to Solomon. The same critic took an unfavourable view of the poem called "Ixion," and refused "to speculate on the motives which, according to Mr. Browning, induced a mythological mortal to fall in love with a non-existent goddess." The Queen of Sheba is spoken of with less than respect in this volume, and one of the subjects is distinctly pagan—the love of a "mythological mortal" for a "non-existent goddess." It is well that these matters of offence should be pointed out to the public. There are reckless admirers, it is true; the warning is not for them. Some people would not care though Mr. Browning were to make jokes about Noah or the prophet Jonah, and would still admire him if he wrote about no mortals except mythological ones, and about every goddess that never existed.

"Donald" is one poem in "Jocoseria" which is certain to be remembered by all readers, whether they admire it or not. The critic in the *National Review* does not find it unintelligible, but condemns it as "exceptional." It is argued that the situation imagined by Mr. Browning can cause nothing but repulsion to the common reader. The language of the poem, we are told, is such as to "cause a laceration of our sense of beauty." It is a pity that the critic should have left out of his quotation just that part of the poem which not even the commonest reader would wish to have changed—the description of the stag stepping carefully over the man as he lies on the narrow ledge. Is this story of the stag's humanity and of the man's brutality and murderous ingratitude really spoilt by the harsh language in which it is told? That may be left as a problem; but this, at least, is fairly certain, that the story will not be less interesting to any human being because it possibly fails to prove its thesis, that "sport is brutalizing."

Mr. Swinburne's Roundels† are sent on their way with the following *envoi*:

"Fly, white butterflies, out to sea
 Frail pale wings for the wind to try,
 Small white wings that we scarce can see
 Fly.

seria." By Robert Browning. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1883.
 ntury of Roundels." By A. C. Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1883.

"Here and there may a chance-caught eye
Note in a score of yon twain or three
Brighter or darker of tinge or dye.

"Some fly light as a laugh of glee,
Some fly soft as a low long sigh :
All to the haven where each would be
Fly."

These butterfly poems will probably be impaled and dissected by the specialist who wants to know why they are made in this way, and not in the way of orthodox rondeaux. It will not be a very profitable inquiry. Mr. Swinburne has chosen not to put on the mask of any of the old writers of rondeaux; he has invented a model of his own, with variations of his own, and he does not keep to any limited range of ideas, such as used to be thought suitable for the rondeau's "scanty plot of ground." Sometime he seems rather to overload his light metres—for example, in the poems "On the Death of Richard Wagner." The "two preludes" which follow—"Lohengrin" and "Tristan und Isolde"—carry the thought in them more lightly. The words about Tristan will commend themselves to those who still remember that true lover:—

"Fate, out of the deep sea's gloom,
When a man's heart's pride grows great,
And nought seems now to foredoom—
Fate.

"Fate, laden with fears in wait,
Draws close through the clouds that loom,
Till the soul see, all too late,

"More dark than a dead world's tomb,
More high than the sheer dawn's gate,
More deep than the wide sea's womb,
Fate."

There is one authoritative example of the use of grave words in this kind of metre, "an old roundel, translated by D. G. Rossetti from the French of Villon." There is a new roundel here, written about that old one. It does not follow the lines of the old one, but the overword is the same in both:—

"Death, from thy rigour a voice appealed,
And men still hear what the sweet cry saith
Crying aloud in thine ears fast sealed,
Death.

"As a voice in a vision that vanisheth
Through the grave's gate barred and the portal steeled,
The sound of the wail of it travelleth.

"Wailing aloud from a heart unhealed,
It woke response of melodious breath
From lips now too by thy kiss congealed,
Death."

Mr. Lang's poem on "Helen of Troy,"* makes no apology for dealing with "mythological mortals" and "non-existent goddesses." It is not afraid to show us again the streets of Troy, that men know as well as they know their own houses. This latest written "Troy book" is worth more than the price of an old song; it has proved by its success that the author was not wrong in going to "old fields" for "all this new corn." It is not necessary to say much about the way in which the story is developed. There may be people who think they have been bored enough about Greeks and Trojans, and they

* "Helen of Troy." By A. Lang. Second Edition. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1883.

will not be driven to read the book by any prosy abstract of it. It is better to give an example of the way in which the stories are re-told. The following two stanzas are from the end of Book IV. :—

“ But soon the voice of men on the sea sand
Came round him and he turned, and gazed, and lo !
The Argive ships were dashing on the strand :
Then stealthily did Paris bend his bow,
And on the string he laid a shaft of woe,
And drew it to the point and aimed it well.
Singing it sped, and through a shield did go,
And from his barque Protesilaus fell.

“ Half gladdened by the omen, through the plain
Went Paris to the walls and mighty gate,
And little heeded he that arrowy rain
The Argive bowmen showered in helpless hate :
Nay ; not yet feathered was the shaft of fate,
His bane, the gift of mighty Heracles
To Philoctetes, lying desolate,
Within a far-off island of the seas.”

These lines remind the reader of all that he has ever heard about the expedition against Troy, and place him again on the well-known ground, among the faces of heroes who are tyrants of the imagination, and allow no questioning of their power to interest. That is part of the charm of them, but not all. The skill of the language ought to count for something; the rhetorical skill which uses the lightest material to produce all the effect of emphasis. The best lines in the poem are not those which are made beautiful with archaisms, but those where it is hardly possible to detect the art of them :—

“ To Philoctetes, lying desolate,
Within a far-off island of the seas.”

There is nothing there that seems very hard to say, but the value of the words is immense; they not only belong inseparably to the story, but also they open up a way from the gates of Troy, from the “*Iliad*,” to that other region in which the Trojan story ends, the sea with all its marvels, its vast distances and the manifold fates which it reserved for the Greek and Trojan heroes. These lines are in the literal sense a “magic casement opening on the foam.”

“*Love in Idleness*”* is a volume of poems which has no author’s name on the title-page. There are old poems (called “*Volkslieder*”) which are generally held to have been written by no one in particular, but modern poems do not spring directly “from an oak-tree or a rock,” as the Homeric phrase runs. By some agency or other, these poems have been put together, from various sources, old and new. There are graceful translations from the Greek, and there are verses which profess to be imitations, following various fashions of poetry—triolet, rondel, ballade, pantoum. There are other poems which have unborrowed graces, and which are something more than experiments in metre and language. “*In Scheria*” is a narrative poem, one of the many attempts which have been made to continue the story of Ulysses. It has two parts: the first is spoken by Nausicaa after the departure of Ulysses; the second is headed “*The Sailing of Cinyras, which he told to Lucian and his Fellows*,” (“*Vera Historia*,” b. iii. c. 7.) (This does not sound quite right; as yet only two books of Lucian’s true history have been printed. Apparently the author of the poem has had advantages, of which he has made good use.) This second part makes Ulysses return to Nausicaa, and take away the enchanted mountain which covered the Scherian town. He is untouched by

* “*Love in Idleness*.” London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

age, and Nausicaa is the same Nausicaa who watched the swift ship taking him back to his island. It is a pretty story. (If we could only forget the other story, of Ulysses and his comrades, old and feeble, sailing beyond the pillars of Hercules to find the land south of the sun!) The following stanzas describe the way in which Ulysses is recognized by Cinyras and his fellows:—

“ This was the land that many men desire,
In other lands where other pleasures tire.
Yet one alone might there find resting-place,
Having attained through many a flood and fire.

“ Even he who sailed with us across the wan
Reaches of tossing water. Not a man
But named him now by name, and in his face
Gazed long, and knew him for the Ithacan.

“ For us, our resting was not won as yet,
For other shores our windy sails were set;
Ah, and we might not sojourn in the place
Where they who sojourn all their pain forget.”

“In Scheria” is the longest poem in the volume, and perhaps the most original. “The History of Philip the Deacon” is a pageant: one of the wise men who appear to Simon Magnus speaks thus in it:—

“DOCTOR MATHEMATICUS.

“ We have but three dimensions;
Our shadows have but two, and they
Have other shadows with but one.
Thus suns are shades of other suns,
And thus on earth is heaven begun,
And Time is but Eternity.”

The sonnets are made light of by the motto prefixed to them; they do not need that apologetic depreciation. This one, if it belongs to a certain school, is not work that the school should be ashamed of.

“LOVE UNRETURNED.

“ My soul, where is the fruit of thy long pain
To render to the husbandmen above?
Thou hast been watered by my tears of love
For that pure spirit whose supreme disdain
Pierced like a ploughshare through thee, leaving plain
Forgotten depths wind-sown, whereout I strove
Unceasingly to gather what might prove,
In time of harvest, tares instead of grain.

“ ‘Alas,’ my soul said, ‘had but Love passed by
And cast into the furrows as he went
Sowing beside all waters, in the spring,
Methinks I had borne fruit abundantly
For God to garner, as He sits intent
Above the angels at their winnowing.’ ”

It is difficult to speak about the publication of the concluding volume of the “*Légende des Siècles*”* without immoderate and unseemly rejoicing at its successful insult to Time. Victor Hugo has beaten down Old Age to one knee, like Thor in the story. Nor will he allow it to be supposed that these poems are his last, but promises two other volumes shortly. In the volume which he has just published there is no disloyalty to any of the principles for which battles were won by him fifty years ago and more. “*Les Quatre jours d’Elciis*” would have done great execution among the classicists in the year 1830.

* “*La Légende des Siècles.*” Par Victor Hugo. Tome cinquième et dernier. Paris : Levy. 1883.

Elciis is a Pisan who appears before the Emperor Otto III. as a speaker for the oppressed; he is allowed to speak for four days uninterruptedly, and abuses his privilege so far as to talk to the tenth century Emperor about the Sorbonne and the frescoes of Orcagna. He is worthy of any of the well-loved Spanish plays, where Franciscans appear in ancient Rome and apologize to the audience for the anachronism. The Cid appears again in this last volume, as grand as in the earlier one—still worth weighing against a pope or a king,

"Quand le roi serait d'ivoire,
Quand le pape serait d'or."

There is one poem, "*Rupture avec ce qui amoindrit*," which is as clear and self-restrained as if it were uninspired prose. It deals with the sceptics who preceded the Revolution:—

"Dieu fait précéder, quand il change
En victime, hélas, le bourreau,
L'effrayant glaive de l'archange
Par le rasoir de Figaro.

"La comédie amère et saine
Fait entrer Méduse en sortant,
Quand Beaumarchais est sur la scène
Danton dans la coulisse attend.

"Les railleurs sous leur jong lugubre
Consolent les âges de fer;
Leur éclat de rire salubre
Déconcerte l'antique enfer."

Priests and kings are spoken of with all the old vigour, but Victor Hugo does not end his book with them; oppression and vengeance are not the last words of the legend. Yet it is not to any epilogue that one must go for the spirit of this great poem. These epigrams of a thousand lines, these epics of half a page, were not written simply to lead up to a "moral" at the end. If there is anything which the "*Légende des Siècles*" impresses on its readers, it is the sense of a universe outside of formulas, a universe which has more in it than can be measured by ordinary standards of fitness. The poem on the three Indian gods is typical of the whole book. When the three gods have settled into their brand new universe, omnipotent and omniscient, there appears in the far depths of space a splendour which baffles them. In the same way in all the other poems, there is something which comes from the depths to contradict that which is comfortably established. Each poem is a confutation of something plausible. The tyrants are confounded by plain speakers like the Cid and Elciis. But if you settle down into the opinion that all tyrants are utterly beyond redemption, there is the story of the pig that rescued the soul of the massacring sultan. The epilogue does not remove from the book all that has been said on the side of the Titans and the Giants. There cannot be any real epilogue or summing up. After all, there is little need for that, the whole book is better than any part of it. It has peopled the obscure places of history with figures that live; it is always possible to remember these, and to know them, though it may be impossible to settle the disputes in which they are champions.

W. P. KER.

III.—PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

CONSERVATION OF SOLAR ENERGY.

THERE can be no doubt that the apparent waste of solar energy, and also of the energy of every star in space, is among those mysteries of science the solution of which would be hailed with the greatest satisfaction by students of Nature. Our sun pours out into space multitudinous rays of light and heat. Of these it can be shown that about one ray in 2,200 millions of rays falls on the earth, and about one ray in 230 millions falls on some one or other of all the planets circling around the sun. So far as we can judge, the rest are wasted. They pass out into the interstellar spaces, and some of them fall on planets circling around other stars, precisely as some of the rays emitted by Arcturus and Betelgeux, Capella, Sirius, Procyon, and the rest, fall upon our earth. But so far as any light work or heat work is concerned *these* rays are hardly worth considering. All the thousands of stars visible on the clearest night do not send one hundredth part of the light which the small moon reflects, though each one of the stars is a sun millions of times larger than the moon. The combined light of the hundreds of millions of stars which lie beyond the range of the naked eye, produces even less effect than that of the thousands of visible stars.

Considering what the energy of each sun means, it is not wonderful if physicists, and still less if specialists in physics, should have been led over and over again to explain this mystery. Over and over again, however, they have failed, though very few of them have admitted their failure. Early in 1882, Dr. Siemens, since knighted, was led to add his attempt to these numerous failures. He devised a scheme for using up the seemingly wasted solar rays, which, like all those other schemes, involved the old, old fallacy of perpetual motion. Those among his hearers at the Royal Society who really apprehended his argument, might have answered him, had they been unkind enough, with the elder Stephenson's well-known reply to the perpetual motion paradoxer who wanted his opinion, "Carry yourself round the room by your own waistband, and we will see about it." But Sir W. Siemens has been by no means convinced by the arguments, overwhelming though they are, which have been directed against his theory. They lie outside, as indeed the subject of solar energy lies outside, of the special department of physical research in which he has won a well-deserved name, and accordingly he fails to recognize their force. He has therefore published a volume on his theory, in which he repeats his arguments, and the explanations which show how little he has grasped the real difficulties of the problem. The fundamental conditions of the theory are—first, that space is occupied by aqueous vapour and various carbon compounds; secondly, that these gaseous compounds, when in a state of extreme tenuity, are capable of being dissociated by solar radiation; thirdly, that the dissociated vapours are capable of being brought to the solar photosphere and there interchanged with an equal amount of re-associated vapours, this interchange being effected by the centrifugal action of the sun himself. "If these conditions could be substantiated," says Sir W. Siemens, "we should gain the satisfaction that our solar system would no longer impress us with the idea of prodigious waste through dissipation of energy into space, but rather with that of well-ordered self-sustaining action, capable of continuing solar radiation to a very remote future." Unfortunately these conditions cannot be substantiated, and the sun thus turned into a much-magnified perpetual machine (but not, therefore, less paradoxical than other imagined perpetual machines). Our sun is but one of the stars, and if his rays were utilized relatively close at hand, as the theory supposes, so would the

rays of the stars be employed relatively near their surfaces; and if so, we should not see the stars. To suppose one law for the sun and another for those other suns would not only be absurd in itself, but would deprive the theory of nearly all its interest and value. To suppose that the rays of light and heat which reach us from the stars are but a minute residue after such work as the theory imagines, is to suppose that the stars are thousands of times larger than had been believed, and it has been already proved that many of them are far larger than the sun. We should still see a balance of waste energy in the stellar rays equivalent to hundreds of millions of times the waste solar rays for which the theory claims to account. All this is not matter of theory or surmise, but of actual certainty. If all this could be rejected, instead of being certain, there would still be many overwhelming objections against Dr. Siemens' theory. These objections have been noted, but not pressed, by the leading physicists of this country. In France they have been pressed with remorseless force, crushing all life out of the theory.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA.

The terrible catastrophe at Casamicciola directs new attention to the singular way in which the earth's subterranean fires manifest themselves in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Naples. That Ischia, Procida, the volcanic region around Pozzuoli, and Vesuvius, form a single volcanic region is, of course, certain; but no regular law has ever been recognized in the interchange of energy between the different parts of this region. When Somma, the volcano of which Vesuvius is the modern outlet, sank as it seemed finally to rest, Ischia or Pihecusa became very active. Greek colonies which settled there before the Christian era were driven away by the violence of volcanic disturbances there. According to Strabo, Timæus stated that not long before his time, Epomeus, the central mountain of the island, vomited fire during great earthquakes, the land between it and the sea ejecting large quantities of molten matter which flowed into the sea; adding that the sea which at first receded, returned presently and overflowed the island. From the time of the renewed activity of Vesuvius, Ischia—save for an eruption in 1302—was comparatively quiet, until the year 1827, when there was an earthquake in which about fifty people were killed. In 1881 a more severe shock was experienced, 127 persons being killed; and in the present eruption more than 4,000 were destroyed, though probably the number would have been much less but for the atrocious selfishness of certain inhabitants of Casamicciola, who—that visitors might not be frightened away—concealed or explained away the signs of approaching disturbance which were recognizable for several days before the earthquake actually occurred. Sir Charles Lyell says of the earthquake of 1827, that eight months after he found all the houses in Casamicciola without their roofs. The hot spring of Rita, which was nearest the centre of the movement, was found to have increased in temperature, "showing," says Lyell (quoting the opinion of Covelli), "that the explosion took place below the reservoirs which heat the thermal waters." It was in these waters that increase of temperature was noted before the recent earthquake, indicating the approach of disturbance in a way plain enough to have been the means, but for human selfishness, of saving thousands of lives.

THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF MAY 6TH.

The results of the observation of this total eclipse, though not very striking, possess yet considerable importance. Passing over features which were either akin to those already observed, or may be regarded as in a sense casual, it is worthy of notice that the corona, which was tolerably bright, showed evidence, during the eclipse of 1878, of the pressure of hydrogen. The bright

lines of hydrogen have hitherto only been obtained from the corona at times when the sun has shown a considerable number of spots. If this is not an accidental relation, its significance is great. For it is noteworthy that prominences of the eruptive kind are similarly related to spots. Not only are they never seen when the sun's surface is free from spots, but they are even then only to be seen opposite those parts of the solar disc which correspond to the spot zones. Now in these eruptive prominences, commonly regarded as due to eruptions of glowing hydrogen, we really seem to have evidence of the expulsion of matter very different from hydrogen—rather matter which is either solid, or liquid, or, if gaseous, highly compressed and dense. For the matter shot out in these eruptions travels to enormous distances and with marvellous velocity. It is far more probable that the glowing hydrogen seen in these eruptions indicates the tracks of the expelled matter, and is not itself expelled, or if ejected at all, that it bears somewhat the same relation to the heavier matter expelled from the sun, that the smoke from the mouth of a gun bears to the cannon-ball whose exit it accompanies. Now if this view be correct, it follows that the matter driven out during these quasi-eruptions in the sun must pass far beyond the limits of the region of coloured flames, and one would expect it in its passage through the coronal region to excite the hydrogen in that region to intense luminosity. In that case we should expect to find evidence only during these eruptive seasons of the presence of glowing hydrogen in the corona. So far the evidence agrees with this view; but it may be well to wait till a few more total eclipses have been observed, before too confidently accepting this interpretation of the observed peculiarity.

We need attach very little importance to the observation by Dr. Hastings of a change in the brightness of a part of the coronal spectrum as the body of the eclipsing moon passed athwart the solar disc. His explanation of the change, by assuming that the corona is in part an optical phenomenon, shows incomplete understanding of the question at issue.

SUSPECTED INTRA-MERCURIAL PLANET.

During the totality on May 6th, careful search was made for any starlike body which might be Lescarbault's planet Vulcan. It is singular that any hope should remain of detecting this apocryphal body which, if it existed at all, with the dimensions assigned by Lescarbault, must repeatedly have been a conspicuous body during the progress of total solar eclipses. But it is likely enough that there may be small bodies nearer the sun than Mercury, and that these might be seen during total eclipse more readily than in any other way, though one would expect them to be seen at times as they passed between the earth and the sun, when they would appear as black discs on the sun's face. The late Professor Watson saw, or supposed he saw, two such bodies during the eclipse of 1878, and Professor Swift thought he saw another. At first it was supposed that one of the bodies seen by Watson was the same as the one supposed to have been seen by Swift; but afterwards this idea was rejected. Swift's observation was, in fact, not altogether satisfactory. To steady his telescope, he tied a pole or stake to it. This got loose somehow, and though in moving the telescope one way, the stake dragging along the ground may have steadied the tube; yet when the telescope was to have been brought back to show the suspected planet again, the end of the pole, sticking in the ground, rather interfered with the observer's plans. Unfortunately the totality was over before the mischief could be corrected. In the eclipse of May last Trouvelot (who appears in some accounts as a Frenchman, but he was an American when I met him in 1874), seems to have seen a red star near the sun. He sus-

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pected this star to be an intra-Mercurial planet, and communicated with Professor Swift, who naturally thought so too, and that this planet was the planet which he himself had imagined that he saw. As it was impossible to combine the evidence obtained by Swift with that obtained by Trouvelot, it is not easy to see how this conclusion was arrived at. Since the most careful search by other observers for an intra-Mercurial planet failed to reveal any, we may probably consider that further observation will be necessary before the Swift-Trouvelot intra-Mercurial planet is accepted by astronomers as a demonstrated reality.

JUPITER'S ATMOSPHERE.

At the last meeting of the Astronomical Society, Mr. Ranyard, one of the secretaries, called the attention of the society to some rather singular evidence as to the great depth of the planet's atmosphere, or at least of that cloud-laden region which forms the planet's surface as we see it. The fourth satellite, in passing into the shadow, did not disappear either suddenly or gradually as usual, but after becoming very faint, seemed to brighten up again, and this more than once. This was observed by Dr. Symington of St. Paul, U.S.A., and (in the next eclipse of the satellite) by Capt. Noble, F.R.A.S. A similar peculiarity has been observed on former occasions, when the satellite has grazed the planet's shadow-cone, as it did during the recent eclipses. It seems only possible to explain the peculiarity by supposing, what indeed has been rendered more than probable by previous observations, that the cloud-laden region around the planet is very deep, the clouds strewn with different degrees of density in different parts of that region, and the planet's shadow, at least in its penumbral parts, of varying intensity. The depth of the cloud-laden region must be very great, and the variety of cloud-distribution remarkable, to account for the observed peculiarity. It is interesting, too, to note how strange this method is by which the constitution of Jupiter's envelopes has been indicated.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

NEW BOOKS.

The Voyage of the "Wanderer." From the Journals and Letters of C. and S. Lambert. Edited by Gerald Young. (Macmillan & Co.)—This is certainly a sumptuous memorial of a most varied and evidently a most happy two years' voyage round the world. The author, or authors (for it seems to be compiled by Mr. Young from the journals kept by Mr. Lambert during the voyage, and the letters sent home to friends by Mrs. Lambert and Mr. Wetherall, the chaplain on board) deprecate the perhaps inevitable comparison with the "*Voyage of the Sunbeam*;" but though they have neither the eye nor the pen of Lady Brassey, their narrative is fairly interesting. The numerous woodcuts are excellent and preferable to the more ambitious coloured plates.

An American Four-in-Hand in Britain. By Andrew Carnegie. (Sampson Low & Co.)—This work, like the last, is an account of a rich man's pleasure excursion, written in the first instance for his personal friends, but it will be welcomed by the general public, for it is really an entertaining book. Mr. Carnegie's unflinching vivacity and spirits must have gone far, together with the equally unflinching sunshine the party seem to have enjoyed—their "Carnegie weather," as they called it—to make the great success of the trip. Mr. Carnegie is a man of decided opinions on all subjects, and thirty successful years in America have naturally made him see many things in the old country with other eyes; but they have not altered by an iota his early affections. Scotland, as every second page of his book testifies, is still to him the dearest of countries, Dunfermline the fairest of cities, and his mother, to whom he dedicates the book, his "favourite heroine."

Colonies and Dependencies. Part I. *India.* By J. S. Cotton. Part II. *The Colonies.* By E. J. Payne. (Macmillan & Co.)—The "English Citizen" series is approaching its completion, and there is no falling off in the excellence or value of the work. A more lucid, judicious, and instructive summary of what the English people require to know about India could hardly be desired than is here given by Mr. Cotton. He describes the country, its people, its history, its political divisions, constitution, and system of administration, and treats with fairness, discrimination, and ample grasp of the facts, of the vexed questions of its finances, of the effects of British rule on the country, and of its probable future. He seems to think a good deal may be said on both sides, but that while our mission in India has been by no means unsuccessful, it will never reap its full fruit till it has trained the people to do without it. The ideal Mr. Cotton would have our Indian administration aim at, is a confederation of locally independent provinces or States, finding their indispensable common head in the English Crown. Mr. Payne's chapters are not less clear or informing than his colleague's.

Through the Zulu Country. By Bertram Mitford, late of the Cape Civil Service. (Kegan Paul & Co.)—Zululand is still little known, though events have in recent years brought it much and frequently into public notice. Mr. Mitford's work is an account of a short visit to the country in 1882. He supplies us with a good deal of needed information about the country and people, and supplies it in an agreeable and interesting form. He stayed three days with John Dunn, and from all he saw and heard has formed a much higher opinion of Dunn's character and competency than is usually entertained.

I've been a Gipsying; or, Rambles among our Gipsies and their Children in their Tents and Vans. By George Smith, of Coalville. (Unwin).—Mr. Smith's sketches of his visits to the gipsies are graphic and varied, and will serve

to excite a wider interest in the perplexing question of their amelioration, to which the author has already given yeoman's service. It is pleasant to learn that though Mr. Smith has never been sparing in his description of the darker features of gipsy life, he has always been welcomed by the gipsies themselves as their genuine friend. His scheme for ensuring the compulsory attendance of their children at school, while moving from place to place with their parents, deserves a trial, though it will encounter serious difficulties, and its object might perhaps be better answered by a boarding-out system, involving separation from parents during the educational part of the year, and supported for the time as a charitable scheme.

Italian Byways. By John Addington Symonds. (Smith, Elder & Co.) Mr. Symonds has already said his say about Italy, and these slight and dainty sketches are somewhat disappointing. An elaborate and undulating and highly coloured style needs more solid matter than we have here. Some of the essays are certainly not worthy of republication. Those dealing with art or historical subjects are the best, and contain many passages of fine judgment as well as literary finish.

Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily. By Augustus J. C. Hare. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—Mr. Hare complains that Southern Italy is very little known, though it is pre-eminently "the Italy of artists," where "the costumes still glow with colour, and the wonderful picturesqueness of the towns is only equalled by the exquisite beauty and variety of the scenery." He writes with his usual interesting detail of the various towns of this district, and his book is the best guide a traveller can take there with him.

Poems in Many Lands. By Rennell Rodd. (D. Bogue.)—These poems are in part a reprint of part of a former volume. The new poems will do nothing to spoil the favourable impression made by "Songs in the South." They are for the most part brief records of a number of memories; they do not ask too much from the reader, and are not spoilt by too much reflection and moralizing.

Autumn Swallows. By Ellice Hopkins. (Macmillan & Co.)—This is a volume of poems which will find acceptance in certain moods, which do not force themselves on the reader or take possession of his attention by violence. They are hardly lyric in their character, but reflective rather; they seem sometimes almost like echoes of Herbert. Their great merit is the sincerity which has kept them free from anything unmeaning; there has been no use of any fashionable devices to decorate them.

Julian the Apostate. A Tragedy. By C. J. Riethmüller. (Virtue & Co.)—The blank verse of this long poem is crammed with the stock phrases which have been all but rejected by prose. The sentiments of the play are almost uniformly excellent. There is a Lord Chamberlain in it who is not what he should be.

THE PROGRESS OF LABOUR.

ADDRESS TO THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.*

I TRUST I shall not infringe on the Standing Order, that "papers in defence of Trade Unions shall be considered unnecessary," if I review the progress of your societies during the fifteen years that this federation has been working. I should as little think of defending Trade Unions as of defending railways, joint-stock banks, or the penny post. But it may be useful just now to look back over the ground that we have traversed. It is sixteen years since the principal Royal Commission on Trade Unions was appointed. It is fifteen years since this Congress first met. It is fifty years since the long legislative struggle on these questions began with the famous Acts of Geo. IV., in 1824-1825. It is twelve years since one side of the problem was settled by the Act of 1871; and it is eight years since the other side of the problem was settled by the Acts of 1875.

Time has proved, we may say, that our demands were moderate. It has proved that you have used with fairness the ample concessions you received. The country feels the stronger from the steady advance of your movement. The working-classes have been enabled to bear an almost unexampled stagnation in trade, mainly by the aid of your great provident societies. The relations between employers and employed have grown more and more friendly, as your institutions have grown more solid; until there is no civilized country to-day where the war between labour and capital is so little inflamed as it is in England at this hour.

I hope that none of our younger friends will suppose that I speak on these matters as an outsider or a stranger. It is twenty-four years since I first formed the friendship of many of you during the

* Delivered at Nottingham, September 12, 1883.

great lock-out of 1859. Since then I have watched the growth of most of the great societies in the kingdom. During the years I sat on the Trades Union Commission, in 1867-8-9, it was my business to master every detail of their organization. I was rewarded for that work by being duly admitted as a member of one of the amalgamated societies, now, I may add, in most flourishing condition; and I am happy to see amongst you to-day the worthy brother who was my sponsor on the occasion.

I know no better account of the recent progress of these societies, than that of Mr. George Howell, in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for September. I have been carefully over his figures and conclusions, comparing them with the official reports and returns, and I have satisfied myself of the accuracy of his work and the soundness of his reasoning. I have now been able to contrast them with the latest returns and still earlier statistics; and I shall not scruple to use his valuable review in the remarks I propose to make.

Turn first to the steady advance of these societies in numbers. I take the year when the Commission was appointed, the year of preparation for the first Congress, 1867. The engineers were then 33,325; last year they were 48,388, and now they exceed 50,000. The amalgamated carpenters in 1867 numbered 8,022; last year they were 20,622. The boilermakers in 1867 were 6,405; last year they were 27,408. The ironfounders in 1867 numbered 10,839; last year they were 11,400. The amalgamated tailors publish no return till 1869, when they numbered 3,994; to-day they are 15,123. Here are five societies which now number 124,000 against 62,000 in 1867; an increase of cent. per cent. within sixteen years.*

Turn to the side of income. In 1867, the engineers reported their income to the Commissioners as about £86,000; last year it was £124,000. That of the carpenters was reported in 1867 to be about £10,000; last year it was £49,000. In 1867, the income of the boilermakers was about £20,000; last year it was £67,000. In 1867 the income of the tailors was under £2,000; last year it exceeded £18,000. In 1867 the ironfounders reported their income as £36,000; last year it was £42,000. That is to say, that since the Commission inquiry, a group of five societies have increased in aggregate income from £154,000 to £300,000. Thus altogether, within a period of sixteen years, a group of the leading Unions have doubled their numbers and their income, and to-day are twice as strong and twice as rich. And remember that this period of sixteen years includes what is, perhaps, the longest and most severe depression of trade on record. Since 1876 this country has gone through an

* I have not chosen Societies whose increase is specially great; and there are many other very large Unions. Four Societies of Miners are returned altogether as 75,000. Four in the cotton trade number 40,000.

industrial crisis, which has tried the resources of all, has impaired the national revenue, straining financial and manufacturing interests. It has been a time to break the backs of any but the soundest institutions. Yet how successfully have your societies borne this strain ! In six years of trial the engineers spent nearly £880,000 ; and something like a quarter of a million of this vast sum was spent in a single year (1879). In that year the miners of one county (Durham) spent £100,000. In those six years, 1876-1881, seven societies spent nearly two millions sterling, exceeding their income and coming on their reserves for nearly £200,000. And to-day, after all this, these same seven societies stand with cash balances of nearly £360,000.

Now, the shrewd judgment of the public will not be slow to understand what this implies—how much skill and self-reliance, how much providence and stability this great fact displays. These are no mushroom institutions, but great financial concerns, with a history as long, a balance-sheet as clear, and a credit as good, as that of the railway companies or the financial companies of the wealthy. The engineers have a standing of thirty-two years ; the ironfounders of seventy-three years.

And the disinterested public, who are no less just than shrewd, will also see how vast a public benefit, what an indispensable relief to the community, has been conferred by provident institutions, which support the workman in times of distress without any burden to the community—support him (let us remember) out of his own savings and thrifty provision. During the year 1879, the engineers paid just £150,000 to members out of work, and in the five years of depression they paid £387,102. The seven societies I have named paid altogether £807,459. In the year 1879, as Mr. Howell shows, 11,550 families, or more than 46,000 persons, were wholly supported by five Unions alone during the terrible period of want of work from the stagnation of trade. Nor did that vast relief diminish the call on other heads. The sick pay, the accident allowance, the funeral allowance, the superannuation, benevolent grants, and assurance for loss of tools were met ; all which amounted to about a million sterling beside. It would be impossible to calculate how much these great associations have saved this country during the great depression in actual starvation and want, in social irritation and strife, in every sort of industrial malady which can afflict society.

It would be preposterous now to look on these great societies as being mainly concerned with trade disputes, instead of looking on them as what they are, Provident and Benefit Societies. Last year, with an income of £124,000, and an available cash balance of £168,000, the Amalgamated Engineers, with nearly 50,000 members, expended the sum of £860 in trade disputes, and £35 in grants in defence of their trade. That £895 is far short of 1 per cent of the annual income ;

it is about $\cdot 3$ per cent of the total available resources. The iron-founders, with an income of £42,000, spent £214, or $\cdot 5$ per cent. of their income. The tailors, with an income of £18,000, spent £565; the carpenters spent £2,000 out of an income of nearly £50,000. The bricklayers, with an income of £8,900, spent £13 in strikes. The stone-masons, with 11,000 members, admit (a capacious critic would say more in sorrow than in pride) that they have expended nothing on strikes. During the six years of reduction of wages and industrial disturbance, 1876-1881, Mr. Howell shows that seven societies expended in trade disputes a sum of £162,000 out of a total expenditure not far short of two millions. That was an exceptional era of trade struggles. Last year seven of the great societies, with an aggregate income of £330,000, and aggregate cash balances of £360,000, spent in strikes the total sum of £5,675; that is, not 2 per cent. of their annual income; it is less than 1 per cent. of their total available resources in the year. During the years 1881 and 1882 together, these seven societies, with 120,000 members, and an average income of £322,000 per annum, expended yearly £4,769 altogether in strikes; that is, at a rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their income, and less than 1 per cent. of their available funds.

This shows, I think, how mistaken was the policy recommended by the majority of the Commission in their Report (1869). They sought, you will remember, to divide the Unions into Benefit Societies and Trade Societies; and they devised a scheme for a separation of the two Funds, with restrictions upon either Fund being diverted from that special purpose. Fortunately the Government had the good sense to reject their advice; Mr. Gladstone and Lord Aberdare took a very different view. But let us suppose that suggestion had been followed, and the recommendations of Sir William Erle and the majority had become law. During the late years of distress, the Unions (if their funds had been split into two by law) would have been crippled as Relief societies, whilst they would have been sorely tempted to assert themselves as purely Strike societies. The many millions which these societies have given to men destitute from slackness of trade would have been reduced to half the amount, even if the societies themselves had not disappeared under unjust and hostile legislation.

On the other hand, instead of the 1 or 2 per cent. of their total available resources which they have actually expended in strikes and trade disputes, they would have had large resources which, by law, they could expend in no other way, which they could not have applied to maintaining the sick and supporting men in search of labour. If we would see how vast a difference there is between the way in which Unions are regarded now, and the current opinion of

economists then, we should turn to the draft report prepared for the Commission by Mr. Booth: we may learn how near some people went towards suppressing Trade Unions by law. From the formal adoption of that Report by the majority the Commission was saved, I think, mainly by the good sense and fairness of Lord Lichfield and Lord Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss, who, in changing his title, has not changed his sympathies with you). But it is almost comical to read now the grave proposal by an eminent public servant, and a skilled economist, made so late as 1869, and embodied in a draft Bill; whereby it was made illegal for a council, not situated in the town where any dispute might arise, to give advice. I say it raises a melancholy smile to read in that draft report that "such a practice *in an enlarged view of the interests of the working classes* must be injurious rather than advantageous to them;" to read, I say, a little farther on, the doubt "whether the interference of the Trade Unions between the employers and their workmen has not been on the whole hurtful rather than advantageous to the members of the Unions; whether their net earnings have not been diminished rather than increased through the agency of the Unions?" What a gulf separates us from the time (but fourteen years ago) when such language could pass current! I often think that, if we seek for any measure of the decrepitude of the older school of economists, if we seek for a crucial test of its self-sufficient sophistry, we cannot do better than note how completely its predictions have been proved false by the event. How foolish its fears look now, how dangerous were its counsels, how shallow was its knowledge of men and of social laws. It used to terrify the rich by proving that the Unions were ruining the country; the country is prospering and the Unions are prospering too. It used to prove that the Unions must "burst up" with the first bad times; they have stood an unexampled strain, and have come out of it with the highest credit. It called on the Legislature to crush Unionism, unless society was to disappear. The Legislature relieved and assisted the Unions, and peace and harmony has been for the first time established for a century. It used to show that Unions had no serious purpose except that of raising wages. And it is now seen that 99 per cent. of their funds have been expended in the beneficent work of supporting workmen in bad times, in laying by a store for bad times, and saving the country from a crisis of destitution and strife. Here is a subject where *à priori* economy had its special field. It claimed especially to understand the laws of production and the conditions of labour and capital. Time proved that it thoroughly mistook them. Its pretended laws were blunders; its calculations were wrong; its advice full of danger and injustice; and its solemn warnings are now monuments of human presumption.

Fortunately the good sense of Parliament, and the generous insight

of Mr. Gladstone and his friends, pushed aside the advice of these economists. Lord Aberdare remedied half the evils of which the Unions complained in 1871, and Sir R. Cross remedied the other half in 1875. Now, I venture to think that the result has proved how wise and even necessary that legislation was. During the whole of the present century down to 1871, when the Trades Union Act of Mr. Gladstone was passed, the law of combination had been the subject of agitation and strife. Since the legal position of the Trade Unions was guaranteed in 1871, the whole of that source of political contention has ceased. So, too, events have proved how just was the agitation that your Congress carried on against the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1871. Since the legislation of 1875 by Sir R. Cross the whole of that source of contention has passed away. The Trade Unions as such are not asking of Parliament any amendment of the law that directly concerns them. The time of Parliament is no longer occupied by protracted and irritating debates; parties are no longer entangled by the agitation on the Labour Laws. We said that we should be satisfied with the legislation offered us, and we have kept our word.

The long history of the struggle about the Combination Laws has one very plain lesson for us. It proves to us the essential connection between industrial questions and political questions. No one in his senses can suppose that the legal situation of the Unions would be what it is to-day, if there had been no Reform Act in 1832, and none in 1867, and apart from the great struggle of parties in the last fifteen years. If any weak brother doubts whether a Parliamentary Committee be necessary, or thinks that politics and political causes are entirely outside the interests of workmen, let him only reflect how completely the growing spirit of justice towards workmen, and the reform of class legislation, have gone on step by step along with the growing spirit of social justice, and the removal of all protective and narrow legislation generally. It is idle to suppose that the English law of combinations would have been so fair as it is now, if we were still in the political world of Lord Eldon and Castlereagh, and Sidmouth; if this country had never been profoundly stirred by its Cannings and its Peels, its Russells, its Gladstones, and its Cobdens. You may not even yet obtain from Parliament all that you ask. But you know that in any case your demands will be carefully heard in Parliament, and that result, I venture to say, is in the main due to the tact, perseverance and business-like power of the Parliamentary Committee, and in particular of Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Burt, who have been its spokesmen in the House. Therefore, I venture to say, that events have proved the wisdom of this confederation and the pressing necessity for a vigilant Parliamentary Committee. It justifies the general policy of the

societies, that political and Parliamentary movements must form *some* part of the work of all organizations of workmen.

But, here again, the lesson can be carried further. Whilst politics and Parliamentary action ought to form *some* part of the work of Unionism, it ought never to assume a preponderating part, and, above all, it ought never to assume a *party* character. Your leaders have been wise, I think, in refusing to commit these great financial institutions to a mere political function, and in refusing ever to commit them to either of the parties in the State. Whilst it is true that on the whole the tendency of the Unions in a mass is to support a Liberal policy, the Unions, I trust, will never make themselves a docile wing of the Liberal party. We can never forget that some of our best Parliamentary friends have been Conservative statesmen. We generally get most when a Conservative Government brings in a favourable measure, and when a Liberal Opposition tries to improve it. That is how we finally settled the long dispute in 1875. We must never forget that it was Mr. Disraeli and his party who first raised the question in 1867. It was the Government of Mr. Gladstone which passed the first Act in 1871. It was the Government of Lord Beaconsfield again, and Sir R. Cross in particular, that finally settled it in 1875. Questions of labour can never be reduced to the narrow limits of party. Let us keep our labour organization free from any organization of party. We will press our claims alternately on both parties as need serve, and accept the help of either party as occasion serves. I trust that so long as this federation exists, it will continue the policy that its great power and vast discipline shall never be diverted to the interests of party, whilst insisting on the duty of looking on politics as within its sphere.

Can any one doubt, as he looks back on the industrial legislation of the last twelve years, how large a part of it is due to the action of this Congress, or doubt again how wise and beneficent that legislation has proved. The legal rights of Unions have been amply guaranteed; the obnoxious and uncertain effect of the old law of conspiracy, and the old law of master and servant, has been redressed to our entire satisfaction. The liability of employers has been defined by the Act of 1880. Regulations to protect the workmen in mines, in factories, in workshops, have been made by the Acts of 1871, of 1874, and 1878. The payment of wages in public-houses is prohibited by the Act of 1883. The protection of seamen has been dealt with by the Merchant Shipping Acts. The prohibition of stoppages in the hosiery trade by the Act of 1874. The reform of the Bankruptcy Law has much benefited the workmen. Besides many others, too numerous to specify, I have no hesitation in saying that the Labour Laws passed within the last twelve years

alone form a body of legislation for the good of the working-classes of this country such as no other civilized country in the world can show; not Germany, where the all-powerful Chancellor has now taken Labour under his special protection—not even France or the United States with their Republic and manhood suffrage. And the result we see, that the relations of capital and labour, of the wages paying classes, and the wages receiving classes, are in a condition of far less acute antagonism in this country than they are even in the democratic Republics of Europe and America.

It cannot be denied that this great body of legislation is to a very great degree directly due to the efforts of this Congress. It can as little be denied that it has brought incalculable good to the working class, whilst inflicting no wrong on the capitalist class. No one complains of this legislation; no one, openly at least, seeks to undo it. And the result is that we stand to-day thoroughly satisfied with the principle of the law so far as it directly deals with the general interests of those who receive daily wages. I say *in principle*, because what we still ask for in the way of amending the law relating to workmen are mere extensions of some principle of protection abundantly recognized by the Legislature—are simply provisions to prevent evasions of the law and devices for making the law a dead letter.

We hear a great deal now of the Property and Liberty Defence League from the gentlemen who are so shocked at our demanding that Acts of Parliament shall be made realities, and carried out according to their spirit. I wish those gentlemen would show a little more the courage of their opinions. The Factories Acts, the Mines Regulations Acts, the Education Acts, all Government Inspection whatever, all Tenant-right Acts, the very principle of Employers' Liability, the Acts against Truck, against Cruelty to Animals, against Climbing Boys in Chimneys—are all Acts passed in derogation of the absolute rights of property and liberty. Why do not these gentlemen stand up boldly and agitate for the total repeal of all Factory and Mines Acts, agitate against the half-time system in factories, against the Metropolitan and other Building Acts, nay, against Compulsory Vaccination and the Government monopoly of the Post Office? All of these things are equally contrary to the absolute rights of property and liberty, and if these gentlemen were consistent they would attack all these in principle. I confess I doubt the *bona fides* of these champions of freedom, when I find an organized body of peers, capitalists, and general philanthropists fighting in support of the sacred causes of letting little boys be cruelly ill-used, and of paying men their wages in beer-shops. I am no friend of over-legislation or centralized inspection. The in each case are those of practical convenience. The fact is,

that rights of property and liberty are not absolute at all, but are limited by the social welfare of the community; and the simple question to ask is—Will the good of the commonwealth be promoted by specific curtailment of property and liberty in the given case? Civilized society simply means the wise limitation of individual license.

There is something quite comical in the taunt which is sometimes directed against Unionists, to stand by one another and help themselves, and not go to Parliament for further legislation. Why, who in this world *do* stand by one another, and *do* help themselves, if the Trade Unionists of this country do not? Here are represented some 136 societies, and, as I have shown, the available funds in the past year of seven of these societies average £100,000 a piece; the sum total of all the societies here must amount to an annual income of some millions sterling, and 99 per cent. of this is devoted to helping the sick, provision for death, accident, want of work, provident reserve. Now, every penny of those millions is managed by workmen themselves, without the intervention of any Act of Parliament, any compulsory registration, inspection or State control whatever. Banks, railways, joint-stock companies, friendly societies, insurance companies have Acts of Parliament, official registration, the control of the Board of Trade, and compulsory systems of management. The Trade Unions alone stand outside every official control or statutory assistance. The whole of these vast organizations with millions of members, and annual incomes of millions sterling, are managed by working men without State supervision or recognition, by poor men at weekly wages, who meet at night when the day's toil is over, to labour over the details of this vast administration, of mutual help and succour. And they have never asked any Trades Union Act from the State, except the redress of the infamous old law by which they could be robbed with impunity. The whole of these vast contributions and obligations are purely voluntary. They constitute no legal debt, and the agreements respecting them are not recognized in law. There is something droll, worthy Brothers, in men coming to preach self-help to the Trade Unions of this country.

There was a question asked the other day, apparently in ignorance of your functions—"Why does not this Congress interpose in the wages dispute in the cotton trade?" I shall certainly not attempt any answer to such a question. This Congress is not the committee of a consolidated union. It is a conference between independent Unions. It is no part of your duty to deal with any local dispute about wages. It certainly is not mine. I have not the requisite knowledge of the details, and I daresay you have not. One might as well ask Parliament to intervene in a dispute between ty

merchants who could not agree in a negotiation. It has never been any part of your functions to meddle with any particular bargain, and I trust it never will be. According to some people, whenever a strike is imminent—that is, a difference between employer and employed—it is the duty of all good men to step in and implore the workmen to give way. I think that would be as foolish as if, when one saw a house with a bill “To let,” one should step in and implore the owner to take a lower rent. Until one had gone into fifty calculations, one could not say whether a man with a house to let was asking too high a rent or not. I see nothing criminal in his keeping his house empty till some one comes to his terms. And for my part I think it very much the same thing for the owner of a house to stand out for his rent, as for the workman to stand out for his wages. Both of them may be wrong, both may be obstinate, or again both may be right. But whether it is lessor or lessee, employer or employed, who is unreasonable, this can only be decided by persons with great local and technical knowledge, and an immense mass of special information before them. For my part I have nothing of the kind, and therefore I am sure I ought not to meddle. And I am inclined to think such will be the view of this Congress.

There are no men, I believe, in the country, more opposed to a policy of strikes, more convinced of the suffering they cause, than the officers and managers of the great permanent societies. There is a fine passage in the admirable report before you: “The measure of value of a strong Union lies not so much in the conduct of successful strikes as it does in the number of disputes its moral strength prevents.” That is language worthy of your body, and of its spokesman in Parliament. Their influence, and that of your Congress has been steadily exerted to substitute arbitration for strikes. Even now in this melancholy dispute it is the workmen who offer, and the employers who reject arbitration. Your influence in favour of arbitration is shown in the steady progress of that principle, and in the steady diminution of actual strikes, till their cost does not reach to 1 per cent. But you have done all that you can do, and you will continue to do all you can, to ensure that even this very small percentage may be spared to you, and that arbitration may prevail in all labour disputes.

There is one question on which, before I sit down, I wish to speak with some anxiety and much diffidence. No one can study the reports of the Unions for the last few years without being struck with the ominous and rapid growth of the superannuation expenditure. Many of the reports of last year point with anxiety to what the reports call “this delicate subject.” Mr. Howell, in his article, clearly states the difficulty. In the engineers the

superannuation benefit accounts for more than a quarter of the whole outlay of the society, and amounts to 10s. 10½d. per member. In six great societies it amounted last year to not far short of one-sixth part of their expenditure. But it is the rate of increase in this branch which is far more serious than its present amount. It is increasing at the rate of about 12 per cent. per annum. In seven years in the engineers it has doubled itself. That of other societies is even more startling. The boilermakers outlay in 1876 was £1,069; in 1882 it was £2,574. That of the carpenters in 1876 was £217; in 1882 it was £1,030. Here we have the case of a fund nearly five times as great within seven years. At the Commission of 1867, this point was strenuously debated; and you are, most of you, familiar with the criticisms of Mr. Tucker and Mr. Finlaison (4th Report, 6,405—7,232.) Time has shown that the warnings of these accomplished actuaries were not without foundation, though their fears were grossly exaggerated. No doubt much of what was urged then was affected by the fact that it was put forward with a view of creating a prejudice against the Unions. No such objection now arises to the earnest appeal of the best friends of Unionism, not to delay a moment in dealing with this great danger. It is the weak spot in the financial condition of societies otherwise so flourishing. You will have, and I have no doubt you will act, on the best advice you can obtain from professional actuaries. At the same time you will all remember, and it is most desirable that the public should understand, that Trade Unions are not commercial partnerships; that they have in them many other elements besides the financial ones, and that they cannot be dealt with like life, legal and commercial societies. They are real communities of fellow-workmen, who know and trust each other, and who are united to help and sustain each other, on the principle of foregoing for the common good the immediate selfish interest of each individual. Self-sacrifice and mutual aid is the basis of their existence, and not interest for their money and the best return for their capital. Here then, I believe, we may see the remedy for the difficulty when the burden of superannuation shall grow excessive. The same spirit of good fellowship which prompts men now to pay 10s. a member to their elder associates, must be appealed to to prevent that contribution from crushing the society itself. A resolution passed within each society, a point of honour formed, and the growth of public opinion, are ample to limit the numbers of those who are forced upon this fund, or to raise it to the point needed. Many members now entitled by the rules to claim superannuation do not do so from the spirit of fellowship and personal independence. That honourable feeling I do not doubt will be encouraged within the Union, and will be extended until no case will be thrown on the super-

annuation fund, except those of real necessity. In some societies special provision exists to deal with this burden. But although I doubt not that the spirit of mutual help on which Unionism rests will ultimately prevent that help from destroying the Union itself, it is clearly a difficult technical subject on which the best professional advice should be forthwith sought.

This is exactly the class of question of which meetings of this kind can promote the solution. When I said that your attention can never be severed from political movements, I in no way meant to dissent from the wise policy of your body to make the practical improvement of your trade organizations and your fellow workmen the staple business of your work. There is excellent sense in that passage of the Report in which the Committee remind us of the necessity of confining our discussions to practical work which the delegates can fully grasp. The public and the press, I think, are distinctly impressed with the practical and business-like work of these meetings. They would lose that character at once, if they were ever to degenerate into mere debating societies, where temperance, education, collectivism, and the church militant formed the subject of vague and purposeless harangues. Practical politics as Englishmen understand them—questions within a measurable distance of Parliamentary discussion, the gradual improvement in the daily life of the workmen—these have been the methods by which this Congress has grown steadily for fifteen years, and by which I trust it will long continue to grow.

It is matter for congratulation how completely the old Parliamentary programme has been cleared off, and how small are the measures still to be won which directly affect the working-class alone. But I often think there is another sphere of action which awaits your body in the future, and which will absorb all your energies even when all that you seek from the Legislature shall have been won. It is the great field of local self-government. The healthiness, the good management, the organization of our cities and towns and villages affect the great masses of the workmen more than they affect the rich, who can afford to withdraw or supply themselves. Good air, pure water, drainage, light, recreation grounds, schools, baths, and the like—these are the very breath of life to the working masses, who can only obtain them by sound municipal government. It has always seemed to me that a great field lies here for the energies of the working-class, and for the influence of their great trade organizations. Here is a subject which concerns the workmen, their wives and their children, their lives and their health, and their whole mental and bodily culture—a subject which workmen have under their eyes, the immediate results of which they can fully perceive. They can insist on having pure water, healthy cities, worthy schools,

museums and colleges; but to exercise the influence they might, they must enter more than they do into local self-government. They must become more often members of their school boards and health committees, of town councils and municipal bodies.

The town in which we meet affords us a noble example of what may be done by the common efforts of all citizens. Here, then, is a future with a noble field for the workman—the ambition to take his part in the government of his own town or parish. Parliamentary questions of immediate and special concern to him are happily growing fewer by virtue of the very success of his own efforts. And even if Parliament is slow to put the finishing touch on all the measures of protection which the trades have asked, we have all confidence in the power that made Unionism a great force in the country to effect the end even without an Act. Many of the recent Acts have been but the Parliamentary sanction given to customs already enforced by the moral strength of the Unions. That strength was self-help, or rather, mutual help. Mutual help—a nobler thing than self-help—made the Unions. It has enabled them to win results that no Act of Parliament could effect. And by mutual help in the end these great issues between capital and labour will be all solved at last.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

This fraternal union was as like as circumstances would permit to the apostolic pattern. The Brothers, obtained a simple livelihood, partly by manual labour, partly by friendly gifts, but they never begged. What they thus obtained or possessed was held in common. Their brother-houses and schools were soon found in most of the chief cities of the Netherlands. In that of Zwolle lived the venerated author of "The Imitation," whose long life was spent in quiet work as a Brother of the Common Lot.

Besides teaching their children the Brothers laboured incessantly to enlighten the people by short sermons. Each city had its preacher. Giesebert Dou of Amsterdam is mentioned by Thomas à Kempis in connection with Gerhard and Florentius, the founders of the Society, and he doubtless preached on the same theme as his companions. What that theme was we can have no doubt when we learn that the ignorant of those days spoke of "Jesus" as "the God of the Beguines." Ruysbroek is described as "mystical but practical," such were his disciples in the Netherlands.

In the life of John Wessel, a disciple of Thomas à Kempis, we see how the Brothers of the Common Lot prepared the way for the Reformation; but what manifests that fact still more is that nowhere, not even in Germany itself, did that movement receive a better welcome than among the people whose minds these Brothers had formed. The Reformation made its way at once throughout the Netherlands, and it was the Dutch who most frequently recruited its advanced guards and forlorn hopes.

II.

Before the twelfth century, Amsterdam has no history. But during that period, as well as in the previous century, a series of irruptions of the North Sea turned Lake Flevo into the Zuyder Zee. The treasures of the ocean were thus opened up to the inhabitants of the village of Amstelredam. It is an old saying that "Amsterdam was built on the backbone of a herring."

Nature and Man—blind, cruel, greedy—these were the twin foes with which the Netherlanders had to fight. As the ancient people they so much resemble, they were "burnt with fire, but not consumed."

From the obscure background of mediæval history we behold emerge, like the phantasms of half-finished dreams, scenes in which a portion is photographed more vividly than anything we see when awake, but of which we know not the beginning, and which ends as abruptly as it began.

Thus, in 1258, the Amsterdammers appear, making common cause with the people of Kemmerland, Friesland and Waterland, who had risen against their nobles, declaring that they would expel them from the country and raze their castles. The Lord of Amstel consents

lead his people against Utrecht, where the revolution is accomplished. But they are defeated in besieging Haarlem, and the insurrection seems to collapse.

Next comes a story of turbulence and bloodshed. The murder of Count Floris V. is a favourite subject of the Dutch drama. In this disloyal deed, Gysbrecht, lord of the Amstel, plays a leading part, and as a result loses his rights over Amsterdam, which reverted to the Counts of Holland.

This family, "hard-fighting, hard-drinking, crusading, freebooting," were very popular, and under their ægis Amsterdam developed its municipal liberties, and grew slowly in wealth and importance. But the male line dying out, there came a time of civil commotion, the contending parties taking the quaint titles of *Kabbeljaws* and *Hoeks*. The *Kabbeljaws*, or cod-fish, were the people; the *Hoeks*, or hooks, the nobles, who caught the people and used them to their own advantage. Amsterdam appears to have sided with the *Kabbeljaws*.

This struggle went on for a hundred years, and we may measure the sadness of heart it produced by the fact that it was during the latter part of its continuance—the first half of the fifteenth century—that most of the cloistral establishments of Amsterdam were founded. But in the midst of the misery brought about by this civil strife the Brothers of the Common Lot, in harmony with all the traditions of Netherland religion, were teaching the people, and setting before them the example of a life founded on the doctrine of Jesus Christ.

No one, not even those who suffer most, ever rightly estimates the discontent which exists in any society founded upon injustice. Luther himself, though by birth a man of the people, had no conception of its extent in his own Germany. Thus notwithstanding the rout of the peasantry at Frankenhausen, the Anabaptist movement went on in Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, and above all in the Netherlands. Jan Trypmacker, its leader in the Netherlands, in 1530, had a great following in Amsterdam, and was there arrested, sent to the Hague, and beheaded. After him arose Jan Mathysen, who appointed twelve missionaries, all of whom appear from their names to have been Dutchmen.

The social war broke out in Amsterdam the same year that it did in Munster. Finding public opinion in his favour, its leader, Van Geelen determined to seize the city. All was kept quiet until the very evening designed for the attempt, when the attention of the magistrates was called to three small pieces of artillery placed so as to command the windows of the Guildhall. While hesitating what to do, the Anabaptists appeared, forty strong, and the magistrates only saved themselves by rapid flight. The signal for the general uprising was to be the tolling of the Guildhall bell, but the insur-

gents being unable to find the rope, this hitch in the programme ensured the ruin of the revolt. A drunken Schout's officer had unwittingly hidden it among the stools. Thus the night passed away without any movement on the part of the people, giving the magistrates time to arrange their plans. Notwithstanding this, the insurgents at first carried everything before them, but they were at last surrounded, and driven off the Dam into the Guildhall. Here they fought desperately, but their leaders being killed, they were finally overpowered. The prisoners were put to death with revolting barbarity; while yet living their hearts were cut out and thrown in their faces, their bodies quartered and hung on the town gates, and their heads placed on stakes.

This episode shows clearly that there was a widespread discontent throughout the city. Amsterdam was governed by a Senate of thirty-six burghers. Each senator enjoyed his position for life, originally by election of the freemen of the city; but from the sixteenth century the vacancies were filled up by the Senate itself or by some authority for the time being more powerful. Thus the Government of Amsterdam was a close oligarchy. Had it continued as it was up to the end of the war of independence—Catholic—it would in all probability have rivalled that of Venice, in a rule of mystery and terror. One of the most picturesque objects in Amsterdam was the Herring-packers' Tower. Here persons suspected of heresy were confined, and given short shrift, being thrown out at night, tied hands and feet, into the Y.

It was owing to the orthodox character of the magistracy that Amsterdam escaped almost scot-free during the War of Independence, being permitted to purchase immunity from a Spanish garrison by payment of 200,000 guilders. Every effort to induce the city to join the patriots failed, and when at last the magistrates began to treat, they offered terms such as would have enabled them as St. Aldegonde puts it, "to govern the governor." In the end the patriots were obliged to agree to an arrangement by which the exercise of the Catholic religion was alone permitted within the city.

No sooner, however, was the Government of Amsterdam cut off from its own party than a popular rising took place, and a revolution was apparently accomplished by one resolute man and four confederates. So in accord, however, were the conspirators with the public sentiment that at the signal of the raising of a hat, the Dam was filled with people following a sailor with a flag, who cried, "All ye who love the Prince of Orange, take heart and follow me." After this the Catholic religion was itself proscribed, and Amsterdam became not only Protestant, but Protestant of an ultra type. These facts make it evident that the Amsterdam of

the sixteenth century contained a population mostly Protestant, and largely Anabaptist, with a ruling class thoroughly Catholic.

Before the great War of Independence commenced, we hear much of Anabaptism. I believe it to be the secret source of the pertinacity with which the North Hollanders struggled, and certain it is that even at the close of the war it was strong enough to frighten a man like St. Aldegonde into trying to prevent all who professed its tenets from exercising their rights as citizens. But it is evident that during the war its place in popular affection had given way to Calvinism.

No war since the Christian era ever stirred up the devil latent in human nature as this did. The cruelty practised by Philip II. and his myrmidons is so horrible, that the mind refuses to reflect upon it. Fairly to judge the epoch, one should look at the old engravings executed while these hellish deeds were fresh in men's minds. This dark background of horror is the real parent of Calvinism. It was in the lurid glare of the flames in the Place Maubert that Calvinism arose, condemning a world that thus treated its saints to an eternal torment of which their fiery tortures were but a faint image.

III.

A legend of Amsterdam tells of a merchant who came to the city, but do what he would he could not make himself liked. One evening, as he sat moodily alone, a stranger claimed his hospitality, a gentleman of Spanish complexion, with a very fascinating eye. He seemed to know all the merchant's secrets, and promised him that if he would agree to his terms, human sympathy with all the joys of life should be his. He then retired, leaving in the merchant's hands a paper which he was to sign, and forward to a certain place the next morning. The merchant soon found that his visitor was no other than Satan himself. However, he took the night to consider, and by morning had determined to accept the offer. But a very short while elapsed, and the merchant was happily married to the lady he had previously sought in vain; in a few years his table was surrounded by a beautiful family, wealth and honour poured in upon him, and he was welcomed wherever he went.

The temptation which this legend sets forth as occurring to a merchant at Amsterdam, was really that to which the city itself succumbed. Coldly looked upon as one who was a comparative stranger in the new Republic, but who yet sought a chief share in its gains, Amsterdam would have probably been more isolated still had she followed the highest aspirations of her people, and been true to her calling as the *Groote Gods Huisland*. Instead of that, she listened to the great Seducer, and received a full but temporary reward.

She at once took the lead in the use the ruling classes of the United Provinces proposed to make of the great position which the faith, the courage, and the awful sacrifice of the people had obtained for them. They had no higher ambition than to become the successors in the abominable traffic of their ancient masters, and to get possession of its profits. All combined to feed this low ambition, and to render it successful.

Portugal lost its independence, and shared the gloomy fate of Spain to which it was annexed. One of the first results was the arrival in Amsterdam of a colony of Portuguese Jews (1593), rich in commercial traditions, wealth, and energy. Next, the continual persecution of the Huguenots drove numbers of the most intelligent and most wealthy among the middle classes of France to take shelter under the ægis of a Republic professing their faith, and welcoming foreigners with open arms. It was the same with the many Covenanters and Puritans who under the Stuarts made Amsterdam their city of refuge. Another circumstance that added vastly to its wealth and importance was the final defeat and ruin of the patriotic cause in Antwerp. In the disasters that attended the defence of that city, the rulers of Amsterdam were strongly suspected of preventing the Dutch fleet from properly seconding the efforts of the Governor, Marnix of St. Aldegonde. When the end came, many of its traders, and even its literary men, fled to Amsterdam.

The population, in fact, increased so fast that strangers arriving were obliged to take up their abode in the environs in huts and other temporary erections, while new streets were laid out and houses built. Land in the city rose to a preposterous value: as much as a man's foot would cover was said to be worth a ducat of gold. In 1618 the population was estimated at 300,000.

Each city in the United Provinces had its particular branch of trade. The great fisheries of the German Ocean were, of course, common to all the maritime towns and villages, but Amsterdam had the lion's share. The Dutch herring fishery at its zenith employed about 6,400 vessels and 112,000 seamen: 800 of these vessels belonged to Amsterdam, where an immense trade was done in salting and packing herrings.

A thousand vessels were employed in the Baltic trade in timber and grain, and Amsterdam in a short time became the granary of the world. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Observations touching Trade and Commerce with the Hollander," says: "Amsterdam is never without 700,000 quarters of corn, none of it the growth of Holland; a dearth of only one year in any other part of Europe enriches Holland for seven years."

In 1602 the Dutch East India Company was formed. Amboyna and the Moluccas were wrested from the Spaniards, and in a short

time the Dutch had factories and fortifications from the Tigris in the Persian Gulf along the coasts and islands of India, as far as Japan. Alliances were formed with several Indian princes on the coast of Ceylon, and they were themselves masters in various districts of Malabar and Coromandel, and of great part of the island of Java. The West India Company was established in 1621. In fifteen years the Dutch had conquered the greater part of Brazil and had fitted out 800 trading and war ships at the expense of ninety millions of florins, which immense outlay they had recouped by the capture of 545 Spanish and Portuguese ships.

These trades were the peculiar monopoly of Amsterdam, but she was also greatly advantaged by the general prosperity of the whole province of Holland. On its pastures grazed innumerable herds of fine cattle; a Dutch ox would often weigh more than 2,000 lbs. and Dutch cows were known to produce two or three calves at a time, Dutch sheep four or five lambs. Butter, cheese, and salted provisions were exported to an incredible amount.

The manufactures were equally famous. Dutch linen was so highly esteemed that Holland gave its name to the fabric.

Supported further by the finest navy in the world—for it is estimated that in the seventeenth century half the shipping of Europe belonged to the Dutch—Amsterdam, with its correspondents everywhere, quickly obtained the carrying trade of the world.

To render the working of this great commerce more facile, the Bank of Amsterdam was founded in 1609. In a short time the whole world went to Amsterdam to borrow.

Speculative trade, it has been said, almost seems to have been born at Amsterdam. Let the scarcity of grain be what it might in any of the four quarters of the globe, men could always find plenty in Amsterdam; whatever their wants, they could always supply them in Amsterdam. Its streets were like a perpetual fair.

An Italian describes the city in 1618 as the very image of Venice in its prime. It spread out fan-shaped, its base line on the Y being a long series of quays and docks, backed by tall warehouses of which little could be seen but an occasional gable-roof, so hidden were they by groves of masts (which towards the centre thickened into a forest), by large sails and a complete jungle of huge cranes and drawbridges. High above the city rose numerous quaint steeples and yet more ancient towers, and Amsterdam's Italian prototype could never have presented a more bewitching picture than when on one of those marvellous nights, not infrequent in Holland, the moon lit up the scene with a light whiter, purer than that of electricity, and of a living beauty the very reverse of electricity's ghastly glare. The black hulls, masts, rigging and cordage stood out vividly as in a photo—
the beacons cast their ruddy glare into the waters, and a

midnight the carillon floated over the city, followed by the striking of innumerable clocks.

Morning broke, and with the dawn began another day's whirl and fret of business. Men, women, children—of all lands, nations and tongues—were in full activity. The shipwrights' hammers, the creaking of the cranes, the seamen's oaths, the squabbles of the market-place, the gabbling in the schools, the clatter of the sleighs, the chaffering, badgering, bullying, the slave-driving going on without a moment's cessation upon all the quays, in every warehouse and from every street, proclaimed Amsterdam the Mart of the World, the centre of its business.

The head of the Damrak, a short roadstead formed by the mouth of the Amstel, was crossed by a bridge which recalled the Rialto. Here a crowd of men, the most varied in nationality and tradition, were all one in their worship of the presiding genius of the city. The bridge stood in front of its temple. The Exchange was the true centre of the religion of Amsterdam. Hard by were the representatives of the two subsidiary forces in the life of the city—Politics and Calvinistic Christianity.

The Stadthuis, an enormous structure, of which the forest of piles necessary for its foundation had cost £100,000 sterling, possessed an interior almost encased in marble—floors, walls, pillars, and ceilings. Versailles cost £800,000, the Escorial £1,000,000, St. Paul's £1,500,000; but the burgher government of Amsterdam spent £3,000,000 on the shrine of their politics, making it the fit emblem of their policy—hard, superficial, and stupidly wasteful. In its vaults were the treasures of their famous bank, to all appearance an infinite hoard of wealth—gold and silver in bars, plate and bags of specie innumerable.

The treasure-house of Europe, it was the reservoir into which fell the many golden streams which came pouring in from every quarter of the globe.

This wealth gave an enormous impetus to such arts as the traditions and peculiar temperament of the Hollanders most encouraged. Profoundly religious, the soul of the Netherlands people had from very early times found expression in poetry and painting. Amsterdam was the centre of literary life before the war, its inhabitants cultivating their poetic gifts in their famous Guild of the Eglantine. After the fall of Antwerp, its Guilds of the Sweet-brier and the Fig-tree emigrated to the northern city.

From the fostering care of these Guilds came a succession of poets and dramatists, touched with the humour and sweetness of our Elizabethan school. Visscher and his two daughters, Hooft, Brederoo, Vondel and Huygens, are among the chief names of the great Amsterdam school of the seventeenth century. The

Kalverstraat was the Paternoster Row of old Amsterdam, and the especial haunt of its engravers. Cats, who better perhaps than any other Dutch writer represents the homely wit and proverbial philosophy characteristic of the Dutch middle class, did not belong to Amsterdam. But in the quaint designs on the house-fronts, often punning representations of the owner's name or trade, in the moral sayings and wise saws written on the entablatures, might be seen the genius of Cats, and of a religion which had fallen from the enthusiastic faith of David's Psalms to the didactic philosophy of the Proverbs of Solomon.

The free multiform life of Amsterdam, full of colour and poetry, had many attractions for painters. Hither Rembrandt came, in 1630, and fixed himself near the Jews' Quarter. Here were heaped treasures which had adorned the Cleopatras and the Messalinas of the ancient world, the spoils which Crusaders had carried home from Syria, and the Venetians from Constantinople, together with all kinds of strange and curious things which the bold seamen of Holland had brought from the four quarters of the globe. Here too were men who had carefully hoarded the intellectual flotsam and jetsam of a dead past: reverend rabbis—wrinkled, furrowed, ghastly—in whom the hereditary acquisitiveness had taken the most interesting of all its forms.

It was in these palmy days that a family of Portuguese Jews gave the world a child who was to be the leader in a revolution more radical than either that of Luther or even Munzer. Spinoza was born in Amsterdam in 1632.

Nowhere has the Jew found such consideration as in Amsterdam. If spiritual affinities could prove consanguinity, the people of Amsterdam might claim to be one of the lost tribes. Nowhere was the letter of the Decalogue more generally obeyed; nowhere was the higher teaching of the Mosaic law better carried out: care for the orphan and the widow, provision for the poor and the stranger. There were twelve great hospitals or benevolent institutions in Amsterdam. There were orphanages for boys and for girls, retreats for old men and old women, hospitals for the sick, for lunatics, for lepers, and one where poor travellers could be lodged and entertained for three nights. For the unruly of either sex, there were two separate prisons conducted in a severe but parental manner.

But amidst all this prosperity, all this culture, all this drilling in the rules of frugality, the most striking fact in this great commercial society is its ever-increasing Pauperism.

Strongly endowed with the parental instinct, the Amsterdam burghers thought not of such cruelty as the breaking-up of a family because its head had fallen into poverty; so they created, in 1619, an institution which they called "The House of the Poor Families."

To enter it a family must have resided six years in Amsterdam ; and to prevent fraud it was required to produce several witnesses to the fact. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the old side of this establishment contained 900 families, and the new, 1,600 ; altogether they numbered no less than 10,000 persons. All round the garden was a gallery where a weekly distribution of victuals was made to the poor.

In addition to this great poor-house were two others—houses for the rabble—built respectively in 1639 and 1649. Here were distributed every week during winter, irrespective of race or faith, bread, butter and cheese. Altogether the sum spent in these three articles amounted to 600,000 guilders per annum.

The old writer (1675) who gives this account of the house for poor families, says " the numbers in it at present cannot be told, seeing the city is increased nearly one-half ;" but if the numbers he states as there in 1616 are compared with the population of Amsterdam in 1618, we find that one in every thirty persons in Amsterdam was a pauper of selected respectability. But outside this class was another which could not satisfy inquiry—a class dear to Rembrandt, who was one of the very few persons, perhaps the only one, who saw this Amsterdam society through and through, and found it pharisaical and thoroughly opposed to the spirit of Jesus Christ. This ragged, wretched, miserable class, to whom Rembrandt devoted more of his work than to any other, cannot be deemed to have been less than four or five times as numerous as the respectable poor.

If this be a fair computation, then it would follow that, at the very time Amsterdam was making its most rapid strides in prosperity, at least one-sixth of its inhabitants were in a state of pauperism, and this we know means also a still wider circle of families on the brink of poverty and living in daily dread of being swallowed into its vortex.

Another proof of the poverty of the masses in Amsterdam, was the existence of a great civic pawnshop—*De Lombert*. Here the poor could obtain loans, not only on their garments, but upon plate and other household goods, and even on merchandise.

In the marvellously finished interiors of Gerard Dou we see the ease, the comfort, the wealth in which the few lived who drew the prizes in this great commercial lottery. In the best sense their homes were respectable. Luxury is there, but it is restrained, reasonable, unostentatious. They have all that heart could wish, and if there is any desire, the means are there to obtain its gratification. And nothing proves how sweet this life was to those who enjoyed it as the fact that so many masters found it to their profit to follow in the wake of Dou. On the other hand, Rembrandt—who painted the poor as they really were, sad-eyed and dirty, sufferers even when truculent-looking and sullen—had no followers. The rich

did not care about these reminders of an ugly fact. If they had pictures of poverty, then tavern interiors, such as Ostade, Teniers and Jan Steen painted, were the ones most in request—pictures that represented men as bringing it on themselves by vicious and disgusting bestiality.

The Amsterdammers of the seventeenth century were benevolent, cultured, religious, but their consciences were not wounded by this singular distribution of wealth. How should they be when the religion which they professed had for its distinctive tenet the doctrine that God had chosen an elect few to eternal felicity, while the great majority of mankind were under sentence of eternal reprobation. This doctrine, which they heard proclaimed from richly carved pulpits as they sat in due order in their double-galleried synagogues, was entirely in harmony with the material ambition of Amsterdam: the one explained and justified the other.

IV.

If the Hollander had one tradition more powerful than another, it was patriotism. Yet even this great duty the merchant of Amsterdam was ready to sacrifice on the altar of commerce. On one occasion the Stadtholder discovered that the Amsterdam traders were sending arms and ammunition to Antwerp, at the very time it was being besieged by the combined forces of Holland and France. He demanded an inquiry, and one Deijlind was charged before the magistrates of Amsterdam with freighting four boats full of powder, muskets, and pikes. The vessel not only freely admitted the charge but declared that the merchant of Amsterdam had a right to trade wherever he pleased; adding that if anything was to be gained by trading to Antwerp he would risk burning his sails. And the magistrates acquitted him on the ground that he had done his duty to his employers.

Never is this freedom from all scruples so manifest as when the ruling class of Amsterdam had the greatest opportunities, and a spare Alexander himself might have envied. They grasped at the world, but not for the noble ambition of conquering it for the kingdom of which they professed themselves members, but simply that they might seek its treasure for their own advantage.

Everything was managed in Amsterdam by corporations. The idea of the surrender of corporate rights and privileges was firmly planted in the Dutch mind. These numerous bodies were virtually self-elected, independently elected in each department. The influence of their Government is seen in the way the East India Company managed their possessions in the Chinese Archipelago. The entire company of the opium trade, they owned all the silver mines in the East, except in Malacca, the rest of their power, including the

surrounding princes to enter into league with them to destroy their subjects' property. At one time they gained the exclusive command of the pepper trade. Pepper was immediately raised to eight shillings a pound, 100 per cent. higher than the Portuguese prices. It is supposed that they made a profit of 3,800 per cent. on this article alone. English settlers did not scruple to declare that in 1622 the Dutch authorities at Amboyna, in their terror lest foreign intrigue should oust them out of the nest they were robbing, practised tortures worthy of Philip II. and Alva.

To prevent any criticism from the jealousy of the other Dutch ports, the East India Company distributed their stock among the principal towns of the United Provinces, in each of which was a handsomely paid board of directors, possessing a share of the patronage proportioned to the stock they held. Amsterdam kept the supreme direction, for out of these subordinate chambers a board of seventeen directors was chosen, who met for six years at Amsterdam and two at Middleburgh. Thus all the leading capitalists in Holland were directly concerned in the Company's affairs.

Instead of enriching their own country and the Asiatic world by opening up a great Oriental trade, the Dutch East India Company thought only of getting the highest possible prices by the exclusion of all competition. Their immense warehouses at Amsterdam, their imposing name, and the mystery ever attached to the East, led to an exaggerated idea of their importance. They worked a trade that could easily have employed several millions with a capital of £542,000. In their most prosperous days, from 1614-1730, the number of their ships arriving from India in the course of the year did not average more than fourteen.

This style of doing trade explains the excessively heavy dues that the Amsterdam authorities imposed on every article of traffic. It is asserted that many things paid duty three or four times over. Bread was taxed when the corn came from the mill, and again when the loaves came from the oven. There were taxes on butter, fish and fruit, while the duties levied on meat, salt, beer, wine and spirits were as high as 100 per cent. Rents paid a tax of 25 per cent.; in fact, there was scarcely anything that escaped taxation except that which depleted the country of its capital—the speculations of its merchants in the public funds of other nations.

For, owing to the accumulation of capital and the way taxation ate up profits, the Amsterdam merchants put the greater part of their surplus capital into foreign stocks. In fact, the difficulty of finding an advantageous return for money in Holland was so great, that its capitalists preferred to lend vast sums of money to individuals in foreign countries, both regularly as loans at interest and in the shape of goods advanced at long credit.

The result of such an order of things became more and more manifest: the commerce which enriched the few, ruined the many. The cause of the heavy taxation was the necessity of maintaining a great navy to protect the monopolies of the Dutch capitalists, and to pay the interest of the ever-increasing debt, brought about by the disastrous wars into which the United Provinces were forced by the jealousy and cupidity they provoked in their neighbours.

At the end of the War of Independence, Motley tells us that the debt of the United Provinces was funded at 6 per cent., its interest amounting to 200,000 florins. The whole debt may be calculated at a round three and a quarter millions of florins. Now in 1877 it had reached to about nine hundred millions of florins. Thus, while the population had remained stationary, the National Debt had in two centuries and three-quarters increased to nearly three hundred times its original size.

England and France began as early as the middle of the seventeenth century to try and get possession of the Dutch trade. In 1651 the English Parliament passed a Navigation Act, the object of which was to exclude the Dutch from the carrying trade of this country; and in 1664 the French Government promulgated the tariff arranged by Colbert, a main purpose being to promote French commerce by harassing that of the United Provinces.

Not content with doing it this harm, Louis XIV. in 1672 invaded Holland. A great drought favoured his enterprise, so that the French armies easily forded the rivers, and the Dutch capitulated without a blow. As Sir William Temple says, in his curious little book, "Observations on the United Provinces, 1693," "in all sieges the hearts of Men defend the Walls, and not the Walls the Men."

That the Dutch people had not lost their ancient patriotism was soon manifest, for when Louis XIV., misled by the ease of his triumph, demanded outrageous terms, the people rose, took the power out of the hands of oligarchical factions who ruled in the States-General, and virtually made the Prince of Orange dictator. Under this influence Amsterdam displayed an unwonted heroism, and her people declared that rather than submit to the conqueror they would cut the dykes and lay all the land round the city under water.

Ere long, however, the representatives of wealth again obtained power, and the old hostility between the House of Orange and the Government of Amsterdam recommences. It was with the utmost difficulty that the Stadtholder, afterwards William III. of England, induced it to consent to his projected efforts for civil liberty; and when he was obliged to reside abroad, he took advantage of his absence to usurp his prerogatives.

This perpetual struggle between the Stadtholders and the Amsterdam oligarchy is one of the pivots of Dutch history; and a key to that of Amsterdam may be found in the fact that, up to the period of the French Revolution, the common people of Amsterdam always sided with the House of Orange.

A curious example of the jealousy with which the people regarded the acts of the magistracy, and the way they fretted against its authority, is shown in the commotion occasioned in 1696 by the passing of a sumptuary law restraining the magnificence of funerals. The host of lugubrious and pompous personages, the "inviters," the bearers, the torch-bearers, who got their living out of elaborate funeral rites, stirred up the population, spreading the report that the Government intended to oblige every one to be buried in a plain deal coffin without a breastplate, and with the city arms sewed upon the winding-sheet. The thought of being thus put nameless into the grave, and stamped as the property of the city of Amsterdam, aroused the populace to a state of violent indignation. Menacing processions were formed, but the soldiers brought out to disperse them had to take flight, and encouraged by their victory the people sacked the houses of those who were believed to have suggested the new law. The rioters were overcome, and their ringleaders hanged in front of the Weighhouse. This curious episode is further characteristic, since it was alleged that the tumult was secretly instigated by the partisans of the Stadtholder.

The French invasion of 1672 was to the commerce of Amsterdam as the writing on the wall of the palace of Belshazzar, but the power that chiefly effected its destruction was England.

As when a fainting firm is falling all things seem to combine to accelerate its ruin, so it was with the commerce of Amsterdam during the third quarter of the eighteenth century: 1763 and 1773 were marked by monetary panics, brought on by unlimited stockjobbing, and were followed by many private bankruptcies; 1770-71, by terrific floods and cattle disease.

The Dutch had sacrificed much on the altar of commerce; but they still preserved a certain disinterested admiration of the great deeds of their forefathers, and could not help feeling that their glory lay in the War of Independence and the policy it established. When, therefore, the American War of Independence broke out, it was very hard to be told that their national honour was pledged to take sides with the English Government in reducing the American colonies to obedience. And yet the treaties of 1716-17 bound them to afford subsid^{ies} to troops in England in case of need. The Stadtholder call^{ed} for the treaty; the States-General refused. The^{ir} claim of the right of

the Dutch to convey timber and ships' stores to France, also in sympathy with the colonists. The claim of search was rigorously exercised. Dutch merchantmen were captured, their cargo plundered, and their crews maltreated and forced into the English navy. These proceedings struck more heavily at the trade of Amsterdam than any other city in the United Provinces, and in the States-General the struggle lay between the party she influenced and that affected by the machinations of the English ambassador. In 1778 the latter triumphed, the States-General agreeing that in future no convoy should be granted to ships laden with shipbuilding materials. Thus Amsterdam saw her timber trade destroyed simply to gratify the spite of England, for it was carried on just the same from other ports of the Baltic.

In 1780, England issued a declaration of war against the United Provinces, and after naming a number of causes of offence, the document concluded with a last and chief article against the burghers of Amsterdam. Instead of taking active measures, the Dutch squandered their time in internal disputes. Supineness and inactivity pervaded every department. A bounty of 70 guilders a head was offered for men, but men were not forthcoming. The Powers supposed to be friendly made no effort to save the Dutch. Russia turned against them, and the Swedes and the Danes looked with satisfaction on the profit that would accrue to themselves from the ruin of Dutch commerce.

It was already half-dead. The Weighing-house on the Dam, formerly thronged with business, had only one of its doors occasionally open. No loan could be raised under 6 per cent., and the Dutch bondholders trembled for a sum of no less than 450 millions of guilders in the English funds.

The British fleet swooped down on the Dutch colonies. At St. Eustatius, an island in the West Indies, Admiral Rodney acted with unexampled rigour, stripping the inhabitants of everything they had, even to their very provisions, seizing their account-books and business-papers, and turning them out of their dwellings in a state of destitution. Burke's denunciations of the British commander are still full of indignant fire.

Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, were all ceded to the English by the Dutch traders, who, in spite of the losses of their country, were able to lend five millions of guilders to the American States. The Yankees at once proved a worse rival than even England, for in 1786 they wrested from the United Provinces a large portion of the trade with China, and, by an illicit traffic carried on between the Dutch West Indian colonies and New York, did the trade of the Hollanders much harm.

In 1782 the Whigs came into power, but although it had ever been a maxim of their policy to cultivate the Dutch alliance, they did not refrain from pressing to the utmost the prostrate repre-

representatives of a rival commerce, refusing to restore the places taken from the Dutch during the war, or to grant any compensation for their losses. And their ally, France, signed the preliminaries of peace without the sanction or knowledge of the United Provinces. On being remonstrated with, the French ambassador replied: "Each Power must study its own interests, and those of France require peace."

The eagles now arrived to share the prey. Austria began to harass the United Provinces with all sorts of demands, even to the extent of opening the Scheldt. The States had no sooner bought peace at the price of nine millions and a half guilders, than, in 1787, Prussia invaded the country. Amsterdam was the last city to hold out, but she was compelled to capitulate and accept the Prussian terms.

This miserable condition of a great commercial city was pleasing in the sight of her rivals, and there was not one dissentient voice in the British House of Commons to the Address expressing admiring approbation at the rapid success of the Prussian arms.

In Amsterdam, decay and dissolution was apparent in all directions. Each year saw the East India Company fall deeper and deeper into debt; the West India Company was on the verge of bankruptcy, and was dissolved at the expiration of its charter. The ships employed in the Greenland whale fishery had diminished from one hundred and twenty in 1770 to sixty-nine in 1781. The money of the Bank of Amsterdam suffered so great a depreciation that from a premium of 3 to 5 per cent. it sank to $\frac{1}{2}$ below par, and there was such a demand for specie as seriously to shake its credit.

Yet such was the individual wealth still possessed by Dutch capitalists, that in the midst of all these disasters they were able to lend the king of Prussia five millions of guilders, and to buy two millions of acres of land of the American Congress for three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand guilders.

v.

Governments built on the predominance of a class are only safe as long as they are successful. The people of the Northern Netherlands were as ready in the eighteenth century to accept the doctrines of the French Revolution as their ancestors had been to receive those of the Anabaptists. The committees formed to organize a national insurrection found a popular response beyond their expectation. Amsterdam was the focus of the revolution. Arrangements were made with General Pichegre for the concurrent help of French troops, and the Jews were bribed to embarrass the monetary transactions of the Stadtholder, who was now numbered with the incubus from which the country desired to be free.

The elements combined, as they have so often done in the Netherlands, to favour the revolution. The winter of 1794 is known as the French winter, for the ice, daily increasing, enabled their armies to march into the heart of the country. Utrecht was taken, and the Stadtholder embarked at Scheveningen.

The magistrates of Amsterdam lingered on, and only resigned when the alternative was offered of safety of person and property on the one hand, or certain massacre on the other, and the Revolution was at once proclaimed from the Weigh-house, in front of which a pole bearing a rude resemblance to a tall palm-tree and surmounted by a cap of Liberty, was erected, around which the children of the poor danced. The Dam, the ancient forum of Amsterdam, was filled with an excited populace almost delirious with joy. The roofs and balconies of the houses and of the Nieuwe Kerk and the windows of the Stadhuis were lined with spectators, who had gathered to watch the Revolutionary army defile through the city.

The Revolution flew through the United Provinces, and that famous name was soon merged in that of the Batavian Republic. The millenarian day-dream faded almost as soon as it was born, for the French in Holland acted in accordance with their historical character as deliverers. Their conduct outside the cities is described as atrocious; in Amsterdam they were quartered on the people, and terrorized the trembling households compelled to receive them as guests.

Amsterdam was now a mere satellite of Paris, and followed its destinies. When Bonaparte made himself Emperor, the Batavian Republic was changed into the kingdom of Holland, and the ruler of France appointed his brother Louis to be its king. A very near relative of the writer was held up as a child of six or seven years of age to see the Master of the King of Holland pass, surrounded by his guards, across the Dam. The picture of the Emperor crouching at the bottom of his carriage, his great head dropped between his shoulders, with lowering brow, pallid face, and watchful eyes, passing rapidly through a sullen and silent crowd, is that of the foreign tyrant, who, in spite of all his armies and all his fame, is made to feel the hatred of a people he has tied like a captive horde to his conquering car. That moment marked the lowest point in the fall of Amsterdam. The veriest dolt on the Dam must have felt that Amsterdam was in chains.

And now the iron entered her soul; regiments from all the armies in Europe marched through her streets, and were quartered on her people, who for some years lived in an atmosphere of constant fear and anxiety. Now it was the French who were masters, now the Orange party, now the Allies. If the French, then there were spies during the day and sudden arrests in the dead of the night; if the

National party, no one dared appear without an Orange rosette; if the Allies, then possibly a red-eyed Cossack sat in the house and called loudly for "*snaps*." Every morning there was the clatter of cavalry exercising their horses up and down the streets, or the noise of the infantry going through their drill. Every evening the tambour was beaten in all the quarters of the town. And the worst was that all these soldiers were foreign, and represented the fact that the liberties of Amsterdam were no longer their own, but depended upon whosoever came forth victorious in the struggle.

As to their natural defenders, they were lost in the armies that followed the rival commanders, and possessed no more liberty than the pin or screw of some infernal machine. Some lay stiff and stark on the icy plains of Russia, some were driven into German rivers by Austrian and Prussian bayonets, many lay pierced by French bullets on the field of Waterloo.

Every great change in Europe vibrated through the homes of Amsterdam. When the Empire began to fall the French inhabitants left the city in droves, the houses of those who sympathized with them were sacked, and the prisons forced open. Several pitiable objects were brought forth from the prisons under the Amstel-sluis.

The 18th of June, 1815, was a day of great excitement in Amsterdam. The news of the various changes at Waterloo were signalled across the Netherlands from steeple to steeple. The signal in Amsterdam was continually changing according to the fortunes of the day, and when at last the Dutch flag remained flying, the people wrung each other's hands, crying with delight, *Oranje boven! Oranje boven!*

The historical family, the only symbol Holland possesses of national unity, returned; and Amsterdam entered on its third and present phase, that of being simply the largest city in the kingdom of Holland. In this character its history has been quite uneventful. It is in the highest degree improbable it will regain the place it once held in Europe; there are signs that as a wealth-making community Amsterdam is slowly but steadily sinking. While Bremerhafen and Antwerp are rapidly gaining ground commercially, Amsterdam lags behind. The slow rate at which the Dutch network of railways is being completed and the water-ways improved, is said to be the cause. The construction of a canal to the Helder in 1819, and another to Ymuiden in 1858, have done something to help Amsterdam to keep its own; but unless steps are taken to place it in easy communication with the Rhine, it will some day be as Venice.

VI.

Thus the city claimed as *Groote Gods Huisland* has failed to win its crown. Instead of taking that moral position in Europe to

which she was called, and which would certainly have been hers had she not listened to the tempter's voice, Amsterdam chose material wealth, and sought to be the commercial metropolis of the earth, rather than a city from whence the laws of justice and truth should go forth to the nations. I shall be told that it is idle to speculate on what might have been; but if the moral position of the United Provinces at the close of the War of Independence and the stirrings of the European conscience during the last three centuries be considered, no one can doubt that there was a rôle for a State which made moral ends its primary object, and that the United Provinces for every reason was called to occupy it. Had its people been left to follow unbiassed the national conscience, there is reason to believe that the United Provinces would have become the holy land of Europe, and their chief city an ideal Jerusalem.

But such a glorious destiny was not to be that of Amsterdam; on the contrary, she has existed only to be a beacon and a warning to those who now occupy her position, and may perhaps be said to have her opportunity. But when will the Church learn the doctrine of Christ, and the discipline to which all who profess themselves His followers must submit? It was a true word which the Padre Curci is said to have uttered to Pius IX. The Pope complained that the Padre never came to the Vatican. "Your Holiness," he replied, "has too much money; when you have none I will come every day."

Nowhere on earth has religious liberty longer prevailed, nor the pulpit received more honour, than in Amsterdam; but we may look in vain for a man touched with the spirit of the prophets of the Italian Republics, men of the mould of Francis and Savonarola. So little, indeed, have the Churches of Amsterdam done in stemming the tide of her worldliness, that in gathering the materials for this sketch we have hardly found anything that made it necessary to notice their existence. In 1749, in the full tide of the Methodist revival in England, a similar movement, attended by the same phenomena, broke out in the Dutch Church; but the spirit of respectability and ecclesiastical order soon extinguished the flame. Thus the history of Amsterdam religion is that of the city: the two are inextricably bound together and share the same fate.

If we were disposed to make merry over that fate we might well do so. For a caustic glance at the present religious life of Amsterdam, we commend our readers to a humorous description of a modern Sunday evening service in one of its churches, a comfortable building, where a few scattered groups of respectable persons were found reclining on well-padded seats covered with velvet, and enlightened by two gas-burners apiece, while they listened to an admirable discourse from the text, "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is."

The legend to which we referred in an earlier part of this paper, had a happier termination than might have been expected. When the Amsterdam merchant was in the full enjoyment of domestic bliss and social prosperity, the Archangel Gabriel took pity on him, counting him the most miserable man on earth. "Who will go," he asked, "and deliver this wretched mortal?" A young angel volunteered, and, descending to earth, made his way through the streets of Amsterdam to the merchant's house. For the first time since his marriage his owner was alone, his wife and children being in the country. With his usual hospitality he welcomed the visitor, and entered into conversation with him. The angel soon pierced the outer husk of the merchant's happiness, and compelled him to realize the woe to which he was hastening. The night was passed in anguish, and as soon as it was light the merchant sought a priest to whom he might confess his sin, and learn if it was past forgiveness. The angel followed him to the church, and took the place of the confessor. "My son," he asked, "has the tempter kept his part of the bargain?" The merchant admitted that he had. "Then," said the angel, "I know of no way of escape unless you are willing to give up all you have received through his means." The sacrifice was made, and the angel-priest pronounced the absolution.

The merchant returned to his home, to learn that his wife and children were smitten by the plague. He hastened to the spot, though well aware his presence would be of no avail. All his family were swept away but an only boy. Over this child he pondered and wept, but in a year he too had fled to paradise. Business, always so prosperous, began to decay from the moment the angel left him. All the elements, all the chances, seemed to combine to bring about its ruin. Quickly his friends forsook him, and a childless bankrupt man, he left his comfortable home for a cloister. But his soul was at liberty, and had he possessed that power of renewing his earthly life which a society has, he might on earth have emulated his angel-friend.

Is it too much to expect that in that city, so long devoted to the worship of Mammon, and which has been so heavily punished, some heaven-sent messenger may yet come to awake its slumbering conscience, calling on Amsterdam to fulfil the highest aims of her ancient people, and to be the leader in a new Christian society which shall make the principles of the Sermon on the Mount its guide, rather than those of the Market and the Exchange.

RICHARD HEATH.

PURGATORY AND MODERN REVELATIONS.

LAST April my attention was caught by a paragraph in the French Correspondence of the *Times*, which announced that the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris had published a condemnation of a work on Purgatory, on account of the inordinate use it made of private revelations. Knowing, as I did, how much of the modern doctrine of purgatory has been founded on such revelations, and how freely they are used by theologians of repute, I really wondered whether the Archbishop shared my own views as to the extreme precariousness of such a foundation for doctrine, and whether he was venturing to set himself in opposition to a very powerful section of his own Church. I had therefore the curiosity to procure the text of the Archbishop's letter. I found that the work condemned was a monthly periodical, called *Le Libérateur des âmes du purgatoire. Revue mensuelle des moyens de soulager l'Eglise souffrante par les bonnes œuvres de l'Eglise militante*. The Archbishop declares, that having submitted this work, published in his diocese, to the examination of grave theologians, he has received their report that the work in question contains singular and dangerous propositions likely to be hurtful to religion and scandalous to the faithful; that it teaches controverted and strange opinions as if they were certain truths founded on revelation; that it treats propositions generally received and taught in Catholic schools as if they were opposed to Scripture and to the teaching of the Church, and such as could not be admitted without exposing one's soul to the peril of error in respect of the faith; that it attributes to private revelations, visions, and prophecies, an authority inconsistent with the principles so wisely laid down by Benedict XIV., and even of a nature to destroy or weaken the respect due to our holy beliefs. On these grounds the

Archbishop condemns *Le Libérateur*, and interdicts the reading and publication of it in his diocese. It is no uncommon experience that the public condemnation of a bad book serves as an excellent advertisement for it; and certainly, in this case, the effect of the Archbishop's letter was to gain for *Le Libérateur* at least one subscriber more. The cost is only twopence a number, and I do not feel inclined to complain that I have not got value for my money. On a single glance, it became apparent why the Archbishop thought there was need for ecclesiastical interference; for assuredly the work, if not disavowed, would put very effective weapons into the hands of that party in France which contends that education ought completely to be taken out of the hands of the clergy.

The first article of the January number is headed: "Deux cents preuves que la terre ne tourne pas," and the greater part of every number is taken up with assaults on the doctrine of the mobility of the earth as opposed to reason and common-sense, to Scripture, and to the teaching of the Church.* On the first page, the notion of making the sun the centre of the world is pronounced to be "l'idée la plus absurde, la plus diabolique, qui ait jamais hanté le cerveau humain." The reason why these hard words are used appears from the only argument against the earth's motion which *Le Libérateur* elaborates at length, and which is closely connected with the special business of this periodical. Hell is in the lowest part of the universe, as its name *l'enfer* indicates. In the same region lies purgatory and limbo, as the creed teaches, "descendit ad inferos." In a sphere only one point can be said to be lowest, namely,—the centre. Accordingly, all revelations concerning hell and purgatory agree in placing them in the centre of the earth. If, then, we were to accept the doctrine of modern astronomers, that the earth describes an orbit in the heavens, we should come to the absurd notion that hell is in heaven. It is even worse if we make the sun the centre of the universe, and therefore its lowest point; we must then locate hell in the sun, where we are told God has made his tabernacle. "Le diable doit bien rire de voir des mortels transporter dans le brillant soleil son abîme ténébreux."

For 144 other arguments against the earth's motion we are referred to a work published at Bologna in 1651 by a Jesuit professor of astronomy, Riccioli, "reconnu par tous les astronomes savants, même les plus impies, comme une autorité," and the 200 arguments are made up by a curious list of some fifty writers against the motion of the earth, who may be believed, on a moderate calculation, to have furnished one argument apiece. And, in fine, the earth's immobility is declared to be a doctrine, "dont un Catholique ne peut

* I find that the series of articles on the subject began with the December number, which was not included in my subscription.

s'écarter, sans danger de faire naufrage loin de la vérité, et exposer son âme au péril d'errer dans la foi."

In the February number, the editor, the Abbé Clocquet, translates for the first time into French from the Latin, published by Migne, the true constitution of the universe "revealed by God to St. Hildegarde," and he clears up the difficulties of a verbal description by a couple of beautiful plates. The actual dimensions of the system are given from a subsequent revelation to St. Marie Agréda, and it is satisfactory to know that our distance from the sun is to be measured by thousands of miles, instead of the millions of which modern astronomers speak, who, however, have not been able to agree among themselves or to stick to the same story. This, however, enables the Abbé Clocquet to convict modern astronomy of a new absurdity. For it represents the earth (with all the souls in hell and purgatory within, who, in the earth's vertiginous double motion, must roll about like grains of coffee in a grocer's mill) as rolling millions of miles outside the extreme limits of the universe, which are in reality only 14,202 leagues from the earth. Into what medium, then, can it enter? We cannot avoid the blasphemous conclusion that it must pass through the abode of the blessed, and even millions of leagues above their heads. "Placer les élus dans le lieu inférieur, c'est à dire dans *l'enfer*, sens propre et étymologique du mot *infernus*; élever démons et damnés à une place supérieure en altitude, dans le ciel des ciels, voilà théoriquement, la réalisation contemporaine du vœu de Lucifer, Je monterai AU CIEL, j'établirai mon trône AU-DESSUS DES ASTRES DE DIEU.—Isaïe xiv."

In the March number l'Abbé Clocquet gives a full translation of all the documents connected with the condemnation of Galileo. Those of my readers who are old enough to remember the Vatican Council will remember a good deal of discussion which took place at that time concerning this case of Galileo, much stress having been laid on it by the opponents of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. There had been, and still is, a good deal of difference of opinion among Roman Catholics as to the conditions necessary in order that a Papal utterance should be regarded as *ex cathedrâ*, and as binding on the faith of Christians. Those who went furthest in support of the Pope's prerogatives used to brand as "minimizers" the divines who seemed anxious to put the least possible strain on their faith, and who treated such papal utterances as the Syllabus of Pius IX. as mere expressions of the pontiff's private opinions, and as not binding on the faith of Catholics. In this controversy about Galileo, however, the parts were reversed. Those who at other times had been most eager to bring every papal utterance into the category of those which might not be disputed without danger to faith, in this case were most anxious to make out that, although the Pope of the day

had been personally most eager in the condemnation of Galileo and the Copernicans, he had in some way failed to give that condemnation the stamp of his official authority. The Abbé Clocquet puts to shame those weak-kneed defenders of papal infallibility. He completely sides with the Old Catholic party in scorning the idea that the Pope had not fully armed with his authority both the Tribunal of the Holy Office which condemned Galileo, and the Congregation of the Index, which had prohibited the publishing, or even the reading, of any book teaching the motion of the earth, a prohibition continued down to the present century. Certainly Galileo was not allowed to suppose that he was setting himself in opposition to anything less than infallible wisdom. The tribunal refused to admit his excuse that his book was written in the form of a dialogue, in which the Copernican theory was not asserted as true, but only discussed hypothetically; and told him that he had been forbidden to treat it *in any manner*, and that what had been notified to him to be expressly contrary to Holy Scripture could not be discussed even as probable. And he was compelled to "abjure, curse, and detest" the heresies in question. The sentence on Galileo was transmitted by the Cardinal Inquisitor at Rome to the inquisitor at Venice, in order that he might make it known to professors of philosophy and mathematics, so that they might comprehend the gravity of the error committed by Galileo, and avoid the danger of committing the like or incurring like penalties. Now the Abbé Clocquet declares that it is idle to say that these things happened 250 years ago: what was false and heretical then is false and heretical now. If the earth were stationary then, and the sun moving, it is not credible that Satan and all his demons, the Protestants and false Catholics, the Voltairians, Freemasons, and so-called Liberals, could since have harnessed themselves to the earth, and got it into motion, or that they could have repeated the miracle of Joshua, and made the sun stand still. And after all, propounders of this modern heresy have themselves no confidence in it. Huyghens declared that probably as long as we are on this earth no one will be able to prove that it moves. Laplace when asked whether the certainty of the earth's motion was inexpugnable, replied: "No, and it probably never will be made so." The celebrated astronomer, Arago, said: "I am obliged by my official position to teach the motion of the earth; but *dans mon interne conviction* I see in this motion insoluble difficulties." Last year when the particulars came of the observations of the transit of Venus, the astronomers of Paris agreed that it was impossible by this means to measure the distance of the earth from the sun, and one of them is said to have asked, "Does the earth really move?" The Abbé then goes on:—"By the tenth rule of the Index, any one reading or possessing books declared heretical forthwith incurs the sentence of excommunication. It follows that

any instructor putting into the hands of his pupils a manual teaching doctrine condemned as heretical, commits a mortal sin. So do the children who consent to read such a book, even under the orders of their instructor. It is, therefore, the duty of parents to hinder their children from reading or studying such books; and they ought, even at the greatest sacrifice, to withdraw them from any school where such books are introduced. And parish priests must not forget that they have the charge of souls, and are bound to exercise an active *surveillance* over the instruction given to the children of their flocks, and to warn them that the pupil of a school the master of which persists in using books condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff, cannot be admitted either to first communion or to confirmation."

It is quite intelligible why at this point the Archbishop of Paris felt himself bound to interfere; and one cannot but sympathize with the difficulties which such allies as the Abbé Clocquet impose on those who are fighting the battle of religion against infidelity in France. Yet I am a little ashamed to say that I have not found La Rochefoucauld's maxim altogether false; for if in sight of the *avouia*, so prevalent in our Church, we are sometimes tempted to envy the strictness of discipline of the Church of Rome, there is a little consolation in discovering that we had overrated our neighbour's advantages over us, and that the bishop who gives offence to a religious newspaper, fares nearly as ill in France as in England. The editor of the *Libérateur* had received a remonstrance from a professor in a Catholic University, to which he replied by expressing his astonishment that one whose salary was paid by *sous* painfully collected by the priests from the alms of the faithful, should presume to teach, in an institution calling itself Catholic, doctrine condemned by the Church as false and heretical. The archbishop's prohibition to continue in his diocese the publication of *Le Libérateur*, not having been served on the Abbé personally, he treats it as if it emanated merely from the editor of *La Semaine Religieuse*, at whose office it was published; and reprobates it as a wicked attempt to suppress a good work done for the benefit of the souls in purgatory. *Le Libérateur* has been in existence for twenty-one years, and it will not be possible to find in all the volumes a single proposition which sound theology condemns. The paper was blessed by Pius IX., is still received at the Vatican, and is read by numerous savants and by priests of all degrees of the hierarchy. If those who unite with infidels and freemasons in striving to put down *Le Libérateur*, through God's infinite mercy, escape hell, they will be only too happy that the object of their attack should survive them, and grant them the alms of a *De Profundis*, with a generous pardon for their injuries and injustice. The intel-
 l will certainly find it hard to understand why an
 has never raised its voice against *Le Rappel*, *La*
 most of other notoriously impious journals, should feel

itself bound in the case of *Le Libérateur* to interfere to preserve souls from error. What was our fault? We said that whoever teaches the doctrine of the motion of the earth exposes his soul to the peril of error in respect of the faith. Well, whoever attacks us for this, attacks not us, but the Congregations of the Inquisition and of the Index, whose words we did but echo. If we deserve blame it is only because we expressed ourselves too mildly. Instead of saying, "Exposes his soul to the peril of error," we ought to have said, "Errs in the faith, and is formally heretical." In conclusion, the Abbé charges his assailant with two mortal sins: in the first place, of calumny in his accusation of the *Libérateur*, a sin which no one, not even the Pope, can absolve without proofs of repentance, amongst which proofs there ought to be a retraction as explicit and as public as the calumny itself; and in the second place, of heresy, by teaching a doctrine in express opposition to the Scriptures, and formally condemned by the Holy See. "One guilty of such heresy cannot, even on repentance, be validly absolved by any ecclesiastic in the world without a public abjuration of his public heresy. *Dura lex, sed lex.*" We have only to add that there is another series of articles in which, though the Archbishop of Paris is not mentioned, it is clearly intended to teach him a lesson. The history, for example, is told of the condemnation of Veuillot by French bishops, and the reversal of that condemnation by the Pope; and ample details are given of the condemnations of liberalism by Pius IX.

I have said enough, and perhaps my readers may think more than enough, about l'Abbé Clocquet; but I have already mentioned that what has had most interest for me in the matter was the use he makes of private revelations. I have something to say a little further on as to the theory of the use of such revelations; but with respect to his practice, the Abbé Clocquet in no wise differs in principle from that of much respected divines in his communion. I name, in the first place, the work through which I myself came to understand the importance of the place held by private revelations in modern Roman Catholic theology—"All for Jesus," by the late Father Faber. And lest it should be said that Faber, being only a convert, does not fairly represent the teaching of his new Church, I must mention that, in the preface to the second edition, Faber acknowledges that he has been guided by valuable criticisms of the Bishop of Birmingham (Ullathorne); and I must copy the notice in the *Tablet* which first induced me to purchase the book: "The Oratorians write books of the most splendid genius and commanding power; books, for instance, like Father Faber's 'All for Jesus,' of which two large editions were exhausted in one month; but not a hint is whispered of it in the Anglican journals. They dare not review it, dare all it. They do what they can, and try to ignore it, but they are only telling about."

Now the only difference I find between Faber and Clocquet is that the former does not, as far as I see, quote the particular revelations to St. Hildegarde and St. Marie Agréda, on which the latter lays such stress; but both are completely agreed in their practice of using the language of private revelations as if they were the guaranteed words of God himself, and quoting them as decisive in controversy exactly in the same way as Anglican divines quote the words of the Bible. It is hardly possible to open Faber's book without coming across some illustration of this: "Hear how the eternal Father vouchsafed to explain this to his beloved daughter, St. Catherine of Siena," p. 65. "Our Lord said to St. Teresa," &c., p. 117. "Once more let us listen to the testimony of God himself. A holy man pressed God in prayer to reveal to him," &c., p. 323. "Our Lord told St. Gertrude," p. 60. "St. Gertrude was divinely instructed," p. 104. "We find from the revelations of St. Francesca," p. 367. In fact, I might at once have said *passim*, if I had not wished, by a few specimens taken at random, to enable the reader to understand the sources of proof habitually used throughout the treatise. In particular, on the subject of purgatory, Faber declares that "we may with the less scruple make use of private revelations, from the example of so grave an authority as Cardinal Bellarmine himself, who, in his treatise on purgatory, always adds some private revelations as a distinct head of proof," p. 386.

I might now proceed to tell something as to the various doctrines and facts asserted by Father Faber on the authority of private revelations, if it were not that his book, as a convenient source of information as to private revelations, at least on the subject of purgatory, has been lately superseded by a treatise published by a French admirer of Faber, the title of which is "Le Purgatoire d'après les révélations des Saints." The author, l'Abbé Louvet, is a French missionary to Cochin China, who wrote his book during an interval of leisure enforced by a dangerous illness, which naturally led him to read and meditate much upon the unseen world. Judging from the piety and earnestness which he displays, I should augur well of the success of his missionary labours. And he impresses me also as a man of honesty and literary good faith. It is a praise to which every pious Roman Catholic divine cannot lay claim. When St. Liguori, for example, finds sentiments ascribed to a father of the Church which in his judgment were proper for the father to have expressed, I have no confidence that he takes any severe trouble to ascertain that the words are correctly copied, or that the treatise in which they occur is genuine and not spurious. And when he comes across a story tending to edification, I do not imagine that he takes long to examine whether the evidence for it would satisfy an ical inquirer. In Louvet's case, on the contrary, I fully

believe that he has bestowed all the pains he claims to have taken to set aside all revelations that appeared to him apocryphal or doubtful, and to use only facts attested by canonized saints. I am therefore well disposed to sit at his feet as a hypothetical learner; by which expression I mean that although, as at present advised, I put no faith whatever in the revelations to which he gives credence, I think it not unworthy an enlightened curiosity to learn from an expert, on the hypothesis that I should hereafter change my opinion on this subject, what it would then be necessary for me to believe. In reporting the results of my study, I feel the difficulty of selection to be very great, and am conscious that I am leaving behind many things superior in interest to those which I extract. I therefore recommend such of my readers as feel interested in the specimens I give, to study for themselves what I hope I shall not be accused of singularity of taste for describing as a very fascinating book. Half the world, it is said, does not know how the other half lives. A devout Protestant, I am sure, knows very little of the things which occupy the thoughts of a devout Roman Catholic; and a perusal of Louvet's book will lift the veil from a corner of his ignorance.

And first, with regard to the place of Purgatory, although the matter has not been formally defined by the Church, Louvet is in full agreement with Clocquet, that the locality is the centre of the earth. The traditions of all peoples, the instructions of the ancient doctors, the very etymology of the word, place *l'enfer* in the centre of the earth. Now St. Francesca Romana teaches, in her revelations, that purgatory is a simple compartment of hell, which consists of four zones. At the very centre is the abode of the damned; then as you go up to the surface is Purgatory; above that the *Limbus Patrum*, where the ancient patriarchs awaited the coming of our Lord; above that the *Limbus Infantium*, tenanted by unbaptized infants. Concerning Francesca Romana I must pause for a moment to explain that Louvet's knowledge of purgatory is derived from two sources: first, the report of different souls detained there, who on several occasions have been permitted for different reasons to communicate with friends on earth; but secondly, the revelations of saints who have been permitted, either, like Dante, to visit the infernal regions, or at least have had miraculously opened to their inspired gaze a view of what takes place there. Of such saints two deserve special mention—St. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, concerning whose life Louvet tells us "impossible de rien lire de plus sûr comme authenticité et comme vérité," and St. Francesca Romana, these two having left "la description la plus détaillée et pour ainsi dire la topographie la plus exacte du purgatoire." To return to the locality of purgatory, Louvet confirms the revelations of saints by the data of modern

science, which teaches that the earth is a globe of fire only cooled at the surface. Under a solid crust not more than some ten leagues thick there is an intense furnace, the heat of which reduces all the metals and the most refractory rocks to a state of fusion, and of which the volcanoes are chimneys by which we can tell what is passing in the interior.* The mention of these natural ventholes leads Louvet to speak of St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cavern in Ireland, where, by God's concession to the saint, it was possible to enter into communication with the abode of expiation. It is true that the eighteenth century "*avec son incroyable légèreté*" found it convenient to deny one after another every supernatural fact not contained in the Gospel narrative, a wretched concession which gained nothing for Christian apologetics; for then the Scripture miracles were left as isolated facts in history which could be disposed of by the same critical methods that had got rid of troublesome proofs of the supernatural derived from uninspired sources. In our time the study of these grave questions has been taken up in a more serious spirit, and it has been felt that it is to overthrow all historic certainty if we reject the evidence of contemporary authors writing about public facts consecrated by national traditions and by the festivals and institutions of an entire people. Now the history of St. Patrick's purgatory is given in the Roman breviary of 1522, and though at a later time it was suppressed on account of the misinterpretations of Protestants and rationalists, it is related in the old Parisian and other breviaries, it is told by the historians of the Church of Ireland, and, in fine, supported by the grave authority of the Bollandists. There are, moreover, several histories of actual descents into this place; so that unless we are to accuse a great and illustrious Church of knavery or imbecility, we must believe that there is a historic reality under this tradition.

The story of St. Patrick's purgatory, as told in the Roman breviary, is as follows: St. Patrick, having fasted, like Elijah, forty days and forty nights on the top of a mountain, then asked two things of the Lord; first, that at the day of judgment there should not have remained a single Irishman on the earth; secondly, that God would manifest to him sensibly the state of souls after death. Then the Lord took him to a desert place, and showing him a dark round pit, said, "Whosoever truly penitent shall remain in this cave for a day and a night shall be delivered from all his sins." The Church took every precaution to shield from demoniac influence those who might engage in this dangerous expedition. No one was allowed to venture without the permission of his bishop, whose duty it was to do all in his power to dissuade the postulant from his design, reminding him of

ing to Clocquet the ventholes of hell and purgatory are at the North Pole, and the noxious vapours from which we suffer so much.

what was very true, that many had undertaken the journey who never had come back. If, notwithstanding, the postulant persevered, the bishop gave him a letter to the prior of the monastery established at the place, who in like manner did his best to induce the traveller to abandon his dangerous enterprise. If he did not succeed, he shut him up for a fortnight in the church, where he was to pass the time in fasting and prayer. If he still persisted, he confessed, communicated, was sprinkled with holy water, and was led in procession with singing of litanies to the entrance of the purgatorial grotto. There the prior gave him one last admonition to renounce the adventure; then he received the blessing of the priest, and arming himself with the sign of the cross, disappeared into the darkness. The prior let some time pass to see if the adventurer would return. After this they locked the door and returned in procession to the church. Next morning they went back again in procession to the cave; the prior unlocked the door, and every eye tried to penetrate the terrible obscurity. If the adventurer was there, they led him back to the church singing the *Te Deum*. If not, they returned in the same order the next morning; and if he still did not appear, the prior with a heavy heart re-locked the gate of the abyss, and gave up hope of the patient's return.* Several travellers who made the fearful journey give a description *de visu* of the sufferings of purgatory, part of which they endured, such as would make one shudder; but as Louvet has promised to confine himself to the revelations of saints, he makes no use of these authorities, only availing himself of the traditions of the Irish Church, to confirm the doctrine that under the earth is the place of purgatory.

We return, then, to St. Francesca Romana, who gives us "la topographe exacte et comme la carte géographique du royaume de la douleur." St. Francesca teaches that purgatory is divided into three regions. In the highest are souls who have only to suffer the pain of loss,† or at most some trifling and short continued punishments. Of the second region we have no space to speak in detail. We hasten to tell of the third or lowest region, in the immediate neighbourhood of the abode of the damned, which region is filled with a clear and penetrating fire, differing in that respect from the fire of hell, which is all black and dark. This region has also its three divisions, the upper containing the souls of laity having grave faults to expiate; the middle

* The manner in which a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's purgatory is conducted in our degenerate days is told in the story of "The Lough Derg Pilgrim," in Carleton's "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," a work which has not been surpassed for the accuracy of its delineations of Irish character and manners—at least, such as they were fifty years ago.

† How great the pain arising from this intensity of longing appears from the case of Father John Baptist Sanchez (recorded by Faber, p. 352), who declared in language involving a puzzle, through which I cannot quite see my way, that he was sure he should die of misery, if any morning when he got up, he should know that he was certain not to die that day.

peopled by the souls of monks and nuns and of the inferior order of the clergy; the lowest, where the pains are most intolerable, is for priests and bishops, the bishops with mitres of fire, a burning cross in their hands, and clad in chasubles of flame; and the priests, in like manner, wearing fiery insignia of their orders. And here I must pause for a moment to quote an Irish example in point. Tommy Moore, in one of the Irish melodies, sings of the time "when Malachi wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader." Alas! the true history of Malachi's collar is very different from what the poet would have us believe. A pious bishop saw him in purgatory with a collar of flames about his neck. When he asked the reason, the King told him that he had been unwilling to obey his confessor, and in order to bribe him to leniency, had had the culpable weakness to offer him a ring of gold. "This is why I wear the collar of flames; it burns me cruelly; my faithless confessor cannot help me, for he wears a similar collar, only larger and more painful." But to return to the punishment of priests and bishops, they are dealt with more severely than the laity, because their greater privileges and higher dignities brought with them greater responsibilities; and because of the sacredness of the things about which they ministered. Thus the saint saw a priest whose fingers were devoured by hideous ulcers, as a punishment for having given himself the habit of making the sign of the cross in too careless and perfunctory a manner; another had been in purgatory forty years, because through his negligence some sick persons had died without the sacraments; a bishop, so generous of his revenues that he was named the almsgiver, had been there five years, because before his elevation he had wished for the dignity. Other instances of bishops punished with extreme rigour I pass over, because something more surprising remains to be told. Sovereign pontiffs, who had all the treasure of the Church at their disposal, have either been too loyally self-denying to use any in providing for their personal needs, or else have failed to calculate the enormous amount the responsibilities of their high position made necessary. Thus, for example, every one has present to his memory the trials of the venerable Pius VI. Torn from his power by the impious hands of the French Revolution, outraged ignominiously in his double dignity of pontiff and king, dragged from city to city like a criminal, he died the death of a confessor of the faith in August, 1799. His life on the pontifical throne had been a worthy preparation for this heroic death. His long pontificate of twenty-nine years was one of the greatest in the history of the Church. Yet in 1816, seventeen years after his death, the venerable servant of God, Anna Maria Taïsi saw his soul present itself at the gate of purgatory, and beck again to the abyss, his expiation not having been yet

completed. How much longer was it to last? That is the secret of God. From the same source we know that Pius VII., who had so much to suffer from Napoleon I., and who was so worthy and holy a pontiff that he forced the admiration and respect of unbelievers, had to remain in purgatory five years. Leo XII. got off for a few months, on account of his eminent piety and the short time he sat on the pontifical throne. I must skip the story of Benedict VIII. "But here," says Louvet, "is what is really frightful, and what one would not dare to believe if we had not, as guarantee of the fact, St. Lutgarde, whose prudence and discretion are known; and the pious Cardinal Bellarmine, who, after having studied as a theologian all the details of this revelation, declares that he cannot doubt of it, and that it makes him tremble for himself." The great pontiff, Innocent III., who held the Lateran Council over six centuries ago, and did so much for the reform of the Church and of ecclesiastics, is still in purgatory, and will have to remain there till the Day of Judgment. This we know from St. Lutgarde, to whom the Pope appeared all covered with flames; and when she expressed her amazement at seeing one so venerated in so terrible a condition, he told her that he had committed three sins, for which he had narrowly escaped hell, but was condemned to suffer the most cruel tortures till the end of the world. "Eternam quidem mortem evasi sed pœnis atrocissimis usque ad diem judicii cruciabor." St. Lutgarde and her nuns devoted themselves with all their might to intercede for the unhappy pontiff, but they got no sign of answer to their prayers, and to all appearance the poor wretch has not yet obtained his release. "This example," says Cardinal Bellarmine, "really fills me with terror every time I think of it." If so admirable a Pope, who passed for a saint in the eyes of men, so narrowly escaped losing his salvation, and has been condemned to so terrible punishment, what prelate is there who must not tremble in all his limbs? Who is there who will not search out the most secret folds of his heart in order to drive away every sin?

If any of my readers are surprised at the possibility of obtaining authentic information as to what befalls the souls of historical personages years after their death, they may care to learn that the power of obtaining such knowledge has not been lost at the present day. An article in the *Libérateur* has the title "Où est l'âme de Gambetta?" on which subject the Abbé Clocquet was able to consult an ecstasica of his acquaintance. Her answer had all the ambiguity of a Delphic oracle; but the Abbé puts on it the charitable interpretation, that the case of the departed politician is not hopeless, and that his readers will do well to offer a prayer for him, considering that if he really is in purgatory, no soul there can be so badly in want of a prayer. It may be doubted, however, whether thi-

deserves to be successful. Father Faber tells us (p. 42) of "an old Spanish Jesuit who could not for the life of him make up his mind whether it was better to gain an indulgence for the soul in purgatory that was most neglected and forgotten, or for the soul that was nearest its release and entrance into glory. Here was a puzzle! both were sweet acts of charity, but which was the sweetest?" "He was such a kind-hearted man, that good father, that he inclined very much to the poor neglected soul, just because it was so neglected it went to his heart to pass over the forgotten soul. But at last he decided in favour of the other, and now hear the reasons:—"These we have not space to give, but they are of the same nature as would induce a subscriber to an idiot asylum to vote rather for a case recommended by doctors as hopeful than for a much more pitiable one where there was less prospect of a speedy cure. But the clinching reason was that the indulgence bestowed on the neglected soul would be sunk unproductively for the intercessor's lifetime, whereas, in the other case, it would bring in an immediate return. "The sooner the soul that is so near heaven gets into heaven, the sooner will it begin to gain all manner of graces from God for my soul and for the souls of sinners upon earth. So away went the indulgence to the soul that was nearest its release, not without a very fervent sigh, and a very wistful look to Mary, and a comfortable suspicion that Jesus would do something extra for the poor forgotten soul."

After what has been said as to the time that bishops and popes have been known to spend in purgatory, it may be believed that no speedier release can be hoped for by ordinary Christians whose sins, if punished less severely, are far more numerous. We are apt, says Faber, to leave off praying for the departed too soon, imagining with a foolish and unenlightened fondness that our friends are freed from purgatory much sooner than they really are. And Pope Alexander VII. was obliged to interfere to condemn some holders of foundations for perpetual masses who pretended that after masses had been offered for ten years they might be discontinued, in the full belief that the objects of the foundation must surely by that time have been accomplished. Louvet makes a calculation of the time which a Christian of more than average excellence may expect to have to spend in purgatory. And first, how many venial sins may it be supposed that Christians commit in a day. The Church, which never exaggerates, makes the priest at the Mass every day pray *pro innumerabilibus offensionibus et negligentis*; but as I wish, says Louvet, to make the most moderate estimate, let us say that Christians commit ten venial faults a day. If we reflect on our voluntary distractions in prayer, our irreverences, our failures in respect of charity, our losses of temper, our little backbitings, our omissions and negligences, we shall see that for ordinary souls the number ten

is far under the mark. Well, say only ten per day, that is 3,650 per annum, and in fifty years of life we have 182,500 venial sins. Now, how many of these will before death have been expiated by penance? Alas, what penance do most of us perform! But to take things at the best, I shall suppose that three-quarters of them have been expiated by self-imposed satisfactory works. It is a most improbable proportion in the case of any who are not saints, but I accept it in order to clear my calculation from all suspicion of exaggeration; and it results that a Christian, of far more than average excellence, will, at the time of death, have 45,625 sins unatoned for. Take round numbers and say 45,000. Well, to what stay in purgatory does this figure correspond? We can only reason by analogy from what the revelations of Saints have taught us in some particular cases. St. Francesca Romana tells us that a mortal sin not expiated brings with it for temporal punishment seven years of purgatory. St. Magdalene of Pazzi, tells us that one of her sisters was condemned to sixteen days of purgatory for three small faults which in this world would scarcely count as imperfections. That would be five days per sin. But as I wish to avoid all possibility of exaggeration; let us take an average of one day per sin; and the 45,000 sins will entail a stay in purgatory of 45,000 days, that is to say, 123 years, 3 months, and 15 days, so that we arrive at the terrifying result, that on the very lowest calculation a holy soul who has never committed a mortal sin, nor even a venial sin of the graver sort, who has committed but ten venial sins a day, and has satisfied God's justice by penance for three-quarters of these, still remains indebted for 123 years, 3 months and 15 days of purgatory. If it be so with righteous souls, what will it be with poor sinners like you and me?

But this 123 years is only according to our earthly estimation; according to the appreciation the souls make of it themselves, an hour in purgatory appears longer than a century. Out of the multitude of proofs of this our space obliges us to select but two. A holy priest had it revealed to him on his deathbed that he should be released from purgatory the first Mass that was offered for him after his decease. He at once communicated the revelation to another priest, his dearest friend, who gladly undertook to celebrate this Mass of deliverance. Accordingly, no sooner was the breath out of the sick man's body than his friend flew to the altar and celebrated the Mass with all the devotion of which he was capable. He had scarcely taken off the sacred ornaments when his deceased friend appeared to him all radiant with glory, but with a countenance full of reproach. "Where was your charity," said he, "did you forget your promise or had you no faith? To think that I should have been left more than a year in the avenging flames while neither you nor one of r

took the trouble to say a single Mass for me." "My dear friend," replied the priest, "you surprise me; I assure you, you had no sooner closed your eyes than I ran to discharge my promise. I have but just come down from the altar; and if you wish to convince yourself that I am speaking the truth, come with me and examine your body and you will find it is still warm." "Is that so?" returned the deceased; "how terrible must be the sufferings of purgatory, since an hour there appears longer than a year!"

Even more decisive proof of the same thing is afforded by an event that took place in 1618. Father Hippolyte de Scalvo, master of the novices of a Capuchin house in Flanders, on returning from a short absence, learned with great sorrow that one of the novices, in whom he had taken the greatest interest, had just died. That evening, as he was praying in the choir after matins, he saw, all at once, appear before him a phantom all enveloped in flames. "O charitable father," said the novice, with deep groans, "give me your blessing. Alas! I had committed a slight breach of rule, a thing not a sin in itself, and now the only cause of my stay in purgatory; so I am permitted by a special power to address myself to you. You are to impose my penance and may grant me absolution." The father was terrified at the presence of the apparition and of the flames. At last he replied: "As far as in me lies, my son, I absolve you and bless you; and since you tell me that it is for me to appoint your penance, you shall stay in purgatory till the hour of prime" (eight o'clock in the morning). On these words the novice, seized with despair, ran shrieking through the church: "O merciless father, pitiless to your afflicted son, to punish in this way a fault on which during my life you would have imposed the very slightest penance! Little do you know the atrocity of the sufferings of purgatory. O uncharitable penance!" Then he disappeared; the vision had ceased. The poor father, who had imagined himself very indulgent in naming only a few hours, felt his hair stand on end with terror and regret. Gladly would he have recalled his sentence, but what could he do? At last a happy thought struck him; he ran to the bell, rang up his brethren, and assembling them in the choir, told them the whole story, and begged that the office of prime should commence at once; and so it was done. But all through his life he kept the impression of this terrible scene, and more than once was heard to say that till that time he had had a very imperfect impression of the punishments of the other life, and never could have thought that a few hours of purgatory could form such a terrible expiation.

If any are discouraged at the thoughts of so long a stay in purgatory, they ought to remember what exceptional good fortune it to get there at all. "Some persons," says Faber, p. 370, "turn an- the thought of purgatory as if it were not to be endure

that after trying all our lives long to serve God, we should accomplish the tremendous feat of a good death only to pass from the agonies of the death-bed into fire; long, keen, searching, triumphant incomparable fire. Alas! my dear friends, your anger will not help you nor alter facts." "To be angry because you are told you will go to purgatory! Silly, silly, people! most likely it is a great false flattery, and that you will never be good enough to go there at all; why, positively you do not recognize your own good fortune when you are told of it." Louvet (p. 21) has a long discussion of the question, Are there few that be saved? which I wish I was able to extract entire, for it presents in a most favourable aspect the piety and goodness of the writer. But he finds himself constrained to take a most gloomy view; for his own observation of the state of religion in France—emphatically the Catholic nation, where the Christian spirit of devotion is most alive, and yet where three-fourths of adult Catholics live in mortal sin without going to confession or any religious services—enables us to comprehend the revelation made to St. Bernard, who was permitted on two distinct days to stand by the judgment-seat of God, and hear the eternal destiny of all the souls who died on these two days; and out of 80,000 souls only three adults were saved the first day, and two the second; and of these five, not one went straight to heaven, all were obliged to visit purgatory. One must stop somewhere, and I must bring my extracts to a close, though I am obliged to omit all the most practical part of the information derived from these revelations—namely, as to the ways in which Christians on earth can assist their suffering brethren.

Now, I hope no one will imagine that in anything I have said, I have been assailing or scoffing at the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. I have tried all through to write, not as a critic, but as a simple reporter. I could not, of course, pretend myself to believe what I do not believe; nor is it my fault if the things I have reported sound absurd or ludicrous in unsympathetic ears. But it is most to the point to say that none of the things I have told of is any part of the faith of the Roman Church. It is as free to the most devout Roman Catholic as it is to myself, not only to reject the revelations on which the Abbé Clocquet relies, but also to hold that the Saints whom Faber and Louvet have taken for guides, however holy and excellent women, were subject to hysteric delusions, in which they mistook fancies of their own for revelations made by God's Spirit. Perhaps, I ought not to say that it is as free to a Roman Catholic as to myself to reject private revelations; for to treat with disrespect authorized revelations alleged to have been made to a canonized Saint might be branded as temerarious; but such rejection is not heresy, for the Roman Ch

pledged herself to the authenticity of any private revelation. My quarrel with that Church is not that she guides her children wrong in respect of such revelations, but that she abdicates her functions and neglects to give them the guidance they have a right to expect; so that on a point which lies at the very foundation of faith they wander in the most hopeless disunion and confusion. Stress was first laid on private revelations by the Montanists, who not unnaturally imagined that the recipient of a divine revelation was not justified in looking on it as given only for his private edification. It was his privilege and his duty to make known to the Church what God had taught him, and any who refused to hear rejected a message from God. So the Montanist prophecies came to be written down, and circulated as demanding to be owned as God's Word. This was what, more than anything else, led the heads of the Church to oppose people, whose aims and doctrines were all such as religious and orthodox men could sympathize with. But it was felt, and truly felt, that these prophecies were encroaching on the supreme authority of Scripture, and presuming to add to what had been written. And from the breaking out of Montanism, greater care was taken than ever had been used before, to prevent any more recent composition from being placed on a level with Scripture. And it is the real truth that those who accept modern revelations, and draw proofs of doctrines from them, have really a different Bible, not only from us, but from the Council of Trent. The Church of Rome is but dissembling a schism when she allows differences to remain unsettled affecting the very foundations of faith; when what is accepted by one as the voice of God himself, is set down as a dream of silly women by another. It is certain that the reverence due to a Divine revelation in no way depends on the channel through which the revelation is given. If it were as certain that God made a revelation to St. Gertrude, as that he made one to St. John, the authentic record of the one revelation would be entitled to as much regard as the authentic record of the other. But on the important question whether God really did or did not make a revelation to this or that person, and whether any authentic record of such revelation exists, the Church refuses to make any formal ruling. She allows her children to determine the matter for themselves, and give to the result only human faith—that is to say, such belief as is due to the ascertained conclusions of human reason. The consequence is the greatest discordance and uncertainty. Protestants have been charged with having no certainty as to their canon of Scripture, because Luther, for instance, rejected the Epistle of St. James. The fact is, that if we do not allow ourselves to be imposed on by words, Protestants on this subject have practical unanimity; and Roman Catholics are absolutely at sea. Of recipients of alleged revelations from God there are eight writers whose books are included in the

New Testament, and, let us say, some fifty outside. Ask Protestants which of these they receive, and ninety-nine out of a hundred will say that they recognize as authoritative the eight, and absolutely reject the other fifty. Ask the same question of Roman Catholics, and they will tell you that they accept the eight, but as to how many of the fifty they acknowledge no two will give the same answer, and if they own the truth, most would have to say that as to whether or not the majority are authentic they have not the least idea. Now this uncertainty as to the foundations of faith cannot fail to bring uncertainty as to the faith itself. In the Roman Church the idea seems to be now abandoned of handing down the faith once for all delivered to the saints. Their faith is a growing thing, and when Pusey proposed to unite Anglicans and Romans on the terms of both abiding by the decisions of the Council of Trent, there was quite as loud a protest on the part of Roman Catholics against limiting their faith to that as there was on the part of Anglicans against going so far. The Roman Church, in short, is a vast manufactory of beliefs, to which addition is being yearly made. And as when you go into some great manufactory you may be shown the article in all its stages, the finished product with the manufacturer's stamp upon it; the half-finished work; the raw materials out of which the article is made; so it is in the Roman Church. There you have the finished article, dogmas pronounced by Pope and council to be *de fide*, which none may deny on pain of damnation. But there are besides articles "*fere de fide*," not yet actually proclaimed by infallible authority to be necessary to salvation to be believed in, yet wanting nothing else but official promulgation, so generally received and acknowledged by such high authorities that their formal adoption by the Church seems to be only a question of time. Somewhat below these in authority, but still very high, are other doctrines supported by such grave doctors that it would be a breach of modesty to contradict them. Below these, again, other things owned to be still matters of private opinion, but which seem to be working their way to general belief, and which, if they should win their way to universal acceptance, will deserve to be proclaimed the faith of the Church. It is needless to say what help is given towards such general recognition of a doctrine, if a canonized saint whom it is impossible to suspect of deceit, and disrespectful to suspect of delusion, declares that he has been taught it by revelation from Heaven. It is inevitable that a doctrinal statement so commended, if no disapprobation of it is expressed by higher authority, comes to the Church with such a weight of authority that it can hardly fail to become the prevalent opinion. And then in process of time how can the head of the Church refuse to declare that to be the faith of the Church which the great majority of its members, including perhaps himself,

to be true? If the supreme authority puts off its interference to the last stage, that interference comes altogether too late. It is useless to teach the Church when the Church has already made up its mind.

Now, surely if Christ has left a vicar upon earth what more appropriate function can he have than that of informing the world how to distinguish the voice of Christ from that of false pretenders who venture to speak in his name? Any one who professes to have received a revelation from God must be as much deluded as Joanna Southcott, or as much inspired as Saint Paul. If there be any in the later Church to whom God has made such revelations, we are bound to receive the truths so disclosed with the same reverence and assent as we give to what was taught by the Apostles, and shall do our souls the same injury if we refuse. There are men in high esteem in the Roman Church who ask us to receive revelations made to modern saints as the voice of God himself. Are we to obey or refuse? We look to the infallible authority for guidance; but he practically owns himself as helpless as ourselves to distinguish the true prophet from the false pretender, and gives us leave to accept or reject as we please. Nay, he gives a kind of ambiguous approval; he honours the recipients of the alleged revelations, canonizes them as saints, encourages his children to ask their intercession, now that they are dead; but if questioned, "Did these men when they were alive deceive the people by teaching them their own fancies as if they were divine revelations?" he declares this a question outside his commission to answer. Never, I believe, have any people been more cheated in their bargain than those who have left the Church of England for the Church of Rome, under the idea that in the latter communion they should be taught with more certainty what they were to believe.

GEORGE SALMON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

AMONG all the emblems of change and reminders of mortality with which the world is full, there are few perhaps more pathetic than the faded flowers of romance literature. The picture which has ceased to please seems still to preserve a certain life of its own; and the death of an "acting" play is, after all, only like the disappearance of the companion of a few amusing or exciting hours. But the popular novel—and more especially the popular novel of emotion and sentiment—has been the close, the constant, the confidential friend of so many readers; it has awakened so many imaginations, engrossed so many minds, and perhaps, if a work of real genius, entered into and affected so many intellectual lives, that there is something peculiarly strange and sad about its literary death. I suppose that there are few real lovers of literature who cannot, after Jaques's fashion, "suck melancholy" of this sort out of a survey of the shelves of any well-found library; and assuredly there is no shelf more likely to yield it than that which bears—very likely along its whole length—the serried line of Samuel Richardson's works. Nineteen volumes—nineteen "mortal" volumes, as the observer of to-day is but too likely to put it—contain, in one of the best of the older editions, the three romances which complete the sum of this author's literary performances; and not a volume, he will notice, is out of its place. Not a soldier in that regiment is missing, or for years past has been missing from morning parade, though a century or more ago there would have been deserters to be found in half the rooms in the house—above stairs, and even surreptitiously perhaps below. No one in the lifetime of the oldest inmate has imitated Pamela's wicked master by disturbing her repose. Sir Charles Grandison is no more called upon to display his courtly graces in any new ceremonies of

introduction. There is dust on the edges of "Clarissa Harlowe," instead of tears upon her page. And now one cannot help wondering what fate awaits the praiseworthy attempt of the Messrs. Sotheran to revive the long-departed popularity of these once admired, beloved, bewept romances. There lie the first fruits of the new enterprise—eight out of the twelve volumes of which the new edition is to consist; "Pamela" carried to its conclusion in the first three, and "Clarissa Harlowe" in the five following. Stout handsome volumes they are, printed in excellent type on toned paper, with Richardson's portrait for frontispiece, and the suggestive essay from Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Hours in a Library," for introduction. But all these attractions, material and immaterial, serve only to add curiosity to concern. We find ourselves wondering whether those fair, neat pages will or will not be as unsoiled a decade hence as they are to-day, and whether back and boards will be worn by the touch of any other, or of no other hand than that of the only really omnivorous *helluo librorum*, Time himself.

To not a few careless critics it would seem sufficient to dispose of that question by a sneering reference to Richardson's inordinate length. Yet we must learn to distinguish between *des longueurs* in one sense and *des longueurs* in another. There is a prolixity which is compatible with art, and is even an essential condition of a pure artistic form; and there is a prolixity which is of itself a fault in art, and as such always and everywhere to be condemned. To say that the *genre ennuyeux* is of its own nature anathema is, from the historic point of view, to beg the question. If a man's contemporaries find him tiresome, there is an end of the matter so far as contemporary criticism goes; but if he is only found tiresome by posterity, the question of course arises whether it be he or posterity that is to blame. We all know that the *genre ennuyeux* of one age is often very far from having been the *genre ennuyeux* of another; and it being once ascertained that an author was read with untiring interest by the public of his own day, the fact that he is a weariness to the flesh of a later generation becomes almost irrelevant to the question of his real merit. The word "almost" is, no doubt, a necessary qualification, because the fact last mentioned is to this extent relevant that it does unquestionably exclude such a writer from that small band of the immortals who have delighted all ages and bored none. But no romancist's *manes*—at least no reasonable *manes* of any such departed writer—need chafe at his exclusion from so very select a circle. The question as to the number of "classics" who neither bore nor ought to bore the reader of to-day, is one upon which I share many of Mr. James Payn's suspicions without sharing his intrepidity in specifying them. But as to the mere number of great ones of the earth who, whether rightly or not, are as a matter-of-fact found tedious

when taken in large doses, one can speak with more freedom perhaps; and nothing, therefore, need hinder me from saying that Richardson in the shades must have improved upon the quite sufficient complacency of Richardson among the living if he regards himself as too good for his company. After all, he only adds another to a group which, if at one end it is typified by the authors of "The Grave" and "The Course of Time," includes at the other end the poets of "The Excursion" and "Paradise Lost."

The yawns of posterity prove no more than this. They remit Richardson to the class who by reason of their matter or their manner, or both, have failed to sustain their appeal to the unflagging attention of mankind. But from the point of view of retrospective criticism, this of course is immaterial. Except for the ambitious purpose of fixing a departed writer's place in the literature of all time, his unbounded and unabated vogue in his own day is the only fact needed in order "to found," as the lawyers put it, "the jurisdiction" of the critic. This alone is enough to make any author a phenomenon to be explained and if possible analyzed by the literary student of a later day. Fleeting and capricious successes in the past may no doubt be passed by: there have been Master Bettys in literature as well as on the stage. But if an author's contemporaries, critical and uncritical, consent in admiration of his writings, if the public of his day continue to admire these writings after their novelty has entirely disappeared, and indeed, throughout his lifetime and after his death, the maxim *securus judicat orbis terrarum* may be taken to apply. We may confidently expect to find in such a writer's works an imperishable something, some breath of an immortal spirit, surviving the death and decay of its embodying forms. That no very minute search is needed to reveal to us this element in Richardson, is a point upon which it would be an impertinence to spend many words. Ample acknowledgment and exposition of this fact is to be found in Mr. Leslie Stephen's valuable preface to the new edition of Richardson, and my own impressions on the same subject I may for the moment defer.

A matter of more immediate interest is the examination of the dead and decayed form in which this imperishable something was contained. And here a question of much curiosity, though not very easy perhaps to determine, confronts us at the outset. How much of the form was essential to the life of these books, in the days when they possessed what may be called a corporeal, instead of, as at present, only a spiritual existence—in the days when "Clarissa Harlowe" was to thousands of Englishmen what "Waverley" was to the novel-reader of the early nineteenth century, or "Adam Bede," to the novel-reader of twenty years ago? How much of the form, on the other hand, was mere dead weight and surplusage—not help-

ing but hindering—a thing in spite, and not in right, of which these books were impatiently awaited and eagerly read? For the hasty opinion which treats everything distasteful to the modern reader in their form as something which the contemporary reader prized, is of course a more or less gratuitous assumption. We ourselves tolerate many things in our favourite authors which we wish away. Many of us would like Dickens better without his often forced and artificial sentiment. Still more of us would be well content—in her later books, at any rate—with less of the waterlogging ballast of George Eliot's physiologico-psychology. Our posterity, therefore, will have no right to argue from Dickens's fame that his sentiment was as generally valued as his humour, or from George Eliot's fame, that her contemporaries thought as highly of her scientific acquirements as they did of her satiric insight into character, and her original gift of creative imagination. And we ourselves have equally no right to assume that what may have been deductions from the sum of Richardson's claim upon his readers were actually additions thereto. All we know for certain on the matter is, that our great-grandfathers read and delighted in certain desperately prolix novels; it is too much to assume that they delighted in the prolixity for its own sake. We are often reminded, it is true, that our great-grandfathers lived in a leisurely age; but this is an explanation, which accounts rather for their capacities as readers than for their tastes. It may well be that inordinately long-winded books could only be tolerable in a leisurely age. This, however, is equally true of long dinners, long whist, and other forms of indulgence or recreation; and it explains merely the possibility, and not the popularity, of one particular form of slow-moving amusement. Again, the more leisurely the age the greater, we should imagine, the tendency to sleep. Yet, if there is a well-authenticated fact connected with "*Clarissa Harlowe*," it is that the novel put to flight, instead of provoking, slumber. "Right reason," in short, and "the instinct of self-preservation in mankind," as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, revolt from the hypothesis that any race of men can have preferred to have a story in which they were deeply interested related to them at excessive length. For it is to be specially remembered that the most popular of Richardson's romances was popular in respect of its story. It was not, or not mainly, by its moral lessons, by its pictures of manners, or by its analysis of character, that "*Clarissa Harlowe*" held the public spell-bound: it was by its plot. The "town" was in a fever—a slow fever, of course, but still a fever—of excitement to know whether the infamous Lovelace would succeed in his plot, and what would be the end of the unfortunate *Clarissa*; and it is not to be believed that mere diffuseness of narrative, mere expenditure of many words in relating events which might have been told in few words, would

have been found enduring, or would, in fact, have been endured. The delay must have been in some sense or other artistic; the prolixity must have been felt to contribute something to the artistic result, in order not to have wholly destroyed the popularity of the story. The sense in which it was artistic may, to our present conceptions of art, be well-nigh unintelligible; the something which it contributed to the result, may to us be nothing, or worse than nothing. But it is surely irrational to suppose that the exterior form of Richardson's novel—in which I include not only the mere length of the book from cover to cover, but its epistolary structure and whatever other drawbacks that structure to our present ways of thinking involves—could have seemed to its own public what it seems to us: viz., simply so much handicapping of the tale. There *must* have been some reason other than the mere amount of his spare time which compelled the eighteenth-century reader to listen so patiently to a story of which he was so devouringly anxious to hear the end; there must have been some reason why he did not resent the author's unusual, fidgetting, and in many, though not in all respects, undramatic method of telling his story in the form of correspondence. Such is the conclusion which ought to suggest itself on *à priori* grounds of probability, to all who have ever considered the matter with any degree of care; and it is, I may add, a conclusion which subsequent inquiry abundantly confirms. There is a reason and a good one for Richardson's prolixity; it was in many respects the very secret of his power. But, unfortunately, it is a secret to the discovery of which there is no royal road; for it would be uncandid to give so attractive a title to the only method of ascertaining it with which I am acquainted—that, namely, of reading the romances straight through from beginning to end.

Richardson was not the first, as he will not be the last, man to discover his literary powers in the use of them. When Sterne began "Tristram Shandy" he had assuredly but little idea of the artistic lengths to which his work was destined to carry him; and though the germ of "Clarissa" may have been, and of course in a certain sense must have been, latent in "Pamela," it was for all that appears as completely hidden from the author of the two works as from any of his readers. No one, it may safely be said, could have seen in the earlier book the promise of the later. When Rivington and Osborne, the booksellers, asked him—to quote Mr. Stephen's account of the fortuitous commencement of a great literary career—"to write a volume of letters to suit the taste of country readers;" it was in the spirit of the moralist, and not at all in that of the artist, that he responded to the invitation. Halfway through the second volume of "Pamela," he takes advantage of the disappearance of the heroine's father and mother from the scene—at least as the sol-

correspondents of their daughter—to review his work and its objects; and we then see what are the qualities in it upon which he congratulates himself. It contains, he proudly assures us, morality, and excellent morality, for all. The fashionable libertine “may learn from it to prefer vice to virtue;” the proud and highborn may see “the deformity of unreasonable passion;” “good clergymen” will perceive from it that if they do their duty in despite of their “proud patrons,” Providence will at last reward their piety; the poor will learn that “Providence never fails to reward their honesty and integrity;” while the virtues inculcated by the example of the heroine herself, require a complete inventory divided into separate paragraphs for their examination. There is an encouraging moral for the “poor deluded female” who has the strength of mind to “stop at her first fault,” and a warning moral for her who pursues “the wicked courses into which she was at first inadvertently drawn.” There are even lessons for “the upper servants of great families” in the behaviour of three of the characters, and for the “lower servants” of the same families in that of a fourth. In short, we are as good as told that the merit of the book is to be measured by the closeness of its resemblance to the didactics of the nursery. Nobody who reads it, says Richardson in effect, can afterwards plead ignorance of what happened to “Don’t Care.” If he remains incorrigible in his naughtiness, and comes to a bad end in consequence, he will have himself alone to blame for it; the author of “Pamela” has at least done his best to reclaim him. He has said to him in many volumes, “Be good, for the good are always rewarded in this life; do not be wicked, for the wicked are always punished here as well as hereafter.” What more could he do?

That the facts of life decline to confirm this comfortable gospel was apparently no more an objection from Richardson’s point of view than it is from that of the nurse; but to say this is, of course, enough to dispose of the artistic claims of the book. The good sometimes prosper of course in this life; but you cannot write a story in which they are always, and all of them, to prosper, without constantly offending against truth and probability. Add to this, that the continual effort to find illustrations of morality everywhere, and to make the fortunes of all the characters in a novel subserve a didactic end is pretty sure to end in throwing some of those characters into violent contradiction with themselves. This is notably exemplified in the case of Pamela’s master, whose sudden conversion from a most uncompromising profligate into a consistent paragon of propriety—for we need not attach serious importance to the Platonic flirtation with the Countess in his later married life—is hardly attempted to be made credible. These, however, though the most obvious, are far from being the only

artistic faults of "Pamela." It is hardly too much to say that it scarcely rises, in the working out of its plot any more than in its main conception, above the level of the nursery story. A romance of greater posthumous popularity has indirectly preserved the name of Pamela Andrews from oblivion, and few perhaps, even of those who have never opened a volume of Richardson, will need to be told that Pamela is a virtuous maid-servant (as her brother Joseph was a virtuous footman), who successfully resists a series of the most determined, and at last even violent, attempts upon her virtue on the part of her master, and who, at last, so impresses him by her courage and constancy that he marries her, and, with the exception of one passing cloud of jealousy, "they live happily ever afterwards." In such a story, with such a conclusion, there is nothing essentially ludicrous: it was reserved for Fielding to perceive by the instantaneous light of humour, that it might be made exquisitely ludicrous by merely transposing the sexes of the tempter and the tempted. Why this should be so is a point in the psychology of ethics which does not immediately yield up its explanation; but the fact is unquestionable, as the reader may satisfy himself by comparing the famous scene between Joseph Andrews and Lady Booby with any of the scenes between Pamela and Mr. B. To speak the honest truth, however, it would have been difficult for Fielding to outdo Richardson in absurdity; and Joseph Andrews, as we all know, though commenced as a caricature of "Pamela," departed very soon, and very widely, from the lines of its model. But, while the story of "Pamela" suffers as a story, from the slowness of movement which, in a less degree (though the slowness is even greater), injures that of Clarissa, the former heroine, unlike the latter, is herself as severe a sufferer *as* a heroine from the delay. Her figure, to begin with, is one which will not stand much de-romanticizing. Mrs. Pamela's virtue, though no doubt quite sincere and genuine, is (as of course it should be) of a very soubrettish type, exceedingly, not to say pharisaically, self-conscious, not refined or elevated by the slightest admixture of delicacy, and obviously associated with a very shrewd eye to the main chance. All this, of course, is true enough to Nature; but truth to Nature becomes useless unless it falls into the impartial lands of Art. These human touches in Pamela's character would have been invaluable to Richardson if he had cared to treat his heroine like an artist; but he wanted to treat her exclusively as a moralist. Her affinities with the waiting-maid of real life make her a more real and, therefore, a more interesting, if less heroic, figure; but Richardson, in order to make his moral lesson as impressive as possible, was in pursuit not of the interesting so much as the heroic. He wanted an ideal waiting-maid, and not a real one, for his purpose; and these marks

of very commonplace, and even rather vulgar, realism, only serve therefore to make the ideal figure, on its lofty moral pedestal, a little ridiculous. Above all, they combine with the inartistic slowness of movement in the story, and its weak invention of incident, to destroy a great part of the reader's sympathy with the heroine, and even to suggest the suspicion which Richardson undoubtedly never intended to arouse, that she is a person of rather a designing disposition. "How is this?" the reader feels tempted to ask. "Here is a young woman who is evidently perfectly well able to take care of herself, and who remains under circumstances of the most dangerous character for her chastity, exposed to the constant solicitations and even assaults of her master. Of course we are given to understand that she is under physical duress; but as a matter of fact the restraint is very often of the feeblest and most inefficient kind. On one occasion Pamela, by her own admission, might have walked straight out of the house and away, and was only restrained from doing so by the fact that there was a bull (who had injured the cook-maid under circumstances unstated) in a paddock which she would have to cross to make her escape. On another occasion there is absolutely no impediment to her flight, and though she is indeed followed and seized in the act of getting over a stile which alone divides her from liberty, the unexplained deliberation of her movements is solely accountable for her capture." In short, upon a careful review of the whole circumstances, the reader finds it hard to avoid the suspicion that it is calculation, and not timidity, which keeps Pamela a prisoner; that she sees a chance of inducing the infatuated Mr. B. to marry her, and that gambling for a stake so high she is prepared to make some very dangerous ventures indeed.

This idea was of course very far from Richardson's intention to suggest, and it is a fault in his characterization and story-telling that the reader feels persuaded that it is just the idea which would possess all but the exceptionally charitable spectators of Pamela's trials in actual life. But there is also little merit in the delineation of the other characters in the story. Lady Davers, with whom most care has apparently been taken, is a coarsely and crudely executed portrait; and there is a want of reality about both the good Mrs. Jervis and the infamous Mrs. Jewkes. Mr. B.'s return to virtue, again, is celebrated with an exaggeration which was due in part to Richardson's *bourgeois* reverence for "the quality," a characteristic which sometimes amusingly, and sometimes irritatingly, deranges both the balance of his ethical judgment and his sense of artistic propriety. In the case of Mr. B. it is most comically displayed. It is quite obviously felt by all the characters in the story, and by the author himself, that repentance is very condescending on the part of a "gentleman of good estate;" and that with a "place" in two counties, the ambition

to secure a third in heaven is highly creditable to an English squire. Mr. B. is greatly praised for having abandoned a course of profligacy which most other men of equal rank and fortune, we are given to understand, would have pursued consistently throughout life; and those who surround him are unwearied in their laudations of his new-found virtue. No doubt the accumulation of all these honours on the repentant libertine's head is due not wholly to social servility but in part to moral purpose; but for the merits of the romance from this point of view there is not much to be said. Coleridge, who speaks on such a point with even more than his wonted critical authority, has expressed his opinion on a comparison between "Joseph Andrews" and "Pamela" that the former is the more moral work of the two. It would be difficult, I think, for any candid modern reader of the two romances to contest this judgment. Excellent as Richardson's intentions were both towards servant-maids and country squires in composing the story, it seems to me quite certain that a careful and sympathetic study of it would, in the vast majority of cases, prove most unedifying to either.

"Clarissa Harlowe" has more pretensions to plot, in the sense of invented incident and situation, than "Pamela;" but its central motive is of a no less simple kind. It is, in fact, the story of Pamela reversed. "Pamela's" alternative title is "Virtue Rewarded," and virtue in "Clarissa Harlowe" is not, except in the spiritual sense, rewarded, but defeated, outwitted, betrayed. The virtuous heroine is not permitted, as in the earlier romance, to escape the wiles of the seducer, and reap the moral reward of her firmness in his conversion to the paths of virtue, and its material recompense in a splendid establishment and a coach-and-six. On the contrary, she is condemned to fall a victim to his vile machinations, and proudly rejecting all his offers of atonement, to sink broken-hearted into an early grave. The superior dramatic possibilities of this story compared with that of "Pamela" are evident, and Richardson owed much to their stimulus. They brought out his powers as an artist by compelling him in a great measure to drop the rôle of the moralist. He was as anxious to preach as ever; but the exigencies of his narrative do not permit him to ascend the pulpit so often or to remain there so long. "Be virtuous and you will be happy," is in a certain sense the preacher's text in both cases; but in "Clarissa" the virtuous have to wear their happiness "with a difference" which it is difficult to explain without frequently descending the pulpit-stairs. Happiness in "Clarissa" has to do without its coach-and-six and its splendid establishment; nay, it has to part company, one by one, with all the external conditions of human well-being—home, parents, family, friends, material comforts, reputation, and, finally, life itself; and yet, in the strength of a pureheart and a quiet conscience, to maintain itself

unconquered to the end. This demands a far more difficult and subtle exposition of the be-virtuous-and-you-will-be-happy text than it receives or needs in "Pamela;" and it is one which the moralist requires the artist's assistance to enforce. Anybody can see why Pamela should be happy; her contentment is as comprehensible to the simplest reader as was virtue upon £5,000 a year to Becky Sharp. But Clarissa's happiness under her misfortunes is not to be taken on trust from the pulpit, or to be made credible to the congregation by even the most earnest thumping of the velvet cushion. It lies deeper than the superficial blessedness of Pamela, and the preacher must go deeper to find it for us and to show it to us. It is an inward peace of the heart and to exhibit it the heart must be laid bare. In other words the romancist must here cease to preach, and begin to dissect. He must desist from mere reiteration in various forms of pulpit rhetoric that virtue alone is true happiness, and attempt to convince us of the fact by furnishing us with the explanation. He must endeavour by minute analysis of his hapless-happy heroine's emotions to show us that they are the natural outcome of causes whose presence and potency in the minds of human beings our own moral consciousness will attest.

It would, of course, be far too much to say that Richardson is uniformly successful in the endeavour. Neither his genius nor his method were fitted for the achievement of such uniform success. Being before all things a preacher of morals, he cannot refrain from making his characters preach to us in their own persons, when they should be simply revealing to us their own thoughts and feelings, and leaving us to draw the moral for ourselves. And while the bent of Richardson's genius thus militates against his complete artistic success, the peculiar vices of his method exercise an even more injurious effect upon his work. His letter-writers are so terribly long-winded, so mercilessly prolix, that they cannot be expected to confine themselves solely to their proper work of self-disclosure and self-portraiture. Like garrulous witnesses, they favour their jury of readers with a vast amount of matter which is in no sense evidence. When Clarissa, for example, should be telling us minutely what she feels, and *specifically* why she feels it, she is continually lapsing into mere general allegations that her mind is at peace, with the addition of the pulpit platitude that the minds of the virtuous always are. The thing is so, she tells us, because it must be so. But in any well-conducted trial of the issue, Does virtue insure happiness, ay or no? Miss Harlowe would have found herself being perpetually "stopped by the Court." She may say, "I feel happy," and that is evidence as far as it goes, though it does not go far. She may add:

I proud of my fortitude and of my superiority to my
-conscious that the outrage inflicted upon my body has

left my soul unsullied—awed and impressed by perceiving that the victor is more abashed and perturbed by his triumph than I, the vanquished, by my defeat; and it is in the sum of these emotions (which obviously only the virtuous could feel) that my happiness consists." All that is evidence, too, and of a very important kind. But when the witness persists in repeating the formula, "I am happy because I am virtuous," the presiding judge would be bound to check her with the polite but firm correction, "That, madam, is for the jury. It is for them to decide whether your happiness is the result of virtue, or of conceit, callousness, insanity, I know not what." But though *Clarissa* is undoubtedly too apt to encroach in this manner on the jurisdiction of the reader, it must be admitted that she makes out her case at last to his complete satisfaction. We end by believing as thoroughly in her happiness as in her virtue, and by feeling that it fully responds to our own conceptions of the natural and the true.

She starts, however, with considerable personal advantages over *Pamela*. She is altogether a more sympathetic and attractive figure, to begin with, simpler and more refined, of a higher dignity and delicacy, of a far more unconscious purity—a "lady" by nature, in fact, which "*Mrs. Pamela*" neither is nor of course was intended to be, nor could, without injury to the story, have been made. And *Clarissa* also is morally of a far more sincere and genuine stuff than her predecessor in fiction. Both, to be sure, are prigs: they have to be made so, in order that they may deliver Richardson's moral reflections in Richardson's language. But *Clarissa*, far more often than *Pamela*, takes the pen from Richardson's hand, and writes, not what the preacher would have her utter, but what it is given her to utter out of the deepest depths of a human heart. We get to recognize in her case, as we never do in that of the self-conscious waiting-maid, that she is seldom, if ever, a prig on her own account. We learn to regard her in a double aspect, and mentally to dissociate the living, breathing, suffering woman from the mere mouth-piece of moral commonplaces. But as the story draws towards its tragic close, the need of any such mental act of dissociation less frequently occurs. We have more and more of the natural woman and less and less of the sermonizing automaton, more and more of *Clarissa Harlowe* and less and less of *Clarissa Richardson*. The presence of her creator's hand is still, indeed, too plainly perceived; the faults of his method still too intrusively assert themselves. The "linked sweetness" of the tale of woe is decidedly too "long drawn out;" the sorrows of the death-stricken heroine are dwelt upon and elaborated beyond all measure, and their portrayal is marred in one instance—that of her preparation of her coffin—by an artistic blunder of a truly lamentable kind. But by many a touch of authentic

fact transfer, his addresses. These conditions given, we manifestly need nothing more than the appearance on the scene of a suitor whom Clarissa detests, and whom her father is resolved to force upon her in order to establish the groundwork of the domestic tragedy which is to follow. Profound as is Clarissa's filial piety, it is unequal to the sacrifice which her parents demand of her. She persists in her rejection of the odious De Solmes, although the harshest measures are resorted to by her father to compel her submission. She is degraded from her position as housekeeper to the family; her keys are taken away from her; she is confined to her room a close prisoner; and a tender-hearted maid-servant, who had assisted her mistress to maintain a clandestine correspondence with the only female friend she possesses, having been detected and dismissed, she is for a time cut off from all communication with the outer world. Lovelace, however, finds means of reopening a correspondence with her; and as her persecutions verge upon the intolerable, his solicitations naturally approach the irresistible. Driven at last to desperation by the near approach of the day fixed for the detested marriage, Clarissa agrees to accept Lovelace's pretended offer of escort to the house of one of his female relatives, who he had declared would give her refuge. With this one false step begins that series of misfortunes and indignities to which the unhappy girl at last succumbs. Lovelace's promise was, of course, a mere trick to get Clarissa into his power. Instead of taking her to her supposed destination, he conveys her to the house of a certain infamous Mrs. Sinclair, where she remains at first willingly and in ignorance of the character of the place, afterwards under duress. She once makes her escape, but only to be followed and recaptured; and at last the crime which her villainous lover has striven with such merciless determination to commit is, by force, accomplished. His triumph, however, is fatal alike to his victim and to himself. Smitten with remorse, or with as near an approach to that emotion as his nature is capable of feeling, Clarissa's betrayer entreats her to forgive him and become his wife; but it is then too late. She too deeply "despises the wretch who could rob himself of his wife's virtue," and as soon as she is freed from her captivity she secludes herself altogether from the world. But her sufferings have broken her heart, and she pines slowly away and dies, unreconciled to her family, and attended in her last moments only by a repentant friend of Lovelace's, John Belford, and her cousin, Colonel Morden, by whose hand her persecutor ultimately falls.

The imperfections of this story are plain enough upon its face, and they are made yet more conspicuous by the manner of its telling. To begin with, the plot is exposed to the capital objection, that while it professes to be thoroughly realistic, it is from of view of

real life preposterous. It is not so much an improbable as an impossible one; the sufferings of *Clarissa* are as those of an imprisoned princess in a fairy tale; the cruelty and power of *Lovelace* is as that of the giant or ogre of the same order of fable. Young "bloods" may have been very masterful and daring in mid-eighteenth century; wrongful acts may have been less easily and quickly brought to light in those days than in these of the penny press; wealth and wickedness may have been less hopelessly overmatched in a contest with the law than they are now. But after all, the liberty of the subject could not have been quite so much at the mercy even of an equally determined and far more ingenious plotter than *Lovelace*, as was *Clarissa's*. Even for women of humbler rank, the law was not of a presence so inaccessible as it seems to be in this romance; even for them there were courts and attorneys, and a Habeas Corpus Act; but that Miss Harlowe, a "person of condition," a young lady well known in the county society among which she lived, with at least one fast friend in Miss Howe, and through her a male ally in Mr. Hickman, should have remained so long a helpless captive, is simply incredible. Her gaoler, it is to be observed, takes no pains to conceal himself from the world. He moves freely enough in society during the progress of his vile conspiracy; and Richardson even invents the monstrous incident of his meeting and conversing (in no very amiable spirit, it is true) with the very family of his victim at the house of a common friend. The notion of his going about for weeks and months in this way unmolested, is surely too gross an excess of a realistic romancer's privileges of invention. It is perfectly certain that in real life a piece of paper would have been very promptly handed to this all-subduing gentleman, on which he would have found "Robert *Lovelace*" commanded by George II. to "have in our Court before us at Westminster immediately on receipt of this our writ, the body of *Clarissa Harlowe* being detained under your custody, with the day and cause of her being taken and detained." This, however, is of course the least of the consequences with which *Clarissa's* persecutor would have been threatened. *Lovelace*, as Mr. Stephen points out, "has every conceivable motive, including the desire to avoid hanging," for wishing to obtain his victim's forgiveness. He had, in fact, been guilty of a capital crime, and, what is more, against no obscure and powerless person. Indeed, it is more than probable that in actual life both "Captain" *Lovelace* and his lieutenants, Mowbray, De Tourville, and the other scoundrels, would have swung together on Tyburn tree.

There is another improbability, however, in the story, besides that there is in the realistic sense of the word an improbability or also in the person of *Lovelace*. Considered as a

serious picture of the fashionable libertine, the thoroughly abandoned "fine gentleman" of his day, the character is, of course, a monstrosity. The truth is that Richardson had as little actual knowledge of the class whom he thus caricatured, as the modern lady novelist has of the dear, delightful, wicked Guardsman, whose prowess in the fields of love and war she similarly exaggerates. Men are of course aware that no flesh-and-blood officer of the Household Brigade is at once so profligate, so strong, so handsome, so daring a rider to hounds, so masterly a whist-player, and the wearer of such costly dressing-gowns, as are the irresistible heroes of the lady's novel; and many of Richardson's contemporaries must doubtless have felt the same about Lovelace. The quiet little bookseller evidently took a sort of trembling, delicious pleasure in the elaboration and contemplation of the superhuman wickedness of his fine gentleman. His heartlessness, his cynicism, his brutality and audacity, are individually worked up to an almost incredible pitch, and are quite incredible in combination. We may be perfectly assured, and may congratulate human nature on the assurance, that no such man as Lovelace ever existed. But this is no objection to the story from the imaginative point of view. It is not less certain, I should think, that no such man as Iago ever existed; considered from the point of view of actuality, we cannot accept him as a faithful picture of an "ancient" in the Venetian army. But Iago, though beyond the range of the actual, is a masterpiece of imaginative truth, and so, and in a scarcely less degree, is Lovelace. The reason why the "monster," "faultless" or the reverse, of the inferior artist offends us is, not because his vices and virtues are idealized to excess, but because they do not seem to be the vices and virtues of humanity at all. It is not that they shock us *in degree*, but that we do not recognize them *in kind*. It is far otherwise, however, with Richardson's Lovelace. Villain as he is, we see how he has become so, and we perceive that it has been through the morbid hypertrophy of very common, and in most men very venial, foibles. Hardly an act of treachery, however black, or of cruelty, however brutal, is wrought by him; hardly a sally of diabolical cynicism, or a cry of heartless triumph escapes him, which cannot be traced to the simple passion of egotism, in one or other of its two forms of selfishness and vanity. His attractive and repulsive qualities are all of apiece, and are all woven of the stuff of his self-love. His good-humour, his gaiety, his *savoir faire*, his fascination even for the people who dislike him, are all born of his desire to gratify himself; while, on the other hand, we see that his egotism is doubly the parent of his crimes, in prompting him to their commission, and in partially blinding him, cynic though he is, to their full enormity. There is an admirable subtlety in the way in which Richardson shows the secret workings of Lovelace's ever-active selfishness and !

vanity even in his momentary outbursts of remorse. His letters are full of touches of perfectly natural, yet perfectly unconscious, self-disclosure; and from end to end, in fact, his imaginative reality, to use a phrase which is only apparently self-contradictory, is consistently and most skilfully sustained.

It would be allowing too much, however, to the third of Richardson's romances, "*Sir Charles Grandison*," to say that it reaches the same level of ideal portraiture as "*Clarissa Harlowe*." In delineating, at the request of his friends, as he tells us, "the man of True Honour," in the person of this irreproachable baronet, Richardson had no such dramatic contrast to inspire him as in his second and greatest romance. Sir Hargrave Pollexfen is but a commonplace and vulgar foil to the virtues of the hero, and there is no thread of pathos or of tragedy running through the story, or indeed appearing in it, except episodically, to give play to the author's strongest powers. Sir Charles Grandison shows himself a man of true honour, in eight volumes; and that is about all that can be said of the romance. Unlike "*Clarissa*," its narrative cannot be said to hang fire through the diffuseness of the narrator's method; for in strictness of language it contains no narrative at all. "Why, sir," once exclaimed Dr. Johnson, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, you would hang yourself;" and "*Sir Charles Grandison*," far more avowedly than its predecessors, dispenses with plot and relies upon the analysis and exhibition of character alone. But it illustrates, though in a less degree than "*Clarissa Harlowe*," the points insisted upon at the outset of these remarks. The diligent reader of either, and especially of "*Clarissa*," can hardly fail to be enlightened as to the true import and value of Richardson's relentless prolixity. He will no longer suppose it to be a mere accident of the author's literary manner or mental constitution. His public may have only tolerated it out of regard for certain other qualities of Richardson's which were not to be enjoyed except in its company; but unconsciously they profited by it. The faithful but exhausted reader, as he closes one of these long-drawn romances, and reflects upon it, will undoubtedly be forced to acknowledge that their length is of their essence; that extraordinarily diffuse as they are, they contain comparatively little matter which could be fairly rejected as surplusage, and that Richardson and his art being what they were, his romances would not have been the better, but the worse, for any abridgment of their length. This is not to say, of course, that the art is of the highest kind. Undoubtedly there would be higher creative genius and greater delineative skill in achieving, by half a dozen masterly touches, what Richardson only contrives to accomplish by the patient multiplications of thousands of minute strokes. But to only a few of the creators and great literary craftsmen of the world has it been

given to produce great work by the former method; and it would be irrational to complain of any lesser artist that he possesses it not. It is only when a Diderot's extravagance forces us to the comparison that we need remind ourselves or others that Richardson is not Shakespeare. At other times it should be enough for us that he uses his own literary instruments to the best advantage, and gets the utmost out of his method that it will yield; and no one, I think, who steadily and manfully submits himself to a course of Richardson will question that he does. He has no "moments," as the slang of dramatic criticism has it; there are no flashes of inspiration in his work; no sudden and happy strokes of descriptive genius which seem to do the work of a chapter in a line. There is hardly any sensible exertion of power, and at any given instant no visible growth of result. But by dint of sheer iteration, he succeeds in producing the effect he desires.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed sæpe cadendo."

And though the drip-drip of that interminable correspondence is to some men soporific, to others maddening and tedious, it must be admitted, to all, the reader will nevertheless find, when the drops have at last ceased to fall, that they have channelled sharp and deep impressions on the tablet of the mind.

H. D. TRAILL.

WHY HAVE THE YEOMANRY PERISHED?

TWO hundred years ago, if we accept the figures of Gregory King, more than half the farmers of England—160,000 out of 310,000—owned their farms. How many of them do so at present we cannot precisely say, though nothing could be easier than to procure this important information along with the other agricultural returns, but it would probably be too high an estimate to take more than one in twenty—some 20,000 out of 414,000—as doing so now. In the two centuries the number of occupiers has increased by 100,000, but the number of occupying owners—of what we have come to understand by yeomanry—has decreased by 140,000. This most striking revolution in the distribution of property has, of course, attracted much attention, but as yet no sort of agreement has been arrived at regarding the causes that produced it, and a general misapprehension, I believe, prevails with respect to the time when it really took place. In reopening the problem now, let us first settle, if possible, *when* it occurred, and then endeavour to ascertain *why*.

Some writers tell us that the yeomanry had been declining long before King's day—in fact, ever since the remarkable agricultural revolution of the Tudor period. And no doubt they did suffer seriously in that crisis; many of them were bought out by the greater landowners, and many others, as More informs us, were simply driven out by might or fraud. But the changes of that period originated no continuous process of absorption of small owners, and imposed no check whatever on their fresh development. The changes were twofold: first, the conversion of tillage to pasture to catch the high price of wool, and this depended on causes of a more or less temporary character; and second, the substitution of modern husbandry by separate fields for the common-field system of the Middle

Ages, and this was more local in its operation than is sometimes supposed; for in many counties of England the common-field system prevailed intact down till the present century. Besides, during the reigns of the Tudors and Stuarts causes were at work which must have developed a counter-process of subdivision, and created fresh bodies of small owners. In the first place, land was then what has come to be called free. Entails and settlements were unknown for the space of two centuries. The land was the land of the living, and was subject to no preposterous tyranny of the dead. The burdened, the improvident, the mismanaging proprietor could procure instant relief by sale. And when he desired to sell, who was there to buy? There were as yet very few great fortunes made in trade. There was no large system of production in agriculture or manufactures. The domestic industries still prevailed. The farmers were a comfortable and thriving class, and agriculture was the great business of the nation. Most of the money then made was made in agriculture, and if land came much into the market, we may safely assume that it was purchased very considerably by farmers. If therefore much land was taken out of the ownership of the cultivating class during those reigns, we cannot doubt that much must at the same time have come back into their hands again. The experience of other countries leads us to believe so; the experience of our own country leads us to believe it. Canon Stubbs describes the process of alternate expansion and contraction in the ranks of the mediæval yeomanry. When personal extravagance was the rule at Court, the nobles and gentry lost their hold on the land; the merchant, the tradesman, the farmer, took their place. When greed of acquisition was strong in the higher classes, the yeomen went to the wall; they were harassed, bought out, driven into debt or law. The small estate and the large had their alternate innings, but Stubbs adds that the balance of strength turned in the long-run in favour of the yeomen freeholders, because they "possessed greater elements of permanence than either the nobility or the gentry, were less dependent on personal accomplishment, and less liable to be affected by the storms of political life."*

From considerations like these it must appear unwarrantable to regard the absorption of the estates of the yeomanry that took place in the age of the Tudors, as the beginning of a continuous and permanent process of decline. Extensive as that absorption was, it was still an incident of a kind not infrequent in the chequered fortunes of this class; they recovered from such reverses before, they recovered from them again. They have all along had their exits and entrances, their seasons of depression and their cycles of growth. The economical history of the sixteenth and seven-

* Stubbs, "Constitutional History," iii. 595.

teenth centuries is not so well known as might be expected from the amount of research to which the period has been subjected; but it would contradict all experience, both in this country and abroad, if the small estate failed to multiply in an age when the alienation of land was unfettered and the large capital had not yet come into being.

It is more common, however, to date the decline of the yeomanry from the beginning of the eighteenth century than from the middle of the fifteenth. The practice of entail and settlement, reintroduced after the Great Rebellion to protect the family property from forfeiture for the political opinions of its immediate possessor, had already had time, it is alleged, to make its influence felt in favour of the accumulation of estates. The rise of the great industries and the introduction of the large system of production into agriculture contributed powerfully to the same result. Sometimes the stress is laid on the legal causes, sometimes on the economic, sometimes on the fatal coalition of the two; but in any case it may be said to be almost generally accepted that through the operation of these or other forces, the yeomanry began to decline in the first half of the eighteenth century, and have gone on declining ever since. This supposition, however, is hardly justified by evidence. It is true that about that period we hear many complaints of their decadence, but for that matter we might hear such complaints at intervals during any of the previous three or four centuries. Such complaints are often only exaggerated impressions of a merely local or temporary decline, and those which were sounded in last century cannot be received as attesting a tendency common to the whole country, because we know from positive evidence that while the yeomanry were undoubtedly decreasing in some counties of England at that time, they were as undoubtedly increasing in others.

While, for example, they had virtually died out in Norfolk, they were still multiplying vigorously in the neighbouring eastern counties of Essex and Kent. Arthur Young, in his account of the agriculture of Essex, published in 1807, says:—

“Though there may be a few extensive estates there, yet never was a greater proportion of small and moderate-sized farms the property of mere farmers, who retain them in their own immediate occupation, than at present. Such has been the flourishing state of agriculture for twenty or thirty years past that scarcely an estate is sold, if divided into lots of forty or fifty to two or three hundred a year, but is purchased by farmers, who can certainly afford to give for them more than almost any other persons, as they turn them to the highest advantage by their own cultivation. And hence arises a fair prospect of landed property gradually returning to the situation of small possessions, to what it was 100 or 150 years ago, when our inferior gentry resided upon their estates in the country.”*

* Young, “Essex,” p. 23.

The day of the small estate was thus not over, nor its natural strength in the least abated. Boys gives a similar account of Kent. He writes in 1803, though his work was not published till 1813. He says:—"The number of yeomanry in this county seems annually on the increase by the estates which are divided and sold to the occupiers. There is no description of persons who can afford to give so much money for the purchase of an estate as those who buy for their own occupation. Many in the eastern part of this county have been so sold within these few years for forty, and some for fifty, years' purchase and upwards."* He mentions further that, in his own vicinity, when he began farming in 1771, there were ten farms, whose names he gives, all severally occupied by tenants; but in 1803, when he wrote, all but one were in the hands of their respective purchasers, two of whom were old tenants. He quotes from Hasted that the number of freeholders then in Kent was 9,000.

The circumstances of the contiguous counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland would naturally seem to be very analogous, yet during last century we find the yeomanry on the increase in the one county, while they are on the decline in the other. Pringle states in his "*Agriculture of Westmoreland*," that in consequence of the introduction of roads, the old manners of the people—corrupted for once by *good* communications—had changed for the worse; that expensive habits had come in, and many of the "statesmen" of that district had accordingly been ruined, and were obliged to sell out.† Messrs. Bailey and Culley, in the same year, report that two-thirds of the county of Cumberland were in the hands of small owners, and instead of any diminution in their numbers, rather indicate an increase through the inclosure of commons.‡ Again, Arthur Young expressly mentions that the small yeomen had increased in South Holland in Lincolnshire, and that one-fifth of that district consisted of small freeholds, while one-half of the fen parishes did so. Then the same process of subdivision of estates, which occurred in Essex and Kent, took place about the same period in Cornwall. Mr. Edward Corde stated before the Royal Commission on Agriculture, in 1833, that within his recollection—which would probably carry him back to the latter part of last century—a great number of large estates had been dismembered and sold in parcels.

Other circumstances lead us to the same conclusion, that if there was a considerable consolidation of estates in some quarters during last century, there was at the same time an important and counter-vailing subdivision. A keen demand for land prevailed among the farmers at more than one part of that period, and very high prices

* Boys, "*Kent*," p. 27.

† Pringle, "*Westmoreland*," London, 1787, p. 264.

‡ "*Cumberland*," p. 178.

were given for it. In some districts this demand appeared like those little epidemics that visit the peasant proprietors abroad from time to time. Marshall mentions it as existing both in the Midland Counties and in Yorkshire. Writing of the Midland Counties in 1785, he says:—"Some years back the same species of frenzy, *terramania*, showed itself here as it did in other districts. Forty years' purchase was then not unfrequently given. Now thirty years' purchase on a fair rental value is esteemed a good price."* He describes the Vale of York as 'being mostly owned, and generally occupied, by yeomen, there being 300 freeholders in the township of Pickering alone, and he states that "some years ago the price (of land) was extremely high, forty or fifty years' purchase upon a very high rent. Land not worth 15s. an acre rent was sold for £40." This, however, was not uniform through the district, for at the time these extravagant prices were given in one part of the Vale, "lands of twice the rental value to the farmer were sold in other parts of it at exactly the same valuation, though the distance between them is only a few miles, and in the same district similar land is not now worth £30." The chief cause of this disparity he represents to be the circumstance that the former district was in the hands of small owners, most of them married men, and anxious to increase their possessions, while the latter district was principally in the occupation of tenants, and that "the rage of possession" had broken out in the one spot while the lands of the other were out of fashion; so that he recommends any one who desires to buy land cheaply to "avoid the neighbourhood of small owners, and that inordinate lust of possession which is evidently epidemical, but not continual."

So far then of the evidence, that if the smaller yeomanry were selling their estates in some parts of England, they were at the same time zealously buying in others. But in most counties we hear as yet no word of much movement one way or other, certainly no hint of decline. Of Shropshire, for example, Bishton states in 1794, that there were then in that county "an infinite number of freeholders' and yeomen's estates of all inferior sizes."† In Cheshire, Holland reports "that the number of small landowners was then (1808) not apparently less than in other counties." Their *personnel* had changed considerably, but their number remained about the same. Many of them, finding that in consequence of the increase of taxes they could not live so comfortably on the same portion of land as formerly, had sold their property and gone into trade, but their places had been taken by other occupying proprietors, different, however, "in their habits and prejudices," and, probably, with more capital, for the land so transferred was "generally improved by the new possessor." Lincoln abounded with the small owners; it is still their classical land.

* Marshall, "Midland Counties," London, 1790, p. 26.

† "Agriculture of Salop," p. 23.

Of Suffolk Arthur Young says, in 1794, that "a rich yeomanry, as they are called, are very numerous, farmers occupying their own lands of a value from £100 to £400 a year."^{*}

There was still in Marshall's time a considerable yeomanry in Gloucestershire, especially in the Vale of Berkeley and the Vale of Gloucester, where the farmers still lived in villages, and had their land intermixed; the Midland Counties, he found, "abounded in a superior manner in a yeomanry of the higher class;" and in the Weald and other districts of Sussex, property was much divided and "many comfortable places of small owners were seen scattered about."[†] Brown found in Derby "a great many statesmen and larger occupying proprietors," and Fraser, in Devon, "a respectable class of yeomanry more numerous than in any district of England I have seen."[‡] Even in Cambridge, where so much of the land belonged to corporations, there were many occupying owners, and in Oxford "many small proprietors, particularly in the open fields."[§] While the yeomanry of Lancashire had, according to Holt, "greatly diminished of late," having been tempted by the success of commerce and manufactures in the towns to venture their property in trade, neither Marshall nor Brown make any similar complaint of Yorkshire, where small proprietors then abounded; and Pitt, who writes the report on Staffordshire, says expressly: "I observe in the Lancashire reprinted Survey the yeomanry are noticed in this chapter as a diminishing class of men, and I have often observed they are remarked by writers as becoming extinct. If we have lost, or are losing, them in Staffordshire, I think it can be only in name."^{||} A writer in the *British Critic*, reviewing Pitt's book, says of this statement that it is "true not only of Staffordshire, but of most other counties, and that many representations which we meet with of the same matter are greatly exaggerated."

On the whole, a survey of the best evidence that exists on the subject seems to support the view of this critic, and to lead to the conclusion that up till the close of the eighteenth century no really serious breach had as yet been made in the ranks of the yeomanry, if indeed their strength had not positively risen. We find them exhibiting in that century the same local or periodical fluctuations—the same expansions and contractions—which have characterized their whole history. The forces which have ultimately proved fatal to the class may have already begun to operate, but they had as yet neither singly nor in combination been able to leave their mark upon it. One of the most curious facts connected with this subject is that the same forces often act in precisely contrary ways in different districts.

^{*} Young's "Suffolk," p. 14.

[†] Marshall, "Midland Counties," p. 14; "Southern Counties," London, 1798.

[‡] "Agriculture of Derby," p. 14, London, 1794; "Agriculture of Devon," p. 12, London, 1794.

[§] Gooch, "Agriculture of Cambridge;" "Agriculture of Oxford," p. 11.

^{||} "Agriculture of Stafford," p. 17.

For example, we have seen how when farming was profitable in Essex and Kent the successful farmer was eager for the purchase of land. In Norfolk the same cause had the opposite effect, and really extinguished the yeomanry of that county. Marshall says of the latter: "The yeomanry, heretofore independent and respected, seeing men whom they had lately held as their inferiors raised by an excessive profit, which had recently been made by farming, to a degree of affluence superior to their own, and living in a style of extravagance their ancestors had been strangers to, became dissatisfied with the homeliness of their situation in life, and either launched out into extravagances ill suited to their income or voluntarily sold their comparatively small patrimonies in order that they might, agreeably with the fashion or frenzy of the day, become great farmers." And while the yeomen sold, the tenant farmers of the county, unlike those of Essex, seem to have had no disposition to buy; at any rate they did not buy, and the yeomen freeholds became united with large estates. We cannot therefore argue that because we see a certain cause thinning the freeholders in one quarter it must have done so likewise in others; nor can we argue that forces which may have been actually at work a century ago, must have had the same effect then as, with the accumulated energy of years, they are able to exercise to-day. It is accordingly not unreasonable to conclude that there were as many yeomen in England at the end of last century as there were at the beginning, and probably the estimate of Beeke which is quoted by McCulloch, and through McCulloch by many others, that in 1800 when he wrote there were 200,000 proprietors of land in England, is not very wide of the mark.

So far of last century. The situation did not change materially, or, if at all, change towards an increase of the yeomanry, down till the close of the war at Waterloo. The high prices that prevailed during the war led to a remarkable multiplication of farming proprietors. A rage for land got abroad among the occupiers. They bought wildly, they bought on borrowed money, they bought at enormous prices. Thirty-five and thirty-eight years' purchase was not uncommon. Then they sunk much money, again mainly borrowed, in agricultural improvements; they raised their style of living; the long duration of the war had accustomed them to high prices as a normal condition of things, and they lived on as if war prices were to last for ever. When the war ceased the whole fabric they had built for themselves fell in. Peace came to every home but theirs. Thousands of them were ruined and sold their property, of course on disadvantageous terms, and the rest were seriously reduced or straitened, and many of them but waited for a better opportunity to sell. The recent purchasers stood the shock worst, but the old yeomen who had inherited their acres, had burdened them to make improvements and had raised their standard of life, so that they

were in many cases unable to make both ends meet and had to part with their patrimony. In Yorkshire one-seventh of them sold their property; in Nottingham and the Midland Counties they almost entirely disappeared; and everywhere else a like tale was told. For the first time, probably, in the history of this country much land was in the market and almost none of it was bought by the farming class. The estates of the yeomen were, with few exceptions, purchased by persons who had made fortunes in trade or by landowners in their vicinity.

This constituted the first decided encroachment on the numbers of the yeomanry. Now at last was the beginning of the end; they may be said to have fallen at Waterloo. From that moment they have steadily declined, and the succeeding sixty years, short as the time may seem, have been sufficient to compass their general, and except in one or two individual spots their complete, disappearance from the face of England. The evidence before the Duke of Richmond's recent Commission shows their disappearance to be more universal than was previously supposed. In the counties of Wilts, Berks, Oxford, Surrey, Sussex, Dorset, and Cornwall, the assistant-commissioner found none at all; in Hants very few; in the Midland Counties, where they abounded at the close of the century, none but one or two among the hills of Derbyshire; in Stafford and Shropshire, once so full of them, not a vestige of them remains. In Yorkshire there are still a great many in some of the valleys, and they generally rent land along with their own, or when they do not do so, then they usually follow some other trade as well; but it will surprise many to learn from Mr. Coleman that in Cumberland the "statesmen" have "gradually disappeared until at the present time they are nearly extinct. A few only remain, principally in the mountain dales." A few survive in Gloucester and Somerset, and a number more in Westmoreland, Devon, and East Kent, and their last stronghold is Lincolnshire, where they are as numerous and as vigorous as they ever were. They have even increased in number in that county during the last fifty years which have extirpated them everywhere else; they are increasing there still. Mr. Stonehouse mentions in his "*History of the Isle of Axholme*" (p. 33), that there were over 1,000 voters for the county in that district before 1832, and a well-informed writer in the *Times* (27th of September, 1879) states that when he wrote there were 1,400 freeholders of this isle on the electoral roll. To some extent this increase is explained by the enfranchisement of copyholders; Mr. Stonehouse says that while most of the isle was freehold, there was also a good deal of copyhold; but his statement does not leave the impression that the proportion of freehold to copyhold was so great as to account for the whole accession to the electorate. The increase, in part be due to a subdivision of holdings, coupled with

acre. In Arthur Young's time they ran generally from 4 or 5 to 20 and 40 acres; but Mr. Druce informs us that their average size is now less than this. In some degree the small estates may have multiplied at the expense of one another, rather than of the great estate. Still they have increased, and, as will be subsequently shown, if their owners are no better off, they are at any rate no worse than they were when Mr. Stonehouse wrote in 1839, or Arthur Young in 1799. Then we have positive evidence that the peasant proprietors are still increasing in other parts of Lincolnshire, where, according to Mr. Druce, they are less happily situated and less successful than in Axholme. Mr. Martin speaks chiefly of them on the north-east coast of Lincoln, and expressly states that they have increased to a great extent there, and that, whenever small freeholds come into the market, they are eagerly run after by farm-labourers who have saved a little money.* The system still exists in life and vigour, sustained by all its usual feeders.

Having now determined *when* the Yeomanry disappeared, the way is left clearer for ascertaining *why*. Many forces must have conspired to that end, some perhaps of a merely local nature, acting on particular centres only, but others of more universal operation, arising from the land laws of the country, from its agricultural and industrial evolution, from the territorial expansion of the empire, from the general growth of national wealth. We may reduce them to three convenient heads:—first, changes in the economic position of the agriculturist; second, the action of the land laws; and third, the extra-agricultural competition for land, created by the ever-accumulating capital of the country and the large number of fortunes made in trade at home or in the colonies. All these causes had been long at work; they had gathered strength year by year, and in almost a geometrical ratio, and when agriculture fell into evil days at the close of the Continental wars—the severest crisis it has ever had to encounter in England—it was found that they had already become invincible. They did not tell before because they had not yet grown great enough to tell; but their hour had at length come. The conditions of agriculture have undergone, since this century began, an unprecedentedly extensive revolution; the practice of entail and settlements has secluded from the market an unprecedentedly extensive amount of land; and the growth of commerce, manufactures, and the colonies has accumulated an unprecedentedly extensive quantity of capital in this country, and created an unprecedentedly great number of large fortunes eager for investment in land. The demand for land was thus immensely enlarged at the very time that the supply of it was artificially shortened, and that the agriculturist proprietor was finding the constantly changing conditions of agriculture much for his adaptability.

* See Evidence before Royal Commission on Agriculture, 1881.

The first of those three general causes will explain why the old owners sold their property, while the second and third explain why their places were not taken by persons of their own order, or why a class corresponding with them has not been developed in fresh fields. Mr. Froude expresses a common but a very erroneous idea, when he says the Yeomanry are "gone—gone because they chose to go." They had seen, he argues, that agricultural land pays only 2 per cent. interest on its purchase price, and like men of sense they naturally preferred to sell their land and make 10 per cent. on their money by renting a larger holding elsewhere, or perhaps 15 per cent. by buying one in the colonies. Peasant proprietors might do very well in France, because the French were content with little and had no great colonies to run to. But the English race were too energetic and had too many careers offered to them abroad to think of settling for life on a patch of ground that gave them neither enough work nor enough income. Now that, it must be owned, seems a very natural and likely view of the matter, but nothing in connection with the history of the yeomanry strikes one with more surprise than to find how very rarely this particular consideration seems to have operated in reality. If we were to venture upon a general statement at all, we should say that instead of going because they chose to go, the yeomanry appear as a rule never to have stirred a limb till they were obliged to go. Here and there we are told of some of them selling off and going into trade; here and there of their taking larger farms, as tenants, and sometimes of their doing so even in considerable bodies; occasionally, too, we hear of emigration, but it is always in bad times. Emigration would no doubt affect the ranks of the yeomanry by taking away the active young men who would, by purchase, become, in the ordinary course of things, the yeomen of the future. But to the yeomen actually in possession emigration presented, in general, no strong positive temptation, while they could pull through as they were. The usual account of the emigrants is that they saw ruin staring them if they remained, and were glad to escape with the little remnant of their means rather than wait and lose the whole. Their estates had been considerably mortgaged; they found themselves sinking deeper into debt; they had, in many cases, adopted extravagant habits of life, which they could not support in the altered circumstances, and yet could not, without embarrassment, retrench. In such a situation a tempting price from a neighbouring landlord was naturally irresistible, and generally no very tempting price was necessary. According to Lord Penrhyn, the temptation was all the other way:—

"I know," he says, "that I myself some years ago made a calculation, and I think there are as many as twenty-five to thirty small farmers that I bought out. The people came to me and said that they were in the hands of the solicitors, who had advanced the money, and who charged an interest upon

the land, and they wished to be relieved of their holdings. I relieved them to the number of twenty-five, but this was under the pressure of the people themselves, who wished me to buy the properties and to relieve them from the weight of the mortgage upon their properties."

Some of them became tenants under his lordship in the same holding, and of the rest he thinks few would have emigrated, there being very little emigration from that county, Carnarvon.*

That seems to be a fair sample of what happened as a general rule. The yeomen seldom sold to make good better; they sold to save bad from becoming worse. These people always relax their hold upon the land slowly, and against their will. The land is the charter of their personal independence, and the foundation of all the hope and security of their life. The English may be a more pushing and enterprising race than most, but among Englishmen these qualities have their degrees, and truism though it be, it still seems to be forgotten by many political economists and historians that there are large classes in England, as there are large classes everywhere else, whose ruling desire is not aggrandisement, but security and independence. To these classes, the small farmers, of whom the peasant proprietors are a branch, may be said as a rule to belong. They are unspeculative, and, indeed, averse to speculation. When they make money, they do not always take a bigger farm with it. In parts of the country known to me, many small farmers, there is good reason for believing, have from £500 to £1,000 lying in the bank at interest, and they would submit to considerable straits rather than touch one shilling of that provision. They have been doing well in the little holding they have, and they lay by their store against old age, and jealously keep their own counsel about it. Now, for such men, land is a natural investment for their money. It is safer than the bank, it gives a thousandfold more pleasure day after day than the deposit receipt, and it will furnish, by the personal skill of the possessor, far higher returns than the rate of interest. Above all, it makes them their own masters, both as towards men and fate. They can grow their own crops in their own way, and there is nobody from whom they need hide their earnings or their votes. From all we read of the old peasant proprietary of England, this personal independence was the quality they inwardly prized most. Pringle describes the statesmen of Westmoreland as insisting on being treated with respect by their superiors and all the world, and as being, through their consciousness of independence, very impatient of insult or oppression; and Marshall says of those of Yorkshire, "There is no country, I will venture to affirm, where industry and economy are more conspicuous, or where a personal independence is so strongly rooted among men in middle life." With men of that character, their property is part of their individual being, and they surrender it, not from choice, but from necessity.

* See Report of Agricultural Commission, 1881, p. 250.

If, then, it be accepted as a general account of the matter, that most of the English yeomen sold their land because they found it no longer possible to make both ends meet by holding it, the next question comes to be, why this should have been so? Why should a class of men, once renowned for living in plenty, have fallen into general distress? In the first place, the age of plenty, when labourers were restrained by sumptuary laws, and the old "glory of hospitality" still lit up the life of the yeomanry, was already a golden age of tradition, long before the beginning of last century, and though many of the yeomen were undoubtedly still rich, the body of them are always described, even when farming was prosperous, as living in a condition of marvellous happiness upon very little. Bailey and Culley say of the statesmen of Cumberland: "They are rarely aspiring, and seem content with their situation, nor is luxury in any shape an object of their desires. Their little estates, which they cultivate with their own hands, produce almost every necessary article of food; and clothing they in part manufacture for themselves. They have a high character for sincerity and honesty, and probably few people enjoy more ease and humble happiness."* Arthur Young writes of those of Lincolnshire: "They are very poor respecting money, but very happy respecting their mode of existence. . . . Though I have said they are happy, yet I should note that it was remarked to me that the little proprietors work like negroes, and do not live so well as the inhabitants of the poorhouse, but all is made amends for by possessing land."† Even in their palmiest days, therefore, they never had much margin to come and go on. Most of them were what we should call peasant proprietors, and that has, probably, always been so. For there is wonderfully little evidence of any pernicious subdivision of peasant properties in England. Their usual size in one county is often considerably less than in another, but their size in each county in the eighteenth century was probably much the same as their size in the sixteenth. For example, if there was any county where the effects of subdivision would be seen, had they existed, it would be Kent, because succession was there regulated by the law of gavelkind. Now, the yeomen of Kent have from all time enjoyed a reputation for exceptional wealth. Fuller says the ancient hospitality of England gave her last groan among them, and there is an old saying—

"A Spanish Don, a German Count, and a French Marquis,
A Yeoman of Kent is worth them all three."

And as they were then, Marshall found them in his time, men distinguished for wealth and respectability, and he observes:—"Out of the law of gavelkind this valuable order of men have principally risen, and seeing the present flourishing state of this country after

* "Cumberland," p. 181.

† "Lincoln," pp. 17, 18.

700 years of experience, the wisdom of that law appears in a very strong light." The principle of subdivision had been in operation for centuries, and left that county not a rabbit warren of paupers, as certain economists would have inferred, but exactly what it found it, a nursery of wealthy and respectable occupying proprietors; and we may safely infer that, if subdivision told so little in Kent, it would not have told more in other counties where the practice of gavel-kind did not prevail. The estates of the yeomanry were, therefore, in all likelihood always pretty nearly such as they are described by the agricultural writers of last century, and while they allowed the conditions of a singularly contented and happy life, they left no spare income, and never enabled their owners to rise much above the water's edge.

In these circumstances much less than the economical changes of the last hundred years, which have revolutionized agriculture and manufactures alike, would have told seriously on such a class of men. These changes withdrew, one after another, the various auxiliary means of support on which these men had been formerly accustomed to lean. An agricultural family was then never purely agricultural, but during the slack period of farm labour they were always busy making articles of common use for themselves, or even for sale. They repaired their own houses, made their own leather, brewed their own beer, spun their own wool, sometimes wove, fulled, and dyed their own cloth. The carrying trade of the country was largely in their hands, or when it was not, it gave opportunities for hiring out their spare horses to the cottagers who conducted it. In Westmoreland, particularly near Kendal, we learn from Pringle that they generally employed themselves during their slack times at the farm in weaving stuffs for the manufacturers of that town. In Axholme they grew flax and hemp in the summer and prepared them for the market in the winter. Now time gradually took props of that kind away from them entirely. The introduction of roads, and still more of canals and railways, diverted the carrying trade into special hands; the steam engine and the spinning jenny destroyed the domestic manufactures; while the growth of towns, by opening a larger market for farm produce, has contributed with these other changes to make of agriculture a distinct profession, confining itself to its own productions, and producing them no longer for personal use, but for profitable sale.

Agriculture having now become the sole staff of their existence, I fear it must be said further that the small yeomen showed neither the skill nor the disposition to turn their land to the most profitable account. Marshall praises the industry and economy of the occupying proprietary of Yorkshire, but declares at the same time that "the small estates of the yeomanry are notorious for bad management." Bailey and Culley say that "the statesmen of Cumberland seem to

inherit with the estates of their ancestors their notions of cultivating them, and are almost as much attached to the one as to the other.”*

The same tale is told by most other writers who have occasion to speak of the smaller yeomen. Good farming was, of course, not common anywhere then, and the “statesmen” were probably not much worse than their neighbours; but they were decidedly more averse to the adoption of novel methods. And this is in exact accordance with the psychological characteristics of the class. A sort of epidemic of speculation sometimes breaks out among a body of peasant proprietors; it has done so lately in France. But as a rule they are too anxious to keep what they have to risk it on any but the surest and best tried hope of making more. They play a safe game: they hug the shore, and yet hugging the shore was in their case, as it so often is, the course of peril and shipwreck. They had to weather a transition period, when they had lost certain supplementary sources of income, and were reduced to dependence on their agricultural skill alone; they could only by improved methods make agriculture productive enough to compensate them for the advantages they had lost; and against these methods they entertained, as a body, an inveterate prejudice.

Mr. Arthur Arnold seems to think that even better methods could not have saved them, inasmuch as the general size of their holdings was unsuitable to the modern conditions of agriculture. There may be some force in this, though we do not know exactly what the average size of their holdings really was, nor is it easy to decide what size of holding is the fittest under modern conditions, especially as those conditions are themselves undergoing transformation, and are in any case modified by considerations of locality, soil, climate, and capital. In Axholme their properties ran from four to twenty acres; in Cumberland, as Sir J. Caird informs us, from 40 to 100. The Cumberland proprietor of 40 acres lived exactly like the Axholme proprietor of four; they both lived like labourers, or, if anything, a shade worse. Now, the economical advantage of the labouring proprietor lies in the minute personal care and perpetual industry he bestows on his fields, and that advantage will tell much more in proportion on good soil than on bad. The Axholme estate is small, so that every inch of it receives the owner’s minutest attention; and there is no better land in England, so that any expenditure of additional labour tells in a sensible way on the production. On the other hand, the Cumberland estate is less fertile, and being ten times as large it cannot enjoy in all its parts the same amount of the interested personal attention of the proprietor. In Lincolnshire the small owners who do best are those whose holdings do not exceed ten acres. Mr. Druce mentions that a landlord who lived in the neighbourhood of small freeholders Boston said to him that “an industrious owner and tenant of

* “Cumberland,” p. 181.

acres is generally more prosperous and gets more out of the land than larger farmers;" and adds that Mr. A., living also in the neighbourhood of Boston, agreed with this, but explained that "a thrifty man with not more than ten acres did well, but with more than that not so well; the small men, those with two acres or so, did very well, as they could work as labourers in addition to cultivating their own land."

But in considering the causes that affected the economic position of the yeomen for the worse, we must not forget that along with the contraction of income already spoken of there came in an increase of expenses. Farm operations grew more costly; taxation was felt sorely in some quarters; and a better style of living became common. All these causes are specified by various agricultural writers as having prejudiced the situation of the yeoman and forced him to sell his property.

The second and third of the great causes which we have specified as contributing to the fall of the yeomanry need not detain us so long as the first. Not that they are less important. Quite the contrary; they explain, if not why the old order of yeomen perished, still the equally important point, why a new order of yeomen has not arisen. But we have no data for following their operation in detail, and their general operation is so obvious that it requires little explanation. The small farm has retained a distinct and assured place in modern agriculture: why should not the small estate? For example, whatever may be said of corn farming, nobody disputes that for dairy and market gardening purposes, the small holding is more suitable than the large. Why then have the small dairy farmers and market gardeners of England not given birth to a yeoman class by buying their farms? The answer, of course, is, in the first place, that half the land of England—it is alleged by some three-fourths of it—is not an exchangeable commodity at all. As the effect of two hundred years of the law of entail, half the country has no real proprietor. Estates have accumulated in the hands of persons who enjoy a life-rent of them, but have no power to sell and devise them. And people can never buy what never gets into the market. But even if all artificial restrictions were removed, and as much land came regularly into the market as would then naturally come, there are still great odds against yeoman purchasers.

The third of the general causes to which I have alluded is a not less powerful preventive than the land laws of an occupying or farming proprietary, and it is a force peculiar to this country in the degree of its strength; I mean the immense and increasing number of large fortunes made in trade in the great towns and in the Colonies, and all seeking land between the four seas of Britain. The British Islands, said Fox, are only the chief town of England. Wherever money is made it comes back to bury itself in its native earth.

The strain of that competition may be eased a little by the abolition of laws interfering with the free exchangeability of land, but so long as the population, wealth, and connections of the nation increase as they are doing, while the extent of its soil continues the same, that competition will always raise the price of land to a figure above its purely commercial value to the cultivator. At the beginning of this century, Arthur Young could still speak of the cultivator as the person who could afford to pay highest for land; but the farmers of the present day—at least the capitalist farmers—are, with few exceptions, of a contrary opinion. They are certainly averse—for the first time in their history—to invest in land, and believe it to be more profitable to rent it. To men of fortune land is not an instrument of production, but of consumption; it is, as we are so often told, a luxury. What they buy is not agricultural soil, but social importance, and while social importance is exceptionally attached to landed property, and the number of persons continues to increase who are able to pay a premium to obtain it, the occupier will remain at a disadvantage in the competition. Besides, the main benefits the occupier derives from ownership arise from the security of tenure and facilities for improvement which ownership affords him; but if these benefits are, as seems likely, conferred on him by law in his present position of tenant, he will have much less desire than he has even now to change his condition. The abolition of the existing land laws will doubtless tend to break up large estates, but how far it will restore an occupying or farming proprietary is another question.

If we can trust present indications, the only class of farmers who are likely to become purchasers of land are the peasants. Their feelings about land are not those of the capitalist; to them land is a luxury. They buy it for an established home of their own; they buy it for personal independence. Now, personal independence is a luxury: it is the luxury of the poor; and is exactly what social importance is with the rich. And they are prepared to pay a luxury price for it. It is not in France or Belgium only that the small owner, working his fields with his own hands, astonishes everybody by the figure he gives for land: and astonishes them still more by taking his own out of it again. The same thing used to occur in this country, and occurs in some parts of it still. One great obstacle to the restoration of a peasant proprietary, of course, is that landlords will only part with a considerable circumscription, and will not subdivide it in small lots unless there is likely to be a sufficient number of small purchasers to take the whole of them. But that exists already in various quarters, and may be expected to exist in many others, when land changes hands more frequently. Where, we cannot say; for the rage of possession is capricious. At present there are some parishes of Somersetshire, where it will pay to subdivide an estate into

small lots, while in the parishes next them it will not ; but why, no one knows, not even the solicitor or auctioneer who gives the advice.*

The question of the possibility of an enduring peasant proprietary in England—at present interesting many persons—turns, of course, on the degree in which the three general forces, which have destroyed such a proprietary in the past, are likely to be counteracted in the future. One of these—the land laws—will, we may assume, be presently abolished altogether ; another, the non-agricultural competition for land, we may also assume, will gain rather than lose in weight, but for reasons just mentioned may be not unsuccessfully met by peasants in favourable centres all over the country, if the third of the general forces specified, the economic conditions of the English agriculturist, can be expected to admit of it. The solution of the question depends mainly on this last consideration—viz., whether a peasant proprietary is consistent with modern agricultural conditions ; and that is practically settled by the case of the Isle of Axholme. The freeholders of Axholme are less survivals of the past than pledges of the future. They are not individual relics of an old and defunct system ; the system itself lives there, and lives with a modern life, established and at home among modern conditions. They grow the same crops as the large modern farmers, and just as heavy ; they employ the same methods and appliances ; they use manures, they give cake to their cattle, they combine to drain their ground, they combine to hire threshing-machines, and though they never make wealth, they feel themselves as secure and independent as if they did, and would not change their system or their condition. They are worth considering a little more closely.

It is a common mistake to consider them a Dutch colony. They are really English of the English, and were a great plague to Vermuyden and his successors. Mr. Druce visited them a few years ago, as an Assistant-Commissioner on Agriculture, and describes them as living mostly in villages ; their houses, though small, being sufficient, and generally neat and tidy. The farms were a little way off, and were laid out in very large fields, cultivated in long, narrow, ribbonlike stripes or ridges extending the whole length of the field, but being each of them only a few yards broad. There was no waste, not even a headland, the plough being turned on the road. There were no fences or enclosures between one man's land and another's. Usually each owner possessed one of the stripes mentioned, often however two or more, and these were as frequently at a distance from one another as contiguous. The size of each man's possession had diminished somewhat since Young's time. Many of them had less than an acre, but as a rule it was unusual in dividing a man's property by will to leave less than an acre to any one son. They were generally not subdivided, but sold at the death of the owner,

* See Mr. Sturge's Evidence, Royal Commission on Agriculture, 1881.

and the proceeds divided. Few had inherited, almost all had purchased, their holdings.

Land changed hands very frequently, and there was generally a keen demand for it. The owners had a rage to add a bit to their property, and there was a strong desire on the part of day labourers to become owners. They would lay by some of their wages, sometimes £20, sometimes £100, and would invest it in land, and their great motive was to have a place of their own against the chances of life. Land fetched a very high price, as much as £80 to £120 per acre. The crops grown were chiefly wheat and potatoes, year about. There was no fallow and no grass; nor any cattle or sheep, but every farmhouse had its pig, and a few poultry for home use. Every small owner kept one or more horses, those who had more letting them for job-work to those who had less. Their only social distinction rested on this possession. They were known among themselves as one-horse, two-horse, or three-horse men. Their land was exceptionally fertile; Mr. Stonehouse said it was too fertile for wheat, which grew up so heavily as to fall to the ground, but probably wheat and potatoes in endless succession have served to keep it sufficiently under since his day. At any rate, Mr. Druce makes no complaint; it was, he says, a Garden of Eden. They cultivated their farms on the same principle as the large farmers in the same county, except that they had wheat and potatoes oftener. There was no spade husbandry; the land was all ploughed with horses. They manured their ground, using however less artificial manure than the larger farmer, because they were too poor to buy it, but they raised just as heavy crops, and kept their fields just as clean and tidy.

When a peasant proprietary is spoken of, it is usual to consider it a final and conclusive objection, that they could never undertake drainage or other permanent improvements on the great scale now essential to agricultural success. The Axholme tenants have surmounted this difficulty; they have effected permanent improvements on the great scale, in the only way small farmers can do them, by co-operation. For this fact we are indebted, not to Mr. Druce, but to the *Times*.

"It might be thought," says the writer in that journal already alluded to, "that drainage by steam power must be limited to districts of considerable estates or large farms, but in one case at least, where the open field land lies at a low level, the small husbandmen considered, at a public meeting, a proposal for improved drainage, consented to a plan, erected a steam engine for turning wheel and sluice, cut and deepened many drains at considerable annual expense, paying their drainage tax of 2s. to 5s. per acre. In another case, a large body of these owners have just agreed to lay down an eight-inch pipe drain crossing a long series of stripe lands, in order that the owner of each stripe may lead into it a subsoil drain down the line parting his plot from the next."

Arthur Young noticed their remarkable spirit of ready co-operation

and mutual assistance in his days, and Mr. Druce mentions still that they seldom employ labourers, and need not because they help one another in busy seasons. A good deal of their success must be attributed to their habit of co-operation.

Notwithstanding all that has now been said, Mr. Druce thinks that the peasant proprietary system has proved a failure in Axholme, and that if it has failed there, where the land is so fertile, it must *à fortiori* fail everywhere else. He acknowledges that up till a few years ago they were very successful; but at the time he visited them he found them in extremities, sorely pinched, sunk in debt, and obliged to resort to shifts which, he says, it was pitiable to witness. But then he visited them after the bad years which had created a general agricultural crisis in the country important enough to call for a Royal Commission of Inquiry. There is no evidence that they suffered more than small tenants, still less that they suffered more than large tenants; for the balance of testimony before that Commission goes to show that the large tenants were the chief sufferers of all. They were at this time living more hardly than usual, but that is only the natural recuperative policy of the small owners—and of the large too. Most of their estates—three-fourths of them, Mr. Druce believes—were mortgaged, and mortgaged in many cases up to three-fourths of their value, to village solicitors who lent the money they were purchased with; and at the time of Mr. Druce's visit scarcely one of the small owners was able to pay to the mortgagee—or "the monkey," as he is called in the Isle, from, we suppose, the fable of the monkey and the cats—the annual interest on his bond, and he had forborne to foreclose only because, in consequence of the agricultural crisis, land could not be sold to advantage. But peasant properties, like other properties, are mortgaged everywhere; and why not? Mortgaging merely gives the owner a larger working capital, and the usual interest in Axholme, being 4 or $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., is by no means usurious. Their little properties have always been mortgaged; that is part of the system. They were mortgaged during the years Mr. Druce admits them to have been successful, and they are as often burdened for the sake of improvements in good times as of necessity in bad. No doubt the mortgagee will not make deductions from his annual interest or condone the arrears altogether as a landlord might do with his rent, nor do the small freeholders ask or expect him to do so. And the very proof of the success of the system lies there: while large farmers in every part of England are demanding very substantial reductions of rent as the indispensable means of enabling them to carry on at all, the peasant owners of Axholme are confident that two or three good years will make them all right again. Mr. Druce himself tells us that with all their trials and straits they would not change their system for one of tenancy; and the Vicar of Haxey writes to Mr.

Shaw Lefevre that "although, at the present moment, there is serious distress amongst people of all kinds, yet among the small owners they are confident that two or three good years will make all things right again."*

Now of course we shall be told that there is something exceptional in Axholme. It is always so. One of the few bright passages in the evidence before the Agricultural Commission is a letter from a small owner in another part of England, who produced from his three acres of ground 40 to 45 bushels per acre during the bad years, when other farmers did not average more than 25, and this is set down as exceptional, as if that was not the very reason it ought to be more closely examined. The French peasants succeed on very poor soil, turning rocks into blossoms and sand into gold, as Arthur Young describes them; and we are told that on such land nobody else could succeed, because nobody else would take the trouble. The Axholme freeholders succeed on very fertile soil, and we are told that on land like theirs nobody could possibly fail. But taking one place with another in all the complexity of their circumstances, situations vary so much, that most of them may be said to be exceptional in some particulars. We cannot say beforehand where a peasant proprietary is likely or unlikely to thrive. In England they have thriven best, where they cultivate precisely the crops for which the large farm is claimed to be indisputably best suited, and they have died out entirely in the dairy districts where the small farm abounds and is particularly prosperous. Time alone can tell where they will spring up again, or whether they will spring up again at all. Mr. A. Arnold is undoubtedly too sanguine when he expects them to cover the land when the abolition of entail gives them a chance to grow; but, on the other hand, and in contradiction to the opinion of the Royal Commission, I think I have produced sufficient evidence to show that there is nothing in the habits of the English people or the conditions of English agriculture to prevent their growth. A peasant proprietary will form its own habits in the teeth of national diversities. Property is education, and in their case it is everywhere the same education. The old yeomanry of England, whose merry days and profuse table have been long the theme of song and legend, were in reality, when we come to see them at home in last century, exactly the same toiling, thrifty, humbly yet proudly contented beings that we now either pity or admire, or both, in the peasantry of France. Except for half a century a peasant proprietary has always been an English institution, and there seems no reason why it should not have a place, valuable still, if not so important as before, in the England of the future.

E.

* Evidence before Royal Commission

EARTH MOVEMENTS IN JAVA.

THOSE who in recent times have begun to doubt whether the records of ancient earthquakes can possibly be veracious—whether tens of thousands of human beings have ever been destroyed by earththroe—must have had their doubts displaced by the account of the terrible earthquake in Java. Here not only such numbers as the ancient records mention have perished, but the aspect of an extent of earth-surface to be measured certainly by hundreds of thousands of square miles has been altered. The earth-fashioning power of vulcanian forces has been displayed, as Sir Charles Lyell long since showed that they may be displayed in our own times; and the truth is made clear to us that though the period of volcanic disturbances, in which the mountain ranges were formed, may be removed by hundreds of thousands of years from the present era, yet this era is in truth part of that remote one. The earth's frame is still instinct with the fiery energies to which the Alps and the Apennines, the Himalayas, the Andes, and the Rocky Mountains, owe their formation.

The region of disturbance in which the recent great earthquake occurred has long been known to geologists as one in which the earth's subterranean forces show themselves most actively. It has been said of the whole range of islands, from the Aleutian Islands to Sumatra, extending along the eastern and south-eastern coast-line of Asia, that they are but the upraised parts of a region of the earth's crust which is simply alive with the action of subterranean forces. Professor Milne, of Japan, has said of a portion of this region, and certainly not the most active portion, that earthquakes are in reality of almost momentary occurrence, though it will, of course, be understood that in so speaking he refers not to earthquakes which can be

clearly felt, still less to those which can destroy life, but to those undulations and oscillations of the earth's crust which, imperceptible by ordinary observation, are rendered evident by the action of delicate seismometers.

Java itself, though it has not been heretofore the scene of quite such disastrous earthquakes as have occurred in other places (as, for instance, in Sicily and Calabria in the Old World, and in Peru and Chili in the New), is nevertheless one of the most singularly volcanic regions of the earth. There are thirty-eight large volcanoes in Java, some of which are more than 10,000 feet in height. It is a peculiarity of the earthquakes in this region that they seldom eject lava, but enormous masses of mud—"rivers of mud," they have been called—flow from them. Enormous quantities of sulphur are also emitted, with sulphurous vapours poisoning the air for miles around. Van der Boon Mesch, speaking of the eruption of Galungung, in Java, on October 8, 1822, says that the mountain began to belch forth hot water and a mass of mud and burning sulphur, and the streams of these overflowed fields distant more than ten miles from the mountains.

This mountain of Galungung is situate in the interior of Java, far from the scene of the recent earthquake. In 1822 its sides were covered with forest-trees. All around was a fruitful region, and the district was inhabited by a numerous and thriving community. Even as Vesuvius, at the beginning of this century, had long been supposed dead, so was it with Galungung. No tradition remained among the people that this mountain had ever been in eruption, though a circular hollow at its summit showed the student of geology that the mountain had once been an active volcano. It was noticed in June, 1882, that the waters of the river Kunir, or Chikunir, one of several flowing from the flanks of Galungung, were hot and muddy. They deposited a white powder, exhaled a sulphurous odour, and became acid and bitter to the taste. On October 8, at one in the afternoon, terrible roarings were heard. The mountain was immediately hidden by a dense smoke, and hot waters, muddy and sulphurous, poured from all sides down the flanks of the mountain, destroying and bearing away all that they encountered in their passage. With horror men saw, says Léopold de Buch, the river Chiwulem, at Badang, carrying down towards the sea an immense number of corpses of men and animals—rhinoceroses, tigers, stags, and even entire houses. For two hours, he goes on, this eruption of hot and muddy water continued; but these two hours sufficed to consummate the ruin and the devastation of a whole province. After it ceased (at three in the afternoon) a heavy rain of cinders and lapilli destroyed such trees and fields as hitherto had escaped. At five calm was restored, and the mountain reappeared. But all the villages around, every single habitation, to a

distance of several leagues from the mountain, had been covered in by mud. On the 12th, at seven in the evening, the mountain again began its work of destruction. On this occasion the torrents of hot and muddy water rushed so violently towards the valleys that they bore with them rocks and forests (*des forêts entières*) in such sort that hills were raised in parts where a moment before there had been but a plain. "It was soon impossible," adds De Buch, whose account we have followed, "to recognize this valley, formerly so fertile and so well peopled."

Sir Charles Lyell, speaking of this eruption, says that—"immense columns of hot water and boiling mud, mixed with burning brimstone, ashes and lapilli of the size of nuts, were projected from the mountain like a waterspout with such prodigious violence that large quantities fell beyond the river Tandui, which is forty miles distant." This stupendous energy of ejection has been doubted. If the Tandui river was really overpassed by the range of these lapilli, the distance traversed certainly exceeded forty miles, as Mr. Peacock has shown in a recent work (*"Saturated Steam the Motive Power in Volcanoes and Earthquakes"*). In fact, on the shortest distance between Galungung and the Tandui river there are forty geographical miles, or forty-six English miles. The range is enormous. Our most powerful cannon, in which all the forces exerted are carefully directed to obtain velocity of outrush, will not propel missiles, even when these are specially prepared to travel with the least possible resistance through the air, to a greater distance than seven or eight miles. Eruptive forces capable of projecting light matter to a distance of over forty miles, though the chief part of their energies must of necessity have been engaged in ejecting the torrents of mud and water which changed the whole aspect of the region round the volcano, must have been of terrible might. As the straw shows which way the wind blows, so the fall of one of the least and highest of these lapilli beyond the Tandui showed the fearful nature of the forces at work beneath Galungung. It is noteworthy, however, that the forces exerted within the mountain seem to have been directed at a considerable angle to the vertical. Had the mud and water and lapilli been projected equally in all directions above the horizon, the quantity falling around the mountain would have been rather greater near the crater than at a distance from it. But actually the reverse was the case. For it was remarked, says Lyell, "that the boiling mud and cinders were projected with such violence from the mountain, that while remote villages were utterly destroyed and buried, others much nearer the volcano were scarcely injured." A space of twenty-four mountains between the mountain and Tandui was covered, Lyell adds, "to such a depth with bluish mud, that people were buried in their houses, and not a trace of the numerous

villages and plantations throughout that extent was visible." It was estimated that about 4,000 persons perished on this occasion.

The eruption of Papandayung in 1772 was even more terrible, though we have not records so complete. Formerly Papandayung was one of the highest volcanoes in Java. But suddenly the sides of the mountain gave way. A region fifteen miles long and six broad was engulfed. Forty villages were destroyed, some disappearing with the sinking earth, others being buried under the masses of mud and clay thrown out from the mountain. The cone was reduced from 9,000 feet in height to about 5,000. In this case, as in the eruption of Galunggung, the ejected matter reached enormous distances; for Junghuhn, who examined the mountain in 1842, found that towns and villages were destroyed which were far from the cone; they were buried, like Herculaneum and Pompeii, under a mass of ejected matter. Junghuhn infers that the lowering of the mountain was due for the most part to explosion rather than engulfment. But there seems to me no sufficient reasons for disbelieving the statements made in 1772, to the effect that the flanks of the mountains fell in before the eruption began. About 3,000 perished on this occasion.

It has been noted, and with justice, that several circumstances in the eruption of Papandayung, in 1772, resemble, though on even a grander scale, the tremendous eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. The reduction of the crater in height corresponds to the change in the height of Somma, the ancient crater of Vesuvius, when, after many centuries of quiescence, the volcano again became active. Moreover, as Sir Charles Lyell says, it is probable that a new cone will one day rise out of the ruins of the ancient Papandayung, even as the modern Vesuvius has risen from the remains of Somma.

The earthquake of Sumbawa, in 1815, belongs to the disturbances which we associate with the Javan volcanic system, although Sumbawa is about 200 miles from the eastern extremity of Java. Yet this earthquake is related to the Javan disturbances somewhat as the Chilian earthquakes are related to those in Peru; they indicate movements on opposite sides of a sort of centre of relative quiescence. It is, indeed, noteworthy that Sumatra, Java, and Bali (the small island between Java and the Straits of Lombok), may be regarded as forming a single volcanic region; while those on the other or eastern side of the straits of Lombok, including Lumbawa, belong to a different region of volcanic disturbance. The straits of Lombok, though narrow, deserve to be regarded as forming a special dividing line between two distinct regions; for the simple reason that the straits of Sunda, and the passages between the various islands between Java and the Lombok straits, are demonstrably of much more recent formation than the deep rift through which the straits

of Lombok flow. "The straits of Lombok are only fifteen miles across," says Lyell, "less wide than the straits of Dover; and yet the contrast between the animals of various classes on both sides of this narrow channel is as great as that between the old and new worlds."

It is, indeed, surprising that the difference, not only in species but in genera, should be as great between the fauna of Lombok and the fauna of Bali, as we usually find only where a wide ocean flows between two regions. On one side we have the fauna proper to the Indian region, on the other the Australasian fauna. This extends to the human race. On one side of the straits of Lombok we have the Malayan type, and on the other the Pacific type (including Papuans and Polynesians, as well as Australasians). So far as human races are concerned, we can infer nothing as to a past connection between Sumatra, Borneo, Java, and Bali, on the one hand, and between Celebes, the Moluccas, New Guinea, Timor, Floris, Sumbawa, and Lombok, on the other; for men could readily cross from island to island. But when we find all races of animals in one set of islands akin to each other, and those in the other set akin to each other but altogether distinct from the former, it becomes as certain that the straits of Sunda, and the other straits separating each set of islands, were of comparatively recent formation, as that the straits of Lombok must have been an impassable barrier for all animals, except those domesticated by man, for periods of time of much greater duration.

The earthquake of Sumbawa, in 1815, was comparable with the recent earthquake so far as the material changes wrought by it were concerned, though not in the destruction of life and property. The eruption began on April 5, though it is noteworthy that in April, 1814, the volcano had given signs of activity, ashes flung from within it having fallen on the decks of passing vessels. The sound of the explosions which accompanied the beginning of the earthquake-throes on April 5, 1815, were heard in Sumatra on the west, at a distance of more than 700 English miles, and in Ternate on the east, at a distance of more than 800 miles—that is, over a range of more than 1,900 miles, a distance equal to nearly a quarter of the earth's diameter. Of 12,000 persons in the province of Tomboro, in Sumbawa, only twenty-six survived. The progress of the earthquake was accompanied by violent atmospheric disturbances, whirlwinds of tremendous force tearing the largest trees up by the roots, and carrying into the air, men, horses, cattle, and whatever else was encountered in their course. Houses at Bima, forty miles east of the centre of disturbance, were rendered uninhabitable by heavy falls of ashes. On the west, the ashes from the volcano were carried still farther—viz., fully 300 miles—in sufficient quantities to darken the air! In Celebes, 217 miles from Sumbawa, a similar phenomenon was observed.

It is said that in Java the darkness caused by the ashes was deeper than that of the darkest night. Mr. Crawford states that some of the finer particles of the volcanic dust ejected from Sumbawa were carried as far as Amboyna and Banda, the latter island being about 800 miles east of the volcano. As the south-east monsoon was at its height, and would have carried the dust in the opposite direction, the volcanic dust must have been projected into those upper regions of the air where the counter-current prevailed. The dust formed a fine, almost impalpable powder, yet when compressed it was found to have considerable weight, a pint weighing twelve ounces and three-quarters. As in the recent earthquake, and in the great earthquakes of Peru, the sea played an important part in the earthquake of Sumbawa. The town of Tomboro was overflowed, the sea remaining eighteen feet deep where before there had been land. But far beyond the limits of Sumbawa, a wave, varying in height from two to twelve feet, rolled upon the shores. At Bima every proa and boat was forced from its anchorage and flung on the coast.

The oscillations of the earth, with subterranean rumblings, bellowings, and so forth, were noticed over an area about 1,000 miles in diameter around Sumbawa as a centre. This would correspond to an area of about 800,000 square miles. It included the Moluccas, Java, and a large portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Java.

Sir Charles Lyell calls attention to the fact that but for the accidental presence of Sir Stamford Raffles in Java (as governor), we should scarcely have heard in Europe of this tremendous disturbance of the earth's crust. He was told that similar effects, though in less degree, had accompanied an eruption of Carang Assam, in Bali, west of the straits of Lombok, seven years before; but of that disturbance no records have reached us.

The earthquake of January 5, 1699, in Java, was remarkable chiefly for the great number of shocks which were noticed during its progress, no less than 208 having been recorded. The centre of disturbance seems to have been Mount Salek, a volcano six days' journey from Batavia; yet in this city many houses were overthrown. The Batavian river, which rises in Mount Salek, became very muddy and rose high above its banks. It bore down bushes and trees, partly burned. The water overflowed the gardens round the town, so that dead fishes were found strewn over them when the waters retreated. Drowned buffaloes, tigers, rhinoceroses, deer, apes, and other wild beasts, were carried down by the current. Crocodiles were killed, though the river was their home. Nay, all the fish in the river were killed, except only the carp. The accounts of the earthquake state that seven hills on the river banks sank down, and filled the channel of the river, and the waters having to find their way under the mass of earth thus thrown across the river from either

side, flowed out thick, and muddy, beyond these obstructions. The Tangaran river was similarly dammed up by no less than nine landslips; for doubtless Sir Charles Lyell is right in considering that, when the accounts speak of the fall of hills into the river, great landslips only were meant.

It is singular that in a later earthquake in Java—namely, the earthquake at Batur in 1786—a river was forced by the changes which took place in the banks to pursue a subterranean course. The river Dotog began, after the earthquake, to pour into one of several newly formed rents, and it has ever since continued to flow along the new course which it formed for itself underground.

It appears from all the records of Javan earthquakes and volcanic disturbances, that the feature noticed at the outset is really characteristic of subterranean disturbances in Java. As De Buch has said, it would seem that the effect of volcanic action in Java is to develop enormous quantities of sulphurous and aqueous vapours, which attacking the rocks forming the interior of the mountain, decompose them into the consistence of paste, and at length, when the solid mass is destroyed so as no longer to be able to oppose an effective resistance, the vapours force their way out, and the fluid mass escapes through the crevices, not like a current of viscous lava, but as torrents of water, leaping through every tiny opening they can find. M. Payen, painter and naturalist, who endeavoured to approach Galunggung after the eruption of 1822, was prevented by masses of clay and numerous crevasses. This destructive clay was examined later by M. Blume, the botanist. He describes it as of a yellowish-brown colour, earthy and friable, exhaling a sulphurous odour, and burning readily. No doubt a large portion of its substance was sulphur. This substance, called *Bua* by the Malays, is analogous to the Moya of the Andes, of Quito, which (Humboldt tells us) destroyed thirty or forty thousand lives in the great eruption of 1798.

The emission of enormous quantities of sulphurous vapours would account for the existence of the so-called poison-valleys of Java. The famous Guevo Upas was one of these. An extinct crater near Batur, forming a small valley about half a mile in circumference, was thus called, on account of its deadly character, the words meaning Valley of Poison. It was, and probably still is, a region of terror to the inhabitants of the surrounding region. Sir Charles Lyell says that every living being that penetrates into the valley falls down dead, and that the soil is covered with the carcases of tigers, deer, birds, and even the bones of men. Talaga Bodas is another crater described by Reinwardt as a poison valley. Pakamaran, a small depression in a gorge of the Dieuge mountains, has a similar reputation; but when visited by Dr. Otto Kuntze recently, it was found to be perfectly free from the lethal qualities attributed to it.

by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It is approached by two footpaths, winding downwards from the hills around the valley. Disregarding the entreaties of his servants, Dr. Kuntze entered the valley of death by one of these paths, and having traversed the valley in several directions, left it by the other path. "The natives assured him," he tells us, "that he would find the valley choked up by skeletons, as even the swiftest birds flying above it would drop down stone-dead, slain by its poisonous exhalations." But he failed to find even a single bone, nor was there the least unpleasant odour. He therefore pronounced Pakamaran "to be an imposture, the offspring of ignorance and superstition." Yet it is not clear that the tradition respecting the death-dealing qualities of this valley is a mere superstition. Quite possibly the valley was as poisonous at some former time as it is commonly reputed in the neighbourhood to be now; a similar tradition prevailed respecting Avernus, no doubt long after it had assumed its present innocuous condition. The name *Avernus* is, indeed, derived from the Greek *Aornos*, birdless, from the belief, once doubtless true, but now no longer so, that no bird could cross, even on swiftest wing, this fatal valley, without being destroyed by its poisonous exhalations.

A comparison of what has been said above respecting the principal volcanic eruptions and earthquakes in Java, with the records, so far as they have yet reached us, of the recent tremendous disturbance at the western extremity of the island—shows that the last Javan earthquake has surpassed all previous ones of which any records have reached us, in destruction of life and property, and probably also in the amount of material change which it has wrought. The fact that the Straits of Sunda have been so changed, that the passage is no longer safe for those using the old charts, speaks clearly enough on the last point. It shows that the subterranean forces at work in this part of the earth's surface are as energetic as those whose effects have been observed anywhere in either hemisphere.

With regard to the great sea-wave which followed the recent earthquake, spreading at least as far as San Francisco, there are no sufficient reports at the moment when these lines are written. We hear that on the day following the earthquake a series of waves flowed in at San Francisco, the water rising one foot at intervals of about an hour, and several hours passed before the abnormal undulation of the water ceased. This wave, by the way, was absurdly described in several newspapers as a tidal wave—a term which is, to say the least, misleading. If the word tidal-wave be understood, as it usually is, to refer to waves raised by the action of the moon and sun, then the expression as applied to the wave raised by an earthquake is altogether incorrect.

Now, in the case of the great earthquake of Peru, on Augu

1868, a much greater sea-wave was generated, so far at least as the recorded disturbance at San Francisco enables us to judge; for at Yokohama—which is considerably farther from Peru than San Francisco is from the Sunda Straits—an enormous wave flowed in on August 14, 1868. At less, but still vast distances the effects of the great sea-wave were still more remarkable. Thus some of the isles of the Tuomotu group were completely submerged. In the lonely Oparu Isle, the coaling station of the Panama and New Zealand steamships was visited by a billow which swept away a portion of the coal depôt. Great waves continued to roll in here at intervals of about twenty minutes, and several days passed before the sea resumed its ordinary ebb and flow. The effects observed on the shores of New Zealand were still more remarkable. The water was observed to retreat at Port Littleton, until the port was left entirely dry, and it so remained for about twenty minutes. Then the water was seen returning, like a wall of from 10 or 12 feet in height, which rushed with a tremendous noise upon the port and town. Towards five, the water again retired, very slowly as before, not reaching its lowest ebb till six. An hour later, another enormous wave rushed into the port. Four times, we are told, the sea retired and returned with great power at intervals of about two hours. Afterwards the waters began to be less disturbed; but it was not until the 18th, or four days after the disturbance began, that the regular ebb and flow of the tide was resumed.

It is probable that before these lines appear, news will have come in from several seaports and islands where sea disturbances caused by the recent earthquake have been observed. But already it is tolerably clear that the oceanic disturbances at equal distances were not to be compared with those which followed the great Peruvian earthquake of 1868 (a complete record of these remarkable phenomena is given in an essay entitled, "The Greatest Sea Wave ever Known," in the first series of my "Light Science for Leisure Hours"). I am inclined, indeed, noticing the relatively small oceanic oscillation observed at San Francisco, to regard with some doubt a few of the more stupendous phenomena which have been described in some papers, and especially in one New York paper, in connection with the recent earthquake.

And now it remains that a few remarks should be made on the evidence which such disturbances as those in Ischia and Java afford of terrestrial vitality. The material life of a planet is beginning to be recognised as being no less real than the life of a plant or of an animal. It is a different kind of life; there is neither consciousness such as we see in one of those forms of life, nor such systematic progress as we recognize in plant-life. But it is life, all the same. It has had a beginning, like all things which exist; and like them all, it must have an end.

The lifetime of a world like our earth may be truly said to be a lifetime of cooling. Beginning in the glowing vaporous condition which we see in the sun and stars, an orb in space passes gradually to the condition of a cool, non-luminous mass, and thence, with progress depending chiefly on its size (slower for the large masses and quicker for the small ones), it passes steadily onwards towards inertness and death. Regarding the state in which we find the earth to be as the stage of a planet's mid-life—viz., that in which the conditions are such that multitudinous forms of life can exist upon its surface, we may call that stage death in which these conditions have entirely disappeared. Now, among the conditions necessary for the support of life in general are some which are unfavourable to individual life. Among these may be specially noted the action of those subterranean forces by which the earth's surface is continually modelled and remodelled. It has been remarked with great justice, by Sir John Herschel, that since the continents of the earth were formed, forces have been at work which would long since have sufficed to have destroyed every trace of land, and to have left the surface of our globe one vast limitless ocean. But against these forces counter-acting forces have been at work, constantly disturbing the earth's crust, and, by keeping it irregular, leaving room for ocean in the depressions, and leaving the higher parts as continents and islands above the ocean's surface. If these disturbing forces ceased to work, the work of disintegrating, wearing away, and washing off the land would go on unresisted. In periods of time such as to us seem long, no very great effect would be produced; but such periods as belong to the past of our earth, even to that comparatively short part of the past during which she has been the abode of life, would suffice to produce effects utterly inconsistent with the existence of life on land. Only by the action of her vulcanian energies can the earth maintain her position as an abode of life. She is, then, manifesting her fitness to support life in those very throes by which, too often, many lives are lost. The upheavals and downsinkings, the rushing of ocean in great waves over islands and seaports, by which tens of thousands of human beings, and still greater numbers of animals, lose their lives, are part of the evidence which the earth gives that within her frame there still remains enough of vitality for the support of life during hundreds of thousands of years yet to come.

This vitality is not due, as seems commonly imagined, to the earth's internal heat. Rather the earth's internal heat is due to the vitality with which her frame is instinct. The earth's vitality is in reality due to the power of attraction which resides in every particle of her mass—that wonderful force of gravitation, omnipresent, infinite in extent, the property whose range throughout all space should have taught long since what science is teaching now (and has been foolishly

blamed for teaching), the equally infinite range of God's laws in time also. By virtue of the force of gravity pervading her whole frame, the crust of the earth is continually undergoing changes, as the loss of heat and consequent contraction, or chemical changes beneath the surface, leave room for the movement inwards of the rock-substances of the crust, with crushing, grinding action, and the generation of intense heat. If the earth's energy of gravity were lost, the internal fires would die out—not, indeed, quickly, but in a period of time very short compared with that during which, maintained as they constantly are by the effects of internal movements, they will doubtless continue. They are, in a sense, the cause of earthquakes, volcanoes, and so forth, because they prepare the earth's interior for the action of her energies of attraction. But it is to these energies and the material which as yet they have on which to work, that the earth's vitality is due. She will not, indeed, retain her vitality as long as she retains her gravitating power. That power must have something to work on. When the whole frame of the earth has been compressed to a condition of the greatest density which her attractive energies can produce, then terrestrial gravity will have nothing left to work on within the earth, and the earth's globe will be to all intents and purposes dead. She will continue to exercise her attractive force on bodies outside of her. She will rotate on her axis, revolve around the sun, and reflect his rays of light and heat. But she will have no more life of her own than has the moon, which still discharges all these planetary functions, yet has a surface arid and airless, dreary, desolate, and dead.

But such disturbances as the recent earthquakes, while disastrous in their effects to those living near the shaken regions, assure us that as yet the earth is not near death. She is still full of vitality. Thousands—nay, tens, hundreds of thousands—of years will still pass before even the beginning of the end is seen, in the steady disintegration and removal of the land without renovation or renewal by the action of subterranean forces.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE BENGAL TENANCY BILL.

I.

TELEGRAMS from India have, during the last few months, spoken of public meetings held in different parts of the Bengal Presidency, at which strong protests were entered against the provisions of a Bill bearing the above title, which is now under the consideration of the Indian Legislature. Petitions also against the same Bill were presented to Parliament in August last, but owing to the advanced period of the Session, their subject could not receive adequate attention. Meanwhile, it appears from the latest accounts from India, that, as the tendency of the measure is becoming more clearly exposed by public discussion, the opposition to the Bill is daily acquiring strength.

The object of the Bill, it has been officially proclaimed, is to ameliorate the position of the ryot or cultivating tenant, and its appearance (under a similar introduction) has been hailed in this country with great satisfaction. The purport of this paper is to inquire whether the professed object is attainable through the provisions of the Bill, and how some of those provisions are likely to affect the different classes whose interests are dealt with in the proposed law. To enable the general reader more easily to apprehend the bearing of the questions involved in the measure, a short review of the condition of the ryots or cultivating tenants in India may prove useful.

The severity of famines has forcibly drawn public attention to the destitute condition of the agricultural classes over a great portion of our Indian Empire. Deficient harvests during two successive years sufficed to cause the death of millions of inhabitants from starvation, although millions of public money were meanwhile expended in endeavours to relieve distress. This occurred in the Madras and

Bombay Presidencies in 1876 and 1877, and the North-Western Provinces of India were soon afterwards overtaken by the same scourge.

The destitution which thus results periodically in famine among the people, and in heavy pecuniary losses to the Government, proceeds from the fact that the produce of the land is insufficient to satisfy the two principal demands that are made upon it when the crops are matured—namely, the collector's demand for land revenue, and the money-lender's claim for the advances made by him. The latter claim is greatly swollen by the high rate of interest required to cover the risk of loans when the borrowers are men living in a permanent state of penury, and their fields can afford but little security to their creditors in consequence of the land in the above-mentioned provinces being periodically liable to arbitrary enhancements of the revenue demand. Under such circumstances the cultivator, even after a favourable season, is left without any surplus to lay by for deficient harvests, and he lives in a hopeless state of want, indebtedness, and discouragement.

The foregoing remarks apply more especially to the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, where the land is divided into small holdings. The remedial measures adopted in the latter province have failed in their object, because they ignored the main cause of the evil, which is the oppressive and arbitrary character of the revenue demand. The Agriculturists' Relief Act, based on the assumption that the exactions of the money-lender had impoverished the ryot, aggravated the position of the latter by driving away the native bankers; and the reductions in the revenue assessments, ultimately tried, have proved of little avail, because no security against future arbitrary enhancements was simultaneously offered. In Madras the impoverishment of the cultivating tenants has attracted the attention of the authorities by the increasing severity to which it has been necessary to resort in the collection of the revenue, and by the increasing number of farms that have annually been sold for arrears.

In the North-Western Provinces, where the estates are of considerable extent, things are also in a deplorable condition. The collector of Cawnpore, speaking of the cultivating classes in the Doab, said :—

"The margin left for the cultivator's subsistence is less than the value of the labour he has expended on the land. This district has the benefit of water communication by both the Ganges and the Jumna; it is intersected by the East Indian Railway, and is partly traversed by the Ganges Canal; yet the land is only worth five years' purchase, and the state of the average cultivator is one of hopeless insolvency and misery."

In Bengal, on the other hand, an entirely different state of

things prevails. The rice crops in that province failed in 1873-74, and a severe famine was apprehended; but the reserved means possessed by the peasantry, added to the assistance of the Government, enabled the people to tide over the season of scarcity without the occurrence of any famine-mortality; and while large remissions of land revenue had to be made in consequence of the famine in Madras and Bombay, no remission whatever was necessary in Bengal, the landholders there having been able to pay in full the revenue of the year of scarcity, 1873-74. This great difference arises from the circumstance that the land revenue assessments in Bengal being fixed in perpetuity, capital could be freely applied to the development of agriculture, without its fruit being exposed, as in the other provinces, to be absorbed in the revenue demand, at the revision of the assessment. These conditions have resulted in the creation of a prosperous peasantry, which Sir Ashley Eden, Lieut.-Governor of the Province, described in the following terms in 1877 :—

“I have just returned from visiting the Eastern districts. Great as was the progress which I knew had been made in the position of the cultivating classes, I was quite unprepared to find them occupying a position so different from that which I remembered them to occupy when I first came to the country. They were then poor and oppressed. I find them now as prosperous, as independent, and as comfortable as the peasantry, I believe, of any country in the world; well fed, well clothed, free to enjoy the full benefit of their labours, and to hold their own and obtain prompt redress for any wrong.”

The above description related to Eastern Bengal. Of Western Bengal or Behar, the Lieut.-Governor, addressing a deputation of landowners in 1881, said :—

“I assure you that nothing has given me greater pleasure than to notice, as I have had ample opportunities of doing, the extraordinary improvement in the condition of the people. There has been, with growing prosperity, an increase in the value of land, a general awakening of the cultivating classes, and an improved knowledge of their legal rights and privileges. There has also been a greater readiness on the part of the landlords to recognize and affirm the rights of the cultivators.”

This marked difference between the precarious and destitute condition of those provinces where the land-tax is periodically revised, and the prosperous and progressive state of Bengal, where it is permanently fixed, clearly indicates the direction in which a remedy should be sought for the famines which desolate India. When it became known, therefore, that the Government was about to bring forward a measure for improving the position of the ryot or cultivating tenant, great satisfaction was felt by the public in this country, who seemed to entertain no doubt that the measure was intended to raise the condition of the cultivators over those vast

tracts where their extreme poverty rendered them helpless, whenever their crops were deficient.

Such satisfaction, however, was destined to be of short duration. The measure was introduced in the Indian Legislative Council in March last, under the title of the Bengal Tenancy Bill, and the first question which its perusal suggests is, "While so much misery exists among the cultivators in Madras, Bombay, and the North-Western Provinces, why have those provinces been excluded from the operation of the Bill, and the measure been confined to Bengal where the cultivators are in a prosperous and improving condition, and where its necessity has not been shown?" The surprise and disappointment became greater still on a further examination of the Bill, when the startling fact appears, that its provisions, far from ameliorating the position of the cultivating tenant, are calculated, on the contrary, greatly to aggravate its difficulty, by depriving him of the protection he now enjoys against the undue enhancement of his rent.

It is true that the Bill proposes to restrain the power of the landlord to enhance rents on a class of middlemen who are now to be created under the designation of "occupancy tenants," but it places no restriction on the rents which the latter may exact from the sub-tenant or actual cultivator of the land.

In 1859, the Government being desirous of ensuring a certain degree of fixity in the tenure of farms, passed a law (Act X.), which gave to all tenants who had held their farms for twelve years a right to continue holding them as long as they paid their rents; and in order to protect them from any undue enhancement of rent, conditions were imposed on the landlords, the result of which somewhat exceeded the professed object, since it prevented the latter from securing even fair rents without much litigation and delay. The occupancy right granted by that Act, trenched, however, on the rights of the landlords; and Sir Barnes Peacock, in his Minute of March 4, 1864, said: "That section is objectionable and ought to be repealed, because it interferes with the just rights of the zemindars in the permanently settled districts, by vesting rights of occupancy in the ryots, which had no previous existence." The Act, however, has been in operation for nearly a quarter of a century, and rights have grown up under it which cannot now be fairly abrogated. That Act, however, did not give the occupancy tenant the power of transferring his right without the consent of the landlord, such power being calculated to inflict great injury on the latter, by compelling him to accept objectionable persons as tenants.

The Bengal Tenancy Bill now proposes that a tenant should at once acquire occupancy rights in all lands which he may rent in an estate, provided he can establish his continuous possession of *any*

plot in that estate for twelve years. The provision which rendered the punctual payment of rent an essential condition for the preservation of occupancy rights, is to be cancelled; and while the Bill gives to the new occupancy tenant the power of transferring his right to any other tenant, or to an outsider, it effectually debars the landlord from acquiring it, by imposing on him the condition, in case he should purchase an occupancy farm on his own estate, of reletting it again as an occupancy tenure at the rent he formerly received—while any outsider purchasing the farm, may let it at the highest rent he can obtain!

The Bill thus offers the strongest inducement to speculators and land-jobbers to acquire the extraordinary occupancy rights created by it; and its effect will inevitably be to call into existence a class of middlemen, who, being invested with the power of rack-renting the land, will greatly aggravate the position of the cultivating tenants for whose protection this Bill is said to have been framed.

From what has been said above, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the judges of the High Court of Bengal, having been requested last year to state their views on the proposed measure, which then bore the title of the "Rent Law," condemned its main provisions in the most unqualified terms. The Bill was less objectionable than it is under its present title; it required three years' tenure to create the new occupancy rights, and was different in some other respects. The Chief Justice, who was aware that the Bill had been altered after being referred to the High Court, observed in his Minute of September 6, 1882:—

"The Bill, for aught we know, may be submitted to the Secretary of State, in a form which the Bengal public has never seen, and upon which they have had no opportunity of making a single comment. In this form it will be discussed and possibly approved at the India Office, and if it is then sent back to this country to be dealt with in accordance with the views of the Secretary of State, it is clear that the classes whose interests it is calculated to injure, may be placed at very great disadvantage.

"It is, therefore, to be hoped that, under such circumstances, no attempt will be made to force the Bill unduly upon the Bengal Legislature, until the public have had a fair opportunity, after reading all that has been said about it both here and in England, of opposing such of its provisions as may seem to them unjust and inexpedient."

The Minute, then referring to the alleged necessity of a readjustment of the relations of landlord and tenant, proceeds to state:—

"The readjustment proposed by the Bill is calculated to deprive the landlord, *unjustly* and *unnecessarily*, in my opinion, of rights which the Courts of law have always considered to be their due. I lay special stress upon the word *unnecessarily*, because I find that some pains have been expended upon the argument that the Government, in case of necessity, has a right to interfere with vested interests. For my own part I consider the argument superfluous. I take it to be clear that any Government, *in case of real emergency*, has a right, so far as it is necessary, to interfere with vested rights. But

then I take it to be equally clear that, *without some such actual necessity*, no Government is justified in interfering with the vested rights of any class of its subjects, more especially when those interests have been created and defined, after due consideration, by the State's own legislative enactments.

"The question is whether there does or does not exist any such necessity as justifies the Government in depriving landlords in Bengal of their rights and privileges in the manner proposed by the Bill. I see no such necessity, and I am bound to say that, amongst the many complaints on behalf of the ryots which have been published by the Government in connection with this subject, I have been unable to find a single statement that the ryots themselves required anything of the kind. The deprivation to which I allude was never, so far as I can ascertain, even suggested by the ryots. It was proposed for the first time by certain members of the Rent Commission, and it is supported, as I understand, not upon the ground of actual necessity, but because in the opinion of those gentlemen, the ryots were, or ought to have been, in a better position some ninety years ago than they are now.

"Whilst I yield to no man in the earnest wish to see all necessary and wholesome reforms carried out, I confess I view with horror and dismay the revolutionary provisions of the present Bill. It appears to me absolutely cruel to sacrifice wantonly and unnecessarily the rights of one section of the community for the supposed benefit of another; to violate laws and usages which have been sanctioned by the Courts and the Legislature for nearly a century; to unrip a solemn settlement of a vexed question which was made by the Bengal Legislature no later than twenty-three years ago, and all this, not for the purpose of meeting any actual complaints, or rectifying any proved abuses, but merely to place the ryots in a position which certain members of the Rent Commission *imagine* that they occupied in the year 1793.

"When it is proposed to deprive the landowners of the province of rights and privileges which they have enjoyed for nearly a century; to upset the relations between landlord and tenant which was arrived at in 1859, and confirmed ten years later by another Act of the same Government, I think that the Bengal public has a right to inquire upon what authority those views are founded, and how far they are consistent with the opinions of the many distinguished men who as judges, statesmen, and legislators, have administered and explained the law during the last ninety years. And, in answer to this inquiry, the public may be surprised to learn that, as to some of the proposed changes, they are based upon no authority at all; as to others, that the views of these gentlemen are founded upon their own construction of the Regulations of 1793 and the Act of 1859, entirely without regard to the construction which has been put upon those enactments by the Courts of Law and the Legislature; and as to all, that their views are not only inconsistent with the opinions and the policy of the last three generations, but with the laws and usages which have prevailed in Bengal since the time of the Permanent Settlement."

It has already been seen that the declared object of the Bill is to place the occupancy ryot in the position he held before the Permanent Settlement was effected; but, while no positive evidence is offered to show that he possessed the extraordinary rights and privileges now to be conferred upon him, direct proof to the contrary exists in Sir John Shore's Minute of June, 1789, showing what was then the position of the occupancy tenant. The Minute states:—

"Pottahs (leases) to Khoodkasht ryots, or those who cultivate the land of

the village where they reside, are generally given without limitation of period, and express that they are to hold the lands, paying the rents from year to year. Hence the right of occupancy originates; and it is equally understood, as a prescriptive law, that the ryots who hold by this tenure, cannot relinquish any part of the lands in their possession, or change the species of cultivation without a forfeiture of the right of occupancy, which, however, is rarely insisted upon; the zemindar demands and exacts the difference."

This Minute effectually disposes of the chief ground upon which the Bengal Tenancy Bill is supported.

The necessary limits of this paper will not admit of an inquiry into all its subsidiary clauses; nor is such an investigation required for the object in view, which is simply to call attention to the main features of the measure, and to see how far its chief provisions are justifiable, and how they are likely to affect the interests of the landowners and cultivators, on the one hand, and of the Government on the other.

The cultivators, whom the Bill would deprive of the protection of the existing law against undue enhancements of rent, would be left at the mercy of the new occupancy tenants, seeing that these middlemen are to be free from the restrictions, as to the raising of rents, which the Bill imposes on the landlords. The peril to which the cultivators will be exposed will appear from the following well-considered observation, recorded in the report of the Famine Commission:—

"The more valuable the occupancy right becomes, the more need there will be in guarding against a custom which is everywhere prevalent in India, under which the privileged tenant is apt to turn into a middleman, subletting the land, and living on the difference between the rack-rent and the privileged rent secured to him by law. The occupancy right can only be beneficial to the community when enjoyed by the *bonâ fide* cultivator, and the object of the law should be to prevent any one who is not a *bonâ fide* cultivator from acquiring or retaining such rights."

Then, as regards the landlords, a large number among them, it must be remembered, purchased their estates from the Government at a price calculated and understood to include the value of those rights and privileges which it is now proposed to take from them. With regard to this provision of the Bill, it would be difficult to determine whether the wrong it would inflict on the landowner or the discredit it would reflect on the Government would be greater.

On the other hand, when we endeavour to see how the Bill can serve the interests of the Government, we can perceive no material advantage to the State likely to accrue from its provisions. Are we then to believe that a Government would willingly and deliberately inflict a great wrong on two most important classes of its subjects—on the landowners and the cultivators—without the prospect of any countervailing advantage? Such, however, certainly seems to be the case in the present instance, unless there be in the background

another measure, to be brought out when the Tenancy Bill has been passed, for diverting into the Government treasury, through additional taxation on land or the profits from land, the value of those rights and privileges which the present Bill proposes to take from the landlords, and gratuitously confer on the new occupancy tenants.

Additional taxation on land in the permanently settled districts of Bengal cannot, it is true, be imposed on the landowners without a flagrant and undisguised violation of the Permanent Settlement, such as the Government evidently desires to avoid ; but the middlemen, who are to be created by the Tenancy Bill, not being a party to that compact, may not be able to establish a claim to its protection, and they may therefore be taxed to any extent which a Government, invested with both legislative and executive power, may deem it advisable to determine.

Assuming such to be the plan of the Government of India, the two measures together would form an ingenious device for escaping from the obligations contracted under the Permanent Settlement, and for deriving profit from its violation ; and this construction seems to be the only one consistent with the otherwise unaccountable provisions of the Bengal Tenancy Bill. Moreover, this construction is in unison with the oft expressed views of certain Anglo-Indian officials, who have repeatedly declared that the conditions of the Permanent Settlement, so far as they limit the revenue demand, should be disregarded, and additional taxes imposed on land in Bengal, in violation of the public faith solemnly pledged in that compact.

While it must be acknowledged, to the honour of many Indian officials and statesmen, that they have protested against such a course as being calculated to bring the name of the British Government in India into discredit, it is nevertheless a fact that the Government of India, under financial pressure, disregarded such protests and made successful attempts at infringing the conditions of the Permanent Settlement, by imposing additional taxes upon land in Bengal, under specious pleas and disguised forms, such as the road cess, the irrigation cess, the public works cess, and the education cess. The true character of these imposts will appear from the following passages in the protests entered against them by the constitutional advisers of the Government—namely, by members of the Indian Council.

Sir Erskine Perry said : "The language and acts of Lord Cornwallis and the Government of the day were so distinct, solemn, and unambiguous, that it would be a direct violation of British faith to impose special taxes in the manner proposed."

Erick Halliday said : "To affirm that the right to impose in the face of the promises of the Permanent Settlement, been ruled and decided in the case of the Income Tax,

is as much as to say that, because in 1860 a general tax was temporarily imposed affecting all classes, therefore a special tax may now be permanently levied on one class only, although that class has been solemnly assured that no new tax and arbitrary exaction shall ever be laid upon it."

Mr. H. T. Prinsep said: "The policy inaugurated and the measure sanctioned, will shake the confidence hitherto felt in the honesty and good faith of the Government."

Mr. R. D. Mangles said: "We have no standing-ground in India except brute force if we forfeit our character for truth."

Sir Frederick Currie said: "The plea that these territorial obligations cannot be met by the Imperial revenue, is a cogent reason for retrenchment and economy; but it cannot justify our laying a special tax on the zemindars of Bengal, to do which would be a breach of faith and the violation of the statutory engagement made at the Permanent Settlement."

To enable the reader better to appreciate the above cited opinions, it might be as well to summarize here the circumstances of the Permanent Settlement.

The land revenue, before 1793, was assessed at ten-elevenths of the produce of the land, leaving only one-eleventh for the landowner's support and the expenses of collection. It will be easily understood that the revenue at this excessive rate could not be recovered in its entirety; and the uncertainty which ensued in the income of the State became a source of great embarrassment.

"The country was for the most part wholly uncultivated; public credit was at the lowest ebb, and the Government was threatened with hostilities from various powerful native States. Lord Cornwallis saw that the only resource within his reach was to establish public credit and redeem the extensive jungles of the country. These important objects, he perceived, could only be effected by giving the country a perpetual land assessment, made on the gross with reference to existing productiveness, and therefore promising to all those who would engage, the encouragement of an immense profit from extending cultivation."*

The extension of cultivation had previously been hindered by the power which the Government maintained, of arbitrarily enhancing the land assessments, whereby the fruit of the capital and labour bestowed on clearances and cultivation, was exposed to be absorbed in the next assessment of the revenue.

Lord Cornwallis, therefore, with the sanction of the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain, "declared to the landowners of Bengal that the jumma or revenue demands upon their lands, assessed under the existing regulations, were fixed for ever; that no alteration would be made in the assessments which they had engaged to pay, but that they and their heirs and lawful successors would be allowed to hold

* Minute by James Pottle, Senior Member of the Board of Revenue.

their estates at such assessments for ever." Regulation I., of 1793, containing the above declaration, went on to state :—

"The Government trusts that the proprietors of land, sensible of the benefits conferred upon them by the public assessment being fixed for ever, will exert themselves in the cultivation of their lands, under the certainty that they will enjoy exclusively the fruits of their own good management and industry, and that no demand will ever be made upon them, or their heirs or successors, by the present or any future Government, for any augmentation of the public assessment in consequence of the improvement of their estates."

The regulations passed at the same time imposed on the land-owners the obligation of paying the land assessments with clockwork punctuality, under the penalty of having their estates sold for arrears of revenue, and, as many of the zemindars considered the conditions and responsibilities to be excessive, and refused to take the engagement, it was directed by Regulation VIII. that the estates of those zemindars should be taken over by the Government, and that an allowance should be awarded to them in consideration of their proprietary rights. At the same time the Government reserved to itself, with regard to the under-tenure holders, ryots, and other cultivators, the right of enacting "such regulations for their protection and welfare as it may think necessary."

These were the chief conditions of the Permanent Settlement; and when its highly beneficial results and its solemn pledges are duly considered, it seems impossible to escape from the conclusion that a violation of the compact would, politically and financially, be as unwise an act, as it would morally be dishonourable to the Government guilty of it. Whatever construction it may be sought to place on its terms, there can be no difference of opinion on the position that, to receive the stipulated consideration for certain rights and privileges, and then to use one's power for taking them away without offering compensation for the injury inflicted, is a discreditable action, repugnant to the common sense of honesty.

If the hypothesis of an intention to appropriate hereafter the value of the rights and privileges which it is now proposed to confer on a class of middlemen correctly represent the policy initiated by the Bengal Tenancy Bill, it is indeed a short-sighted policy, seeing that the burdens to be laid on the middlemen would necessarily induce, and might possibly compel, them to recoup themselves by raising the rents of their sub-tenants. The burden would fall, therefore, on the cultivators of the soil, aggravated by the profits of the middlemen, and the additional charges which this uselessly complicated system would entail. In short, the policy would place in the hands of the Government a machinery somewhat similar to that which is used in Bombay, Madras, and the North-Western Provinces for arbitrarily enhancing the land-tax in those Presidencies. A similar policy, by

overburdening the staple industry whence the national wealth is derived, must soon lead to the destruction of that prosperity and contentedness which have distinguished Bengal from the other provinces of the Empire; while any additional revenue that might be obtained in consequence of the present thriving condition of the Bengal peasantry could only be temporary, and could not compensate for the permanent injury which such a course would inflict on the country.

The moral and political effect of such a policy would be equally disastrous. The confidence of the people in the intentions and good faith of the Government would be destroyed; discontent at their altered and precarious condition would be the feeling of the millions who cultivate the land, and who now form the prosperous and thriving peasantry so strikingly described by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. A general desire for change would be engendered in the minds of the people, such as would encourage ambitious men to impose on the credulity and superstition of the masses, and to inflame their fanaticism for the promotion of personal interests; and mutual suspicions between the people and their rulers would seriously check progress in the work of civilization which has so successfully been carried on in Bengal for three-quarters of a century.

J. DACOSTA.

II.

THE Bengal Land Questions concern interests too large for us to be interested in. India is almost wholly an agricultural country, or rather a country of tillage. The new Bengal Tenancy Bill will decide the fate of about sixty millions, almost as much as did the Permanent Settlement of ninety years ago. Each year adds alike to the difficulty and the necessity of solving these questions; but the difficulty becomes impossibility by delay.

The spirit of the day is all for improving the condition of the peasantry.

The new Bill does not violate the Permanent Settlement. It really carries out the Permanent Settlement. The advantages it gives to the Bengal landlord are as great as those it gives to the cultivator. To read the Permanent Settlement is to have revealed to us peasants' rights we wot not of. "We are yours, but the land is ours." No time is to be lost! The ryot is learning his rights and his wrongs—his rights in that the law has fixed a limit to his rent, his wrongs in that this limit has been constantly and illegally transgressed. But a mere increase of rent has not satisfied the

zemindar. Illegal exactions have been levied far more oppressive and arbitrary than anything that could be called by the name of rent. And what is to come of this?

What are the regulations of the Permanent Settlement? And, first, as to the position of the zemindars: (1.) In what sense are the zemindars to be understood as proprietors, landlords, landowners? The answer to this question is simple. The zemindars were not originally proprietors or landlords; and, it may be shown beyond contradiction that they were not made so by the Permanent Settlement in the sense of absolute owners of the soil. What were they made? In the words of a Lieut.-Governor of Bengal on the "Code of 1793," they were:—

"Persons empowered under certain very rigid restrictions, to receive from the occupants of the soil a fixed rental settled by the Government, on ascertained principles." "Neither by ancient usage nor by the terms of the original settlement and original laws of these provinces, nor by modern laws, are zemindars unlimited proprietors, nor are the ryots without rights or claims to protection."

By the Permanent Settlement a contract was made with the zemindars, of which the following were the principal terms: 1. No arbitrary cesses are to be levied by the zemindar; 2. Taxes or revenue are to be paid by the zemindar; 3. Only on condition that the zemindars do not raise their rents is the revenue they are to pay not to be raised; 4. The zemindar is to undertake roads, lesser public works, &c.; 5. The zemindar is to give leases.

Such was the contract made by the Government with the zemindar as a condition of his tenure of the land. How has it been kept? There is scarcely a single term in the contract that has not been violated by the zemindar.

Take the facts for the last three-quarters of a century. The revenues imposed on the zemindar by law have remained nearly stationary. The rents raised by the zemindar from the ryots have been trebled in amount. In addition to this sum, as much again has been levied from the ryots by illegal exactions—a grand total of six times the return on any zemindar's capital which the law contemplated his being allowed to receive at the time of the Permanent Settlement.

(2.) The rights of the zemindars as between themselves and the *Government* were settled. But, as between themselves and *the ryot*, what are the rights of the ryot?

The ryot was promised protection from illegal exactions, and redress if they were levied on him. He has seldom got either the one or the other. Having been recognized as a ryot, he had a right to sit there at a definite prescribed rental described as the "*pergunnah*," that is, the customary rate, without further demand, either by way of enhancement or cesses.

As to the waste lands, the Permanent Settlement only transferred the rights of Government to the zemindars. The rights of the ryots remained the same.

How have they been observed?

(3.) We have touched on the position of the zemindar and the ryot. What is the position of the Government? The Government shall itself define it—

“Not only is it the duty of the Government to protect all classes of the people, and especially those who, from their situation, are most helpless—a duty the performance of which they have specially reserved to themselves as a condition of the Permanent Settlement—but it is also their interest to carry out that duty, because the extent to which the burden, not only of the taxation, which should properly fall in certain specified proportions on different classes of the community, *but even of the actual personal expenses of the proprietors*, is thrown indiscriminately upon the lowest class, and that the least able to support it, must of course interfere greatly with the legitimate power of Government to impose fresh taxes, and such undue and illegal pressure, on the part of the zemindars on the great and indigent mass of the people, must be attended with great and imminent perils of a political character.”—[No. 46 of “Records of Government of Bengal.”]

In one of Sir George Campbell's reports (1873), too little known in England, we find that even in Orissa, where the zemindars are still mere rent collectors—

“They exacted *eleven* different kinds of annual cess, beside *seventeen* descriptions of occasional tax. Among the former were cesses to recoup themselves for the postal payment, cesses on account of the telegraph wire running through their estates (a pure imposition, as this cost them nothing), cesses to reimburse them for income-tax, and so on. There were presents exacted for the zemindari underlings, presents very compulsory in their nature, on every occasion of a zemindar moving from home, or of a magistrate travelling through the estate, *on account of fictitious expenses* that were never incurred.”

The illegal exactions levied on the ryots appear to be suited to the fancies of the zemindars. We hear of cesses extorted for bracelets for the ladies of their families; cesses for a zemindar's tooth powder; cesses to pay a zemindar's debts, and when he visits his estates; cesses to pay for his religious devotions.

In fact, in the case of the zemindar, the ordinary rule that you must pay for what you want is reversed. The zemindar seems to be paid whenever he satisfies his own pleasure, and whenever his wants are supplied. Not he who eats, but he who is eaten, pays. The ryot seems to receive nothing, but his opportunities of giving are indefinitely multiplied.

He pays on his own marriage, he pays on his son's marriage, he pays on his daughter's marriage, he pays on his second marriage (if he is of low caste and marries a second time), he pays on the zemindar's marriage, he pays on the zemindar's son's marriage, he pays on the “Gomastah's (agent's) son's” or “Gomastah's daughter's” marriage, he pays on the zemindar's son's birth, he pays on the

"zemindar's son's" "first taking rice," he pays on the zemindar's funeral, he pays on his own "ploughing of land," he "pays to the zemindar on his "making a tour through his estates," he pays for being "permitted to perform puja or any festival" himself, he pays equally for the zemindar performing puja, he pays a tax for "presents to fakirs," the very drum pays for being beat "at processions, marriages, and feasts."—[See "Records of Government of Bengal."]

The ryot pays a fee for everything he does himself, and for everything the zemindar does not do for himself or the ryot, and makes the ryot do for him.

There is a Bengali proverb, "The same love that the Mahommedan has to his fowl (he fattens it in order to kill it), the same the zemindar has to the ryot." But the proverb lies, for the zemindar does not even fatten his ryot.

"Who stole the goose from the common? The common man. But who stole the common from the goose? The lord."

4. To turn from official records, on which the whole of our story is based, to the opinions of lawyers, judicially given on what is to so large an extent a question of law, the following was the unanimous declaration issued by the Judicial Bench of Calcutta in March, 1879. And considering how largely we have had the advantage of judicial opinion or proposed legal changes lately, it would be a grave omission not to quote their authority. We quote from the *Official Gazette* :—

"The judges desire to reiterate once more what they have repeatedly asserted before, that organized resistance to the payments of rents by ryots is invariably due to systematic efforts to enhance them with or without cause; that bad relations between zemindar and ryot are almost universally due, either to the property changing hands, and to the speculator's attempt to augment the yield of his purchase, or to the zemindar allowing some one, a middleman, to come between him and the ryots, the middleman talookdar, or whatever he be called, being left very commonly to raise the profit which he pays by putting pressure on the ryots.

"14. The judges desire to express the astonishment that they feel at the observations frequently made on the subject of riots arising out of rent disputes. Zemindars, and perhaps officials, are apt to think that the ryots are to blame. Now it seems to the Court that, from the nature of the case, the blame must generally rest with the zemindar. Of course the judges do not mean to say that he is not more or less frequently subjected to great annoyance, and perhaps to loss; but so long as he confines himself to legal measures for enforcing his right, there cannot ordinarily be a riot. If rent is refused, he can sue; if he is resisted in distraining, he can apply to a court for assistance; if he is entitled to measure lands and is opposed, he can do the same. There is a legal remedy in each case, and if there is a riot it can hardly be that it does not result from his impatience, pride, and preference for illegal courses. An obstinate ryot can be coerced, but he can legally only be coerced by the aid of the Court; if no other coercion is attempted there is no occasion for a riot."

The ryots' riots, it is thus said, are the result of the zemindar—

of his preference for illegal courses. "The blame," in riots, "must generally rest with the zemindars," the High Court says.

The documents following after this, upon which the Minute of the High Court is based, are painfully interesting. On the question of the increase of rents, the judges say :—

"The fact is, the zemindars seeking enhancement get the best of it, either by open decree, favourable compromise, or other settlement agreeable to the zemindar. The ryots cannot afford to carry on appeals. The zemindar can and does."

This has been forcibly stated elsewhere. But the remarkable thing is—all this appearing in the *Gazette*, and—nothing being done. And further on (this is still from the *Gazette*): it is "district judges" who speak :—

"Zemindars sell out by auction the right of determining, of collecting, and, above all, of screwing up the rents. When the disagreeable task has been effected, the zemindar re-enters on the estate and claims to work on the enhanced rent-roll. "As a rule, enhancement suits are almost avowedly mere engines for harassing by expensive processes." "The usual device is to allege all the possible grounds, increase in area, increase in fertility, increase in crop value, increase in rates payable by neighbour ryots of the same class, to hop from the one ground to the other, to fence over all of them, and to prove none."

It is a judge who speaks.

The High Court also describes the intriguing and manœuvring—not to call it worse—for enhancement of rents; also, how the so-called "unearned increment"—i.e., made by ryots introducing new and valuable staples—only furnishes the means to raise the rents on themselves. This is the state of things in a country nominally governed by law. The zemindar raises his rents for public works undertaken by the Government, and for other things which cost him absolutely nothing, in one case even for a "recent providential fall of rain," and in another for "education among his tenants." The zemindar can impose any rent or cesses he pleases. The ryot can only obtain redress by going to law; but he is ruined if he goes to law. The ryot is always underfed, yet always works hard. He is expected to protect himself, and some have done so of late years by combinations. But this protection does not give him what he wants most, and what he can by law demand, tenant-right, which prevents his rent being arbitrarily raised, and defends him against eviction.

Let us now look at a few revenue figures: The revenue in 1793 (at the time of the Permanent Settlement) was about three millions; the zemindars' share was one-tenth or one-eleventh of the revenue. In three-quarters of a century the Government revenue has increased to three and a half millions, while the zemindars' rental has grown from about a third of a million gross to more than thirteen millions net. But this rental of thirteen millions is only an official return for road cess purposes, and the entire amount paid annually by the occupants of the soil is said to be between

twenty-five and thirty millions. We have given away a land revenue as large as the whole land revenue of all India; for we have allowed between twenty-five and thirty millions, reckoning illegal exactions, &c., to be extorted from the cultivators of the soil, out of which Government receives instead of nine-tenths or ten-elevenths—the rule at the Permanent Settlement—about one-eighth. The Government revenue of the Permanent Settlement was about £2,850,000, or eight-tenths of the gross rental. One-third of the land was waste. If all Bengal had been under cultivation, the gross rental would be £4,764,000. It was, in 1877, £13,037,000. The rent-rates intended to be fixed by the Permanent Settlement have been trebled, and the ryots now pay an excessive exaction of £8,273,000 yearly. If this be valued at twenty years' purchase, "we have deprived the cultivators of the enormous sum of £165,000,000, and given it to the zemindars, who still cry for more." And this "in spite of the most solemn promises of the State to the contrary." The "movable property" of the people "is almost nothing;" their "lands are being sold twice as fast as five years ago;" they are "compelled to encumber their property three times as often as seven years ago;" their "criminal population has reached the figure it was in famine times;" the "ejectment theory has more or less developed within the last seven or eight years."*

Among the twenty millions of Behar the state of things is worse: universal illegal distraint, chopping and changing the poor ignorant ryots from one field to another, loss of all occupancy rights.

And still the landlords cry for further facilities for enhancement. Loss to the ryots, loss to the State—who gains? "Heads I win, tails you lose," says the zemindar. All zemindars must not be painted black; nor yet all ryots white. There are many amiable zemindars, full of intelligence and benevolence; very many who have not pushed their power of exaction to the extreme limit. But there are vast masses of unfriended peasants, rightly discontented or too wretched to resist; and some who have righted themselves.

We call zemindars landlords or landowners; there is, perhaps, scarcely one resemblance between the English landlord and the Bengal zemindar. There are three great differences besides those named. 1. Interest on capital spent by the English landlord on farm buildings, drainage, and the like, forms a large portion of the rent paid by an English tenant to an English landlord. What is the case in Bengal? 2. The English landlord (or his agent) knows what rent his tenants pay, and where their lands lie; the zemindar is always asking Government to try and help him to find out just these facts—to help him in making up a proper rent-roll. 3. Indian Governments have fixed the rent from time immemorial. There is no such thing as an economic rent. By applying the political

* These are the statements of the Bengal Rent Law Commission reporting in 1880.

economy of English conditions to conditions in India, to which it is not applicable, we have committed the greatest mistakes. The Bengal ryot has been left at the zemindar's mercy as to rent; a state of things unexampled in India's experience.

The zemindars number about 130,000. Among these are brilliant exceptions of admirable zemindars.

The tenure-holders (middle-men) number about 750,000, their annual income in 620,000 cases being below £10.

The cultivators—who occupy about ten million holdings, nine millions of them so small as to pay less than £2 a year, and of these, six millions so small as to pay less than 10s. a year, which represents holdings of only two or three acres—are in a state calling, we see, more loudly for redress year by year, except in Eastern Bengal.

These are not figures, but human beings.

Can you create a class with duties as well as rights arbitrarily by “Proclamation?” All history answers, “No.” But we have “confiscated” the zemindar's duties, after having conferred the land *on the sole condition* of performance of those duties, and have let new rights grow up without corresponding duties. From the ryots have been taken away all those rights that they undoubtedly had. This new Bill is not a “confiscation” of the zemindar's property, as it has been called, but a restoration of rights to the ryots.

Meanwhile, from exceeding centralization, “ryots have been toiling in Madras and starving in the Deccan, in order that gentlemen in Bengal may enjoy incomes of hundreds of thousands a year, free from taxes.” Madras and Bombay, with an area together only equal to that of Bengal Proper, and a population one-third less, pay nearly twice as much land revenue as Bengal into the Imperial exchequer. Of the total payments, including rent, made by the people of each Province of India, much less finds its way into the Government Treasury in Bengal than elsewhere. “Thus, in Bombay, where the land-tenure is nearly all ryotwari, 88 per cent. of the payments made are devoted to purposes of Government, being either paid as revenue, or for the support of public establishments. In Madras, where about four-fifths of the country is ryotwari, the proportion is 69 per cent. In Bengal, under the Permanent Settlement, the proportion is believed not to exceed 33 per cent.”

Something must be done. So far from matters adjusting themselves, efforts to destroy occupancy rights are becoming yet more determined and successful. Mark well! the question is not to abolish the Permanent Settlement, but to carry out the Permanent Settlement.

2. Before passing on to the remedies, we are led to touch on two or three questions which have arisen:—

One, a rather undefined controversy, has been raised as to whether the ryots in Bengal are not, owing to the Permanent

Settlement, better off than those of Bombay or Madras, where the State is the landlord. But, first, Bengal is a big place and a wide word; and Bombay and Madras, taken together, are also wide.

And next, it is just in proportion as the ryots have gained occupancy rights, or something more, as in Eastern Bengal, that they have become prosperous.

There is little doubt that if the Permanent Settlement *had* been efficiently carried out, the Bengal ryots would have been for generations better off than almost any others, not complete proprietors. For the soil is fertile: the law gave them fixity of tenure, and rent so far fixed that it could only be raised (if at all) under strict and equitable rules. But the present evil is that for the most part the laws of the Permanent Settlement have been set at naught. In Behar the position of the ryots is probably the worst in India: in Western Bengal most of them are very poor and oppressed. But still there are some who have acquired permanent rights. In Eastern Bengal circumstances (among which a democratic Mahommedan* religion is an important factor), have enabled them very much to hold their own—and they are decidedly well off. When we compare them with Bombay and Madras ryots, certainly those in the South who are absolute owners of the land are so far better placed. But then, under our rigid application of anachronous laws of political economy we have enabled them to get into debt; and in some parts there is sub-letting.

To decide as to the relative prosperity of the peasantry in Bengal and in Bombay or Madras, one must know the condition of the peasantry all over those three vast provinces, which varies extremely in different places. The Deccan peasant is generally ill off. So, notoriously, is the peasant of Behar. The Guzerat peasant is generally very well off. So is the peasant of Backergunge, in Eastern Bengal. But why? Because Backergunge is essentially a district of peasant proprietors. "Almost all the actual cultivators have to a certain extent a proprietary right in the land they cultivate." It will be said that the rise of the jute industry is the cause of their prosperity. But what was the first use to which their prosperity was turned? To acquiring such proprietary right. In three years, 1877–80, 342,596 perpetual leases were executed, and mainly in five districts of Eastern Bengal, including Backergunge and Chittagong.

It is scarcely possible to imagine a greater contrast than between Eastern Bengal and Behar—Behar, perhaps the most fertile province of India. The difference can hardly be traced to anything but the different tenures, won or lost by different races; in Eastern Bengal, sturdy Mahommedans; in Behar, poor, weak, low castes. A Behar zemindar himself says that the "raiya," "though they labour

* "Land is dear. It is a second wife. And many Hindus have become Mahommedans for it." From a native speech in the Viceroy's Council.

hard, are in a state of almost utter destitution." The Behar Committee says that "the zemindars of South Behar practically take by way of rent as much of the crop as they choose to claim." Permanent tenure is, too, exactly what the Behar tenant has not got.

If, again, we look in the *Gazette* for the average monthly wage of an able-bodied agricultural labourer, we find:—

Patna district . . .	3 to 4 rs. (6s. to 8s.)	a. month.
Darbhunga . . .	2 „ 3 „ (4s. „ 6s.)	„
Gya . . .	2.8 „ 3 „	„
Shahabad . . .	4 „ „	„

Elsewhere in rural districts of Bengal, from a minimum in

Moorshedabad of 5rs. a month.

The usual rate being 7 to 7.8rs.

It rises in Backergunge, &c., to over . . . 9rs. (18s.)

Thus Behar gives less than half the wages of Eastern Bengal. In the former the *métayer* system prevails, with the absence of all rights; in the latter, peasant proprietors or tenants with occupancy rights.

So far for different parts of Bengal.

But we can determine generally in figures the comparative *averages* of agricultural wealth* in Bengal, Bombay, and Madras. In Bombay the yearly value of the crop per head of population is rs. 22.4, the payments for purposes of Government and irrigation, per head, rs. 2.2, the balance rs. 20.2.

In Madras, the yearly value of the crop is rs. 19.0, the payments rs. 1.7; the balance rs. 17.3.

In Bengal, the yearly value of the crop is only rs. 15.9, the payments rs. 81; the balance only rs. 15.1.

Under certain conditions the ryotwari and zemindari tenures may show an equal degree of agricultural wealth. But where the zemindari system exists, with the greatest pressure of population and no sufficient protection to cultivators against landlords, there agricultural wealth, as we should expect to find, is the smallest. This we find in Bengal. Agricultural wealth in Bengal, and in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, is much less than that of the other provinces of India; Oudh, so notorious for its poverty, being in only a slightly worse position than Bengal.

But one might almost as well lay down generally, that:

All tenants are prosperous,

All peasant proprietors are ruined,

or the reverse,† as that all Bengal is prosperous; all Bombay or Madras is poor, or the reverse.

* Produce of the cultivated area is not the only source of income to the cultivators. Milk, ghi, curds, hides, wool, live-stock, and fuel have also to be taken into account.

† It can never be overlooked that the condition of the cultivators depends on many factors, including that of their tenure, doubtless the most important of all—e.g., the character of the race, the pressure of population, the nature of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the means of communication, &c. But if there is any truth at all in land tenure facts, the Bombay peasant must, *ceteris paribus*, be better off than the Bengal peasant.

But however interesting it may be to discuss the relative conditions of various sections of ryots in different parts of the country, such controversy is entirely outside of the scope of this paper, which is intended, not as an attack on individuals, nor as an indictment drawn against one class, nor even as a mere appeal for sympathy on behalf of another; but which has for its object to call the attention of those who care for India to the injustice of a system in which custom can trample on law, so that oppression is made easy, and redress almost impossible.

2. Another question started against the new Bill—viz., that it may, by making the tenure valuable, create middle-men, whether money-lenders or larger ryots, who will grind down the ryots more than is done already by the zemindars—is a very serious consideration.

This hits, in fact, what is perhaps the weakest part of the Bengal Rent Bill as drafted. It seems to have been found difficult to define a ryot, and apparently the privileges are to be conferred on those who are borne on the books as ryots without prohibition of sub-letting to unprotected cultivators. In Ireland the "*fixities*" are given to the *actual cultivator*. In the Bengal Bill this does not seem to be so. The ryot is already not unfrequently a sort of small landlord, with tenantry under him; and it is possible that when his rights are well defined, we might more and more have small landlords under the name of ryots, as is the case in some other parts of India. Temporary sub-lettings, in cases of minority and the like, must, perhaps, be specially permitted. But if we aim at peasant proprietors, rather than small landlords, great care must be taken in settling the details of the Bill in Committee.

The provisions of the new Bill certainly give the occupancy tenant the right to sell or sub-let. But these can have no new or startling effect in the direction indicated, because the justification for them is, that wherever there is a margin of rent the universal custom in Bengal is to sub-let already. Besides, it must be remembered that by the practice of sub-infeudation, the Bengal zemindars have already created middle-men to a vast extent.

3. A third point is, it has been said, and unhappily, perhaps, too justly, that the Government itself is sometimes the worst zemindar; that the ryots on Crown lands and Wards' estates were treated like ryots on zemindars' lands, without higher rights, and with the wrongs of enhancement of rents and evictions.

But that the Government has done a worse thing is no argument for the zemindars continuing to do a bad thing. Rather is it an argument for the Government watching that none of its departments do the same.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests in England, the officials in government and Court of Wards' estates in India, are said sometimes to think it their duty to exact as much as they can, and more

than any private proprietor. Let the Supreme Government see to this, if it be true.

But we have sometimes heard a truly strange argument, something like that of the Irishwoman to whom a jug was lent, and who gave it back broken: "I never had the jug; the jug was broken when it was lent me; the jug was not broken when I sent it back." So it has been argued: "Zemindars have not oppressed their tenants; oppression of tenants by Government has been as bad as or worse than that by zemindars; therefore oppression by zemindars is right." Also: "There have been no evictions; Government has evicted more than zemindars; as Government has evicted, zemindars did right to evict."

Let, on the contrary, Government property and Government Wards' property be a model of good administration and an example of prosperous tenantry.

III. Let us now pass on to the Remedies.

Here are the wrongs; but where are the rights? What are the remedies? "If reform does not begin from on high, it will begin from below." That Government is the true friend of the zemindars which gives them prosperous paying tenants, instead of rack-rented runaways. Capitalists are wanted as well as cultivators. Peasant proprietors are often opposed to improvements; but neither do zemindars care for improvements. What is the remedy? To murder the landlords? Certainly not. To use violence to resist violence used in collecting the illegal cesses? Certainly not. A legal remedy must be sought. What is the legal remedy?

1. Occupancy rights, or fixity of tenure. The laws of 1793 left fixity of tenure to all resident ryots.

It has been proposed to attach right of occupancy, not to the ryot, but to the land—strenuous efforts having been made by landlords, especially in Behar, to get into their own hands as much as possible of ryottee land, or land over which occupancy rights exist, and convert it into *khamar* land or the private land of the proprietor. It is now proposed to be enacted that "the existing stock of *khamar* land cannot hereafter be increased, that all land which is not *khamar* land shall be deemed to be ryottee land, and that all land shall be presumed to be ryottee land until the contrary is proved." A complete survey and record of the existing *khamar* land is also to be made.

It has been proposed to give occupancy right to *all* resident ryots—three years' residence to constitute a resident ryot.

It is proposed, if the land has been held for twelve years in the same village or estate, though not the same land, that this shall constitute occupancy right. The grave objections to this are: the landlords' zeal to prevent the occupancy right from growing, or to destroy evidence of it; the hostility between two parties, one of whom will

at a certain known period become entitled to privileges at the expense of the other. Landlords have been known to welcome famine as an opportunity of dealing with inconvenient rights, and not to welcome relief in the shape of concessions of revenue, because it would rob them of a useful weapon in dealing with tenants.

It was stated by the zemindar interest with regard to the great bone of contention, the position of occupancy ryots, that ninety per cent. of the tenants in Bengal have got the occupancy right. "If ninety per cent. of the tenants in Bengal have got the occupancy right, the fact remains that they cannot prove it, and it would be ruin to most of them to try to prove it." It was stated by one zemindar that most of the ryots on his estates had "MORALLY a right of occupancy." Does that mean that they had got it, but had not got it? To pass a law "by which the difficulties of proof should be minimized, by which the onus of proof should lie less heavily on these tenants, and by which they may be able to get a more effectual enjoyment of this already existing moral right," is what every honourable zemindar would wish.

2. Fair rents: right of enhancement. The laws of 1793 left fixed rents as well as fixity of tenure. The ryot's right, from ancient times to our own, through a succession of Governments, native and foreign, to have his payments fixed by the authority of Government, should be recognized. It was not an economic rent—not determined by competition; "the real competition being that arising from the necessity of large numbers who must live off the land and have no alternative but starvation." It was a "customary" rate; and it was the duty of the State to regulate this customary rate. Cultivation in India is not for profit but for subsistence. Before the Act of 1859 there was no right of enhancement. When the revenue is fixed, it is unfair that fixity-of-tenure-men should be liable to enhanced rents. In Eastern Bengal commutations of the zemindar's right of enhancement into fixed rents by voluntary agreements have risen to 150,000 a year. This is excellent, but it is undesirable to give the zemindar leave, as now appears to be proposed, to put the collector in motion to settle and record his rents. There is no similar provision for the ryots to call in the collector to make a record for their protection. A complete public record of the holdings of the ryots has still to be made.

It is proposed to prepare a table of rent-rates—to be in force not less than ten or more than thirty years—(which will be in fact the "Pergunnah rate" of the Permanent Settlement), and an authorized table of prices. If it is feasible to ascertain this "Pergunnah rate," it will be a boon. But on this "if" success depends. Also "the landlord can use the table of rates for levelling up; the tenant cannot use it for levelling down." There is no proposal a reduction of rents. A maximum is to be fixed, beyond

which rent cannot be enhanced; for starvation-rents ought not to be recoverable.

Assistance might be given to the zemindar to obtain fair enhancement whenever he can prove that he has increased by his own expenditure the productive power of land, not as regards the (so-called) unearned increment. But due provision should be made for existing unfair rents to be reduced. Sufficient facilities for collecting existing rents through summary and effective Courts should be given. If these are given, then sufficient protection against illegal execution ought to be given to ryots.

3. Free sale. It is proposed to concede free sale to all occupancy ryots; to put no check on forced sales, but to allow the sale only to another cultivator—not to a non-cultivator, who might keep the old ryot on without any rights at all.

Free sale and improvement of our Civil Courts, which unwittingly played into the money-lenders' hands, have been a root of evil in Bombay, in enabling the money-lenders to dispossess the ryots. We become enamoured of peasant proprietors until we find out that they mean money-lenders. The cultivator's power of free sale is liked better by the landlords, on account of the facility for realizing rents, than by the ryots. Forced sales are an unmitigated evil, owing to the presence on the soil of an expropriated people, who deem themselves wrongly expropriated out of immemorial rights.

A homestead law, as in America, that no man can be forced to divest himself of that portion of the community land assigned him for his living, has been suggested. Avoid giving the power of killing the goose which lays the golden eggs.

4. To take from the ryot the power of contracting himself out of his rights is absolutely essential. The following is the form of contract in use on an Indian estate, and gives a sample of the covenants that may be imposed upon a ryot when he takes a lease: "I, cultivator, will never acquire a right of occupancy in the land. I will pay, in addition to the rent, road cess, public works cess, zemindari dak cess (legally half the two first, and the whole of the last cess are to be paid by the zemindar), and any cess which you may levy (the imposition of such cesses is absolutely illegal). I will pay the rent by equal monthly instalments (these drive the ryot to the money-lender before the harvest). If I fail, I will pay interest at the rate of $37\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.," &c.*

To enforce such contracts is to condemn the present Government Bill to defeat and failure.

5. A regular survey is imperative in Bengal; a public record for the protection of rights conferred by law on the ryots; the

* It has been said that the Government has an equally objectionable Kabuliyat or contract with its cultivators; but if anything can be different from the form given in the text, it is this document.

maintenance of public accountants. Where, by the Road Cess Act, zemindars are required to file a record of their rents, and the ryots hear of it, they come trooping in, pay their inspection fee, get a certified copy, and pay no rupee more than that amount.

It must not be forgotten that records are untrustworthy, and oral evidence is worthless. There is no record of rights, and the "managers," not the zemindars, think nothing, it is stated, of "fabricating a set of papers." Nearly one-half of the litigation in Bengal arises, it is said, from the impossibility of ascertaining facts. And most of it would be rendered unnecessary if a real record of rights, and if trustworthy rent receipts, could be had. Surely this would be as great a boon to the righteous zemindar as to the ryot. There are two things wanted—viz., that the zemindar should have his rents paid, and the ryot his rights respected. But the zemindar, when the ryot is strong, does not get his just rents paid. And the zemindar, when the ryot is weak, ousts him out of all his rights. The zemindar wants the Government to aid him to collect what *he* considers his rent. The ryot justly thinks that the Government should settle what *they* consider his rent.

A record of rights and of rent receipts is essential for *both* sides.

"Had the Government from the first insisted that an authentic Government record of rights and rates should be kept up, and that a reliable system of recording payments should be enforced, there would be no difficulty in complying with the demand of the zemindar; and it would be the clear duty of Government to do so. But unless the Government will resolutely determine to face this matter, it will never be able to do equal justice to the zemindar and the ryot: to give the ryot proper protection is one duty; to give the zemindar power to realize punctually from the ryot that rent or revenue which the Government exacts so punctually from the zemindar, is another duty. Neither of these duties can ever be effectually performed without an authentic record of rates and payments; and if this Bill be not supplemented by vigorous executive action in this direction, it will join the long list of Acts and Regulations of high-sounding promise and little performance of which ryot and zemindar have been the subject."

6. Effective penalties for illegal exactions beyond the rent. Now there is nothing between the tremendous remedy, confiscation, and the ridiculous remedy, two rupees damages for an illegal cess of one rupee. All landlords are to be left to do illegal acts, because all landlords *do* do illegal acts.

7. Criminal prosecution, not civil action, for breach of law by zemindars, has been suggested. But there are obvious objections. The ryot who *could not* pay has been treated as a criminal. Lord Lawrence strenuously opposed this.

8. Behar. All evils are intensified among these twenty millions of poor low-castes. They are ground down to the lowest point by forced labour, illegal distraint, and illegal cesses; in certain areas the average of rent have been enhanced all round by 500 per cent. in the last three years. They have lost all their rights, as admitted by the

Commission of Zemindars and Indigo-planters themselves, who tell us that, while sixty per cent. of the ryots have held land in the same village for more than twelve years, less than one per cent. hold exactly the same land as twelve years ago; one field having been taken one year for indigo, and another another. The ryots of the richest provinces of Bengal are thus the poorest and most wretched class in the country.

Remedies.—Every ryot who has held for three years any portion of peasants' land, and has held in the same estate (though not the same land) for twelve years, to have the right of occupancy.

Compensation for disturbance, and also for improvements, to be given.

An accurate public register.

A much more active administration: the more necessary, because the one division of Patna equals in population, and probably in number of tenures, the Bombay Presidency.

An effective survey, record, and settlement of rights in Patna Division, to be undertaken at once, and eventually for all Behar.

A voluntary association of indigo-planters exists already, with a paid agent to investigate complaints and disputes.

For want of this, Bengal indigo-planters collapsed.

The survey and record of rights and payments in wards' and other special estates in Bengal should be provided for at once.

The new Bengal Tenancy Bill does not embrace all these provisions and remedies. It deals principally with the three F's. Money, not law, is required for the survey; but the Bill confers power to secure it. The Bill leaves the zemindar all advantages gained during the last ninety years. It leaves him the rent he now receives. All it says to him is: "Your power of enhancement and eviction shall be, to a limited degree, brought back in the future to the position of ninety years ago." It falls very far short of giving back to the cultivator his original rights. But it "endeavours to make a settlement which will restore to the ryots something of the position which they occupied at the time of the Permanent Settlement." It "is not, and does not profess to be, a complete code of law of landlord and tenant." "It is merely a Bill to amend and consolidate certain enactments relating to that subject." "And it expressly saves custom." Its chief provisions are those stated as (1) relating to khamar land and occupancy rights—occupancy right to be obtained by holding, *though not the same land*, for twelve years; (2) fair rents, table of rates; zemindar to have the power of invoking the aid of the revenue officer; settlement of rents by revenue officer; recovery of rents by zemindar; and power of distraint for arrears of rent of not more than a year; (3) free sale, but only to another cultivator; power of sub-letting; (4) taking from the ryot the power of contracting himself out of his rights.

All the details will have to be discussed in Committee when the Bill comes on again for discussion in the Viceroy's Council in November.

One word on behalf of the zemindar; a word which will not cancel one single syllable written on behalf of the ryot. The present race of zemindars have—every one of them—taken their places in a system which can exist only in continuous breach of a contract to which they individually were none of them parties; a breach which must have been known to the Government who *were* a party, and who are ultimately, if not solely, responsible for allowing it to continue. In these circumstances, if any zemindar loyally accepts the Bengal Tenancy Bill, which is based upon the justice of the original contract, he must be one of those rare men whose love of justice is stronger than his fear of loss. And let us not think that the "dumb ryots" have been silent. The dumb will speak, and the dumb *have* spoken for such a crisis as this. Ryots' meetings have been held and resolutions drawn up, and ryots' petitions have been sent in to Government, from which, had we space, we could cull the most telling extracts. The very Government papers on this matter comprise upwards of sixty Reports, besides Draft Bills and Minutes; papers which for intensity of interest are almost terrible, and for research and statesmanlike ability almost equal to the transcendent importance of the subject. Had a prophet like Nathan addressed the Englishman as he did David, and described the state of things as we know it to exist in the most fertile provinces of this ancient country of India, whose welfare we have undertaken—as it has been established, or, at least, allowed to grow up by us who govern India—would not the Englishman rise in his righteous wrath to redress the wrong, to punish the wrong-doer? And would not the prophet say: Thou art the man? But this reproach it is now proposed to take away from us. Government *has* bestowed an amount of labour, inquiry, and thought upon these momentous land questions which perhaps have never been equalled. The English statesman seeks to conceive and carry out a work of even-handed justice to both parties concerned. Let us see that the work be not left half done. Let the Government of India, the ryots, and the zemindars of Bengal see that we care about it, and care thoughtfully and with knowledge. Let us see that all this great reproach *is* taken from us. It has been hanging over us for ninety years. As a matter of policy, and for policy's sake, this must be done and done quickly; for the sake of morality, of humanity, for the sake of *right*, it must be done, and done well.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

SOME SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS OF AUSTRALIA.

I CAN picture a good many English readers smile with a supercilious humour of incredulity at the notion of "Society" in Australia. Among our many interesting traits, there is probably no smugness in the world comparable to the complacent smugness of our insular ignorance in regard to people and things as they obtain in the Australasian colonies. It is not very long ago that I heard an Anglo-Indian lady, embarking at Suez on a mail steamer that had come from Australia, call in shrill accents to her ayah: "Take my children immediately out from among those wretched convict brats!" When Sir Henry Parkes, then Premier of New South Wales, came among us two years ago, the belief was general that he was the Sir Harry Parkes of China fame, simply because few of us had ever heard of any other personage of the name.

I saw an envelope the other day, addressed by the editor of a well-known London illustrated paper to his special artist: "Sydney Exhibition, New Zealand." *Mea culpa!* I can claim to have been no less ignorant than my neighbours. For months after I had grown familiar with the geography of Australia by dint of the experience of travel in that continent, every mail brought me recurrent shame and confusion of face, because of an envelope, the legend on which, copied from the address I had left behind me on leaving home, ran thus: "Care of *Argus* office, Melbourne, *South Australia*." The genial scoffer at the notion of the existence of "Society" in Australia has never been there; superciliousness cannot be the attitude of the traveller who has enjoyed the graceful cordiality of Australian hospitality, who has had the honour of familiar acquaintance with Australian ladies in their own beautiful homes, who can reckon Australian gentlemen among the most valued of his friends.

The keynotes of the various pitches of home society are well defined; each of the many pivots on which it turns are discernible to any one who takes moderate pains to investigate its phenomena. There is the social eddy of which Marlborough House is the centre. If the institution known as the "political salon" is not to-day in so great force as when as yet Cambridge House had not been converted into a club, it still is found in a degree in Arlington Street, in Grosvenor Place, under the roof of the Foreign Office, and beneath the façade of the Admiralty, as well as, in a modified sense, in some of the great country mansions with which the shires are studded. We have our old nobility and our *nouveaux riches*; and the social phase wherein a gradual blending between these elements is in progress, with curious under-contrasts of reluctance and eagerness. We have our "county families," our clerical coteries, our legal circles. Of such definite centres society in the Australian colonies is all but wholly destitute. True, each colony has its governor, who is the personal representative of the sovereign. But the colonial governor is an infinitesimal factor in colonial society. Nominally he is its official figure-head. But while his personal circle is quite narrow and casual, his official circle has a radius of all but indiscriminate scope. It may roughly be said to include, or at all events to be potentially inclusive of, all the colonial world that is out of jail. I know no colony to the society of whose capital its governor to-day can be regarded as imparting any light or any shadow of its tone. When Lord and Lady Dufferin made the *salons* of Rideau Hall at once gay and graceful, they were the acclaimed arbiters of Canadian society; but this influence was a unique phenomenon, so far as my experience goes. I have known Colonial Government Houses, the social influence of which, in the little area over which the ripple of that influence spread, was hurtful and deteriorating, because of the elements of petty intrigue and sour narrow caballing with which it was surcharged. But neither Ottawa nor Cape Town is in Australia; of whose Government Houses I simply record my impression that their society influence, if not their social influence, is of scarcely any significance.

Politics again, in a society sense, are as much at a discount in Australia as in America itself. In that sense few Australian politicians are held "presentable." The trade is regarded as rather a dirty one. "Its handicraftsmen may be very decent kind of people in their way," so says society in effect, "only their way is not quite our way. We have heard that they are not enthusiastically addicted to the use of soap and water; a large proportion of them, as we may have auricular evidence when we please, are dubious as to the use of the letter *h*. Their wives—well, we don't care to pursue this branch of the subject. Their boots—well, let us be equally reticent as to

their boots. In effect, we don't care, except in the way of business, of course, to know those oratorical gentlemen, who have so glib a turn for personalities that make the parliamentary reports often very nasty reading." Of course there are exceptions. There are brave men who, being gentlemen, nevertheless have thought it their duty to enter the arena of colonial politics. That arena, it must be said, is fairly wholesome and clean-toned in South Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania; and in New South Wales and Victoria there are venerable political persons still extant whose political conduct has never compromised their social standing. But, for example, in the membership of the Melbourne Club there are not six persons who sit in the Lower House of the Victorian Parliament; and these are members certainly not in virtue of their political position, but, I had almost said, in spite of it. As for Australian bishops, no doubt they wear on occasion lawn sleeves and purple aprons, if such be the episcopal insignia; but they exercise little social influence in virtue of their ecclesiastical position. As a dignitary, the Australian bishop has no prestige. His comparatively meagre revenue comes out of a fund formed originally by subscription; he has no endowments; he is "my Lord" but by courtesy. If he choose to call his house "the Palace" he may, because it is a free country: but no halo surrounds it or him. Just before leaving Australia I had some pleasant intercourse with a bishop. I met him casually in Bowen, a decaying coast-town of Queensland. Assisted by a grinning black gin, he was carrying his trunk out of the bar of a public-house in which—I do not mean in the bar—he had spent the night. The gin's amusement was apparently caused by the episcopal gaiters. When his lordship and the lady had toted the trunk on to a cart, he remunerated the latter with a threepenny-piece, and taking a friendly farewell of the publican's wife, whose tone I thought rather patronizing, he walked down to the jetty and took passage on the steamer on whose deck, as she wended her way northward, I had much interesting converse with him. His diocese is about the size of England. He makes his progresses through it on horseback, the nags being found by the scattered settlers. At first they used, in pure fun, to furnish him extensively with buckjumpers, and lie in wait to see the catastrophe: but when they found that he sat a buckjumper as if the animal symbolized the arch-fiend himself, they took him to their hearts. I may add that he works harder than a bush-hand, and that he lives on his private income, refusing to draw his official stipend from the Episcopal Fund.

Family, then, or money, surely these have social weight in Australia? Incidentally, yes; but not imperatively. Good birth tells, doubtless, because good birth may be a *prima facie* voucher for desirable qualities; but certainly not in instances where that voucher

stands discredited. And this outcome is cruelly common. For so long have the Australian colonies been used by the mother country as a sort of shoot for its well-born rubbish, and regarded as regions whence, because of their remoteness, there are comfortable obstacles to the embarrassing return of the ne'er-do-well scion of good family who has at last exhausted the patience of his relatives at home; that good family pure and simple has become something of a drug, not to say a by-word in Australasian communities. I could fill an article with examples of well-born emigrants whose ineradicable propensities or whose purposeless shiftlessness have reduced them to the most sordid of Australian avocations. It was but the other day that I shook hands with a peer's son who is earning his "tucker" as a station cook in New Zealand. A Chinaman, aspiring to better things, had vacated the billet in his favour. Poor fellow! the rough station hands, he told me, used to "curse his head off" because of his culinary deficiencies; and when he tendered me his hand, he made a humble apology for the greasiness of it. There is another reason for the feeble recognition accorded to family pretensions *per se*. Genealogies in Australia are by no means an universally favourite study. This is not difficult of comprehension in respect of communities that are comparatively new, yet that spite of their newness have had antecedents. The social *mot d'ordre* in Australia is, that a man is what he may make himself. *Only*, he must make himself, not alone wealthy, not only powerful—indeed he may not make himself either; but he must make himself individually pleasant and meritorious, in a social sense, or rather, to speak more categorically, in some one or more details of the abstract social eligibility.

The truth is that society in Australia is founded and maintained on rational principles. It presents the curious yet intelligible paradox of being close and yet open. That is, anybody may aspire to it, anybody may cross its threshold experimentally, but only people who have socially meritorious attributes can remain in it and of it. The ineligible aspirants are sifted out by an all but imperceptible yet an effectual process. You can make a social position of a kind here in England, personally devoid howsoever of meritorious social attributes, by sheer dint of lavish expenditure, and by the judicious procurement of influential sponsors. You can be dry-nursed here, if you are willing to bleed freely, into at least the vestibule of society, and a sorry dirt-eating and all-round humiliating process it is, reflecting credit neither on the aspirant nor on the sponsors, nor on what of society may degrade itself by becoming a party to the ignoble transaction. In Australia lavishness will help the aspirant but poorly. Sponsors will avail him so far as the *début* is concerned, only that these must not allow themselves to forget the responsibility which they owe to the society—

of which they are members. But the *début* made, sponsors will no whit avail to bear the neophyte up lest he strike his foot against a stone.

Socially, money will do very much in America; judiciously expended I think it will do even more in England; in the way of sheer purchase of social recognition it will do curiously little in Australia. There was, indeed, a time there when, in a social sense, the moneyed man was regarded with actual suspicion. And for this there were some grounds. The original moneyed man might have had unpleasant antecedents, of which time had not yet effaced the memory. *Non olet* is not true of *nummus* in Australia, although it is safe to predicate that with the lapse of years *non olebit*. But now there is a vast number of moneyed men in Australia, and the means whereby their wealth has come to them are known as reasonably savoury. They have therefore ceased to be regarded with suspicion. I do not think people at home have any idea how large fortunes are in Australia, and how many of those large fortunes there are. Once in South Australia I had occasion to speak of a friend who had come from that colony and taken up his residence in London. I spoke of him as a very rich man. "Oh, no," was the answer, "he is very well off, but we don't reckon him a very rich man." "Why," said I, "I understood him to be worth a quarter of a million!" "Well, I hope he is a little better than that," said my interlocutor, "but still we don't reckon him here as very rich!" I am not going to compile a roll of Australian millionaires, because, for one thing, it would take up too much space. But this I may affirm, that two-thirds of them are not in society, nor nourish any hope of ever being admitted within that pale. If you find one of them inside it, he has not crossed the palisade on the golden ladder; he entered by the gate in virtue of his social attributes. If these are unsatisfactory, you will find him outside among the nettles; or again, it may be, far away in the bush, a man content with himself, and caring for none of these things. For it must be said that in Australia there is no universal aspiration after the flower garden of society. But the moneyed aspirant will not find that his wealth gives him social prestige. There are Australians now in England who have entertained Royalty, and whose guest-lists have filled columns of the *Morning Post*, yet who, in their native land, have never, with all their efforts, got further than the outlying fringes of Australian society.

I imagine that the reason why, in comparison with what obtains in England, money can give so trivial social preponderance in Australia is mainly this, that in Australia much money is really of so little practical applicability for social uses. The life of the well-off people is graceful, pretty, daintily-ordered, hospitable; but it has a simplicity which incidentally makes it comparatively economical.

There is no meanness, there is just the simple consuetude of the modest establishment. I will not say that the rich Australian does not know how to spend his income; I had rather put it that each individual wealthy Australian, not from parsimony, but from fear of feeling himself a snob, is reluctant to take the daring initiative in a social revolution. It will not be his hand that will fire the train for an explosion, about the only consequence of which he can definitely foresee is his own discomfort, in the disorganization of the pleasant modest *menage* that he has not failed to find amply sufficient unto him and his.

For my own part I recognize in this unwillingness to disturb the ancient social landmarks a fine equipoise of philosophical contentment. How often, both here and in America, have we watched the old-accustomed, far from joyless life sacrificed to foolish hankerings after another life, the hollow, spurious evanescent triumph of which compensates wretchedly for carking failures, for humiliations that degrade, for intrigues that deteriorate; a life that exchanges serenity for feverishness, self-respect for sycophancy, everything that is true and good and honourable for so much that is false and mean and pitiful! The Australia of to-day is not Arcady, but it is yet more remote from being Babylon. The drift in the latter direction, I suppose, is inevitable sooner or later. I recognize the impulses that will set it forward in this ill-omened course; but at least it is a refreshing experience to have known it ere the bad tide has perceptibly begun to make.

I remember once hearing an English duke with an income of some £200,000 a year, complain quaintly that after having met all the demands which his position claimed of him he had not £500 a year, "all to himself." In other words, he was simply forced by circumstances to live up to his income. When in Australia I had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of a resident gentleman possessing an equal income with that which pertained to—I will not say was enjoyed by, the English duke. I had the opportunity of ascertaining the annual expenditure of this wealthy Australian. It amounted—I take an average year—to just £35,000. Of this sum, £20,000 had been expended in charity, subscriptions, and public contributions, which were not, as is the Duke's expenditure in similar ways, virtually compulsory, but the greater proportion of which was in the fullest sense voluntary. His personal, family and domestic expenses were covered by the remaining £15,000. He had a considerable family, and two sons were being educated in England. He maintained an adequate hospitality in a fine country mansion not far from Melbourne, and had, I think, two indoor men-servants. He bred racing stock, but had no horses in the trainer's hands. He had an ample stud of carriage-horses, hacks, and ladies' horses;

carriages, coachmen and grooms in sufficiency. I do not remember that he had any hobbies, unless the maintenance of a tenantry on an estate which would have paid him better as a sheep run may be called a hobby ; and even if it were one, it only lessened his income, did not increase his expenditure. He was universally respected, his hospitality was regarded as profuse, and it was matter of common repute that his living expenditure was the largest in the colony ; yet, taking the calculation at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., he was living on the interest of his income. And I think if he had dared to spend much more freely, he would not have been held in so high general esteem. He told me in effect that he had neither the courage nor the inclination to be more lavish. To have been so would have been distasteful to himself and invidious toward others.

In a searching retrospect of my Australian experiences I can remember very few private houses where the *menage* expenses gave evidence of exceeding £5,000 a year. Of course I exclude expenditure in the gratification of special tastes. I do not reckon in the *menage* a passion for rare wines at any cost, a taste for *bric-à-brac* or for pictures, a mania for gambling, or the maintenance of a large racing stable. But I include in my estimate all things legitimately and normally domestic—hospitality of the usual Australian free-handedness, equipages, education and dress. I would exempt, of course, purchases of jewellery and such unwonted expenditure as the cost of a great ball given to all the social world on the *début* of a daughter. There are many ways in which the Australian, like the rest of us, can skittle down his money. He may take poor Sir William Don's plan, and use £10 notes instead of the ham in sandwiches. He can get rid of it more surely still by taking shares in gold mines. He can pile his year's income on the wrong horse in the Melbourne Cup. He can lose £10,000 in a night at cards in the little room not far from the Melbourne Treasury Office. He can buy an overstocked sheep station just before a year of drought. He can attest with his purse his belief in a bogus Lord. But if he would preserve the decorum of the conventional *juste milieu*, he cannot easily spend much more than £6,000 or £7,000 a year on his pure domesticities.

There is one exception, perhaps, to this domestic thrift of the Australians. They crave for fine houses, and do not count the cost to get housed to their mind. Nor is it handsomeness and roominess merely in the structure that they desiderate ; they will have elbow-room about it as well, even when they have to buy the land at a crazy figure by the foot. Thus it is that the suburbs of the capitals stretch away for miles outside the focus of streets, and that there are separate outlying municipalities in which there are not perhaps two dozen houses that do not stand inside their own pretty verdant and floral grounds. There is no expanse of water in the

world whose shores are studded with so many picturesque and picturesquely situated mansions as are the beautiful broken edges of Sydney Harbour. And the Australian makes a point of owning his house; so that he pays no rent, and that, therefore, is not an item in the expenditure I have allotted to him. Nor does it include the wages of indoor men-servants, for the simple reason that the Australian does not employ indoor men-servants. There may be three or four private houses in Victoria where "a man is kept;" there is but one such house in all South Australia. I do not believe there are more houses in New South Wales than in Victoria, if so many; there is not an indoor man-servant in Queensland outside Government House, if we except the Kanaka boys whom the sugar planters import for agricultural purposes, and make house-servants of them in the face of the Act of Parliament. Now this is not, as some Australians will tell you, that indoor servants are not to be had. Money will procure men-servants as it will other luxuries, and the colonial governors, who are not reckless spendthrifts, can always supply themselves. The truth is that the Australian does not like men-servants. Having himself a full consciousness of manhood, it gives him discomfort to be domestically waited on by one who in the act seems to him to be resigning something of his manhood. It is because of this spirit, as I imagine, that no Australian gentleman to my knowledge has descended to the use of a valet.

But pretty houses are expensive luxuries in the Australian capitals, because of the high price of land and the cost of labour and of building materials. From this cause and others, if there are no high pinnacles in colonial social expenditure, it must be said that the mean of that expenditure is rather a tax on the resources of the weaker brethren—of people, for instance, with fixed salaries. It used to be said of *menages* in Chowringhee, the Anglo-Indian quarter of Calcutta, that there was but one scale of expenditure, and that at the rate of £3,000 a year. It resulted that the people whose incomes did not reach this figure had to run into debt, the liquidation of which absorbed their surplus for years after their incomes exceeded it. There is more elasticity in the Australian scale, and the social requirements are far less exacting. Yet to live in an Australian capital abreast of their fellows, to maintain a position that shall bring home the force of no mortifying contrasts, is a feat not to be undertaken by a family of narrow income. For the poor gentleman with incumbrances, for the half-pay married officer with little private fortune, for the family bent on retrenchment, I really know no region of the Australian colonies having any social potentiality that is to be recommended. It is all very well for the single man, on whom no reciprocity is incumbent. A young friend of mine in Melbourne, who, as a single man, had been wont to have a very joyous time on a precarious £1,000

a year, perpetrated matrimony just before I left on an assured £1,500 a year. But he realized with something like awe how warily the altered household would have to be guided. Now I need not point out how fair a competence is £1,500 a year anywhere at home, except in the metropolis, and how far it will go even there, when judiciously dealt with.

A weakness of the Australian character is the hunger after titles and decorations. Toward the close of the Servian war, so cheap did the Russian officers hold the Servian decoration of the "Takovo Cross," that they used to tie the bauble round their dogs' necks, and have the animals trot behind them thus adorned. The "C.M.G." seems to me about as cheap a piece of trumpery as the Russian officers regarded the "Takovo Cross." But the Australian, though while he is without it he affects to sneer at the "C.M.G.," and links the initials to a derogatory legend, grasps it and wears it when the Colonial Office throws it to him. He would intrigue for it yet more eagerly than he does, if only his wife could be a "C.M.G." as well as himself. But as in Heaven there are many mansions, so there are successive grades in the titular Elysium of the Australian. The "C.M.G." is recognized as but the first rung of the ladder. Its utopian apex is a baronetcy, but that distinction is very rare of attainment. A knighthood or the K.G.M.G. is, however, within reach. The latter is the reward of the politician who has held office sufficiently long to have matured by courtesy into a statesman. For the knighthood there is an understood tariff. It comes as the result of a gift of £20,000—a larger sum will make the thing a greater certainty—for the behoof of some meritorious public object. The surest mark for such a donation is the Colonial University; a shot of equal charge at a working man's college or a picture gallery has been known to miss fire. But it is worthy of note that those much-coveted distinctions carry with them little intrinsic weight. Sir This and Lady That may be in society, but not because of the handle to their names; if they are not within the pale on their merits no title will open the wicket, any more than money will.

Social Australia has been reproached for its lavish love for a real live lord. The admission must be made that it does nourish this sentiment. At first sight the predilection looks like sheer snobbery, and I am not prepared to deny that it has in it a taint of this atrocity. But it is far from being all snobbery, as I venture to think. The Australians have a tender affection for the "old country." They glory in the hoar age of Britain, its solidity—perhaps even its stolidity—the fixed order of things that obtains in the country of their origin. The peerage they abstractly worship as a shining exemplar of all those time-encrusted institutions. When a lord comes among them they take delight in him as a symbol, just as when they

come to England they make haste to visit the Tower and Westminster Abbey. He may be yesterday's mushroom, but they set him down as titularly an ἀρχὴ ἀνδρῶν, the head of an historic house, come of a race that is among the pillars of the old State. In this there is, rather than snobbery, a simplicity in which I recognize something touching. But it must be frankly said that this feeling, which is not all ignoble, too often degenerates into another, which is ignoble without redeeming feature. Thus, the victims to it render themselves liable to be imposed on by spurious lords. They have been known to invent a lord, in the teeth of the poor creature's feeble remonstrances; with the natural result that they have suffered for the over-zeal of their ingenuity. All that I have to say in mitigation is simply this, that everywhere new communities have their fantasticalities.

The well-accredited visitor to Australia may lay his account with having what the Americans call "a lovely time." His hosts—and all the colonies will be his hosts—will strain every nerve to make him enjoy himself. Australian hospitality is proverbial the world over, and it has in it a cordial freshness that imparts to it a special charm. If he be a true man, he will leave no colony without realizing that he is leaving behind him in it many warm and genuine friends. He need not be a very susceptible person to find that, with the friendships he has left, he may have left his heart as well. Australian ladies have a characteristic bright airy piquancy. They sparkle as perhaps not even the American lady sparkles. Their "manner"—one finds one asking oneself bewilderedly how or whence they get it—for you will find it in the damsel of a remote bush township as graceful, frank, debonnaire and winsome, as in the Melbourne girl who may have spent half a dozen years in European residence and travel. One of the finest ladies I have ever met, in every shade of inflection of that term, was never outside the colony of Victoria in her life, except for a short visit to New Zealand. Australian ladies read. I fancy Gordon and Gotch could supply some startling statistics in regard to the number of high-class reviews and periodicals they export to the Antipodes. I am happy to say that I never met a blue-stocking in Australia; but I have had the honour of converse with many Australian women of high culture and deep thought on subjects, superficial thought on which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. But you do not find yourself oppressed by untimely volunteered franknesses of this sort; you have to seek that you may find. To sum up with a curtness and rough generalization for which apology is due—Australian ladies are fairly accomplished; in modern languages they are somewhat weak; in music very good, occasionally exceptionally so. They all sing, and many sing well. The most exquisite flower-painter

I know lives under the Southern Cross, and her gift is real genius. Victoria can boast of an amateur actress in whom also I ventured to recognize something of the sacred fire. In physique, they are taller, slighter, more lithe, shapelier, than their cogeners at home; their colour, save in Tasmania, is seldom brilliant. The expression is full of vivacity; the eyes nearly always good, and the head and feet shapely, although not, as are those of American ladies, exceptionally small. They dance divinely.

Australian gentlemen are manly cordial fellows; more pronounced and less reserved than are our people at home. The tone is a trifle more brusque, but it has the genuine ring in it. I think, perhaps, that they have even more prejudices than we have—I do not mean personal prejudices; and they are certainly freer-spoken in the enunciation of them. They are wholly without one attribute that is a discredit to so many Englishmen—the affectation of being idlers because of an absence of necessity for being workers. “Have you a leisure class?” asked an Englishman of an American. “What is that, anyhow?” interrogated the citizen of the Union. “A class who can afford to have no avocation,” explained the Briton. “Why, certainly,” responded the American with alacrity, “*we call them tramps.*” It is much the same in Australia. The only people who let themselves afford to have no specific object in life are the “sundowners,” as they are colonially called; the loafers who saunter from station to station in the interior, secure of a nightly ration and a bunk. Bar the “sundowner,” every Australian man has his avocation, and would think shame of himself to ape a sorry pride of not being industrious in it. He works like a man, and he plays like a man—sometimes like a boy. He is more speculative than is the business man who is his home correlative; and he therefore may experience greater vicissitudes of fortune. But he has an elasticity and a versatility that are more American than English; and so copious are the opportunities of Australia, that if fortune frowns to-day she may smile to-morrow from ear to ear. In all Australian life there remains still a large out-of-door element comprising occasional hard exercise, the recoil from which has a tendency to make men burly, if not portly. Theirs is a ruddier, sturdier manhood than is ours, even in the towns. In culture, in refinement, in manner, the Australian women are the superiors for the most part of the Australian men; but I think this is so in all communities of which the civilization has not attained to an exceptional degree of finished organization.

Australian social life is simpler all round than is the same life with us. Early rising is almost universal; and that pronounces against habitual late hours. In Australia there is nowhere any such institution as “Afternoon Park,” far less “Morning Park.”

Nowhere is there any out-of-door society resort like "the Row." A principal street in each town is affected as a promenade by the women of a secondary social position—a ceremonial which is currently styled "doing the block;" but ladies are not addicted to "doing the block." Afternoon receptions are infrequent, and the men cannot find time for much afternoon calling. Ladies, however, have their "days," and afternoon-tea is as much an institution in Australia as at home. Lawn-tennis is perhaps even more so. There is a great deal of dinner-giving, and in the season, which in Australia begins with the winter, culminates about the Melbourne Cup epoch in the end of October, and wanes as the hot weather approaches in late November, there is much dancing. Many of the big suburban houses have regular ball-rooms; and it is a common practice among ladies who have not, and who do not care to disorganize their own drawing-rooms, to give their ball at public rooms hired for the occasion. Even in the height of the season there is no "going on" from one house to another as with us. It is not often that there are two *funçons* on the same night in the same set; such clashing, which in a society comparatively small would hurt both, is avoided by arrangement. When Australian people go to a ball, they go with the intention of remaining at it till it is time to go home. There is a good deal of theatre-going: although "theatre parties," which are so pleasant a phase of American social life, are only as yet in the first stage of inception. And there is a great deal of marrying. The Australian marries young—much younger than the Englishman who is wise. This is partly because the former finds himself in a position to do so earlier than does the latter. And again, the conventionalities in Australia do not define what one may style the marrying platform with so stern rigour as do those which exercise sway at home.

The decorum of social life in Australia is marked and beautiful. There are very few domestic scandals; and still fewer *exposés*. Domesticity is a virtue of which neither men nor women are ashamed. Society savours wholesomely and sweetly. One finds in Australia no ladies having a reputation for *risques* utterances, no elaborately fictitious *ingénues*; no men who have a celebrity for their dexterity in *equivokes* and for the nasty subtilty of their *doubles entendres*. There may be those who will aver that the clear wholesome flavour of Australian social life is but superficial. I have heard men adventure such insinuations, and have had my own opinion concerning them. Personally I am not one who cares to plumb the depths in such matters, if there be any depths; but this is obvious to all, that the tone of conventional decency is rigidly accentuated, and even if this were all, it is surely something. But as an honest witness, and as a man who holds dear many who li-

within the seas that wash Australian shores, I record my deepest conviction that this is not all. I imagine one may answer for the female element being as pure as it is sweet and gracious. A man who has lived for some years in the world acquires, I think, the intuition to discern good women, and to detect, or at all events to suspect, the others, if there should be any. As for the gentlemen, for aught I know some of them may have private affairs of a loose description, but if so they must keep those strictly private if they care to remain within the social pale. No man in Australia who would keep his place in society could dare flout social public opinion by flaunting a *Lais* in the face of day, on the box of his mail phaeton, or on the lower cushion of his dogcart; nor be seen at the theatre in the box of such an one. That drawing-rooms should be feverish with the story of the elopement of a man's mistress with that man's friend; that ladies should be conversant with the ill-flavoured details, and profess their sympathy with the poor bereaved one, are casual traits of a social condition, of the existence of which anywhere I do not believe it would be possible to convince those poor primitive, untutored outsiders away in the Antipodes. You have, of course, a natural pity for their simplicity of innocence; you smile, no doubt, at a community still in these latter days susceptible to the obsolete emotion of incredulity about anything bad; and yet somehow there may pierce faintly through the thick atmosphere of your cynicism, a feeble sunbeam of surprised respect for a community which cannot bring itself to believe that such things are!

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

PARIS, 8th September, 1883.

FATE seems determined to remove, one by one, all those who, by their position or their personal qualities, might have been called to influence the political destinies of France. It is now several years since the death of the Prince Imperial struck a fatal blow at Bonapartism; it is eight months since the death of Gambetta broke up the Republican group which seemed likely to preponderate for the present in the direction of French policy; and now the death of the Count of Chambord, after weeks of dying, must profoundly modify the position of the two Royalist parties, Legitimists and Orleanists.

All political parties are agreed in doing reverence to the last of the French Bourbons; all the journals, with one accord, pay homage to the character of the Count of Chambord. But this unanimity, while it is a striking testimony to the virtues of Henri Cinq, is at the same time a demonstration of the weakness of his party and of the principle he represented, for political opponents are not apt to be so generous to a foe they have really dreaded. The Count of Chambord was, in fact, less the representative of the Monarchy than the symbol of the death of the Monarchy. He was the ghost of a great thing passed away; the feeble echo of the ideas of an earlier age. He could neither understand his own time nor be understood by it. He stood so far apart from all living and present reality that he regarded himself, and was regarded by others, less as the successor of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. than as the heir of St. Louis. He was less a Bourbon than a Capet. He was a living anachronism. He had all sorts of virtues: his private life was irreproachable; he had dignity of speech and bearing, kindness and affability, patience in adversity, and an unswerving faith in the justice of his cause; but he failed to unite with the virtues of a saint the qualities that might have made him a king. His mind was wanting in breadth and suppleness; he had no acquaintance with practical things, no energy in action. Brought up and living all his life in exile, he had become, so to speak, an abstraction; he was the visible form of a dead principle—Legitimacy. Absolute as a dogma, abstract as a formula, this melancholy guardian of an empty

ark had an indisputable grandeur. Immaculate and incorruptible, he ennobled and purified for posterity the end of a royal race, whose glory had been tarnished by the criminal errors of a Louis XIV. and the baseness of a Louis XV. The white page he has added to their history has the purity of ermine, the monotonous and melancholy lustre of moonlight on tombs. This truly royal greatness, and the retirement in which he lived, redeemed what might have been a little ridiculous in the comedy of etiquette which was played in the Court at Frohsdorf. He performed with perfect seriousness his part as future king; he carried on a very active personal correspondence with his agents in all the departments; he kept abreast of all political occurrences; he had even elaborated a scheme of government, chimerical enough, no doubt, but not without marks of originality and ability. He had a conception of his own of a Monarchy absolute in principle, and having the sole initiative both in legislation and in administration, but controlled by a Parliament which should have the exclusive power of voting the budget. This Parliament was to be composed of a Lower Chamber elected on a very democratic basis, and of an Upper Chamber nominated by the king out of certain prescribed categories of eligibles. To Henri Cinq the Monarchy was essentially a tutelary and paternal power, whose social (I was almost going to say, whose socialistic) function must largely consist in succouring the poorer classes, and in trying to bring about a better distribution of property and a juster remuneration of labour by reorganizing the workmen's corporations, and endeavouring to recreate the social hierarchy destroyed by the Revolution. The Catholic Church would naturally have been the corner-stone of the new constitution; and yet the Count of Chambord never dreamed of lowering his royal rights and dignity either before the clergy or before the Pope. In this also, as in all else, he was the faithful heir of St. Louis.

Yet, worthy of sympathy as he was in himself, and interesting as are, in some respects, his ideas of government, he was condemned to impotence and obscurity; first, because he represented above all things the negation of the Revolution—the negation symbolized by the white flag; and, secondly, because he had for his necessary ally and main support, Ultramontane clericalism. Rightly or wrongly, the mass of the French nation has made itself a fetich of the tricolour flag, which it regards as the emblem of the principles of liberty and equality proclaimed by the Revolution of 1789; and men of intelligence, who might have been disposed to rally to the monarchical system, will never bring themselves to submit to a clerical domination which would suppress all liberty of thought. Now the Count of Chambord remained inflexible to the last on the question of the flag; he draped himself in that white flag which has been but a winding-sheet for himself and his dynasty, and surrounded himself with all the narrowest and most fanatical of the Ultramontane party. On his death-bed he had recourse by turns to the capsules of M. Paul Bert and the water of Lourdes, to M. Vulpian and the thaumaturge Dom Bosco. His wife, devoted but unintelligent, and ever at his side, represented piety in its harshest form; amongst his habitual advisers and attendants there was not one whose mind was capable of comprehending modern science and the modern State. And yet this Legitimist

party, composed of men so mediocre or so fanatical, is the only one which can serve as the basis of a monarchical movement; because it alone believes in Monarchy as a principle and not as an expedient, and because it is honest, resolute, and disinterested.

Now, by a singular irony, the heir of the Count of Chambord is the Count of Paris, the grandson of Louis Philippe, who in 1830 dethroned and succeeded Charles X., the grandfather of the Count of Chambord. This circumstance should bring a great accession of strength to the Royalist party, because it unites in a single camp two armies hitherto distinct, if not hostile—the Legitimists and the Orleanists. The religious question can hardly create any antagonism between them, since the free-minded spirit which animated the partisans of King Louis Philippe has given place among the Orleanists, especially since 1870, to tendencies which, if not very religious, are at least very clerical. The Count of Paris has twice declared his adhesion to the principle of Legitimacy, once in 1873, by going to Frohsdorf to hail in the Count of Chambord "the only representative of the monarchical idea," and again a few weeks ago, by journeying again to Frohsdorf to receive from the Count of Chambord a farewell which seemed to have the character of a final pardon and reconciliation. At the moment of the funeral, it is true, the implacable rancour of the Countess of Chambord, by refusing the place of chief mourner to the Count of Paris, compelled the Orleans princes to withdraw from the ceremony; but all the Legitimists, even the most ardent—including M. de Charette, the head of the old Pontifical Zouaves, and M. de Monti, the chief of the Vendéans—have formally recognized the Count of Paris as the heir of Henri Cinq. The Orleanists, on their part, have not so far added one discordant note to the concert of lamentations for the departed king and acclamations for his successor. Everything, therefore, appears for the moment to tend towards the union of Royalists of all shades around the Count of Paris.

And yet it will be very difficult for this union to last. There are contradictions in the position and character of the Count of Paris, which must sooner or later bring the different fractions of his party into collision. His strength in the country at a given moment must depend on the fact that, as the heir of Louis Philippe, he represents a Liberal Constitutional Monarchy; but if he vindicates this title, if he remains faithful to the tricolour, if he poses as Louis Philippe II. and not as Philippe VII., if he does not make himself the king of the nobles and the king of the priests, he cannot fail to excite the distrust of the true Legitimists, and alienate them beyond recovery. The hatred of the Legitimists for the House of Orleans may be lulled to sleep by the necessities of the present moment, but it must sooner or later regain its force. The conduct of the Countess of Chambord and of the most intimate advisers of her husband at Goritz shows that it is still alive. At the bottom of their hearts the Legitimists still regard the Orleans princes as intriguers, as renegades to their family and the monarchical principle, as men willing to accommodate their conduct to circumstances, and always ready to fish in troubled waters; they will never forget that the Count of Paris is the son of a Protestant mother and of the most liberal of the sons of Louis Philippe, that he served as an officer in the Protestant and democratic Federal army in the American war, and that he has been

the author of books on that war, and on the condition of the English workman, every line of which shows his sympathy for modern ideas which the Legitimists regard as revolutionary. Lastly, a profound animosity separates the Legitimist party from the Duc d'Aumale; and the Duc d'Aumale is the recognized leader of the Orleans family. He is marked out for their leader by his intelligence as well as by his wealth; and his nephews have always recognized his authority. To imagine that journals like the *Union*, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Univers*, will long keep step with the *Français*, the *Moniteur*, and the *Soleil*, is to be very optimistic indeed.*

But if the Count of Paris should change his front, renounce his past, his mother, his father, his grandfather, exchange the living tricolour for the winding-sheet of the white flag, and muffle himself up in the Count of Chambord's dressing-gown and slippers and holy-water sprinkler, the situation will be still more embarrassing for the Royalists. The Count of Paris must go abroad to play the comedy of kingship, surrounded by puppets, with whom he has not an idea, a memory, or a hope in common, and he will lose at a stroke all possible influence on the Orleanists, who are after all numerous in the country. For who, in reality, are the Orleanists? They are the moderate men, at once liberal and conservative, who care little, at bottom, about political forms, but who dread the Republic because they believe it leads inevitably to radicalism, and from radicalism to social disorder. This party has no very clearly defined limits. Many of its members are now adherents of the Republic, and should the Count of Paris become another Count of Chambord, the number of those who still call themselves Royalists must seriously diminish. If, on the other hand, the Count of Paris should continue to be the representative of Liberal Monarchy, and if the Republic shows itself at once feeble and violent, unable to maintain prosperity at home and security abroad, their number will become legion. This is the permanent danger of a Republic based on universal suffrage;—two or three years of discomfort and discontent, and a Royalist chamber may suddenly spring from the ballot-box.

As far as one can judge from the character for prudence and opportunism generally associated with the Orleans family, the Count of Paris will do all he can to avoid pronouncing himself on difficult subjects—the question of the flag, the question of the constitution, the religious question. He will feel that there might be difficulties in playing the rôle of Henri Cinq without his serene and majestic faith; he will abstain from doing anything which might oblige him to quit the country. But this very prudence will deprive him of all proselytizing power, and leave the door open for all sorts of quarrels and schisms amongst the members of the Royalist party.

The present Ministry, M. Ferry has affirmed, will yield to no empty terrors. If the Orleans princes conduct themselves as French citizens, they will not be disturbed; if they declare themselves as pretenders, they will be requested to cross the frontier. The Government can afford to be so much the more indulgent with them, because public opinion among the rural population is proving itself more and more strongly in favour of the Republic. The August elections have increased the number

* What we have said above has not been long in being realized. The *Union* has ceased to appear, and the *Univers* has begun a violent war against the partisans of the Count of Paris. (20th Sept.)

of Republicans on the Councils-General by more than a hundred; in three fresh departments the reactionary majority has been replaced by a Republican majority; and, moreover, these elections have been for the most part very reasonable; the partisans of the present Government have carried them almost all, and the extreme parties have had but little success. It must be admitted that it has not been the same with a certain number of by-elections for the Chamber of Deputies, which have returned extreme Radicals, or reactionaries. We must not, however, attach excessive importance to this symptom; for it has often been observed that the mass of moderate electors take little interest in by-elections, and leave the field to the extreme parties, who often carry their candidate by an almost infinitesimal number of votes. But neither must we lull ourselves into a false security. If we sleep and let things take their chance, the essentially uncertain action of universal suffrage is sure to prepare us some unpleasant surprises.

Meanwhile, from a ministerial and parliamentary point of view, France is passing through one of the most satisfactory periods she has yet seen. M. Jules Ferry has fully proved himself what he promised to be—a real Prime Minister, assuming the effective management of public affairs at all points; and he has been able to keep a strong majority in Parliament, notwithstanding the violent and disloyal attacks of certain Republicans, both in the Chamber and in the press. He had the wisdom to settle at once two great financial questions—the conversion of the *rente*, and the conventions with the railway companies. Not only were these two operations absolutely necessary to restore financial equilibrium—since the conversion diminishes by thirty-five millions the annuities payable by the State, and the conventions engage the companies to construct at their own expense the new lines imprudently undertaken by M. de Freycinet—but they have brought home to the deputies the necessity of not disturbing the country for fear of compromising its financial situation. The discussion of these financial interests has also tended to promote public order, and provide a guarantee of stability for the Ministry. They have had, however, to struggle against a good deal of ill-will. Deputies on the look out for popularity did not fail to say that the State was being sacrificed to the great companies, and to the bankers; and the Utopists demanded the buying up by the State of all the railway lines, in order to cheapen transport. M. Allain Targé urged the purchase of at least one line, that of Orleans, in order to intimidate the others and force them to submit to harsher conditions; while M. Wilson, a daring and unscrupulous financier, strong in his position as M. Grévy's son-in-law, never ceased to oppose the ministerial projects, both openly and in secret. These projects were carried, nevertheless; and the fact that they have in no way modified the movements of railway stock on the Bourse proves that they were not inequitable.

The advantages of the Magistracy law, which the Ministry have succeeded in passing through both Chambers, are much more doubtful. For many years the Chamber of Deputies and the Ministry of Justice have been preparing a reform of the magistracy. Some wished for a radical change in the mode of nominating the judges, and were prepared to go back to the system of election established by the Revolu-

tion; others would have contented themselves with abolishing the unnecessary tribunals and judges, increasing the powers of the *juges de paix*, and improving the position of the magistracy generally. Unfortunately there was one hindrance to these reforms—the parochial spirit of the deputies. Nobody wanted any of the tribunals in his own *arrondissement* to be suppressed. After many fruitless attempts to come to an agreement, they concluded by voting a law of which the essential point is, not a reform of the magistracy, but the temporary suspension of the irremovability of the judges—that is to say, of the principle which is justly regarded as one of the guarantees of their independence. This was carried out by the suppression of a certain number of judgeships, and by authorizing the Minister of Justice to pension off, not the suppressed judges, but the judges it was desirable to get rid of on account of their political opinions. It is, in fact, a political weeding of the magistracy; from the point of view of the magistrates weeded out, it is a law of proscription. It must be allowed that there is something singularly shocking in the measure. That a Government should, immediately after a revolution, take measures for not leaving the Bench to its avowed enemies, may be a matter of necessity; but after thirteen years of Republican government, when more than a third of the magistracy has been changed already, and fresh changes are every day taking place, to suspend the irremovability of the judges simply looks like furnishing the deputies with a means of injuring their private enemies and finding places for their friends. The law has brought down an avalanche of denunciation; and the Minister of Justice, having but three months before him in which to complete his task, is obliged to set about it with dangerous precipitation.

This said, we are forced to admit that some of the magistrates have recklessly incurred dislike by parading their hostility or contempt for existing institutions, and allowing themselves to be drawn into a thousand imprudences of speech and action. And we cannot but approve that part of the law which provides for the punishment of the magistrate who neglects the duties of his office.

The authority of the Ministry over the Chamber was displayed again on the occasion of several interpellations, and it was shown still more remarkably in the facility with which it disposed of the violent propositions made with regard to the budget of public worship. Some of the more arbitrary spirits, fanatically hostile to Catholicism, wished at once to keep the Church in dependence on the State by means of the Concordat, and to deprive it of the means of existence by constantly reducing its endowment. M. Ferry had little difficulty in showing the injustice, meanness, and mischievousness of such a proceeding, for one of the first needs of the country at the present moment is religious peace. M. Ferry has, perhaps, not always understood this as well as he understands it now; but the letter addressed by Leo XIII. to M. Grévy shows that under the present Pope it would be possible to find a basis of agreement which, without requiring great concessions to the clergy, would remove them from the ranks of the irreconcilable enemies of the Republic. Unfortunately many deputies breathe nothing but war against the Church. At their head is M. Paul Bert, whose Bill for the application of the Concordat is nothing less than downright persecution. It shuts up the clergy in the Concordat as in

a prison, and ends with an absurd article forbidding the admission of the public into private chapels, so that while I am allowed to hold any sort of anti-clerical meeting, I am forbidden to open my house to the faithful as soon as it is a question of attending Mass. The Ministry will find itself face to face with great difficulties when the time comes for the discussion of this burning subject; and still more so when they have to deal with the Bill subjecting all Frenchmen to military service for three years. All the scientific and educational bodies protest against this Spartan law, which will be the signal of the intellectual decadence of France. M. Ferry is personally hostile to it; most of the deputies think it absurd; but it furnishes so fine a theme for levelling declamations that it is doubtful whether they will have the courage to refuse it.

These are the cares of the coming year. For this year home affairs have been pretty calm. The condemnation of Louise Michel to five years of solitary confinement for having presided at the pillage of the bakers' shops on the 9th of March has led—notwithstanding the threats of the anarchists—to no outrage on the jurors who condemned her. The violent attack of M. Laisant on the venality of his colleagues, and the revelations of M. Boland, a Belgian financier, who professes to have given 16,000 francs to two deputies, caused but a momentary sensation. M. Jules Ferry, in his able and eloquent speech at the inauguration of the monument in commemoration of the oath of the *Jeu de Paume*, was able fairly to turn the tables on those who attacked and disparaged him, and to say that public opinion was with him. Without any of the gifts that dazzle the crowd and command popularity, M. Ferry has succeeded, by his courage and his political probity, in acquiring an authority which no Minister had possessed before him.

It is on the foreign horizon that the dark spots are seen; and, notwithstanding the skill and firmness of M. Challemel-Lacour, they are far from being all dissipated as yet. The misunderstanding with England assumed at one moment somewhat serious proportions, whether on account of the accusations brought by the English against M. de Lesseps, or on account of the action of Admiral Pierre at Tamatave. Public opinion was for the moment strongly excited against the English, but this feeling soon gave way before Mr. Gladstone's fair and impartial manner of dealing with both questions, and thanks also to the conciliatory spirit shown by the French Ministry. Moreover, the brutal and ill-timed attack on France in the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, the official organ of M. de Bismarck, soon brought about a *rapprochement* between the two countries. This episode makes one think of the Wolf and the Lamb. As the wolf accused the lamb of spoiling the water he was drinking by stirring up the mud twenty paces down the stream, so the Berlin journal accuses the French press of disturbing the peace of Europe by its noisy threats of revenge. The accusation was received with amazement in France, and indeed by all Europe. We had the good sense not to get angry, but to inquire into the meaning of it. Was it intended to influence public opinion in Germany, or to make France feel her weakness in the presence of the German Empire, and discourage her making any attempt to form alliances which might be distasteful, if not hostile, to Germany? It is not easy to be quite sure. But whatever may have been Prince Bismarck's

intention, the arrow went a little beyond its mark, and his journal has since been endeavouring to diminish its effect by articles of a more conciliatory nature.

Public opinion is, however, less occupied with the more or less enigmatical attitude of Germany than with the expedition to Tonquin. Notwithstanding the resistance and the anxieties of a few politicians, who complain that France is scattering her forces and undertaking more than her power of colonial expansion admits of, the establishment of the French protectorate at Tonquin is generally desired by all who are capable of forming an opinion on the subject. The colonization of Cochin China has produced excellent results, and Tonquin is healthier and more fertile than Cochin China. The Annamites ask no better than to be rid of the pirates who infest their rivers, and the first attempts at commercial establishments have been successful. For the rest, France was settled in Tonquin already; it was only by the inconceivable carelessness of the Government of the 24th of May, 1873, that the posts we had established there were abandoned, the death of the heroic Francis Garnier left unavenged, and the active and intelligent merchant Dupuis iniquitously ruined. A very strong public opinion had long been calling for the restoration of an effective French protectorate in Tonquin—a protectorate which had been recognized, moreover, by the Treaty of 1874. Hanoi was accordingly reoccupied; but a fresh disaster drove the Government to more energetic action. The commandant of Hanoi, Henri Rivière, one of the most brilliant of our officers of marine, and at the same time known as a novelist, the author of two little masterpieces, full of wit and fancy, "*Pierrot*" and "*Caïn*"—a man of chivalrous nature, at once ardent and melancholic—was killed in an ambushade. It was decided to organize a military occupation of Tonquin, to suppress piracy in its waters, and to obtain from the Sovereign of Annam a treaty similar to that imposed on the Bey of Tunis. The difficulty is not with Annam, but with China, who claims to exercise over Annam a suzerainty about which she has not troubled herself in the least for the last century. It is not generally believed in France that China seriously thinks of fighting in defence of possessions which she has practically long ago renounced; it is thought that either she hopes to obtain some advantages by her menacing attitude, or she is acting under the influence of European Powers who wish to hinder the activity of France. But it is felt that the Government ought to have shown more energy in carrying on the diplomatic campaign with China, with a view to a settlement; and the question is raised whether M. Bourée was not somewhat too hastily recalled from his embassy, when his convention might have been used as a basis for such an agreement. There is an obscurity about this question which the Minister for Foreign Affairs would do well to dissipate.

The death of Commandant Rivière has not been the only loss which France has suffered during these last three months. We have lost one of our best writers, the eminent political publicist and professor, M. Ed. Laboulaye. He first made his reputation as a jurist and a man of learning by his very important works on the history of the system of property and of the condition of women, which opened to him the doors of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. But during the last

years of the Empire he became one of the most popular and approved representatives of liberal ideas, both in his pamphlets, such as "Paris in America," and, more particularly, in his lectures on Comparative Legislation, at the Collège de France, which he made the vehicle of an eloquent and forcible indictment against the Empire. His influence over the young men of the Schools was immense; but he lost it all in a single day by his defence of the *Plébiscite* of 1870. It was not, however, out of any sympathy with the Empire; it was in accordance with his American democratic theories. The same thing accounts for his powerlessness a little later to exercise any real influence either in the National Assembly or in the Senate, of which he was an irremovable member. His mind was unpractical; he could not adapt his theories to circumstances; he wanted to bend the facts to his theories. Yet he was original, brilliant, and invariably high-toned. He never stooped to seek popularity; he was unchangeably faithful to the liberal ideas of which he had made himself the apostle; he preferred this fidelity, which condemned him to perpetual isolation, to the temptations of power and the opportunity of playing a conspicuous part in public affairs. His most durable reputation will not, however, be that of a politician, but that of a jurist. He will be remembered as one of the founders of the study of historical law in France.

Not long after M. Laboulaye, died M. Defrémery, another professor of the Collège de France, an excellent Arabic scholar, and also an authority on the literature of the seventeenth century, with which he had a peculiarly delicate acquaintance. And now we have just lost an author who, though he never wrote in French, had made France his adopted country, and had been adopted by her as one of her most illustrious novelists—Ivan Tourgénéief. From the time when the petty persecution of the Russian Government obliged him to leave his native land, he settled in France with his friends the Viardots, paying only short occasional visits to Russia. It was at Bougival, near Paris, that he died on the 3rd of September, of a painful disease from which he had been suffering for more than two years. His works were often translated into French from the manuscript itself, and appeared simultaneously in French and in Russian; and though he depicted Russian types and manners exclusively, his reputation was as great in Paris as at St. Petersburg, and he passed with the general public for a great French writer. He has contributed, more than any one else, to make Russia understood in France, and to create a sympathy between the two nations. Contemporary Russia lives complete in his works. In his "Memoirs of a Russian Nobleman," or "Recollections of a Sportsman," he has given expression to the sufferings, the melancholy, the poetry, of the Russian country-folk, and prepared the way for the emancipation of the peasants; in "Une Nichée de Gentilshommes" he has depicted the monotonous life of the lesser gentry, living on their small fortunes in the heart of Russia; in "Dimitri Roudine," in "Smoke," and in "Les Eaux Printanières" we find those Russian types which are met with all over Europe—those nomads whose incoherent brains are seething with all sorts of ideas, social, political, and philosophical; those spirits in search of an ideal and a career, whom the narrow and suffocating social life of Russia has turned into idlers and weaklings; those worldlings, with their eccentric or vulgar frivolity; those women, amongst

whom we may find all that is most cruel in coquetry and most sublime in self-devotion. Last of all, in "Fathers and Sons," he has revealed, with a prophetic touch, the first symptoms of that moral malady of Nihilism which is eating at the heart of modern Russia, and in "Virgin Soil" he has given us a faithful and impartial description of the society created by the Nihilistic spirit. Tourgénief is a realist; his personages are real, his pictures are drawn from the life, his works are full of true facts; but he is at the same time a true artist, not only in virtue of the power with which he reproduces what he has seen, but because he has the faculty of raising his personages to the dignity of human types of lasting truth and universal significance, and because he describes, not all he sees, but only what strikes the imagination and moves the heart. He is wholesomely objective; he does not describe his heroes, he makes them act and speak; the reader sees and hears and knows them as if they were living people—loves them and is sorry for them—hates and despises them. Tourgénief is one of those novelists who have created the greatest number of living types; he is one of those in whom we find the largest, the most sensitive, the most human heart. He has shown, like Dickens, all that warmth of heart can add to genius.

In the midst of so many losses we still retain amongst us the old poet, who, with M. Mignet, is left almost the sole representative of the literary epoch of the Restoration; and while the literary activity of M. Mignet ceased some years ago, Victor Hugo continues to produce a new work each spring. This year he finishes the series of historico-political poems which he calls "*Légende des Siècles*" (Levy), and which forms in all five volumes. We must not expect the octogenarian poet to surprise us with a renewal of his thought—with some fresh work to equal or surpass the "*Contemplations*" or the "*Châtiments*." It is not to be wondered at if he falls into an old man's reiterations, and if the philosophic poems in the present volume repeat what he said in the "*Contemplations*" or in "*Religion and Religions*," and the political poems what he has said everywhere. The "*Vision of Dante*" is a feeble echo of the "*Châtiments*," and the "*Quatre Jours d'Elciis*" is a long diatribe against kings, nobles, soldiers, and priests, which reproduces what he has already said in "*Ratbert*" and elsewhere. Notwithstanding these inevitable signs of failing strength, it is astonishing to see how much of his native ardour, taste, and imagination remains to the old poet. He says the same things, but he says them in a new form, with new words and new images. There are some charming pieces in this volume, as, for instance, the "*Chanson des Doreurs de Proue*," a hymn to Love, the passionate eloquence of which is worthy of a poet of twenty; and some philosophic verses which we cannot refrain from quoting. After energetically protesting against those materialists who drag man down to the level of the brute and refuse him his immortality, he cries:—

"Mourir n'est pas finir, c'est le matin suprême.
Non, je ne donne pas à la mort ceux que j'aime.
Je les garde, je veux le firmament pour eux,
Pour moi, pour tous, et l'aube attend les ténébreux.
L'amour en nous, passants qu'un rayon lointain dore,
Est le commencement auguste de l'aurore.
Mon cœur, s'il n'a pas ce jour divin, se sent banai,

Et, pour avoir le temps d'aimer, veut l'infini ;
 Car la vie est passée avant qu'on ait pu vivre.
 C'est l'azur qui me platt, c'est l'azur qui m'enivre,
 L'azur sans nuit, sans mort, sans noirceur, sans défaut ;
 C'est l'empyrée immense et profond qu'il me faut,
 La terre n'offrant rien de ce que je réclame,
 L'heure humaine étant courte et sombre, et pour une âme
 Qui vous aime, parents, enfants, toi ma beauté,
 Le ciel ayant à peine assez d'éternité."

This volume of Victor Hugo's has been the only literary event of the last few months; but several works of erudition have appeared which deserve notice. The most remarkable of these is M. Giry's work on the "Establishments of Rouen" (Vieweg, 2 vols.). It is not a study of the municipal institutions of Rouen alone, but of a vast collection of towns whose institutions were more or less copied from those of Rouen—Poitiers, Tours, St. Jean d'Angely, Niort, La Rochelle, Bayonne, &c. &c. It is, in fact, a chapter of the history of the communal movement, which M. Giry has given in minute and accurate detail. He lays down the essential principles for the study of this history. We must not attempt, with Augustin Thierry, to separate the communal and municipal institutions according to geographical divisions; nor waste time in trying to trace them back to very doubtful Roman or Germanic sources; we must determine the genealogy of the municipal charters themselves, ascertain which are the oldest and most important, and find out in what ways they have been transported from town to town, copied, and imitated. M. Giry brings out very clearly the policy of the French monarchy with respect to the towns, the little liking it had for complete communal liberty, and the efforts it made to subject all the towns to its own influence. Finally, he shows that the communal movement was not an insurrection against the feudal system, but the adaptation of town life to a feudal society—the entrance of the towns into the feudal system. The towns become, in a word, feudal persons—vassals and suzerains. The kings who wish to destroy feudalism attack it in the towns, as well as under its aristocratic form.

It was under Louis XI. that the conflict ended in the triumph of the monarchy. The work of M. René de Maulde on "The Marriage of Jeanne de France" (Champion) throws new light on the character of the crafty tyrant. Louis XI., who destroyed feudalism, nevertheless held to the feudal rights of the suzerain over the marriage of his vassals, and used them to make some very queer marriages. The worst was that of his own daughter Jeanne, a poor deformed girl, incapable of having children, whom, for that very reason, he forced on Louis of Orleans, whose power and ambition he dreaded. The marriage was comic enough, apart from the misery and humiliation of the poor sacrificed princess. Her married life was a long martyrdom, and her divorce a happy release. She spent the rest of her life in doing good to the population of Berri, which had been given her as an appanage, and was deservedly honoured among them as a saint. The story is at once droll and touching, and M. de Maulde tells it with feeling and humour.

A story in which tragic and comic elements certainly abound, but in which the element of pathos is wholly wanting, is that of Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, which M. G. Duruy has just reproduced with great literary skill (Hachette). Nephew and Minister of Pope Paul IV., Carlo Caraffa was mixed up with all the political and diplomatic affairs of his uncle's

pontificate; greed and ambition were his only motives; the nepotism to which he owed his greatness was the cause also of his fall, and he perished under Pius IV., the declared enemy of the Colonnas. The Italy of the sixteenth century breathes again on the canvas of M. Duruy, with its magnificence and its vices, its political astuteness, its artistic splendour, its intense passions, its cruel and corrupt manners.

True Italians of the Renaissance were those Bonapartes who burst into Europe from Corsica, at the opening of the nineteenth century, and seized it as their prey. Colonel Jung, who had already brought out some curious documents on the youth of Napoleon, has just completed the publication of the "*Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte*" (Charpentier), which add more than one interesting feature to what was already known of the strange relations of Napoleon with his family. At the same time the Baron Du Casse's "*Crowned Brothers of Napoleon*" (G. Baillière), lets us into the secrets of the disorderly life of King Jerome in Westphalia, and gives us a faithful picture of the state of that unhappy kingdom, exhausted by the pressure of the Napoleonic system.

The Revolution and the Empire retained much of the immorality but little of the grace of the eighteenth century. But we miss none of its grace in the charming volume on Mme. d'Epinay (Levy), just given us by MM. Perey and Maugras. They are the last years of that fascinating and unhappy woman, years embittered by the misconduct of her husband and son, but consoled by the devoted friendship of Grimm, and by acquaintance and correspondence with the most gifted and illustrious men of the time—Voltaire, Diderot, Galiani. We find in this new volume unpublished letters from all these friends; and still the most exquisite letters are those of Mme. d'Epinay herself, in which the finest and most delicate feminine wit is united with a passionate eloquence sprung from the heart.

We may notice, lastly, a book of great importance as bearing on the history of the institutions of ancient France—the second and third volumes of M. Vuitry's "*Etudes sur les Institutions Financières de la France*" (Guillaumin). These two volumes bring us down from St. Louis to Charles V. The author has given his work a considerable range, not tying himself down to the study of purely financial questions taken by themselves, but connecting them, on the one hand, with the historical development of the royal domain, and on the other with judicial and administrative institutions. This extension of the subject was indeed necessary to make it really understood; for the old French Monarchy, which had become essentially a fiscal despotism, had for many centuries no regular system of taxation, and drew its revenues entirely from its domains and its feudal rights; so that, in order to study its finance, it is necessary to study the extent of its domain and the nature of its feudal relations; while, at the same time, the financial functions of the royal administration were never distinctly separated either from the purely administrative, or, more especially, from the judicial. There was such a confusion of powers and functions that it is impossible to study the institutions of the time with any approach to thoroughness without studying them all together. What lends a peculiar interest to M. Vuitry's book is, that it is the work not of a professed historian, but of a statesman who was long President of the Imperial Council of State; a man thoroughly experienced in affairs, and particularly in financial affairs. He brings

a really wonderful lucidity to the analysis of the complicated machinery of administration. His book is not so much a new contribution to research as a vast synthesis of the partial results obtained by other workers on the difficult subject of the monarchical institutions of the Middle Ages.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres has had this year to award the biennial prize of 20,000 francs, founded by the Emperor Napoleon III., to be bestowed on the author, artist, or man of science whose works have done most credit to France. Each of the five sections of the Institute awards the prize in turn; and, except the French Academy, which has always had the meanness to give it to one of its own members, the sections have always excluded themselves from the competition, in order to bestow it on men of distinguished merit who are not yet members of the Institute. M. P. Meyer has been chosen this year, after having been run very close by M. Maspéro, the director of the Museum at Boulogne, and the worthy successor of Mariette. M. P. Meyer owes the distinction accorded to him by the Academy, chiefly to the fact of his having been the author of the most remarkable discoveries of unpublished documents made during this century. We owe to him, in particular, the work of Primat on St. Louis, and the French poem on "Guillaume Le Maréchal" (William Marshall), which he discovered quite recently among Sir Thomas Phillipps' MSS. Again, a few weeks ago, he discovered at Ypres the fragments of a poem on Thomas à Becket. M. P. Meyer is almost infallible as a critic and philologist, and the disinterestedness with which he has devoted his whole time and energies to the work has won for him a universal esteem.

Beyond these literary and scientific incidents, which after all interest but a narrow circle, there is but one thing which has moved the public mind since the rising of the Chambers—the frightful disaster at Cassinella. The fête given in Paris for the benefit of the victims has brought in 300,000 francs—an enormous sum at this time of the year, when the rich are all away from home; and on all hands the opportunity has been seized to show the Italians that no political disagreements have been able to break the link of historical, ethnical, and political brotherhood which unites France to Italy. The two nations would commit a great mistake if they did not make common efforts and even mutual concessions to come to an *entente cordiale*, so necessary to them both.

G. MONOD.

POSTSCRIPT.—We must defer till a future opportunity speaking of the theatre, which, during the last few months, has been marked by the appearance of two new writers, both very remarkable—Mlle. Arnaud and M. Jannet. Nor have we time at present to speak of the Triennial Fine Arts Exhibition, which opened on the 15th of September. The two kings of the Salon in painting are Henner and Meissonier, and the works of sculpture form a collection of incomparable beauty.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

MODERN HISTORY.

THE field of modern history is constantly being increased, partly by the patient labour of students, partly by the alternations of affairs, which direct attention into various channels and suggest new aspects of the importance of the past. One interest of a survey like the present is to see how events tend to explain themselves. An explanation which sufficed in one age becomes inadequate in another. The problem is seen to be larger than was supposed. Students are turned to fresh investigations. Materials that were regarded as of small importance by a previous generation receive new significance. Literary judgments by contemporaries, or by writers living shortly after the events, are displaced in favour of the results of a survey of actual facts. New documents, containing new details, are perpetually being discovered. The wisest judgments of the most impartial historian are upset by the publication of a batch of State Papers which had not fallen under his eye. Modifications of details are so numerous that it is difficult to keep clear any general outlines.

The knowledge of the earliest history of Europe has been making great progress of late years. But history still finds it difficult to assimilate the labours of archæology. Mr. Elton's "*Origins of English History*"* was a praiseworthy attempt to aid in a new departure. A similar work is being done for Scotland by Mr. Anderson on a more limited scale, but with greater precision. Mr. Anderson is engaged in investigating the antiquities of Scotland by a careful analysis of existing remains. Beginning with those of which the origin is pretty well ascertained, he proceeds to those which are more remote. In previous volumes he has dealt with "*Scotland in early Christian Times*." In a volume which has just appeared he deals with the remains of the Iron Age in Scotland.† Beginning with sepulchral hoards, he separates off those which are of purely Scandinavian origin; next he traces the areas in which a type of ornament exists, which is the result of a mixture of Scandinavian and Celtic forms. Finally, he arrives at the remains of purely Celtic art, and points out its special features. The peculiar constructions of the Brochs, and the indications of the life of their inhabitants, are next examined, and then the lake-dwellings and hill-forts have their tale to tell. Mr. Anderson sees in them all distinctive features of Celtic civilization; here and there is a trace of the presence of Roman influences, but Rome only touched, and did not merge, the indigenous culture. Future discoveries may modify Mr. Anderson's conclusions, but they are the results of a careful survey of what is at present known. His next volume, on the Bronze and Stone Ages in Scotland, will enable us to judge more clearly of the value of his investigations as a whole.

Between the archæology of Mr. Anderson and that of Mr. Freeman there

* London: Quaritch. 1882.

† "*Scotland in Pagan Times: The Iron Age. The Rhind Lectures in Archæology for 1881.*" By Joseph Anderson. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1883.

is a lapse of centuries. But both writers insist on the same truth, that the land should tell its own story. Mr. Freeman carries this axiom into a period in which literary history exists, and calls upon his readers to quicken their book-learning by bringing it into connection with the architectural remains of the past. His recent volume, "English Towns and Districts,"* does not contain much that is new. Its contents are magazine articles and addresses to archæological societies. They well deserve to be republished, and their appearance in a connected form serves to give emphasis to the remark in the preface: "Many of us have not fully grasped the truth how largely in every land national history is made up of local history." Mr. Freeman rambles from Silchester to Bamburgh, and always has something suggestive to say of every place which he has visited. These essays have no pretence to completeness; they are the record of the points which struck Mr. Freeman himself. He is interested in architecture, and therefore the architectural features of the country are those which are chiefly made to tell their story. The book is full of Mr. Freeman's individuality, and centres round his studies for the "Norman Conquest." Its value, as showing the importance of local history, would have been increased by greater thoroughness. Still, the book serves as a sample of the kind of work that may be done in reading our country's records as written on its face. Mr. Freeman may claim to have done much in this way, and Mr. Green's "Making of England" was a brilliant example of an imaginative reproduction of the past by one who had trained his eye to the work of historical retrospection. It is one of Mr. Freeman's greatest merits that he has done much to bridge over the gulf that separated antiquarianism and history.

It is noticeable that the most important work dealing with English history which has appeared during the last few months is devoted to this study of local history. Mr. Loftie's "History of London"† is a thorough and scholarly piece of work. Mr. Loftie has carefully brought together all that is known of the history of London, and has set it before the reader in a clear and attractive form. About the early days of London little can be established with certainty. Not till after the Norman Conquest did London really become a fine city. Its topographical and constitutional importance are interwoven by Mr. Loftie with patience and sobriety. Mr. Loftie has laid hold of the thread of the historical development of the city, and has not wandered into gossip or into picturesque writing. His self-restraint deserves all praise. In the first volume he has given a continuous sketch of the history of London; in the second volume he has given a detailed account of the suburbs. When we read his volumes and weigh their historical importance, we appreciate the truth of Professor Stubbs' pregnant remark that "London has always been the purse, often the brain, but never the heart of England." The history of London, in spite of the modern greatness of the city, does not contribute so much to the knowledge of English history, as a whole, as does the history of Winchester, or Chester, or York, or even Durham. A comparison of the political influence and significance of European capitals would show the different principles on which European history has moved.

The books which we have noticed are books written by students in the prosecution of serious research. We turn to two others, no less remarkable for careful workmanship, which owe their origin to contemporary politics. It is characteristic of the present day that political problems lead to an historical investigation of their causes. The Irish difficulty has been the cause of many historical studies. None amongst them is more important or more interesting than Sir John Pope Hennessey's "Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland."‡

* London: Macmillan. 1883.

† Two volumes. London: Stanford. 1883.

‡ London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1883.

The writer seems to have been struck by the small attention which Mr. Froude has paid to the Elizabethan policy towards Ireland. In his book he has gathered together the materials supplied by the State Papers. He has done his best to set Raleigh before us as he really was. The result is certainly damaging to Raleigh's character as a man, and to Elizabeth's reputation for political wisdom. It is noticeable that a less favourable opinion of the Elizabethan age is beginning to force itself upon historical inquirers. The selfishness and greed, the want of moral principle, the brutality and unscrupulousness of the chief men of that time are beginning to be recognized. Raleigh's proceedings in Ireland are characteristic of the times. He went there to make his fortune, and he allowed nothing to stand in his way. The massacre of the Spaniards at Smerwick was but an example of his temper and of his doings. Elizabeth approved of this measure, and Raleigh was generally the Queen's adviser in Irish affairs. Raleigh's resoluteness and personal courage are amply acknowledged. He set about pacifying Ireland by stern war against "traitors," by driving the native Irish from their lands and setting up an oligarchy of "undertakers." "Practises against the rebels" meant in his mouth deliberate assassination, even poisoning; and Elizabeth did not disapprove. The Archbishop of Cashel was arrested, and as there was no rack in Dublin Castle, a means was improvised to "examine" him, "which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots." Burleigh did not agree with this treatment of Ireland; he wrote "that the Flemings had not such cause to rebel against the oppression of the Spaniards as the Irish against the tyranny of England." Burleigh's policy was thwarted, and Raleigh's policy bore its natural fruits. He himself wrote before his death that the Irish had learned armed resistance. At first their only weapons were darts, but in time they had "as good pikes and muskets as England hath." Raleigh aimed at driving away the natives and seizing their lands. His experience as a landowner was expressed by one wail of disappointment. His Irish estates were not profitable to him, and he could not grow rich on his ill-gotten gains. Yet he did not learn the lessons of failure. He opposed the conciliatory policy of Essex as he had opposed the plans of Burleigh. He counselled the rejection of Essex's treaty with Tyrone, and strengthened Elizabeth in pursuing a policy which had already been proved futile. Only with Raleigh's fall did affairs in Ireland take a better turn under the Stuart kings.

Another book deals with "Cromwell in Ireland."* When we say that it is the work of an Irish priest, perhaps no one will expect great impartiality. Yet Father Murphy does not indulge in strong language, nor draw perpetual morals from his tale of woe. He sets himself to give an account in full detail of Cromwell's Irish campaign. His book professes to be merely a simple narrative of facts. This very simplicity of aim is the defect of the book. It is impossible, in dealing with the past, to reproduce a contemporary narrative. A mere survey of existing records reveals differences in the point of view of the writers. It is useless to attempt to harmonize these accounts by bringing together their most striking features. There is need of careful criticism, and criticism leads to a large historical conception of the general bearing of events. Father Murphy, in carefully guarding himself against this, has cut away the ground from under his own feet. He professes not to travel beyond the facts; but he seems to have gathered together everything that shows the horrors of the Cromwellian campaign. All warfare is horrible; we need some view of its meaning and its results. It must be brought into relation with things before and after. Father Murphy has tried to be an analyst of a subject which needs a critical historian.

The history of the seventeenth century in England is illustrated in many

* "Cromwell in Ireland." By Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J. Dublin: Gill. 1883.

parts by the recent volume of the "Camden Miscellany." We can only call attention to a very few of the interesting subjects which these papers bring before us.* The period of Charles I. was fruitful in political correspondence, which was the produce of the manifold activity of a troubled time. Everything that comes to light concerning Strafford increases our respect for his capacity, and a remark in one of his letters, here published, is a striking addition to the views about the English in Ireland which have been put forward in Sir John Pope Hennessey's volume. "I deale," writes Strafford from Dublin, in 1633, "with a generation that have the pointes of their weapon turned wholly to their own privates, but no edge att alle for the publike. I see it is a maxime amongst them to keepe the Deputy as ignorante as possibly they can." Madame de Motteville's "Memoir of Henrietta Maria," does not contain much that is historically new, but has great literary interest. It was written for Bossuet when he was preparing his funeral oration, and enables us to judge of the way in which the orator worked up his raw material. The details of the negotiation with Charles I. about the religious question in 1643, enables us to see the causes of the strength of the Independents in the dread of Presbyterian supremacy. In very many ways the byways of the history of the seventeenth century are illustrated in this volume.

Not much has appeared in the last few months which illustrates the more modern history of England. The "Diary of Henry Greville"† will disappoint those who expected a repetition of the pungency which gave so strong a flavour to the Diary of his brother George Greville. Henry Greville had not the same opportunities as his brother; but the tone of his diary is sufficient to assure us that he would not have used them as his brother did. He is genial and kindly, a man who records what he hears, but has no profound judgments of his own. He lived much in Paris, and his accounts of Parisian society, between 1834 and 1848, are the most valuable part of his book. He saw a good deal of Talleyrand, and repeats many of his judgments of men and things. He tells us, on Talleyrand's authority, that Napoleon I. was "passionately fond of theological subjects," and that his library consisted principally of theological works, which were his favourite study. He tells us also, as a matter of common notoriety in Paris, that "Young Buonaparte," afterwards Napoleon III., displayed great abjectness after his capture in 1836; "he has been continually crying and writing letters to the Government imploring mercy." He tells us also the Duke of Wellington's opinion of Nelson: "He had no doubt that he was the greatest seaman that had ever existed." He gives an detailed account of Talleyrand's last days, of which the end is extremely characteristic. "He sent for the daughter of Madame de Talleyrand, and gave her a watch, saying: 'Si je vais là-haut, je prierai Dieu pour vous;' and then pointing to her, said: 'Voilà le commencement de la vie, et voici la fin; singulier rapprochement!' After this he spoke but little." Such-like details make much of the volume interesting reading. But, although the book is not a long one, it might have been made still shorter with advantage.

From time to time there appear books whose origin is inexplicable on any other hypothesis save that the author felt the overpowering necessity of writing a book of some sort or other. A lady has chosen, as the subject of

* "The Camden Miscellany." Volume the Eighth, containing: Four Letters of Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford; Memoir by Madame de Motteville on Henrietta Maria; Papers relating to the delinquency of Lord Savile, 1642-1646; A secret negotiation with Charles I., 1643-1644; Letter from the Earl of Manchester on the conduct of Cromwell; Letters addressed to the Earl of Lauderdale, 1660-1668; Personal Letters of the Duke of Monmouth; Correspondence of the Family of Haddock, 1719; Letters of Richard Thompson to Henry Thompson of Escrick, co. York, 1693.

† Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville," Edited by Viscountess Enfield. London: Smith & Elder. 1883.

three volumes, "The Lives of the Princesses of Wales,"* and justifies herself on the ground that it is curious to note how few Queens of England first bore the rank of Princess of Wales. This seems to furnish her with a motive for jumbling together lives of Joan of Kent, Anne Neville, Katherine of Aragon, Caroline of Anspach, Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, and Caroline of Brunswick. As her authority for early history seems to be chiefly Miss Yonge, and for later times Dr. Doran, it is superfluous to say that the book has no historical value.

The publication in England of a handsome edition of Bryant and Gay's "History of the United States,"† may serve to make more widely known the best popular history of a country, concerning the history of which Englishmen talk much and know little. Another work which comes from America is one that will doubtless interest greatly a small class of readers. Mr. George W. Williams, the first coloured member of the Ohio Legislature, has written a "History of the Negro Race in America."‡ His survey extends from 1619 to 1880, and his book contains a mass of material which might with advantage have been put more shortly. The main features of such a subject are clear enough, and repeated illustrations add nothing to our convictions. The history of such a movement as that which led to the emancipation of slaves may soon be told. Our curiosity now is to discover the future consequences. Mr. Williams foresees the negro accumulating wealth, and "sounding the depths of education" in America; then he will turn his attention to the civilization of Africa. Every one would be very content to see the negro set to this work as soon as possible.

Turning to books which deal with European history, we welcome the introduction to English readers of the charming "Chronicle of James I., King of Aragon."§ The translation is the work of the late Mr. Foster, once M.P. for Berwick, and the work has received notes and an introduction from the hands of Don Pascual de Gayangos. The book was rare; its editions was full of blunders; the Catalan dialect in which it was written was difficult to understand. Mr. Foster was justified in thinking that his task was worth the trouble. He has given a nervous and racy version of one of the most interesting of thirteenth-century chronicles. James I. of Aragon reigned from 1218 to 1276. He came to the throne when he was a boy six years old, and had to establish with difficulty his authority over his turbulent nobles. He was a born ruler from his earliest years, and besides introducing order in his own dominions, he conquered the Balearic Islands, and drove the Moslem from Valencia and Murcia. There is a question if the Chronicle was the work of King James himself. It is written in the first person; and the internal evidence is sufficient to convince Don Gayangos that it is the king's own work. It gives a vivid picture of the life of the times and of the character of its author. It is as fascinating as a romance, and deserves a high place in historical literature. Spanish history is not much studied in England; but any one who glanced over these handsome volumes would see the abundant interest which it possesses.

A praiseworthy little book by Count Ugo Balzani introduces English readers to the "Early Chroniclers of Italy."|| From Cassiodorus and Procopius the survey extends to Villani. The writer is perfectly trustworthy, and the book is founded on real learning. At the same time the learning is concealed, and

* "Lives of the Princesses of Wales." By Barbara Clay Finch. 3 vols. London: Remington. 1883.

† Four vols. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low. 1883.

‡ Two vols. New York: Putnam. 1883.

§ Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1883.

|| "Early Chroniclers of Europe: Italy." By Ugo Balzani. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1883.

the attractive stories, especially of the Lombard days, are translated at length. It is not easy to combine in a little book critical information for the student with an account that would interest the general reader. But Count Ugo Balzani has succeeded excellently in so doing.

Mr. Ashley, in a little book on "James and Philip von Artevelde,"* does credit to the advance of historical industry at Oxford. His book is the Lothian Prize Essay for 1882. It is natural that it should contain nothing very new, and that it should be largely founded on the work of Vanderkindere, "*Le Siècle des Artevelde*." But it is easily and pleasantly written, and gives with clearness a sketch of the constitutional development of Flanders, and the growth of the institutions of the Flemish towns. Mr. Ashley tells the story of the struggle of the Flemish artisans for political rights, and tells it intelligibly, which is a good deal to say. About the Artevelde themselves, there is not much to be established with certainty. Their relations with Edward III. are still in a great measure obscure.

One of the most important of historical works which have recently appeared in France, has already been given to the reader in an English form.† In France, also, recent events have greatly influenced the direction of historical investigation. The Duc de Broglie has traced in the war of 1870 the nemesis of history upon the policy of France in 1740. In the war of the Austrian succession, France could not resist the temptation of helping to complete the overthrow of its old foe, the House of Austria, and in so doing favoured the plans of Frederick II. and the consequent rise of Prussia. On the accession of Maria Theresa to the Austrian throne, France might have remained true to her engagements and helped the young Queen for nothing, or she might have demanded some territorial recompense for her aid. She chose to throw herself into the arms of Frederick II., who used France for his own purposes and made her his dupe. The cynical audacity with which Frederick II. conducted his intrigues with Austria, England, and France, at the same time, stands out in vigorous clearness in the Duc de Broglie's pages. If any one believes in Carlyle's hero-king he will find materials to make him change his judgment. The origin of the greatness of Prussia is not a creditable episode in European history. But the Duc de Broglie, perhaps, goes too far in making Frederick II.'s perfidy exceptional, and dating from the annexation of Silesia, a new policy of rapine. It might be urged that Frederick II. learned much from the example of France, as well as from the precepts of the French philosophers. Still Frederick's correspondence shows a full consciousness of his own duplicity, and a contempt for moral considerations. Other men may have been as false: few have been so avowedly and consciously perfidious. He had no scruple in using the weakness of Austria, the irresoluteness of the English, and the want of counsel in France. He pitted them against one another, and used them all for his own ends.

It is a little remarkable that Italy has recently been engaged in raising the scientific question of the basis of political morality. This question was treated by Machiavelli, whose solution was universally condemned; but no substitute has yet been set up instead. Italian writers have been paying attention to Machiavelli, and have endeavoured to bring his ideas into their proper light. Signor Villari's "*Life of Machiavelli*" has scarcely been completed when another monumental work on the same subject has appeared. Signor Tommasini‡ seems likely to say the last word that erudition can say on the most remarkable of Italian writers. A learned introduction is devoted to a collec-

* London: Macmillan. 1883.

† "*Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa*." By the Duc de Broglie. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mrs. John Lillie. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low. 1883.

‡ "*La Vita e gli Scritti di Niccolò Machiavelli, nella loro relazione col Machiavilismo*." Di Oreste Tommasini. Vol. I. Torino: Looscher. 1883.

tion of passages showing the general conception of "Machiavellism" which has prevailed almost to our own day. Then Signor Tommasini proceeds with a life of Machiavelli, and an examination of his writings. The first volume, which has just appeared, extends as far as Machiavelli's banishment from Florence. The book is one written for students, and when finished will be a considerable contribution to Italian history. Its strong point is careful criticism of materials, and its object is to detach the man, Machiavelli, from his surroundings, and appreciate the extent of his manifold activity. The general result of modern studies of Machiavelli is to emphasize the fact that Machiavelli faced the peculiarly modern problem of the connection of politics and morality.* He analyzed political actions as lying outside the sphere of morality. It is easy to see how such a conception failed; but it is also clear, upon reflection, that no one has yet solved the question which Machiavelli raised. We still find political actions at variance with the moral law. We are still at loss for an intelligible system which shall define political morality and determine the principles of international duty.

M. CREIGHTON.

* See an article by Otto Hartung on Niccolò Machiavelli, in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, May, 1883.

NEW BOOKS.

The British Navy. By Sir Thomas Brassey, K.C.B., M.P. Vol. IV. (Longmans & Co.).—Sir Thomas Brassey continues his most valuable and exhaustive work on the British Navy. Volume IV., now before us, deals with the subjects of dockyards, reserves, and naval training systems. It consists almost entirely of reprinted articles, speeches and letters on questions of the day, some of which have already been settled in the way advocated by the author. The volume would, of course, have been much improved by being rewritten and re-arranged, but still it contains such a wealth of facts, suggestions, and general information regarding various branches of naval administration as we cannot find brought together elsewhere. Sir Thomas is neither alarmist nor optimist. He does not believe those who tell us the navy is quite inefficient; but he has faults to find, and many reforms to suggest, in order to keep its efficiency abreast of the changing requirements of the time. He always backs his statements by ample array of facts, and he is singularly fair in giving prominent consideration to views opposed to his own. He believes our naval superiority to depend, at bottom, on the same conditions as the superiority of our mercantile marine, and he strongly insists on the importance of our naval reserves, of developing still further our naval artillery volunteer force, and of giving better special instruction and training to boys for the navy.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language. By John Jamieson, D.D. Revised and collated by John Longmuir, A.M., LL.D., and David Donaldson, F.E.I.S. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner).—This new edition of Jamieson's well-known Scottish Dictionary has now been completed, with the exception of the supplementary volume, which will probably not appear for some time, as it is to contain the corrigenda and addenda which the readers of the other volumes are invited to supply. The present editors have introduced many additional words and meanings of words themselves, especially Mr. Donaldson, who was called to the editorship by Dr. Longmuir's death when the first volume was already in the press, and whose resources seem to have increased as he proceeded, for the proportion of new matter decidedly grows towards the close of the work. This inequality will no doubt be corrected by the supplementary volume. The type, paper, and general get-up of the book are excellent.

The Imperial Dictionary of the English Language. By John Ogilvie, LL.D. New edition by Charles Annandale, M.A. (Blackie & Son).—The aim of a big dictionary seems to be to combine in one the special features of the smaller dictionaries, and in these volumes that aim has been very successfully accomplished. The Imperial Dictionary is at once a pronouncing, an etymological, a slang, a provincial, a scientific, and a technological dictionary. It does not enter so much into the history of the words it explains, their changes of form and meaning, as Richardson, nor does it give so many illustrative quotations as Johnson; but it has other important features that the dictionaries of those authors lacked. Words that cannot be elucidated satisfactorily by a bare definition, are treated on what the editor calls the encyclopædic method; that is, in such a paragraph of exposition or description as they would receive in a cyclopædia; and where necessary, they are even illustrated by engravings. It was the first dictionary to introduce these features systematically, and in the new edition special care has been bestowed upon them.

The Gospel and its Witnesses. By Henry Wace, D.D. (London: John Murray).—Professor Wace, in these clear and impressive lectures, exhibits the real character and results of modern criticism in respect to the authenticity of the Gospels, and illustrates besides the spiritual and moral significance of the leading facts which they record. He confines himself to the cardinal and decisive points of the controversy—as, indeed, the circumstances of the original delivery of his lectures compelled him to do—and it need not be said that he treats of them with manifest grasp of the whole subject and in a very thoughtful, judicial, and stimulating way.

ERRATUM. - In the article on Count Rumford in the July number of this REVIEW, Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, where Rumford was a school teacher, is by mistake confounded with Concord in Massachusetts, the residence of Ralph Waldo Emerson.—J. Tyndall.

CANADIAN HOME RULE.

HAVING been asked for some notes on the Canadian Union as suggestive of steps which might be taken to meet the demand for some kind of Home Rule in Ireland, or as bearing on future Australian Confederation, I submit the following remarks rather in the hope that they may show the difficulty of comparing the circumstances of any two countries, than with the idea that hints for future action may be gathered from them.

It is not in a magazine article that any great new departure can be even satisfactorily glanced at; the details involved in such are too many, and the difficulties too great, to be considered within the allotted space. The province of such articles seems to be rather to criticize special points in any new projects, or simply to recount experience gained in special phases of history.

It will be remembered that two years ago both Houses of the Canadian Legislature passed resolutions recommending that Ireland should enjoy some system of self-government analogous to that existing in the Canadian Dominion. Canada had a perfect right so to express her opinion; she has repeatedly been put to great expense by Fenian alarms along her frontiers—alarms which occasion her trouble only because she forms an integral part of the British Empire. It is well known that it entirely depends upon the goodwill of the Government of the United States whether such troubles shall not again arise whenever there is political excitement in Ireland. Several of the Dominion's former statesmen and orators have been Irishmen. Men of Irish name and blood are found in numbers in every city, town, village and rural community throughout the country. These men are heartily loyal to the Empire; and seeing a large amount of autonomy existing in each ; they

jump with characteristic Celtic ardour to the conclusion that if Ireland could only imitate Canada her lot would be equally happy. They have many votes; and almost any proposition, which they put before the Canadian Parliament as likely to benefit their brethren in the Old Country, would find support, especially if the proposal were introduced before a General Election.* It is notoriously uncertain whether what suits one country will suit another, although inhabited by men of the same race, if the two countries present widely different features in size, climate, and resources. This is especially the case as between Canada and the old countries. The first possesses a vast expanse of lands whose geographical interests may be alike, but which was originally represented by completely separate colonies, having different trade arrangements. Even now these several populations are very scanty as compared with the extent of territory they rule, so scanty indeed that there are wide stretches over which they do not reach hands to each other. The United Kingdoms have, on the other hand, a very small area of country, whose geographical interests must of necessity be identical, and they have a population which already swarms upon almost every tract where man can live in comfort. It is these facts which disclose the vast difference between the two countries. It is of the greatest importance to remember that the Central Governments of both the United States and the Dominion were created by the several separate colonies, which agreed to relegate certain powers only to the Federal Chambers. The Central Government of Great Britain and Ireland, on the contrary, is the outcome of centuries of successful effort to unite in London the Imperial Legislature. It was but the other day that the United States fought for stronger Federal powers; it was after the successful issue of that war, and the strengthening of the Federal Government at Washington, that Canada formed her Constitution, expressly guarding it against disintegration by making the Central Power supreme in all but local legislation. Thus, we see these English-speaking peoples aim at strengthening the Central Government; and there is no instance in which legislative privilege, once given to the Government of the Union, has been taken from it and given again to the individual State. It may be a question in America how far State Rights or Home Rule led to the great Civil War; but in any case the geographical and climatic differences between the North and South led in the South to the institution of slavery, which was the proximate reason of strife. State Rights or Home Rule in property or domestic

* The Address to Her Majesty, adopted by both Houses of the Canadian Parliament prior to the last General Election, after stating that Canada had prospered under a Federal system, allowing to each Province considerable powers of self-government, ventures to express a hope that, *if consistent with the integrity and well-being of the Empire, and if the rights and status of the minority were fully protected and secured*, some means might be found of meeting the expressed desire of so many of Her Majesty's subjects, &c.

matters may be natural, and held to bring no national disintegration, where great geographical and climatic differences make it impossible to have an all-powerful Central Government. Strengthened as was the Federal Government by the result of the war, it is notable that even now the militia of America take their orders from the individual States and not from Washington. This, which is opposed to united national interests, is likely soon to disappear, and the Government of Washington will probably seek to be masters of a stronger military organization. The whole history of the United States shows a steady tendency to increase the powers of the Federal Government. The history of Canada does the same. The Confederation Act of 1867 gave the largest powers then obtainable. Payments made to the Provinces of the new Confederation (that is, subsidies given to the Provincial Governments) persuaded some of them, almost as much as did any sentiment in favour of forming a new nation, to join the Union. The experiment of Confederation has been a success, and a national feeling is rapidly rising—the young generation being proud of their country, and not of their Province only. Now, if it be granted that the tendency to strengthen the Central Power exists, it will be seen that it becomes a consequence of this *that no one member of a Confederation should be made strong enough to oppose with effect the Central Government*, which represents a majority. If a Provincial feeling can arise which shall be stronger than the feeling of loyalty to the general Government, the Civil War of 1860-64 may be repeated on Canadian soil. The balance of power represented by the equality in strength of the members of the Confederation is the best guarantee against this.

Let us see then what individual rights the Canadian Provinces have alone reserved to themselves. These rights are measured by the privileges given by old treaties to Quebec. This is the only Province where English is not universally spoken. When Confederation was first mooted there were some voices heard proposing a complete amalgamation of legislative power in one or two Chambers at Ottawa. The French Canadians of Quebec would never have tolerated such a proposition, and, indeed, it would have been distasteful to all. What did the old treaties guarantee to Quebec? These things: her local laws, which meant in this particular case the laws of old France modified by recent experience; the language, and the institutions of the Province. Quebec was to have separate Chambers for legislation on education, civil rights, and all domestic matters. It was called the "Pivot Province," because according to the privileges guaranteed to Quebec, so were privileges meted out to, or rather retained by, the other Provinces. Although the language elsewhere than in Quebec is English, the other Provinces have much the same separate rights; they each

control education,* and make the laws by which property devolves, and the local economy of rural and municipal government exists. Each Province gave the National Government the control over all armed force, over national defence, over the collection of all customs and excise duties, over navigation, the post-office, the supervision of criminal justice, and all matters affecting any two Provinces. In Manitoba the public lands were retained by the Federal Government; and in the creation of new Provinces in the North-West, the same practice would for a time be probably followed. It will be thus seen that it would be difficult for a Canadian Province to propose any law, which, if vetoed by the Government at Ottawa, would raise in the Province much strong feeling against the Central Government. The matters on which any interference can arise are small. If, for instance, local option legislation on drink be proposed at Ottawa, and resisted in any Province, it would be difficult to get up a war for whisky. No one Province has any domestic institution which is likely to be touched by Ottawa legislators in a manner which would raise a rebellion against the national authority; and there is but little temptation for Local Governments to enact laws provocative of disallowance by the Governor-General in Council. Little or no margin is left for dispute; each side, the Local as well as the Dominion Government, knows the limits of its authority and respects them. Then there is always at hand the impartial friend of both, the Imperial Privy Council,—not to mention the Supreme Court of Canada; and either of these may be used to fall back on as an *amicus curiæ*, whose decision can settle any dispute. So that there is little on which that guarantee of order among the people beneath one flag—namely, “the common sense of most,” can be severely tried.

We see, therefore, that our communities in this Greater Britain have fined down to a minimum their demands for Home Rule in the separate Provinces, and practically retain only those questions for local decision of which the Central Parliament is glad to be rid, and of which it may be profitably relieved. No question can be raised which shall unite a race, section, or geographical part of the country, as a unit against the Central Government. This is an important lesson and one not lightly to be passed over. Even in the subjects left to

* * The 93rd section of the British North America Act, which embraces the legislation for the Union, provided that education should be dealt with by each Province; but the rights existing at the time of Union pertaining to minorities were guarded, and it was provided that Federal interference might be had should new legislation threaten these rights. In New Brunswick, after the Union had been some years in force, the Roman Catholics complained of a Provincial law which denied them public funds for separate schools. The appeal provided for at the Union to the Ottawa Legislature was urged, and the Dominion House of Commons were inclined to interfere. The Ministers were, however, against this, and on the question being referred to the British Privy Council, it was decided that the Province should arrange for itself its own difficulties, and that warrant for interference did not exist. This decision, therefore, tends to the effect: “give certain limited powers to limited areas, and let the storm, if it arise, be confined to that area.”

be dealt with by the Local Governments, if internal Provincial trouble came, the whole Commonwealth might think it necessary to interfere, and in any such event the troops to keep order would be Federal, for there are no others. In New Brunswick there was once an education conflict; but the affair was settled without the intervention in any form of Federal agency. No Local Government has proposed to change its Provincial laws relating to devolution or tenure of property; but this could be done by Provincial enactment.

We must go back to the past and to an era before Confederation for any great change in agrarian conditions. There is no instance in the history of the United Provinces; but there was a case of the kind when Ontario and Quebec were united under the appellation of Upper and Lower Canada, and a single Legislature endeavoured to meet the wants of both. In those days the old Seigniorial Tenure, derived from pre-revolutionary France, existed in Lower Canada, and troubles arose. An enactment was passed by the Parliament in which Ontario was represented along with Quebec, and the principle adopted was practically one of compensation for abrogated privileges. The rights of superiority were in the main abolished by the grant of a fee simple to the superior over a proportion of the lands formerly held in feu, while the vassals were freed from their onerous dues, and their vassal tenures practically converted into a tenancy at a statutory rental which could at any time be converted, by capitalizing such rental, into a tenure in fee simple. Unlike the process adopted in the last Irish Land Act, whereby two men are obliged to have partnership in one property, the Seigniorial Tenure Act loosed the two men who had been tied together as vassal and superior, and gave each a definite proprietorship. Some feudal dues were retained for the superior, but these were of a certain kind, and did not include any casual or accidental payment. Quebec is the only Province in Canada, and, indeed, the only State on the American Continent, in which a race and language different from the Anglo-Saxon survive. The French Canadian rules by his majority in the local Chambers, and he takes care that the population shall remain as far as possible French Canadian, and that in any Federal question that vote shall have its separate value. The old treaties gave them a right to an autonomy which has not only never been disputed, but which has become the model for equal rights given to other States, whose area, as they in turn develop in population, will probably be made as far as possible equal to that of Quebec.

The French Canadian race, therefore, occupies a very important place in the Confederation; yet from their position they cannot demand too much, so that the danger of a separate Commonwealth is avoided. They are thoroughly loyal to Canada; for that great Anglo-Saxonizing amalgamation mill, the United States, would soon efface their language;

should their fortune be cast with the States. Their loyalty to the Empire is born both of inclination and of the knowledge that Canada could not stand alone, but would be annexed to the United States on the first pretext, were there not behind her the majestic form of a united Empire. Because no hand has ever sought to touch their rights, they are loyal to the framework of the Power which gives them these, and ensures them a place which makes them a moving force in larger politics. Their position is never likely to be menaced; for, unlike the population of Old France, their people increase in an astounding ratio. But they must in the future be content, as they are now content, with the privileges they possess. They cannot get their Province, or another carved afresh, to suit the French-speaking population. Suppose an improbable case—namely, that the English-speaking people obtained a majority in the west part of the Province. No Canadian would propose to re-adjust the Province so as to erect a French-speaking portion into a separate entity. Each Federal Government would desire to avoid having any single homogeneous State made inconveniently strong for the Central Government, or else any disallowance of legislation, however *ultra vires* it might be, could be resisted. *Divide et impera* must be the true Federal motto, as it was the motto of ancient Governments of other forms.

We, therefore, see that Canadian provincial right means only the right to make laws on purely domestic matters; such, namely, as are mainly comprised in educational and civil right legislation; and any demands arising from ethnic differences have proved capable of treatment, because the case has been treated Provincially, the tempest being thus confined to the teapot. The trouble has not affected the country at large, but a Province only. It may be further remarked that the limits of the Provinces and the States into which America and Canada have been divided have been almost always accidental or artificial, and that the boundaries are often represented by a mere imaginary line of longitude or latitude. The abolition of the Seignorial Tenure has been mentioned as having been the work, not of a Provincial Government, but of the Government of the United Provinces of Upper and of Lower Canada, previous to the great Confederation movement of 1867. As the Act affected rights of property sanctioned and recognized by Crown Treaties, it is probable that no Provincial Government would, even nowadays, have been allowed exclusively to deal with them. It may be added that, in the case of the abolition of the proprietorships over the great estates in Prince Edward Island, legislation took place before the Canadian Union came into existence, and the case had to be dealt with by the advisers of the Crown in England. There is but little to be learned from the Prince Edward Island enactment. Compensation was given to the proprietors, but it was

doubtful whether they had a right to anything, as the provisions of the Charters by which the lands were held had exacted conditions which had been but rarely fulfilled. It will, therefore, be seen that before Provincial Government obtained its present form in Quebec and in Prince Edward Island, all agrarian trouble had been settled by a Parliament representing higher powers than that of the province only; that compensation had been given for rights abolished; and that on confederation each member of the Union continued its autonomous powers with a blank sheet, as far as any ugly race or land question was concerned. Thus experience on the American Continent shows that, while local matters may safely be left to Provincial Assemblies, it is all important that no section of a country shall be organized in such strength as to be able to formulate a policy leading to conflict with the rest of the people under the same flag. If there be ethnic or religious differences, the troubles arising from them should be dealt with by the Central Government, whose best policy is, after clearing the ground, to divide it under several local authorities and give to them a definite and limited power.

LORNE.

THE COPTS AS A POLITICAL FACTOR.

IT is not surprising that the Copts of Egypt excite in many quarters an interest which the more general aspects of the Egyptian question fail to stimulate. Nor is it, perhaps, more surprising that the majority of those who are intimately concerned with Egyptian politics, internal and external, treat the topic of the Coptic Church as one of purely religious significance, and as, if too prominently thrust forward, likely rather to confuse than to assist the due estimate of purely political elements and forces.

The complexion of the classes of persons who hitherto, in England, have alone interested themselves in the condition of the Copts as distinguished from the rest of the inhabitants of Egypt, has served to lend a colour to this prevalent want of broad political appreciation. These persons may be loosely classified as the religious antiquarians; the High Churchmen who hope to set-off primitive purity against puritanical reformation; the High Churchmen who are scrutinizing the texture of the Eastern Churches in order to discover materials for a reunion of East and West by way of protest against Roman assumptions of infallibility; and, lastly, the more intelligent travellers who, learning from their guide-books that the Copts form some tenth part of the population of Egypt, visit their churches, attend long night as well as early morning services, and compete with each other for exclusive scraps of information as to their practices and beliefs.

In spite, however, of the occasional labours of these desultory classes of inquirers, it is extraordinary how minute is the interest, and how unfathomable the ignorance, surrounding the whole subject. Among those persons in England who actively concern themselves with the responsibilities of England to Egypt, there are found grave doubts whether Coptic is or is not a spoken language, and

whether it is the only language spoken in Egypt, or, if it is not, what language has taken its place; whether Coptic Christians believe in Christ; whether they practice polygamy; whether they believe in Mohammedanism; whether their ritual is or is not identical with that of the Greek Church; how far the Copts are at all distinguishable from the rest of the inhabitants of Egypt; and last, but not least as a ground of profound doubt, who, on earth the Copts are.

It is not my purpose in this paper to attempt to give a compendious history and description of the Coptic Church. The best and most accessible account for English readers will be found in Mr. Fuller's article in Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines." Lane's "Modern Egyptians," and Baedeker's "Guide-book to Lower Egypt," though not always true to the conditions of the present moment, will serve to correct all the grave misconceptions and baseless conjectures. I shall confine myself to bringing into prominence certain facts, tested by my own investigations conducted in every available manner during the past three years, and to drawing what I hold to be political conclusions of the highest significance.

The Copts are, strictly speaking, those of the primitive inhabitants of Egypt who, after being converted to Christianity, were not subsequently converted to Mohammedanism. Of course when such a word as "primitive" is used in speaking of the inhabitants of a small country peculiarly accessible to, and repeatedly overrun by, foreigners, it is a relative rather than a positive term. There are some persons, indeed, who assert that, with Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and Levantines interpenetrating the country, it is impossible that pre-Ptolemaic Egypt can be represented at all in the blood of any of the inhabitants of modern Egypt. But such persons do not allow enough for the early geographical separation of the Greek and the Roman settlers, for the want of facilities for, and of disposition to, locomotion throughout the villages of Upper Egypt, for the confining and secluding effect of religious animosities and persecutions, and for the separating influences of a peculiar language and of race sympathies.

The Coptic language is, undoubtedly, the language of pre-Christian or ancient Egypt. Its Greek characters were adopted on the introduction of Christianity, because of the ineffaceable association of the hieroglyphic, and even of the hieratic, character with Paganism. But the use of the language among the Copts, and especially for religious purposes, has been retained almost up to the present century. I have reason to believe that it has been spoken in some of the remote villages of Upper Egypt within living memory, and the hieratic alphabet, for purposes of numeration, has hardly yet died out among

the older Copts in Cairo itself. In the churches a few verses of the Coptic version of the Scriptures are read at every service, but the Arabic translation is added, and the whole chapter is read through in Arabic. There is always a department in the chief schools for teaching Coptic, but only the more enterprising candidates for the ministry study it any further than is necessary for performing the services in church.

It is usually loosely said that the Copts are a heterodox body of Christians, who abandoned the orthodox faith by rejecting the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon in A.D. 451. But, if any one will study the whole historical circumstances of that time, he will find that this is a most unfair and misleading account of the transactions alluded to. The result of the misrepresentation has been most pernicious, as it has chilled the sympathy of many in England who might otherwise have held out the right hand of fellowship to brother Christians, and has made some people talk nonsense, as cruel as it is ridiculous, about first obliging the Coptic Church to be "reconciled" to the Patriarch of Alexandria before moving a step in the direction of recognizing and helping it as a Christian body.

The real truth of the case will be found, on impartial examination, to be that for years before the date of the Council of Chalcedon, the Egyptian Church, as represented by its Patriarch at Alexandria, was engaged in a conflict—conducted on both sides with all the vehemence and brutality peculiar to ecclesiastical controversy at the time—with the Church of Constantinople, on the subject of the mode of combination of the Godhead and the manhood in Christ. At every stage of the controversy, and with various compromises as to terms and expressions, the Egyptian Church had attached supreme importance to the proposition that "our Lord Jesus Christ" was "not two, but one Christ: one; not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God." The two opposing varieties of opinion of the day were those of the Eutychians, who insisted on there being only one nature—the Divine—in Christ, and of the Nestorians, who divided Christ into two persons, or rather two natures, the Divine and the human, which were only temporarily, and, as it were "occasionally," associated together. The assembling of the Council of Chalcedon was an attempt to obtain an authoritative condemnation of the rival errors; but, in fact, its proceedings were irremediably tinged with personal bitterness, most of all against Eutyches, who exaggerated that aspect of the truth to which the Egyptian Church constitutionally leaned. Consequently the sternest resistance, not to the doctrine or acts of, but to the assumption of authority by, the Council, was encountered in Egypt generally. The patriarch of Alexandria, Dioscurus, had been banished

by the Council, and not long afterwards the excited populace of Alexandria murdered Proterius, the successor of Dioscurus. In 482 the Emperor Zeno propounded what is known as the *Henoticon*, as a formula to be accepted by the contending parties. This formula repeated and confirmed all that had been decreed in the Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, against the Arians, Nestorians, and Eutychians. It fully recognized the doctrines of the Council of Chalcedon *without formally alluding to that body*, and anathematized "every person who has thought or thinks otherwise either now or at any other time, whether at Chalcedon or at any other synod whatever, but more especially the aforesaid persons, Nestorius and Eutyches, and such as embrace their sentiments." This formula of accord was extensively embraced in Egypt after being subscribed by the leader of the "Monophysite" (holders of one paramount nature in Christ) party, Peter Moggus, Bishop of Alexandria, and Peter Fullo, Bishop of Antioch. It was also approved by Acacius, Bishop of Constantinople, and by all the moderate of both parties. The violent on both sides resisted it, and complained that this *Henoticon* did injustice to the Council of Chalcedon.

Now, considering that the Coptic Church recites the Nicene Creed in its services, that the general acceptance of this *Henoticon* may well be taken as an acceptance of the doctrine, in spite of the repudiation of the authority of the Council of Chalcedon; that a Church with so distinct a theological history and such marked national peculiarities as the Egyptian might well be entitled to fine shades of theological preference in the enunciation of doctrine which only the most tyrannical standards would restrict—we may be disposed gladly to accept Mosheim's conclusion that it "is no rash opinion of some very learned men that the Monophysites differ from the Greeks and Latins more in words than in substance."

It is true that from time to time, as one intolerant faction or the other possessed themselves of imperial influence at Constantinople, Patriarchs who supported the Council of Chalcedon occupied the chair of St. Mark, and stigmatized their opponents as heterodox. But it is none the less true that the genuine Egyptian Church which had repudiated the Council of Chalcedon maintained its integrity and unity throughout the country in the face of the Greco-Roman colony at Alexandria, which, in spite of Imperial favour, had far more the aspect of a schismatic body than the Egyptian Church had of a heretical body; and that at the time of the Moslem invasion the so-called orthodox Church at Alexandria had sunk so deep in corruption and depravity that the true Egyptian Church at Memphis was prepared to make terms with the infidel invaders, rather than endure longer the vicious intolerance which reigned at Alexandria.

So preposterous and historically unmeaning is the appeal to the

National Church of Egypt to reconcile itself with the Greek Patriarch of Alexandria. If Christianity is really to subdue all nations, national proclivities must be allowed for, and must be consulted in the expression of the finer logical consequences following from the tenets of the Apostles', and perhaps of the Nicene, Creed. There are yet to be founded true national churches in such ancient countries as India, China, and Japan. If an identity of opinion and expression is to be sought for more exact than those of the Creeds of the first three Christian centuries, the value of the God-made distinction of nation and nation would be annihilated.

It appears, then, that the Egyptian Church is not at heart infected with any radical misapprehension of Christian doctrine, albeit its province has been to protest rather in favour of the truth of the Godhead of Christ, and against the division of His substance, than against the opposite tendency to confound His personality. In the direction of its province and its national calling would no doubt be found its perplexities and its characteristic errors. In cross-questioning an intelligent and educated Copt, I have found that in the prevalent teaching the line is not drawn so sharply as in the English Church between the perfect manhood and the perfect Godhead co-existing in one Christ. The disposition is undoubtedly to exalt in theological statement the Godhead to the disparagement of the perfect manhood. But I have not noticed that effect of the tendency either in the ritual or in the popular apprehension of the whole scheme of Christianity. I have searched for a peculiarity of view which might seem traceable to Monophysite belief, but I have never found any. I am convinced that the richness of Christian doctrine with which the Church was imbued at the first, the ritual and ceremonial which in early ages crystallized the modes of belief, and the incessant persecution which the Egyptian Church has suffered, have combined to keep its faith on essential points singularly free from the admixture of error.

There is no doubt present at this day in the Coptic Church a belief in such a change of the elements in the Eucharist as amounts to consubstantiation, if not to more. I have stood by at the celebration of the Eucharist and been addressed by more than one inquirer as to my own views on the matter; and on my explaining, as best I could, what I took to be the position of the Church of England, the express words, "This is my body," were referred to in reply; and it was remarked by one teacher, that if the miraculous change of the elements was disbelieved in, there was no firm foothold for any other supernatural feature of their religion. Notwithstanding, however, these views, which in England have repulsive associations to many, I believe much of the actual sentiment and teaching which attend the

celebration of the Eucharist to be, what in England would be known as "scriptural" and "evangelical." I have heard an earnest sermon on the subject mainly devoted to inviting to repentance and to a new life, and among portions of the Eucharistic ritual the petition of the celebrating priest, that the congregation will forgive him his offences against them, certainly relieves the service from the incubus of undue priestly assumption. In speaking of Coptic perversions and corruptions it must be borne in mind that the Church has existed on the same soil for some 1,800 years; that during all this time there has not been a single opportunity for comprehensive reformation; that it has been in the closest contact not only with the Greek and Abyssinian branches of the Oriental Church, but with the Roman Catholic Church through Franciscan missionaries; and that, owing to its conflict with Islam, it has been bound to the most rigid and jealous conservatism in favour even of its own errors and corruptions. When all this is duly considered it is not extraordinary that the Egyptian Church has erred, as other great churches have erred, but rather it is strange that the errors are so few, so slightly adherent, and so overlaid with a rich volume of unmixed Christian truth.

One source of health and purity which impresses a visitor to Coptic services at the present day is the familiar and popular use of the Bible in the vulgar tongue which pervades all the services of the Church. Take, for instance, the Easter services, which I have carefully watched, in company with a highly intelligent Coptic friend, more than once. The Wednesday before Easter is devoted to meditating on the sufferings of Job, and the whole Book of Job is read through in the course of the protracted services. The practice is for a few lines to be read in Coptic, and then for a whole chapter to be read clearly and intelligibly in Arabic,—not mumbled or hurried through, but read (often by a layman), with an oratorical enunciation which English clergymen might well copy.

The Thursday before Easter is the day on which the symbolical washing of the disciples' feet is performed. Every passage, from the beginning of the Bible to the end, which touches upon washing in its typical aspect is read throughout, first in Coptic shortly, and then in Arabic at full length. The service is a very long one, as are most Coptic services; but the symbolism is natural and really interesting. There are many of these living symbolic dramas in the Coptic ritual, and they seem to belong to a very early Christian era, when the meaning of the symbols was fresh in people's minds and the representation was not overwhelmed and concealed by adventitious trappings. Among such symbolic dramas, the knocking at the door of the sanctuary and the solemn opening of the door, followed by the procession round the Church headed by a picture of

our Lord, is one of the most impressive and affecting. The scene is less vivid in the great Coptic Cathedral, where I have witnessed it among a dense crowd of visitors of all religions, at twelve o'clock on Easter Eve, than it is—where I have also witnessed it—in a remote little Coptic Church, of the oldest and most strictly “primitive” fashion, among the poorest and humblest of congregations, and yet amid a blaze of midnight candles exceeding the brightness of the sun. In a word, the symbolism is universally natural, instructive, strictly scriptural, and free from superstitious features.

A word may be here interposed as to the liberal use of pictures in Coptic churches. This is well-known to be a characteristic feature of the Oriental churches everywhere, and I have done my best to ascertain how far these pictures are regarded superstitiously among the Copts. The educated Copts are fully alive to their danger, so much so that a late reforming Patriarch—Cyril—removed them entirely from one church at least. As far as I can find, nothing coming under the name of worship is recognized, either by the ritual or by the ecclesiastical authority, as properly owed either to the Virgin Mary or to saints, though they are both held in a somewhat higher degree of honour than in the English Church. But, in fact, the supreme place occupied by Christ Himself, and to which all Coptic ritual and theological expression incessantly recurs, leaves no opening for the admission of rival mediator or intercessor.

One of the most important aspects of the modern Egyptian Church is its relation to Islam; and this relation will be found, on examination, to contain both good and bad elements; while the whole of this part of the subject is, looking to the future of Egypt, of the highest political as well as religious significance.

The potent influence of Mohammedanism on Egyptian Christianity has been wrought partly by direct persecution, partly by the unconscious contagion of example or servile imitation, partly by legitimate moral suggestiveness, and partly by considerations of practical convenience.

With the exception of the non-recognition of polygamy or concubinage, the whole position of women in relation to men among the Copts is far more dictated by Mohammedan tradition and custom than based on Christian notions of the relations of men and women, and of husband and wife. Women are never educated; their life is, from childhood, kept jealously apart from that of the men, even in the same family; they have no concern with any of the business of the world; they are married while little more than children, without being consulted; and they are never allowed to be seen in a of worship except through a remote grating. A Coptic friend

of mine told me that his sister, living at Cairo, already of an age to receive an offer of marriage, would have no notion of what the Pyramids were, or that they were or had been aught but rubbish heaps of stones, and that, so far as he knew, she had never seen them even from a distance. Within two years of this conversation the same girl has been married to a rich Bey in high office, and for the first year of her marriage is prevented from so much as going out into the street.

The wedding and the funeral ceremonies of the Copts have much in common with those of the Moslems, and this common element is perhaps rather Oriental than of characteristic religious significance. The Koran is much valued by the Copts, and many Copts can recite it throughout by heart. Indeed, the common salutations, ejaculations, imprecations, and the like, which are largely culled from the Koran, are used alike by Copts and Mohammedans; and I have reason to believe that in the intercourse of the market-place and the social table, or rather divan, the manners of the Arabian Nights are equally reproduced by Christians and Infidels, or, to put it otherwise, by Infidels and Moslems.

It is proper to notice, however, that the reason alleged by the Copts themselves for this meek acceptance of Moslem fashions is the persecution to which they have been exposed up to very recent days. They were (they say) obliged to keep their women secluded in their houses, in order to protect them against insults, just as they have been obliged to adopt a shabby dress, and even dirty habits of life externally, in order to propitiate jealousy and rapacity. They do not defend these things. They hope for better things in the future. A good school for girls is one of the immediate reforms they are contemplating, and the closer association with Europeans is likely to stimulate cleanliness and banish slovenliness.

It is important to notice that at this very moment an agitation of an unprecedented character, directed against the exclusive financial power of the Patriarch, has resulted in the nomination of an independently and freely elected council to manage the funds of the Church, to provide for education of all sects, to build schools, and, in fact, to perform, in the name of the community, all those functions which are not of a strictly spiritual kind and which, hitherto, the Patriarch affected to perform in an irresponsible way, but which practically he wholly neglected. The authority of the Khedive—though a Mohammedan—was invited to bring about this reform, and it was interposed—not unwillingly on the part of the Egyptian Government—on the ground that one of the abuses was the fraudulent exemption from the conscription of innumerable persons properly liable on the spurious ground of their holding some subordinate office in the Coptic Church.

The Copts, throughout the country, fill the Government offices and all posts requiring accurate account-keeping and book-keeping; and in towns they represent the trades requiring superior skill and trustworthiness,—such as those of carpenters and goldsmiths. In the towns they are, in fact, what in other countries would be a middle class; though up to the present time they, in their own country, have suffered from much the same social disadvantages as the Jews in countries not their own. They have been almost invariably regarded by their Mohammedan fellow-citizens with the utmost contumely and contempt. Every kind of indirect disability and ill-usage has been imposed upon them by the Government. It has been impossible for them—especially in Upper Egypt—to obtain redress for private or public injuries. When they have not been directly persecuted, as they have been times without number, they have been “afflicted and tormented,” and the words “massacre of Christians” have had a reality of meaning for them which they have rarely had for any Christians but themselves. Before the British army occupied Cairo last year, and when the rebel hopes were still being kept up, the Copts were for hours and days together almost incessantly at their prayers, public and private. It is well established that a massacre of the Christians had been definitely planned and announced to them. When the British army entered, Copt met Copt with the Easter salutation, “Christ is risen!” and for months after they never passed a British soldier in the street without invoking a solemn blessing on his head. This vindication of the Egyptian Christian from Moslem fanaticism was, indeed, a rich first-fruits of the policy of claiming “Egypt for the Egyptians.”

It appears clearly, then, that the Copts, though numerically of small relative account, are in every other respect of the highest importance, from a political point of view. They are the most educated, and, it must be added, in deference to their true Christian training and customs, the most civilized portion of the population; at the same time by language and physical propinquity, as well as by community of purely oriental sympathies, they are far closer to the Moslem inhabitants of Egypt than any European race ever will be. Hitherto persecution and contumely have done much to weld the Copts together, and keep their religion uncontaminated by the admixture of foreign ingredients, or by concessions to foreign assumptions. Neither Alexandrian Patriarch nor Bagdad Khalif succeeded in doing more than cleansing the ranks of Egyptian Christianity, and reducing its scattered, though necessarily guerilla, forces to a stern and compact garrison,—forced times without number to fight to the death for their existence and their faith. But already liberal influences even in the Oriental world are telling, not

altogether favourably, on the position of the Copts. The broad line between Copt and Moslem is being slowly effaced, not by Christian sentiments and usages subduing those which are Moslem, but by Moslem sentiments and usages encroaching on those which are Christian. There is no longer the same repugnance that there was among the Copts to attend Moslem religious shows. The European dress largely in use among the official Copts is calculated to efface all distinctness in religion; while the urgent demand among the more ambitious of the young Copts themselves for purely secular schools, is likely, if gratified, to foster religious indifference, and thereby to assimilate them to the majority around—that is, to Moslems.

It is a serious but inevitable consequence of the British intervention, and of the attempt which is being made to secure impartial justice and fair political representation throughout the country, that the assimilation of Copt and Moslem must needs proceed at a more rapid pace than before. Political and social separation have hitherto helped much to keep up religious separation, and so far as the one kind of separating forces has at any time or anywhere been weakened, the other kind has relaxed proportionately. Of course the promotion of real unity of all sorts is always a political object of the first importance, and so far as a strong and just Government tends by its action—direct and indirect—to obliterate religious antipathies and race animosities, it confers benefits of supreme value. But where, as in the present case, the direct and immediate effect of liberalizing institutions is to sweep away barriers which have protected a weak minority professing a particular faith against the overwhelming pressure of a majority professing a faith of a different and opposite kind, it is the bounden duty of all persons who regard the faith of the minority as true, and that of the majority as relatively false, to step in and do what in them lies in their private capacity to supply to their fellow-religionists the helps and correctives necessary to save their faith from slow extermination.

The Coptic Christians, standing as they do between Europeans and Mohammedans—allied to the one by their faith, and to the other by their oriental extraction and language—ought to be the most direct medium by which an honest Western Government in command of Egypt can impress ideas and aspirations on the inhabitants of the country. But then the Coptic Christians must not cease to be Christians. Their Christianity must not be diluted away so as to be indistinguishable from the Mohammedanism around them. On the contrary, it must be strengthened and purified, so as to respond to the new claims made upon it, and it is the clear duty of England and of English men and English women, above all other nations and people, to bring this about.

It might be thought that if the Coptic Church is at heart healthy

and sound, as it is here alleged to be, it could only profit and gain strength from the more natural conditions which are now promised for it; and that freedom from persecution, direct or indirect, must mean enlarged opportunities for growth and expansion.

But it must be remembered that though the Coptic Church has not been destroyed by ages of persecution, it has been woefully cast down by it. At present it is in a most critical condition. The Church, as a whole, has undoubtedly, in the course of centuries, given birth to corruptions and to theological perversions which, if not amounting to heresies, nevertheless cloud the purity of the faith, and form so many obstacles to its free course as an organ of spiritual advancement. There have been individual saints and reforming patriarchs, but there has been no root and branch reformation from within or from without. The wonder is, not that the Church has declined, but that it has stood so firm, lost so little, and retained a treasury of doctrine so true. Even its corruptions and misconceptions have been ratified and crystallized by no Patriarch, Pope, or Council, and the Church could renounce them all without being unfaithful to any dogmatic "standards."

In spite of all these hopeful signs, however, the miserable and afflicting past has left its impress, and the Church is spiritually poor and weak. It almost crouches before enemies on all sides, and the utmost it asks is to live in quiet. The older members, indeed, still retain pious habits and customs, having, no doubt, a long traditional history, but many of the younger men are acquiring a perilous resemblance to some of the young Bengalees, who claim the benefits of universal toleration as an apology for indifference to their own religion as well as to that of others. The young Coptic employés in public offices are, for some reason or other, not generally popular with their European chiefs. There has been no opening to them for legitimate and honourable ambition, no place for national aspirations. They are exposed to the temptations of those who are detached from the sense of national, social, and family obligations, and are too much set upon their own individual advancement. If the common accusation is anything more than that impatience of native talent which has not been unknown in India, there are, at any rate, splendid exceptions to be found among the rising young men. But the fact that a worldly spirit is largely affecting young Christian Egypt certainly furnishes a claim on England that the necessary impartiality and religious indifference of the British Government be supplemented by private zeal on behalf of a Christian Church which, if not saved now, might one day become extinct.

The one crying need of the Coptic Church at the present moment is Christian education, especially of the clergy. There is no fear of

the best secular education not being provided sooner or later. In fact, the number of Copts who speak and read English and French almost as well as their mother-tongue is a proof of the extent to which it has already progressed. But if a thorough Christian and popular education is not provided, the best secular education will not free the bulk of the people from the superstitions, the half-Mohammedan beliefs, the corruptions, and the foolish credulity as to myths which so ancient a church has naturally drawn along with it in its troublous current.

But if Christian education is needed for all, it is above all needed for the clergy, and of this want the Copts are deeply sensible themselves. I have found among young men highly educated in most respects, and of the class from which the clergy are recruited, the most startling ignorance of ecclesiastical history and of the condition of other churches. I have been amazed by confusions between the Anglican and Roman Churches, between the American Presbyterians and the Protestant Churches of Europe, and with respect to all the chief points in controversy between the reformed and the unreformed Churches, and between the Churches of the West and of the East. The same students will show a rare knowledge of the contents of the Bible, and an intelligent, though not an erudite, apprehension of their meaning and religious significance. The sermons preached in the churches exhibit the same high standard of Biblical information. They are also well trained in the tenets of their own faith, and prepared to defend them by reference to Scripture. Nothing is heard of *ex cathedra* interpretations of Scripture, or of the tyranny of synodical bodies. The manner of alluding to Scripture is always reverent, without savouring in the slightest degree of a superstitious handling of it as if it were a charm.

Some well-meaning persons have recommended the sending of Coptic students for the ministry to England. There are many strong objections to this. The characteristic temptations to a clever young Copt at home are to vanity, self-conceit, and worldly self-aggrandisement. These temptations would not be less felt in England, while the correctives to them supplied by the natural incidents of his own home and country would be wholly wanting. Starting from the point of education of even the most intelligent young Copt, he would be in no position to understand the claims of the different parties within and without the Church of England, and he must needs succumb wholly to the personal influences nearest to him. A further objection will be felt by some, as it is by me, that the Reformed Anglican Church is not the best or natural teacher of a Coptic Christian bound, by the ritual and antecedents of his own Church, to the Monophysite aspects of Christian doctrine.

The American mission school at Cairo, under its eminent and

learned minister, Dr. Lancing, has done a very considerable work among the Copts. It is a fashion, much to be deprecated, among some English Churchmen visiting Egypt as tourists, to speak lightly of the great work of this institution, because its basis is Presbyterian and not Episcopal. To my mind this is a strong recommendation; just because there is no possibility of collision or competition between the elementary framework of a Presbyterian mission service and the gorgeous and elaborate ritual of a Coptic Church. There will and there ought to be conscientious dissenters from the Coptic Church,—those to whom an elaborate ritual is uncongenial, and for them there is thus at hand another Christian society presenting them with doctrines identical with all that is best and purest in their own Church, and with opportunities for public worship (including sermons in their own tongue), and as scriptural as they themselves in their best moments could demand. If the young candidates for the ministry acquired increasingly the habit of frequenting the theological classes in this school part of the problem would be solved.

But it is not merely desirable that the Coptic ministry should cease to be ignorant. They ought to be exceptionally learned. The historical antecedents of their Church have specially called them to the task of vindicating in the face of the Mohammedan world the Divine Glory of the Son. Their conflicts with the Greek Church at Alexandria should have trained them to contend in the forefront of the hottest battle with the Prophet and Apostle of Unitarianism. All the best learning and energy that England can contribute would be well spent in fortifying this Christian bulwark in the presence of the latest and sternest foe with whom the Christian Church will ever have to grapple. The Church of England has no claim to assume the pretensions of sending a so-called "Mission." Nor could any but nominal good be done by any formal "Union" with a Church in every way so differently circumstanced from itself. But England can give of the fulness of its own theological and linguistic science, its critical sagacity, its historical lore. And it is bound to give this abundantly. The Copts are crying out "Come over and help us." They are ready to co-operate with any scheme by which the best fruits of English learning can be appropriated by themselves. Among the ministry there are some really learned men, though the opportunities of obtaining a broad culture have hitherto been lacking to them; and there are no universities or learned societies to create the sort of atmosphere of intellectual and critical appreciation, the want of which is one of those most keenly felt by the English student who has the misfortune to be expatriated to an Australian colony.

In effecting the political regeneration of Egypt, the Copts are the

natural middle-class, of which the statesman and legislator are always so eagerly in search. The electoral arrangements which have been made have, by the use of the cumulative vote, secured that wherever any minority, like the Copts, is strong and compact in any district, it can make its political influence tell on the elections. In many ways the interests of the Copts, as a class, cannot be identical with the agricultural fellahin, or the unskilled artisans in the towns, or the hewers of wood and drawers of water, or the superior officials. The personal law which governs their marriages, their successions, and their wills, is not the law of the Koran and its commentators, and it is administered, at least in the first resort, by domestic tribunals of their own. Some of the priests have a great reputation for knowledge of the law peculiar to the Copts, and as the authorities are largely in manuscript the study is no light one. Thus, in a country like Egypt, where hitherto the bulk of the law has been religious in its origin and application, political distinctions and interests follow much the same lines as religious beliefs. This is likely to be less so in the future, when the new codes, covering so large a field, are applied to the people generally. Though marriage and testamentary and succession law will still be administered by the religious judge, questions arising out of these branches of law will inevitably be involved in causes pending before the secular courts, and the rules applicable to them will have to be applied as foreign law is in England.

It may thus be expected that while the effect of religious differences in the matter of law as between Copts and Mohammedans will, on the whole, be weakened by the institution of purely secular courts dealing with the commercial, criminal, and land law, yet the protection which these courts will accord to the different bodies of law which they do not themselves directly administer will tend to perpetuate those bodies of law, and to fix more deeply the distinction between them. There will be less room for spontaneous processes of amalgamation, or for the fusion of customs. Sir H. Maine pointed out, some years ago, that this was one of the least favourable aspects of the action of England in India. Customs on the verge of disappearing by a natural process were endowed with a new and artificial vitality. For the time the same effect will result from the new legislation in Egypt. Peculiar Mohammedan and Coptic institutions will be severally ascertained and fortified afresh, and arrested in their natural decline. A time may hereafter come when fresh codes may be made, covering the whole field of Mohammedan and Christian law, while leaving space for the recognition of customs (particularly those of marriage) peculiar to special religious bodies. These codes might be administered by the secular courts, and the result would be favourable to the highest form of national unity.

In a country in which the supreme direction of the State is in the hands of Mohammedans, it is impossible to secure, in advance, that the Copts have their proportionate share in the higher employments and appointments. This evil may be abated where the new legislative bodies are in effective action, as the minority vote may secure proportionate representation to the Copts, and there may be opportunity for public remonstrance in the case of persistent one-sided appointments.

Of course it cannot be expected that the British Government, in the exercise of its influence in Egypt, should show any favour to the Copts on the sole ground of their being Christians. Even were the British Government in supreme command of the country, as it is in India, the utmost that could be asked of it would be to guarantee all religious bodies, Christian and non-Christian, against all civil and political disabilities on the ground of religious belief. In India, indeed, it has been imputed to the British Government that it has gone still further in the direction of religious indifference, and that, while patronizing the native religions, it has weighted the course of Christian missions. Whatever may have been the justification of this policy in India, all the circumstances are different in Egypt. The responsible Government in Egypt is wholly in the hands of the Mohammedan majority, and the Christian minority are not an alien missionary body, but part and parcel of the structure of the Egyptian nation, having still higher claims, on the ground of uninterrupted and immemorial prescription, than their Moslem rivals. Thus it is as much the duty and political interest of the Mohammedan Government of Egypt to guarantee absolute political and civil rights to Coptic Christians, as it is the duty and interest of the British Government to protect its non-Christian subjects. Mere religious indifference is not always religious impartiality. A Government may be indifferent when it leaves the strong to trample upon the weak. It is impartial when it protects the weak against the strong, no less than when it lends the strong its organized aid to prevent irregular trespasses on the part of the weak.

Englishmen and Englishwomen at home cannot but feel that the cause of true morality, and therefore of the political elevation of Egypt, is more bound up with the progress of the Coptic Church than with aught else besides. It is that Church which alone can make an effectual and lasting protest in favour of true conjugal relations, and of all that is meant by family and home. It is that Church which alone can communicate to the world lying in darkness around it the moral lessons of truthfulness, philanthropy, and patriotism, which the followers of Mohammed have neither learned nor taught. If Mohammedanism itself is ever to be vitalized and recreated on a monogamic basis—a by no means impossible supposi-

tion—the Egyptian Arabic-speaking Church, which penetrates all parts of the country, will be for some the only shelter from intellectual anarchy, and for the rest an immovable warning and protest against the special solicitations of a new epoch. In fact, the Coptic Church, if enlightened and instructed, is capable of becoming for Egypt the rallying-point of the forces, both of order and of progress, of conservatism and of reform :—"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt, for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressor. And he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day."

SHELDON AMOS.

THE NEW-BIRTH OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

WHATEVER greatness the nineteenth century may claim will appear, on closely considering the state of the case, to arise from this, that it is a new beginning of the ages of faith. A thing most strange, yet undeniable! To the average spectator it may, indeed, seem otherwise; an age of revolution and despair, of unbelief and the most resolved Pyrrhonism, would be his account of the times we live in; and I can hear him exclaim, "What has this century in common with the fourth, the twelfth, or even the seventeenth, in which men submitted to a creed as though heaven-descended, and looked upon certain of their fellow-mortals as messengers from the Infinite?" But not in this wise have more competent judges spoken. Take that sagacious man, Mr. Herbert Spencer, who will not, in a matter like the present, be suspected of bias, and listen to a remark of his in a popular book on the study of Sociology. "It is," he declares, "one of our satisfactory social traits, exhibited in a degree never before paralleled, that along with a mental progress which brings about considerable changes, there is a devotion of thought and energy to the maintenance of existing arrangements, and creeds, and sentiments—an energy sufficient even to reinvigorate some of the old forms and beliefs that were decaying."* It hardly needs the slight touch of irony, or a glance at the context, to convince ourselves that among "the old forms and beliefs" that to Mr. Spencer seemed verging towards extinction, we may reckon Dogmatic Christianity. But that which was dying has revived again. In the fine imagery of one of our most thoughtful writers, the nineteenth century has been "a second spring," carrying in its bosom

* "The Study of Sociology," 4th edition, chap. xvi. p. 395; and see the chapter *passim*.

a harvest of fruitfulness for seeds in which a hundred years ago there was little sign of life. Ours may be an era of revolutions; but, in perhaps equal degree, it has brought forth the counter-movements disparaged by unfriendly critics as reaction, or a mere back-water of the advancing stream,—whilst they are, undoubtedly, a revival of energies long dormant, and of elements once declared to be spent. Christianity has lost its thousands and tens of thousands in all the Churches; but in the adherents left to it there is a conscious loyalty, a courage and enthusiasm, a sincerity of religious fervour unknown to the eighteenth century, and more than rivalling what was noblest in the days of unceasing polemics and crusades for an article of faith. It may well be that there are more sincere Christians at this moment than ever before; and that not in absolute but in relatively proportioned numbers has the ancient religion lost ground. But here, too, a characteristic of our time reveals itself.

For the contest is no longer, as in the days of Voltaire, Hume, and Diderot, between Belief and Unbelief. If a man was not a Christian then, he was nothing; he could be nothing, since Christianity was the only religion known to him. But now a fresh religion has come to light; over against the Old Faith stands the New. So soon as he quits the tradition of his fathers, a modern unbeliever will find himself on the threshold of a temple into which multitudes, holding the same creed and worshipping the same ideal, are ready to welcome him. Atheism, Agnosticism, Pantheism, as now interpreted, have the closest affinities; they are sects in a new religion, whose fundamental tenets they severally admit. The title of Mr. Spencer's creed may vary according as the temperament of Mr. Tyndall differs from that of Mr. Bain or of the late Mr. Stuart Mill. But in all these writers we perceive an agreement that far transcends their differences; if they dispute, it is because, in arriving at an identical synthesis, they have come by slightly diverging paths, and now stand at opposite points of the same prospect. Put them to the test by asking, *e.g.*, how they view the problems of life, consciousness, morality, or the notion of a Personal God, and their answers will differ in shape, but not at all in substance. Moreover, to the traditional theory they will oppose a counter-theory, as sharply defined, as uncompromising, as unmistakable. On these things the century of Voltaire did not know what to believe; it revolted from Christianity in the name of the unknown. But Mr. Spencer puts aside Revelation in the name of the Unknowable. And, though a syllable or two seem all the difference, it is everything. It betokens that mere Unbelief has had its day.

But, in yet more striking contrast to the age of our grandfathers, Christians have aroused themselves from sleep, and, upon all sides, are endeavouring to prove that the Revelation they believe in is

a truth of history; that it is no fiction, as the old critics of Tübingen imagined, but the one certain fact of all time. Its contents, or doctrinal teaching, are now studied with a consideration so searching and reverent, that we may fairly attribute to the nineteenth century a republication of the Gospel such as has not been since the birth of mediæval Christendom. This will appear in a most attractive clearness if we consider how the life of Christ, which is the sum and substance of Christian teaching, has absorbed into itself the theology of our time; how it is told over again in the pulpit and the press, with astonishing freshness, originality, and critical power. To me there is something marvellous, as though a miracle of the Highest, in that reverence which surrounds the person of Christ, even on the part of unbelievers; so that He, unless by openly depraved writers, is neither criticized nor rudely handled, but is held to sit enthroned in His own calmness above the disputes of men. In this, too, there is a change, as if the eyes and speech once profanely bold were feeling the charm of Christianity, learning, as they needs must, what His disciples have to tell concerning the Master of masters.

Thus, in the one camp as in the other, indifference and formalism have given way, to a degree beyond calculation, in the presence of growing earnestness. The great contending views are become religious in so far as they appeal to the feelings and the imagination; so far as the ideal synthesis, whether of old or new, calls for love, reverence, and passionate adhesion. But they are, at the same time, philosophies that appeal, in the last resort, not to feeling but to intellect. Agnosticism itself holds that we know enough to know what things cannot be true. They are philosophies to be built up, line upon line and precept upon precept, by an intellectual method, analytical and demonstrative. The tendencies that have wrought these creeds are driving men upon finding grounds for them, upon establishing a metaphysics of Life and Thought in accordance with what they believe and as a justification of it. Mr. Herbert Spencer (to insist on a name in many ways typical), inheriting a bias towards one religious creed, works it out, in his "*First Principles*," as a metaphysics of Evolution and the Unknowable. And Cardinal Newman, ardently attached to the most absolute of Mr. Spencer's "*decaying beliefs*," cannot rest satisfied until he has given a reason for believing, in an "*Essay on Development*" and a "*Grammar of Assent*." Neither would imagine that his perfect confidence in what he holds has absolved him from the duty of exhibiting it in the daylight of reason. In both we see an anxious desire to defend the faith that is in them, by evolving a mental scheme of things to which that faith shall be the crown and complement. Faith may, in a certain sense, state what we call Reason, as in the enthusiastic workings of the

imagination, and in the direct experience of conscience. But philosophy comes in its turn; and in proportion as the faith is sincere the philosophy will be fearless.

It should not, therefore, surprise us if faith begets philosophy. Herein is no incongruous mixture of things opposite, nor the disappearance of dogma in rationalism, but an inevitable consequence of all belief, which, addressing itself to the Conscience, naturally leads to a corresponding activity in the Reason, or to the analysis by deliberate investigation of what has been presented as a living truth to the whole man. In the history of religion, philosophy sooner or later must make an entrance; and the faithful are found reasoning simply because they believe. They do not reason to overthrow their creed, but more fully to comprehend it. Doubt has become impossible to them; and what they seek is to learn more and more of the doctrine that, by lifting it into ideal regions, has reconciled them with life; they seek to demonstrate—as one religion, the modern, states it—that “all things are according to necessary law;” or, as of old time was declared, that “all things happen according to God’s will, appointing or permitting them.” To hold such doctrines true is to be convinced that reason, had it sufficient light, could show their truth; that, furnished even as it is, it can establish the foundations, or necessary postulates, of a creed, and can never be in opposition to them. What I believe I cannot but suppose to be in itself demonstrable; and if I am a fervent believer, I shall naturally look about for the demonstration. Such, I repeat, is the instinct that prompts one great master to indite his “*First Principles*,” and another his “*Grammar of Assent*.” Nor was it a different instinct that led to a vaster enterprise than either,—the “*Summa Theologica*” of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Returning, then, to the point from which I set out, it is evident that if, in the nineteenth century, faith be a mighty power and men have enthusiastic feelings about the old religion as well as the new, we may expect a revived interest in metaphysics, or the discussion of the ultimate necessary principles of life and being. Most suggestive, indeed, it is that metaphysics displayed so little energy in the century of unbelief; like faith, and with faith, it was dead and buried; for Kant belonged in spirit to a later epoch, and in the first pages of his *Philosophy* a new beginning of religious earnestness dawns upon us. It is impossible that an irreligious time should be deep in metaphysics. “What is Truth?” said jesting Pilate, and stayed not for an answer.” He did not care to stay, because he neither believed nor disbelieved passionately. And who, without allegiance to something that seems worth believing, or the hope of attaining it, can weary himself with the algebra of being, or trouble about formulæ to which there is no corresponding reality that has taken him by the heart? But in the world of to-day enthusiasm, though tinged with melan-

choly, is not wanting; and the most fervent among the initiated are to be found also in the haunts of men, analyzing and demonstrating with the weapons of calm reason, with experiment, induction, and deduction on the largest scale. Christians, for example, holding as they do a mysterious creed, might seem exempt from the duty of philosophizing, or unable to employ the canons of a mundane and unbaptized logic. And yet it is otherwise. Carefully distinguishing between such articles of their faith as are beyond the reach of argument, and much else that is bound up with these high truths, they hold that the grounds of their belief are capable of strict examination and should be examined. Not more, again, but still not less, do those philosophize that say they hold no creed and are free from the obligation of defending any. But, certainly, their mind assents to an ideal synthesis, though its outlines be here and there broken by shadow; and, captivated as they are by its imagined grandeur, they must be intent on proving that it is not such stuff as dreams are made of, but a vast unspeakable reality. So that the future of mankind lies, like a prize in the arena, between contending philosophies, the one Christian, the other Anti-Christian. This I take to be a clear and complete account of them. As, when I say Christianity, I mean the dogmatic beliefs expressed in the creeds, sacraments, and liturgy of an historical Church; so, when I speak of the modern philosophy *par excellence*, I am thinking of that all-embracing scheme according to which the Christian faith is objectively false, and subjectively an outworn superstition. No one will question that here is an opposition as flagrant as it is irreconcilable. For the Christian, though he may allow one or other detail of modern philosophy, reduces all truth to a system of which the governing principle is the dogma of Creation, or, as we may term it, an Objective Dualism; but the anti-Christian, preserving certain moral maxims from the ruined Gospel, and finding in this or that word of Scripture a dim prophetic glance into realms now conquered by Science, must, when his principles are brought down to a single statement, deny Creation and every real distinction between the universe and its Cause in favour of an Absolute Monism, call it by what name you please. Such are the contrasted philosophies I have in view.

Let us inquire, then, whether a Christian philosophy is extant; a system of thought not addressing the emotional part of our nature—of which alone the direct result is action—but purely speculative, intended to satisfy the reasoning faculty, and to set forth, in terms distinct and rational, such a view of existence that Christianity shall seem the development and not the contradiction of it. But, first, a word to those—and their name is legion—in whose eyes Christianity, concerning itself essentially with practice or conduct, is

held to be independent of all metaphysics whatsoever. This, to a large number seems evident. They hold, for example, with the Broad Church or Liberal Protestantism; or they are Unitarians; or they belong to the societies which, in a more or less nebulous and dissolving condition, stretch outwards to the confines of the new religion; and so they tend more and more to coalesce with those for whom Christianity is a sentiment embodied in mythological forms as beautiful as the Greek, and typifying the truths of Life, as the great house of Jove and the Olympians typified Nature. Many affirm, with Carlyle, that Christianity can never die, and with Goethe, that it is a height which mankind was destined to reach, and which, once attained, can never be lost again; but in so expressing themselves, they mean that it is neither Theistic, nor Agnostic, nor Pantheistic; that it will consist with disbelief in a Personal God; or, again, with nescience almost unqualified of the end and nature of things; or, finally, with the conviction that, phenomena being the manifestation of a Supreme Power not really distinct from them, the received conception of a Creator and Creation must be resolved into the merely apparent difference of the One and the Many. But, if this be so, what is left of Christianity now that it cannot direct our relations with the Infinite? The answer will be that it must direct the relations of man with man, and that these are the subject-matter of conduct. Especially, it may be said, is Christianity adapted to soften the pain of existence; it has even been defined by Goethe as the Religion of Sorrow. But, profoundly true as it is, that Christianity has the secret of healing, of binding up the wounds of man and raising him from his fallen estate, I must deny that healing is possible without a knowledge of the properties of things, or that happiness can be given without light. Every morality is founded upon metaphysics, or is consistent with one definite view of the universe, and not with any other; the relations of man to man are determined by the relations of all to their Maker. We cannot halve Morality or divorce it from Religion. For Religion assigns its duty to each member of the whole, by declaring how each is related to the whole; and if this be not Morality, what is it? Neither can we sublimate the immense life of Christianity into one abstract principle of conduct, such as Resignation. Since the question always remains—nor has Carlyle replied to it satisfactorily, with his Everlasting Yea and Nay—on what grounds we are to be resigned? and to declare this implies the whole theory of Being. How, moreover, apart from metaphysics, shall we deal with the Religion of Redemption, which is the counterpart of the Religion of Sorrow, and must correspond in all its mysteries with objective truth? By carefully adding and subtracting, we may, indeed, arrive at a “sublimate of Christianity” (often, in this shape, corrosive enough) that shall be reconcilable with any system of thought, and

with the blindest Atheism. As every unprofitable chemistry! But in such a transformation, what can the Christian religion be except one element, and not the controlling element either, in a synthesis quite different from that of the New Testament? And yet, we shall not have escaped metaphysics; for whether an element or a creative principle, and though dissolved into the holiest sentiment, Christianity will imply, on the one side, a definite constitution of things objective; on the other a mood corresponding to it. Truly, a Emerson proclaims, Man, though hindered by false systems, has ever—

"We sought in a mad sincerity
Himself from Truth he could not free."

There is no truth apart from thought; no thought that will not give rise, on being scrutinised deeply, to an entire metaphysics. If in the Churches of the Reformation traditional belief is losing its charms, the reason is that a fresh belief is slowly taking possession of them, and the fusion of the old elements with the new, though going forward rapidly, is not altogether accomplished. Their tradition has lost its metaphysical force, but they are not yet sincerely committed to modern thought. That is why so many dislike inquiry, which might show them in too clear a light, both where they have wandered, and at what goal they must arrive. It has been well said, that the last stage of a decaying belief is when it becomes a sentiment, when it shudders at the name of metaphysics, and will do anything that is graceful and tender so long as it is not called upon by cold, suffering intellect to justify its existence. But in vain if we are to exist, we must prove that our existence is necessary, not some purpose, and not a mere obstacle to the entrance of sin. Whatever good there is in Christianity, considered as a sentiment, must be warranted by reason, and so find its place in metaphysics, or will turn out to be so good, that no demon could harm, and no demonism could be understood by metaphysics.

But in the Churches of the Reformation there are multitudes where Christianity is still a dogmatic religion, formulated not only embodied in creeds, articles, books, and even councils, which lay down, though with the indistinctness of dogmatic teaching, views of God and man that no Agnostic or Atheist can frankly assent to. In the long battle between Naturalism and Christianity, it has not yet been that criticism Protestantism is dwelling on the horizon of all will not have been compelled to defend the subject of faith against men less Christian than themselves. The sentiment is wild Europe and America are involved has shown itself in Protestantism as an intellectual movement; in Catholicism, as a theoretical and political. Hence it is Protestantism, rather than Catholicism, that has written apologies for Christianity, the inexorable evidence of its reality and reasonableness that, beginning in the age of

Locke, have gone on increasing in cogency, depth, and fervour to the present day. When we analyze their method and ask ourselves how they propose to defend Religion, we find their roots always in a metaphysical system, however little they dwell upon the laws of thought, or the abstract problems of ontology. We may sum them up as undertaking a twofold enterprise,—an historical, and a metaphysical. The historical, with which at present I am not concerned, was to show that Christianity arose by miraculous intervention, and not by mere natural development. The metaphysical has been somewhat vaguely described as the construction of a *Natural Theology*, or of the argument from design. But, in fact, it had a larger though unconscious scope,—the restoration of the whole Christian philosophy, overborne and sunk into disrepute from the day that Luther revolted against St. Thomas Aquinas and Descartes dethroned Aristotle. An enterprise of pith and moment, in which the most unexpected actors have engaged, bringing help and light from quarters where all seemed darkness. Interesting as it would be to trace that movement from its beginning to its present and most promising development as a metaphysics of Theism and Revelation, I can here but indicate a name or two that strike me as representative of its different stages. I said a name or two, but I meant three; Butler, Kant, and Hegel. An astonishing triumvirate! the reader may cry. Yes, they differed much from one another, and from the mediæval Christian, but, without them, orthodox Protestants had fared ill in their conflict with the heathen. Let us consider them a little. What Butler did for Christian apologetics, I think, was this: in designing the "Analogy," he led the way towards a triple concord, though he did not establish it, between Revelation and Nature, between Nature and Reason, between Reason and Society. The principle upon which he went was that religion must stand or fall with the metaphysics we assume. In saying that Christianity offered the same kind of problem to the intellect that Theism offers, and, again, that the difficulties of Theism lie in the nature of things and the limits of reason, he was demonstrating the need, at last, of a metaphysics in which it is acknowledged that the nature of things is infinitely mysterious, and human reason at once constituted and restrained by necessary laws of thought. But he started a problem that he did not solve. The "Analogy," so affecting in its embarrassed rhetoric, so austere, true, so profound and mournful, so conversant with the deep things of life, so convincing and so comfortless, has been after all but a lamp to show the great darkness that lay on Butler's century and on the man himself. It has remained a two-edged sword and a choice of Hercules; to some justifying Hume's Agnosticism, whilst to the many it has seemed a prophetic answer to Hume. But one thing it accomplished; it made an end of Deism. Butler

undoubtedly proved that, whatever obscurities there may be in the problem of Existence, a man who believes in a Personal God as the cause of things, should find it easy to believe in Providence and Revelation. Nay, as the "Analogy" argued, he is bound to recognize Christianity as at once an answer to his needs and a justifying of the ways of God to man. A deep thinker is apt to have said: "I can understand Atheism, and I can understand Christianity, which seems to me only wanting in proof; what I cannot understand is Deism:—to believe in a God that he *has* spoken." A sentence worthy of George Eliot, and a most striking motto, such as Butler might not have been unwilling to set in the title-page of his "Analogy." Butler tells us to look backward and as onward, to survey the prospect from end to end, and to mount the heights and depths that are disclosed in the primal problem, Is there a God? We shall know that when we have considered in accordance with Butler's teaching, how far we can know the nature of things, and what are the limits of our thought. We must pass from the "Analogy" to the "Critique of Reason," pure and practical.

The present age has witnessed a return to Kant, which, in spite of the grave peril that attends it, may have the happiest consequences among Protestants. I am aware that there have always been Kantians, no less than Hegelians, of the Left—nay, of the extreme Left—as well as of the Right. Nor do I revere Kant as "the master of those that know," for mine is another master, more famous, and as deep in philosophy as ever Kant was. But I consider that, in the development of a modern Christian metaphysics, Kant has played much the most conspicuous part. Asserting as he did, that "the thing in itself" is real, but unknowable, he might be taken to lay stress on its reality, and to indicate that, however incomprehensible, it was no fiction. Again, in laying down his propositions synthetic *a priori*, it was his own opinion that he was not surrendering to Hume, but refuting him. For Kant surely believed that, because they were *a priori*, they were true; not true, in the sense of adequately representing the thing in itself, but true in the only sense conceivable, if our minds are limited. To say that the *Ego*, the Kosmos, and God, are ideals of the reason is not to deny them. When we turn from the "Critique of Speculative Reason" to that of the practical, we observe that to Kant the ideals are absolutely real, and the *Ego* finds God in conscience, and hears Him in the categorical imperative. He cannot be comprehended; but there is a path by which we may come to Him. Remarkable enough, this was the method of Butler also, a metaphysics which for its account of God as Personal, went back to Conscience, and took its stand on an experience in which there was objective validity.

Conscience has become, to use a significant phrase, the key of the position; and Butler and Kant in the eighteenth century, and Cardinal Newman, a disciple of Butler's in the nineteenth, have contributed more than any others to make it so. But Conscience, I say, has an objective validity, and its declarations are in their nature intuitions. The highest, widest, most mysterious, and most certain of all synthetic propositions *à priori* is the categorical imperative, out of which issues the moral law. If to Kant the incomprehensibility of God was one pole of the universe of thought, the moral law was undoubtedly the other; and, by a stroke of Providence, the only passage of Kant's that has passed into European literature, and will, perhaps, survive his works, the one eloquent word it was given him to utter, is that wherein he declares what things are for ever certain to him—the starry heavens above, and the law of God within, two Revelations of the same Everlasting Reality. The harmony that Butler desired between Nature and Reason must be sought where alone it can be comprehended, in the conscience to which God speaks. A strange message to the eighteenth century, that felt no conviction of sin, nor dreamt that a judgment was coming upon it! We must surely pardon the coldness, the Stoic pedantries, the too abstract indifference of the Königsberg philosopher, when we consider that in restoring the sovereignty of Conscience, he was making a return to Christianity not only possible, but in a certain degree inevitable. So, indeed, it has proved: not for all that admit the doctrine of Conscience, but for how many that are conscience-stricken! To these the credentials of the Gospel, though not demonstrable as a conclusion in geometry, are at once overwhelming and tidings of great joy; they are humbled, repentant, and converted. Their ideal world has henceforth its starry heavens in which law and order reign; for the intuitions of morality are to them clear and unchanging, a revelation of things objective but within them, and a practical solution of the deepest problems in metaphysics. The Conscience that was so dark in the "Analogy" has here caught a glimpse of light—nay, has seen the morning break, as I said, and found a clue to all the seeming disorder of the world in the conception of eternal law and a living ideal of Righteousness. This, too, may be called in the language of Kant, an antinomy; for it combines in the same intuition law and personality; but what then? Conscience reveals that our moral good consists in this very union, in striving to identify ourselves with the law and the law with us; nor is it wonderful that the union which makes us perfect should exist, objectively and eternally, in the nature of things, and the cause of all be Himself a living law, and an infinite self-determined conscience. The "Critique of Practical Reason" demonstrates what Butler had only recommended

as consistent with our previous knowledge—or at least, not inconsistent with it—viz., that there is a Righteous God; that He reveals Himself in conscience; and that the spirit to which He reveals Himself is immortal. But the word that solves all, when rightly understood, is intuition, and the correlative of intuition is law.

Theism, then, was restored as in metaphysics reasonable, and in life an experience, by the teaching of Kant when interpreted upon these principles. Whatever commentaries might be written in an adverse sense, this way of taking him was neither impossible nor improbable. But something further was required. Kant, as a metaphysician, had gazed into the individual mind; of minds acting in concert or opposition, and of God as acting upon them, he had said but little; for it was not in his day that men deliberated upon social phenomena as they have done since. To the metaphysics of being must be added the philosophy of history. The laws that he had seen in the starry heavens were not yet traced out in the strata of our planet, still less in the growth of society. The conception of law had still something great to yield, and must become the theory of evolution—a vague but fruitful word, not void of meaning, nay rather, so vast in the breadth of its implications, so far-reaching in its consequences, that for a long time it will seem to include such contradictory and perplexed ideas as only an ever-increasing knowledge and a perpetual recurrence to the intuitions from which we set out, can reconcile or discriminate. But evolution is an indispensable notion in future metaphysics; for it is the notion of Law applied to Life. Now as Kant was the leader in testifying to the scientific worth of Conscience, as he taught modern Europe where it may discover the hidden but infinite power for which it is seeking, as he, more than any man of his contemporaries, demonstrated that the voice of duty is an echo of the voice of God; so, to the astonishment of Christians, it will appear that Hegel, though not the Stoic, not the lofty-minded man that his predecessor was, has taught the nineteenth century to read a divine meaning in History, and to mark the footsteps of Providence where they had been all too dimly discerned. Again, if I pay this tribute to Hegel, it must not be supposed that I am praising the axioms of his philosophy, or allowing in more than a limited, though a very real, sense that he was the Prometheus that stole this new fire from heaven. His age was busy with the problem, and historical and critical investigations were tending in one direction; but among philosophers Hegel was the first to utter a magic formula that has since, in the writings of Comte and Spencer, of Wallace, Darwin, and Mivart, been eloquently and with infinite illustration commended to the times. Hegelianism must be looked upon as essentially a creed of evolution; I do not say the true creed. But it was

the idea, not the philosophy in detail, that wrought so powerfully. Demonstrations of the Christian religion, hitherto constructed as for a jury of twelve aldermen of the City of London, at once took a wider sweep; and a notion that in the hands of Lessing had seemed brilliant but unfruitful, the gradual education of mankind under a guiding Providence, might now be counted a scientific acquisition, as expressing a law to which not man alone, but all created being, is subject. Religion was seen to be a reality, living, progressive, and universal; for the medium of its growth was the spirit wherein it had been revealed, and from Conscience to History was now but a step. Nay, more; as in conscience the "Critique of Practical Reason" had discovered the meeting-place of God and man, so in the social organism did Hegel point out the indispensable means of cherishing and refining the initial perceptions of Religion. Individuals, acting and reacting upon each other in the same human family, revealed to every age the divine ideal. But how easy to conclude that, if this be so, the human family is a universal Church! We must limit the notion of progress, too emphatic in Hegel's philosophy, by the opposite but equally well-founded notion of decay and retrogression, for Hegel was an optimist of a most decided colour. Nor can we admit his Universal Church without explanations and conditions saving the dignity of the Christian faith, as the only unmixed and divinely intended form of religion. But upon this I need not insist. For my point is that Hegel's theory of evolution, whether true or false, has in fact given Christianity an enormous advantage, by associating it with the advance of mankind in every good, and planting it firmly on the foundations of history. The least promising of the concords that Butler demanded, the harmony between Reason and Society, is shown to be all one with an acceptance by society of the Gospel. That Hegel meant this I do not say, nor is it any part of my argument; but that he has struck upon the word that makes such a demonstration possible will be denied by none to whom the history of thought is familiar.

Thus a world of strange influences, acting upon the cruder Natural Theology of Paley and the "Bridgewater Treatises," may be summed up in the names of Kant and Hegel. The number among Protestants is not small, though neither is it a majority nor like to be, to whom Kant's "Critique" remains a demonstration of God in conscience, and Hegel's theory of evolution a brilliant argument for the need of the Christian revelation when it came, and its progressive development as the living truth "even to the consummation of the age." Such men are, before all things, Christian; but they demand a philosophy that shall deal with human nature as it is shown in history, and shall represent it more worthily than the school of common-sense and every-day prose. A remarkable succession of

champions have come forward not in one country nor from one Church to defend Christianity, votaries of natural science, historians, theologians, and (to insist on the point I am at present urging) metaphysicians, who though not of the first rank, must be acknowledged as standing foremost in the second. In all of them the influence of Kant is visible; but they have steadily subordinated his theorems to the principles of Revelation; not, of course founding their philosophy on their creed as a conclusion from it, but interpreting the statements of Kant in what I may call an Aristotelian sense, and harmonizing the "Critique of Pure Reason" with Scripture Theism. Under the perplexed lines of Kantianism they read Aristotle as in a palimpsest. They do not agree with the Master of Balliol, accomplished though he be in Hellenic and German metaphysics, that Aristotle could not have understood the propositions synthetic *à priori*.^{*} To them it appears that Kant and Aristotle differ in depth rather than meaning; when the Greek tells us of axioms *per se nota*, it is thought that he intended the synthetic and evident principles which in our day we call Intuitions and make the starting-point of all reasoning. The return to Kant in Germany, of which Lange's "History of Materialism" offers a brilliant though dangerous example, is not more unmistakable than the gradual resumption by the Stagyrte of his authority, too long denied in the interests of the Reformation, and usurped by new-comers in whom there was more force than wisdom. I do not imagine, indeed, that Aristotle has come back like the Bourbons, under the stainless white flag of mediæval times when he was "The Philosopher," and even Plato kept silence before him. Aristotle must temper his monarchy with constitutional or democratic limitations, he must rule, as he remarks of the will and the passions, not as a tyrant, but as a politic controller of forces that he cannot suppress. But, granting this, it is in a high degree significant that the nineteenth century is undoing the work of the last three hundred years, so far as it has been a work of revolt, disorder, and separation among Christian philosophers. Returning to Aristotle through Kant, or, from another point of view, interpreting Kant by Aristotle, we are suddenly raised to a height of contemplation where the entire aspect of Christian development is changed and the question forces itself upon us whether we need seek, in the *disjecta membra* of modern systems, the metaphysics of Theistic Evolution which is at once to justify tradition and lead up to it. In a word, has there not ever been a Christian metaphysics, borrowing neither from Kant nor Hegel, and exposing us to the risk neither of Pyrrhonism nor Pantheism?

Such a thought, occurring, I daresay, to few Protestants, will

^{*} See Jowett's "Plato," 2nd edition, vol. iv. p. 273, Introduction to *Theætetus*.

strike again and again on the Catholic student as he reads, among orthodox theologians, the works of Luthardt, Delitzsch, Tholuck, and the renowned Julius Müller; among philosophers, those of Lotze, Kuno Fischer, and, perhaps more than all, of Ulrici. He cannot but observe that between their thought and his the affinities are as genuine as they are numerous; and it astonishes him that in the deep central truths of the Trinity, Incarnation, Grace, Sin, and Redemption, they have so little, from the Catholic standing-ground, to amend or alter. Lutherans and Calvinists they may be, in the catalogue; but their inherited beliefs have been so tempered, the principles of sound scholastic reasoning have been so well applied, that, except for some venturesome speculations and obscurities, which, in a science of this extent must be anticipated, they might seem to have learnt theology at Rome or Mayence. To such a pass have things come in this nineteenth century; such are the miracles that earnest Christian thought can achieve; so that currents which seemed to be flowing in opposed directions are at length beheld uniting their separate streams, and mingling in the same channel.

For Protestantism being a compromise, it could not well have made an end of Christian principles when it broke away from Rome. That its main necessary scope is adverse to Christianity will consist with the retention by many of traditional truths in their old setting, that is to say, combined with an indistinct, but real perception of the Gospel teaching as a whole. Out of that dim perception, kept alive in the hearts of a few, and strengthened under the influence of Pietistic Lutheranism in Germany, of Evangelical High Churchism (a Kantian antinomy, contradictory yet true) in England, have the revived Christian zeal and more definite Christian theology that we see around us issued. A movement, steady and uninterrupted since the French Revolution, has been in progress (or regress, according to its opponents) towards the long-forgotten mediæval systems. Three "moments," as a German would style them, may be discerned in that progress; and they follow one another in natural succession,—the theological, the sacramental, and the metaphysical. For the study of theology had never quite fallen extinct in non-Catholic seats of learning, though it sank more and more to a dismal antiquarian dilettantism, and an exegesis of the most meagre kind. Nothing but a French Revolution could have frightened it into more active existence, or proved that Oxford, Halle, and Berlin had still some appreciation of the Christian past. Soon the change from an unconscious to a conscious belief in Revelation brought in its train a revival of sacraments and symbolism; all over Northern Europe we began to hear of Christian architecture, music, and poetry, as the outward exhibition of revealed truth. Tractarianism has developed into Ritualism, not always without loss to the grave thoughtfulness

that marked its beginning. But neither ritual nor dogma can protect Christianity from the assaults of a new religion, whose dogma is equally dogmatic, and wherein there will be no lack of æsthetic attractiveness whilst the age brings forth poets that are Pantheists and Naturalism finds expression in painting and music. Metaphysics alone can cope with the system that directly calls in question not only the revealed doctrines, but Theism and Supernaturalism altogether. Belief in Revelation has been undermined in so many, by a suspicion—for they could not prove, it was only that they had been told—that the one true system of metaphysics, the scheme of thought into which all sciences may be ultimately resolved, admits neither a Personal God, nor an immortal *Ego*, nor any fundamental distinction between duty and interest, nor free will by which to determine our lives. How many are craving to believe in God, if they can but be sure that there is a God? But they never will believe in a Mythology, in the dogmatic Ritualism beneath which there lies no reality for metaphysicians to handle. The demand on all sides is for grounds of religion that can be verified; and, unless such grounds are discoverable, faith will cease to be a power in human society; or rather, as I have said, one kind of faith will make room for another. But religion without metaphysics is vain, except as a fading ephemeral sentiment, cultivated by those to whom history and experience are a dumbshow. We cannot believe in a mythology. There is something in us that despises poetry when it is mere poetry and symbolizes no fact. Reverend and beautiful are those tokens from the world of matter in which truth, not adequately to be expressed, is conveyed as by secret whispers to the heart; but their office is done, and they become pitiful relics of superstition, not exquisite any more, nor holy, when their meaning is discovered to be a fiction, and themselves the poetry of an earlier age not conversant with the nature of things. Say that Christianity is in such sense a revelation that its credentials may not be searched into, and you will have granted that it is, in Von Hartmann's language, "the third stage of the world-illusion." But insist, as you reasonably may, that the old religion and the new experimental sciences are pointing in the same direction, and that a self-authenticating metaphysics is possible—nay, is coming to light—in which knowledge and wisdom are reconciled, and you will have helped the world to perceive that Evolution is one thing and Revolution another; that the ideal and the real are no more destructive of each other than matter and spirit; and that the Christianity which a little philosophy destroyed, a great deal is able to restore. This is what the German return to Aristotle may do for us. The central point of European thought, the golden milestone whence and whither all roads are leading, may prove to be the statue of that greatest man of science in the classic world, who has fulfilled for the Christian religion the

function of understanding, and is still its master in logic and psychology. He is the meeting-place of old and new.

And now it is time that I spoke of that other current, which appears on viewing it to be the main stream of Christian philosophy, that unbroken, but widely disregarded tradition which is once more making its influence felt in Southern Europe, and should sooner or later win recognition from orthodox Protestants everywhere, if they would be Christians still. For more than sixteen centuries a metaphysics which we may define as the combination of Aristotle and Plato in a higher synthesis has been taught, though not always profoundly interpreted, in schools where loyal tradition abounded, rather than scientific originality. The deepest thinkers in the early Christian Church were Origen and St. Augustine; but the latter has exercised an incomparably more powerful influence on succeeding ages. St. Augustine was, indeed, an admirer of Neo-Platonism, finding in it Plato the mystic, rather than Socrates the disputant and inventor of logic. But he was likewise a Christian saint, and could criticize Neo-Platonism; and he had been trained in the logical forms of Aristotelianism, which then, as now, were included in a liberal education. Forming, as he did, the mind of Latin Christianity during a thousand years, he was no hindrance to the study, the admiration, or the reception of Aristotle, as the most perfect of philosophers, when the Stagyrte became known, in the twelfth century, to the Universities of Paris and Cologne. Plato was not denied, though Aristotle held the sceptre among thinkers; and Augustine may be looked upon as completing mediæval philosophy on its ideal side. An age so fertile in speculation, so childlike and daring and subtle, was well adapted to search out the agreement between a revelation it unhesitatingly accepted and a philosophy which has, in fact, a deep and true affinity with what is human in the writings of St. Paul and St. John. I do not pretend that the Middle Ages were acquainted with the rise and growth of Greek philosophy, or could have entered into the limitations of Greek thought. Far from it indeed. To be critical in the modern sense demands a knowledge of historic and pre-historic humanity which only the last hundred years have put within our grasp. But the mediæval refraction of Platonism and Aristotelianism would be unfairly described were we to call it a distortion. In the main it was correct—nay, astonishingly close to the spirit of its original; it seized the distinction between the *Domus Socratica* and the opposing brood of Democritus and Epicurus, between the Atomic-atheistic systems and the conception of a Divine Mind, which needed but the light of Christianity to prove it a Personal God. Admitting all that can be urged against the identity of a mediæval Catholic philosophy with concepts that Hellas was only

beginning to formulate, we maintain that Christian Theism, and not any other metaphysics whatsoever, is the outcome of those elementary guessings of Plato and Aristotle. The analogy is ever recurring, the transition easy, the spirit so much in harmony with Christian conceptions—I do not mean with the mysterious, but with the natural part of Christianity—that St. Paul addressing Plato among the Athenians of his day, might well have converted him, and Aristotle, listening to St. Thomas Aquinas, might have been a willing disciple. It has never been difficult or dangerous for Christians to read Aristotle and Plato combined; separately, I confess, they may lead astray. But whenever the atomistic philosophy (which represents the other great schools of Hellas) asserts its influence, we feel that religion is in danger. A simple and decisive test that, in commenting upon the *Domus Socratica* as Christian, the Middle Ages did well. More striking still is the return to Aristotle of which I have been speaking, on the part of Christian thinkers. The judgment of experienced Europe confirms the instinct of six hundred years ago. In details mediævalism may have erred, but the character and general bearing—nay, the innermost essence of Aristotle's thought—was subtly indicated by his commentators of the thirteenth century, and more than all by him who among Christians deserves to be styled, like Averroes among Mahometans, the Great Commentator—I mean St. Thomas Aquinas.

In this name, so well known to Catholic metaphysicians, so dim and distant to the world at large, the strength and beauty of mediævalism as a system of thought are for ever expressed. Aquinas is the thinker, as Dante is the poet of thirteenth-century Christendom; and the "Paradiso" of Dante, which to Carlyle seemed inarticulate music, borrows its noblest rhythms and most lovely conceptions from that other poem, the "Summa Theologica." Or, employing a more suggestive comparison, as the modern world reads Aristotle with the eyes of Kant, so the mediæval read him with those of the "Angelic Doctor," as Catholics style St. Thomas. Others were as original, or more so; and one, Albertus Magnus of Cologne, possessed a knowledge of natural science that in the "Summa" we do not find; but none were so faithful to the spirit of Aristotle, or comprehended with so clear a glance the bearing of Christian doctrines on Christianity as a whole. His characteristic is balance, or the power of adjusting seemingly-opposed statements so that they shall throw light upon each other; a power that might be termed artistic by the Greeks, and architectonic by Aristotle. It is the faculty of proving by systematizing; of winning a demonstration by marshalling a number of theses in their metaphysical order; or of indicating the composition of thought in its relation to being. St. Thomas is a constructive genius; he does not strike out original
us; whilst dealing with vast generalizations, he dwells chiefly

on the nexus of the syllogism, and is ever inquiring how he may pass from end to end of a philosophy. He is not more of a mystic than every Catholic saint must needs be; neither is he drawn to special sciences like Roger Bacon or Albert the Great. He constructs a synthesis deliberately, does not seize it intuitively and with passionate apprehension of all its means. Intellect, not will, is to him the heart of things and their essential foundation; nor could he have seen much else than extravagance in the will-philosophy of Schopenhauer. Hence, too, whilst admitting in other terms what moderns have studied so deeply, under the name of the unconscious—that is to say, the indeliberate yet vital movements of intellect or instinct—he has not given it the prominence it seems to deserve. He is intensely logical and explicit in passing from point to point; and in this, at least, resembles Kant. But I do not perceive in him an excessive idealism, as in the “Critique of Pure Reason.” The truth as he presents it is viewed in a crystal mirror, clear, distinct, and beautiful; but we cannot touch it, we must be content to hold it with our eyes. No writer has ever been more lucid; and he possesses the charm of lucidity, for to read him refreshes and does not tire. His Latin, which is curiously like Greek in construction, and what I may call tone, is a subtle instrument, never rhetorical, eschewing the slightest ornament, but full of the peculiar grace of an exquisite logical arrangement; it has the conciseness and strength of the highest algebra. He is never ruffled, or moved from the calm that mediæval cloisters created around him; his dispassionateness, in our times, would by the superficial be suspected as indifference, for in all he has written there is no word of personal rebuke for his adversaries. He cannot be angry; and his only way of striking an enemy down is to offer him a fresh argument. But he argues formidably. Like Aristotle he shows an easy skill in arranging the cosmos, intellectual and real, of his time. It was, however, the cosmos of the thirteenth and not of the nineteenth century.

And this is the most serious objection to what is now going forward,—the revival of Scholasticism as represented by the Angelic Doctor. It is an objection that must be met fully and candidly. But I do not consider it insuperable. Quite otherwise. If my faint outline of St. Thomas’s genius be, so far as it goes, accurate—and it will probably stand the criticism of the few entitled to speak of mediævalism—it must appear that his influence upon the thought of to-day can be regulative only, not creative. He suggests the form that Christian metaphysics should assume, the connection of proof with proof, and how they may be reduced to order so that their vital unity shall give them multiplied force. To achieve such a result is like combining soldiers into a regiment, and regiments into an army; it is turning defeat, or at least, flight and dispersion,

to victory. But in accepting the principles of St. Thomas, we are neither renouncing the acquisitions of knowledge, nor binding ourselves to a narrower interpretation of history than will conclude all times and nations under a ruling Providence. To comprehend the larger circles of evolution, we must in idea have traversed the smaller; and our modern synthesis will be somewhat more within our grasp if we have studied the great principles which determine it in a sphere whose dimensions are measureable. It may be urged that our minds have developed under the laws of evolution, and that in bygone philosophies there can be no fixed or stable element for us to inherit. To this conclusion I demur. Reason develops on a plan according to which the implicit becomes explicit, the unconscious rises into reflex knowledge; what was hidden appears on the surface; but the seed is of one kind with its fruit, which is but another seed; nor if reason is now aware that time and space are intuitions of sense, and causality an intuition of the spirit, can this denote a change in the constitution of mind, or a breach of continuity between Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas, and ourselves. To repeat the formula that lays such spectres and scepticisms, Evolution is not Revolution. If the abstract thought of mediævalism was valid at any time, it is valid now. What should we say to a man that denied Euclid's Geometrical axioms because we have since discovered algebra and given to the theorem of lines and angles a more universal value in abstract ratios? With equal justice might we deny the worth of Aristotelian and Thomistic metaphysics, or rather with less, since in them are laid down the laws of thought, not as exemplified in extension merely, but as the formulæ of universal being. Evolution forbids us to imagine that a past philosophy has exhausted the laws of thought, or defined all their relations, or ascertained how far they are complicated with laws in an earlier day undiscovered; it forbids us to assert that any philosophy, past or present, has done away with the mysteriousness of being, or wholly unlocked "the open secret." But there are certain primary intuitions, neither depending for their truth on experience, nor changing with psychological and historical progress or degradation, nor to be dispensed with in the rudest or the most refined argument, because they are the very form and pressure that constitute reason; and whatever philosophy has defined and organized these will abide, though we could set up our laboratories in the Pleiades, or acquaint ourselves with the history of extinct peoples in Orion. Thought, admitting of development till it beholds the infinite, remains identical with itself; or, if not, then we may allow, with Mr. Stuart Mill, that in some part of the universe parallel lines, though equidistant at all points by their definition, may meet, and that things which are equal to the same may be unequal to each other. But this would land us in mental confusion and mere Pyrrhonism.

and any fact of science overthrow causality, the principle of contradiction, the analogy of being, the theory of real relations which we read in St. Thomas, I could say not a word for him. But this, Christians at least, cannot be supposed.

The truth is, that whether loving Christianity or hating it, we are a little overcome by the scene that has opened upon us in heaven and earth, disclosing more things, it must be confessed, than were dreamt of in our philosophy, and making it hard to remember that at the extent of ocean, but the unchanging place of the stars, terminates how our compass shall move. Upon the widest waters, in the heavens themselves, though boundless, the card has but thirty-two sections, and the needle turns to the pole. So is it with metaphysics; our knowledge of being has grown, but the nature of being is not altered. Spirit has not been made out what the atomists think, transformed sensation or molecules exquisitely composed, because we know in detail what Aquinas knew in general, that its activity is limited by physiological conditions. All things are not seen to be one substance because they can, in some sort, be ranged under a universal law, which some call Evolution, and others the Correlation of Forces, and which even now is but a first step on the ladder of knowledge. The infinite is not finite, though working with all things finite; nor are phenomena the sum of reality, though apart from phenomena we have experience of nothing. In a word, and to strike the modern fallacy full in the face, conditions are not causes, and causes are not conditions; association is one thing, identity another; and if the induction of particulars be without end, the canons of logic and ontology may be ascertained by scrutinizing what we already know of our own existence. This, which is so often overlooked, will need more and more to be kept steadily in view. Our enlarged knowledge must not stultify the very notion of knowledge, nor the conclusions that we at last attain deny the premisses without which any conclusion would be unattainable. In like manner, the subtlest approximation of one being to another in the objective scale, the reduction of all species to a few primary forms, to a single one, the closest intermingling of mind and sense in the mere perception, or the admission that things are connected organically, vitally, and not mechanically, as the eighteenth century imagined, could not be permitted to lapse into the wide-spread fallacy that the laws of difference may be summed up at last into a law of absolute identity. An organized metaphysics, dwelling with impartial observation on identity and difference, will arrive at a true synthesis of the divine and human; and will earn the praise that, somewhat without warrant, has been decreed to the sage of Weimar:

"Who made not man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man."

That, indeed, we might say of St. Thomas Aquinas. He does not undertake to solve all mysteries, or to strip the universe of its divine chiaroscuro; but he defines, so far as the moral law demands it, our true position, standing where we do "in the conflux of immensities and eternities." His unique value for modern times is that he has registered the postulates and axioms of thought, and, by analyzing, has demonstrated them. Again, that he has shown in particular how they are consistent with the Christian revelation. And, lastly, that he has accomplished this without risking, like Immanuel Kant, a sceptical idealism, or, with Hegel, accepting Pantheism. Why, then, should not Ulrici, Tholuck, Julius Müller, and others like them, be compared, and so far as possible reconciled with St. Thomas Aquinas? The efforts of such men at present, though highly and increasingly successful, are not without danger; for they must evolve a Christian metaphysics from the un-Christian or anti-Christian philosophies handed down to them; and, guided at the best by Aristotle, must grope, like him, for a system of thought which he could not, apart from Christianity, have more than prophesied. A coherent system will be furnished them by St. Thomas Aquinas alone. He, and no other, can do that for metaphysics which Newton has done for the physical phenomena of the universe; for it is not too much to say that his first principles are as momentous in the world of intellect as the law of gravitation in the world of matter. As the controlling axioms of life, and matter, and being—as the form, though not the whole contents of our knowledge—they cannot be questioned, unless we would assert that Christianity is false, and Theism unthinkable.

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

THE SOUTHERN STATES SINCE THE WAR.

IT is no easy matter to give an account of the condition to-day of those States of the American Union which seceded in 1861. It seems at first sight as if the Census of 1880, the returns of which have just been given to the public, would furnish a tolerably accurate indication both of the kind of progress these States have been making, and of the rate at which they are making it. But the problem which they set before themselves, or rather which was set before them at the close of the war, partly by circumstances and partly by the victorious North, is one on which statistics, after all, throw only an imperfect light. About the growth of the South, in agriculture and manufactures, they leave no doubt whatever, and they completely dispose of the argument against emancipation of which nearly all Southerners and a great many Northerners and Englishmen used to be so fond, that the negro in a state of freedom would not work, or would only work enough to escape starvation. As the white immigration into the South during the last ten years has been very trifling, the increase of Southern production in the interval between the two last Censuses must be ascribed in large part not only to the continued industry of the negro, but to the greater efficiency of his labour. I say in large part, because it is admitted on all hands, that, although no information on the subject can be got from the census, the whites do a good deal more labour in the fields now than they did before emancipation. I have selected from the Censuses of 1870 and 1880, for the purpose of comparison and illustration, the returns in a few leading industries which were closely related to the peculiarities both of Southern politics and Southern society in the days of slavery. They will well repay attention both from an historical and an economical point of view.

The first relates to the production of cotton and wool. It is to be observed in regard to the former of these, on which the South based so much of its hopefulness about its independence in 1860, that there was no opinion more firmly held by Southern publicists and economists down to the outbreak of the war, than the opinion that cotton-planting could not be carried on by free labour, either white or black. The reason seemed plain enough. The white man could not support the exposure to the sun in the open fields in the latitude in which the cotton plant comes to perfection, and the negro could not be depended upon to supply the steady and continuous industry which was absolutely necessary to the safety of the crop in the hoeing and picking seasons, if wages were his only stimulus. Any one who goes back to the literature of the later years of the slavery controversy will find the books, and articles, and speeches full of discussion of this point. The anti-slavery men were so hard pressed by the greater experience of the slave-owners, that they devoted themselves a good deal between 1850 and 1860 to the collection of testimony as to the frequency with which the small planters in States like North Carolina and Georgia worked side by side with their slaves in summer, without feeling any ill effects from it. They devoted themselves also a good deal to the plantation of small colonies of whites in Texas and Missouri, who were to demonstrate the possibility of raising cotton on a small scale by the farmer's own labour and that of his family. There was more or less anxiety about the matter for a year or two after the war. Since then there has never been any anxiety whatever. The production of cotton all over the South has steadily increased since 1866, and there never has been, as the result shows, the slightest difficulty in getting either labour enough or the right kind of labour for it. I must also call attention to the fact that the proportionate increase of cotton production, as shown by the table, is nearly uniform in all the States, except Virginia, which, from raising hardly any at all, produced in 1880 a very respectable quota of 19,595 bales.

The increase in the wool product which in some States—Kentucky and Texas for instance—has been very great (in the latter owing largely to the increase of population through immigration), is mainly interesting as showing the tendency under free labour to greater diversity of industry. It should also be said that wool-growing has been and is highly protected by the tariff.

It will be seen from the following table that the increase in the cotton product of all the States taken together is 90 per cent. The increase in the wool product over the same area is 57·7 per cent.

The revelations of the two Censuses as to the breaking up of the great plantations and the increase of the number of small proprietors, are equally suggestive, though in another direction. These un-

doubtedly mean that there has been a great increase in the number of negroes owning or renting lands; but they also mean an increase

	YIELD OF COTTON.		YIELD OF WOOL.	
	1870.	1880.	1870.	1880.
	Bales.	Bales.	lbs.	lbs.
Alabama	429,482	699,654	381,253	762,205
Arkansas	247,968	608,256	214,784	557,368
Florida	39,789	54,997	37,562	162,810
Georgia	473,938	814,441	846,947	1,289,560
Kentucky	1,080	1,367	2,234,450	4,592,576
Louisiana	350,832	598,569	140,428	406,678
Mississippi	561,038	963,111	288,235	734,643
North Carolina	144,935	389,598	799,667	917,756
South Carolina	224,500	522,548	156,314	272,758
Tennessee	181,842	330,621	1,389,762	1,918,295
Texas	350,628	805,284	1,251,328	6,928,019
Virginia	183	19,595	877,110	1,836,673
Totals	3,010,115	5,718,041	8,617,890	20,379,341

in number of whites working small farms. One of the effects of the emancipation, and not the least important, is that it has made farming at the South possible to men with little or no capital. In the slavery days a man in quest of a plantation needed to command the means of purchasing not only the land, but the labourers who tilled it, and an able-bodied negro in the later years of slavery cost from £200 to £250, and was a very precarious kind of property. Consequently the good land all over the South drifted steadily into large plantations, worked by persons who had a great deal of capital, or of credit. The small ones were confined to the uplands, or to the worn-out soil of the older States. Since the war, many poor men have taken to farming who could not previously have afforded it. Many families, too, who were left by the war with large tracts of land on their hands, which they had no longer the means of tilling, or even of paying taxes on, have been glad to sell or rent portions of them to the negroes. In one way or another, as will be seen by the following table, the number of farms have nearly doubled, a fact

	NUMBER OF FARMS.		VALUE OF FARMS.*	
	1870.	1880.	1870.	1880.
Alabama	67,382	135,864	\$97,739,036	\$78,954,618
Arkansas	40,424	94,433	40,029,698	74,249,655
Florida	10,241	23,438	9,947,020	20,291,835
Georgia	69,956	138,626	94,559,468	111,910,540
Kentucky	118,422	169,453	311,238,910	299,298,631
Louisiana	28,481	48,292	68,215,421	58,989,117
Mississippi	68,023	111,772	81,716,576	92,844,915
North Carolina	93,565	157,609	78,211,084	135,763,602
South Carolina	51,889	93,864	44,808,763	68,677,382
Tennessee	118,141	165,650	218,743,747	206,740,837
Texas	61,125	174,184	60,149,950	170,468,886
Virginia	73,849	118,517	213,020,845	216,028,107
Totals	810,498	1,428,702	\$1,288,381,423	\$1,534,257,255

which indicates of itself a very great change in the structure of Southern society. The economy of labour resulting from it is

* On comparing values between 1870 and 1880, remember that in 1870 gold had an average premium of 25·3 per cent.

enormous. Four years ago, I spent two or three days with a planter in Virginia, on a beautiful cattle farm, on which, before the war, he had 150 slaves, who furnished him with only thirty effective hands, male and female, all told. He now works the same amount of land in the same way with twelve hired men and a foreman, and with very great saving as regards trouble and anxiety, and spends his winters in Baltimore or New York. Under the old *régime* he could not safely leave home for more than a day, so sure was it that in his absence something would go wrong.

The preceding table shows that the number of farms have increased 76·3 per cent.; their value as assessed for State taxation 19·8 per cent.

The steady and considerable increase in the production of Indian corn and wheat in the cotton States is also a sign of improvement, the full significance of which one can hardly appreciate without again going back to the days of slavery when every crop but cotton was neglected, and the planters imported almost all their provisions from the North. It is now more and more the custom to raise Indian corn, in the production of which there has been a considerable advance in every State. The wheat crop also has increased more or less in every State, except Mississippi, in which it has fallen off. In some States—North Carolina, Kentucky, and Texas for example—this increase has been very great. Even in Virginia, the wheat lands of which are popularly supposed to be worn out, there has been a slight gain.

	YIELD OF INDIAN CORN.		YIELD OF WHEAT.	
	1870.	1880.	1870.	1880.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
Alabama	16,977,948	25,451,278	1,055,068	1,529,657
Arkansas	13,382,145	24,156,417	741,736	1,269,715
Florida	2,225,056	3,174,234	—	422
Georgia	17,646,459	23,202,018	2,127,017	3,159,771
Kentucky	50,091,066	72,652,263	5,728,704	11,356,113
Louisiana	7,596,628	9,889,689	9,906	5,034
Mississippi	15,637,316	21,340,800	274,479	218,890
North Carolina	18,454,215	28,019,839	2,859,879	3,397,393
South Carolina	7,614,207	11,767,099	783,610	962,358
Tennessee	41,343,614	62,784,429	6,188,916	7,331,353
Texas	20,554,538	29,065,172	415,112	2,567,737
Virginia	17,649,304	29,119,761	7,398,787	7,826,174
Totals	229,172,436	340,802,999	27,583,214	39,624,617

The aggregate increase, as shown above, of the Indian corn product is 99 per cent.; of the wheat product, 40·7 per cent.

As to the growth of manufactures, I doubt if it has quite answered the expectations of those who have been most sanguine about the material progress of the South. In the number of manufactures, the gain has been but small in any of the States. In Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Virginia, there has been a falling off in number, for which I am unable to account. But it is only in Mississippi that the value of

the products shows any diminution. In Georgia, which has been supposed to take the lead as a manufacturing State, the value has certainly not increased as much as most people expected. But it is none the less true, that the coarse cotton goods of that State and of South Carolina are pressing New England mill-owners so hard in the Western and the North-Western markets, that the latter have recently been holding a meeting in Boston for the purpose of making a demand on the railroads for such reductions in the transportation charges to the West as would enable them to withstand Southern competition.

	1870.		1880.	
	Number of Manufactures.	Value of Products.	Number of Manufactures.	Value of Products.
Alabama	2,188	\$13,040,644	2,070	\$13,565,504
Arkansas	1,079	4,629,234	1,202	6,750,150
Florida	659	4,685,403	426	5,546,448
Georgia	3,836	31,196,115	3,593	36,440,948
Kentucky	5,390	54,625,909	5,328	75,483,377
Louisiana	2,557	24,161,905	1,553	24,205,183
Mississippi	1,731	8,154,758	1,479	7,518,302
North Carolina	3,642	19,021,327	3,802	20,095,037
South Carolina	1,584	9,858,981	2,078	16,738,008
Tennessee	5,317	34,362,636	4,326	37,074,886
Texas	2,399	11,517,302	2,996	20,719,028
Virginia	5,933	38,364,322	5,710	51,780,992
Totals	36,315	\$253,618,436	34,563	\$315,924,772

The above table shows a decrease in the number of manufactures of 5·6 per cent., but an increase in the value of the product of 24½ per cent.

I have given these figures in full for the purpose of showing that such material prosperity as there is at the South is tolerably equally diffused, and that there is a fair similarity in the rate of industrial progress in all parts of the country. They prove, at all events, beyond all question, that emancipation as an industrial change has succeeded, and that the South runs no risk of undergoing the fate of the West Indian Colonies after the liberation of the blacks, of which so much use was made during the anti-slavery contest by pro-slavery debaters. The negro does the work of the country—the sowing, hoeing, ploughing, picking, and reaping—apparently better than he ever did. Moreover, the whites have evidently not given up the attempt to co-operate with him, because the relation between them has been converted from status into contract. They are still in the main the owners of the capital and the directors of the labour, and evidently have more faith than ever in the industrial future of the South. It is, of course, impossible to prove that they do not regret the abolition of slavery. This can only be inferred from their failure to make any complaint on the subject, either in the press or on the platform. I have been ever since the war a pretty close observer of the utterances of Southerners, and can safely say that I have never lighted on a publicly expressed desire that the old *régime* should be restored, on

what may be called economical grounds. Once or twice, in visiting the South, I have met with old gentlemen who grumbled over the diminution of personal comfort resulting from the loss of the abundant household service, which, such as it was, slavery supplied; but I have met with nobody during the last fifteen years who maintained that abolition was a bad thing for the South, from the industrial point of view, or that it need have been a bad thing from the political point of view, for every Southerner of course denies that negro suffrage was a necessary any more than a desirable consequence of negro emancipation. I am confident that it would be as hard to find a Southerner who regretted that the negroes were set free, as to find one who approved of the means by which they were set free, or was willing to admit that the cause of the Confederacy was a bad one, and deserved to fail. The belief that the whites would again reduce the blacks to slavery still lingers among many people in the North, and doubtless in England, and is a natural enough deduction from the fact that secession was undertaken in the main for the defence and perpetuation of slavery, and the condition of the Southern mind three or four years after the war doubtless lent much support to it. But this state of mind has been radically changed by the experiment of free labour, which has since been made. The whites would undoubtedly disfranchise the blacks if they could, and some possibly by putting restrictions on their migrations from State to State, would convert them into something like *adstricti glebae*, but none assuredly would ever again consent to their re-enslavement.

All this that I have been describing, however,—the material prosperity of the South and the complete abandonment of slavery,—might consist very well with a state of things in which the labouring class was kept in a condition of ignorance and degradation. We know from the experience of other countries that much capital may be accumulated, and much progress may be achieved in agriculture and manufactures by the labours of a population whose education or comfort the State does little or nothing to promote. About the moral and intellectual condition of the Southern people it is impossible to speak with as much confidence as about their industrial growth. The story told by the Census on this point is, in fact, a little bewildering. In the first place, the coloured population in these States, instead of diminishing greatly, as some have maintained, so as to promise a virtual disappearance of the negroes within the coming century, or increasing more rapidly than the whites, as others have maintained, so as to promise at no distant day the complete Africanization of the cotton States, has, in point of fact, increased in the aggregate in just the same ratio as the white population—that is, 35 per cent. In all the States under examination the proportion of blacks to whites in 1880 remains curiously near what it was in 1870.

Moreover, in every one of them the coloured population has increased at about the same rate, showing the absurdity of the "Campaign Stories" set afloat in 1875 and 1876 of the flight of negroes on a great scale from South Carolina and Mississippi, to escape the cruelty and ill-usage of their employers. There has been no extensive or even perceptible migration of the negroes during the past ten years, and apparently they have been exposed to no influences calculated either to promote or check their multiplication which have not acted on the whites with equal force. The whites in the States of the late Confederacy numbered 6,643,180 in 1870; the coloured, 4,161,242. The whites numbered 9,000,031 in 1880; the coloured, 5,631,749. In fact, the law of increase seems to be the same in those latitudes for both races. Even if the stories of infant mortality, abortions, and infanticide among the negroes be true, the births are apparently numerous enough to enable the race to keep pace in growth with its Caucasian neighbour.

The progress of the population in education, or rather in the art of reading, is undoubtedly slow, sufficiently slow to inspire many people at the North with serious misgivings about the future of Southern politics. There were in 1870 3,221,396 persons over ten years of age who could not read, in a total of 10,804,422. There were in 1880 3,512,295 in a total of 14,631,750. This is certainly a considerable gain, even if the amount of illiteracy be still alarming. That much is being done to reduce the above ratio is shown by the fact that the number of public schools in these States has increased from 14,003 in 1870 to 55,192 in 1880. As regards the amount of money spent on these schools, I am not able to make a comparison between the two periods with complete accuracy, because the Census returns of 1880 are made in somewhat different forms under this head from those of 1870. Enough accuracy for my purpose is, however, attainable, and it appears that the income of various Boards of Education has risen from \$4,325,190 in 1870 to \$8,310,356 in 1880. As regards the number of pupils in the schools, the returns of 1870 are imperfect, the school system of the various States not having in that year been completely organized. They only show the total attendance, without distinguishing between white and coloured, if indeed any provision at all had then been made for the education of blacks in those States in which the whites still continued in the ascendant. The total attendance in 1870 was reported at 570,606; in 1880 it had reached 1,534,063.

It appears from all this that the population of the States of the late Confederacy presents in nearly, if not quite, as high a degree as the rest of the Union, the leading marks of prosperity. Both races have increased in more than the ordinary American ratio. The number of manufactures has increased, and so has the value of the

manufactured products. There is a much larger number of farms, and the farm products, including the great Southern staple, cotton, have greatly risen, both in value and quantity; there are more public schools and more children in them. There is a great deal more money spent on popular education. The number of illiterates, in proportion to population, has much diminished, and there is good reason for believing that it will continue to diminish. These are all very encouraging signs. It is hardly possible they can exist without indicating a considerable amount of progress on the part of the Southern States towards assimilation to the North and other commercial communities of the western world, both in manners and in social and political ideals. Nevertheless, such indications may readily deceive those who were not familiar with Southern society before the war. To those who knew the South at that period the changes which emancipation have wrought are very great, but they have probably not done as much for the assimilation of North and South as those who did not know the South before the war might suppose.

For example, although the old restrictions on the freedom of discussion and on the free circulation of books and newspapers have completely disappeared, it would be a great mistake to suppose that it is possible to act on public opinion at the South through agitation, with the same force and directness as in the Northern States or in England. The South is the one Anglo-Saxon community in the world which has not yet learned to discuss, in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the term, and it will probably learn it but slowly. The reason is plain enough. The thinness of the population accounts for it in part, but only in small part. The presence of a large body of slaves on the soil gave the whites from the earliest times many of the characteristics of the garrison holding weak positions in the midst of a hostile population. When the anti-slavery agitation began, and to the ordinary dangers of slavery were added the danger of instigation to insurrection or insubordination from the outside, of course these characteristics were accentuated. Standing by his neighbours and their social system then became every man's first duty and highest interest. The same feelings which produced union against the slaves rapidly produced union against those who assailed slavery from abroad. Slavery, too, was for fully fifty years before the war the main, if not the only, political and social topic at the South which men cared to discuss, and it was one on which from its very nature difference of opinion could not be safely permitted. The newspapers, the ministers, and the orators all came to say the same thing about it, largely because the people would not permit them to say anything else. Strangers who went to the South found that on this question a free expression of opinion would expose them to social disfavour, if not to still more serious inconvenience. As the controversy waxed warmer, and the

English anti-slavery party began to take part in it, Southerners found themselves forced into a defensive attitude towards the whole world, and what they had to defend was an institution which exerted, it was alleged, an injurious influence on their manners, customs, character, laws and industry—on everything, in short, about which men feel most sensitive.

It is not surprising if, after having passed nearly a century in this attitude, the public admission by Southerners of defects in Southern character or customs should have become odious, as a species of treason to the community, to be punished by general reprobation or ostracism. And for a man of good standing to get up and preach against the manners and institutions of his friends and neighbours, is something which the South has not yet come to tolerate easily. In fact, it is still the popular idea that this is an enormity of which only Abolitionists, Carpet-baggers, and other low adventurers ought to be capable. For come-outers of any kind Southern society has never yet provided any respectable place. Agitation—including in that term all the machinery of persuasion—presupposes difference of opinion; it involves criticism of the mode of thinking, and, it may be, of acting of one's neighbours. It often means denunciation as well as entreaty, and the assumption, in the beginning, by certain persons—generally a handful—of some sort of moral or intellectual superiority to those around them. Most Southerners shrink greatly from this; indeed, they shrink from anything which looks in the least degree like the rôle of a reformer, so closely associated in their minds is reform with attacks on slavery in days when slavery seemed their all. They are consequently entirely unfamiliar with the processes by which changes of opinion are brought about among other Anglo-Saxon peoples. Of movements through associations, or meetings, or lectures, or pamphlets, seeking to effect changes in legislation, or in the current of popular thought or feeling they know very little.

It can be easily seen what an obstacle this state of things opposes to concerted movements for reform of any kind through appeals to public opinion. To ask for reform is to acknowledge and point out the existence of an evil, and this, as I have said, is something which the Southern people still find it very hard to permit to a Southern man. This has really been one great difficulty in the way of a liberal policy with regard to political co-operation with the negroes, and of any serious attempt to discountenance or put down the practice of maintaining white ascendancy in States in which the negro vote is large, by systematic "stuffing" of the ballot boxes and falsification of the returns. These things cannot be condemned publicly without seeming to confess to foreign critics that Southern morals need mending, which, it is held, no true son of the South

can honourably do. A still more striking illustration of the operation of this feeling is to be found in a discussion which has lately arisen in some Northern and many Southern papers over the prevalence in the South of homicide as a means of deciding disputes among men of the better or respectable class. That a readiness to take life exists in this class which is unknown in any corresponding class in any other country, is hardly denied by any Southerner. It is, one might almost say, the natural consequence of the habit of carrying concealed weapons, which the circumstances of their lives surrounded by slaves in a thinly settled region rendered necessary. This of itself has, of course, greatly increased with the homicidal tendency among almost all classes of the population. A little book published by the late Mr. Redfield, a very painstaking and trustworthy writer, in 1880, entitled "Homicide North and South," tells a really awful story on this point, and one, too, which has never to my knowledge been denied or successfully disputed. He collected his statistics very carefully, taking them from official records in the States in which such records are kept, and as to the others, from the local newspapers. He reached the astounding conclusion that there had been 40,000 homicides in the Southern States since the war. In the year 1878 there were, he says, in the States of South Carolina, Texas, and Kentucky 734 homicides. He selected these States for examination and comparison, because in them the sources of information on this matter were unusually good. In Texas there were in that year more homicides than in the ten States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Minnesota, with an aggregate population of 17,000,000 nearly. In Kentucky, with a population of 1,500,000, there were in that year more homicides than in the eight Northern States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Minnesota, with an aggregate population of nearly 10,000,000. In South Carolina, with a population of 800,000, there were in the same year more homicides than in the eight Northern States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Michigan, and Minnesota, with an aggregate population of 6,000,000. Of course, a large proportion of these occurred in brawls among drunken men in bar rooms and the like, but a very large proportion of them also followed on business, or social or family quarrels such as the most sober or discreet man might, in spite of himself, be involved in. Some of them give rise to vendettas, in which whole families are gradually slaughtered. A large number of the victims are relatives, brothers, brothers-in-law, occasionally even fathers or sons of the murderers. In Kentucky, with a population of a million and a half, there were in 1878, 219 homicides; in Yorkshire, with a population of 2,500,000, largely manufacturing, the

average annual number of homicides is thirty-three. This comparison will, perhaps, bring the state of things in the South more clearly before the mind of the English reader, than illustrations drawn from the Northern States in this country.

One reason why homicide continues so prevalent in the South in spite of the absence of large cities, is undoubtedly the refusal of Southern juries from the earliest time to treat killing in fight as criminal. From this has arisen a curious reversal of the rule of the common law, which made malice prepense necessary to constitute murder. In the South, the prisoner charged with murder, instead of trying to show that there was no malice in the killing, does all he can to show that there was—that is, that the killing was the result of a previous quarrel. As a natural consequence of this, there has grown up in the South a feeling that killing a man after giving him notice that you would “shoot him on sight” is always justifiable. If you came on him unawares and shot him down, even if he were unarmed, the notice would generally hold you harmless in the eyes of a Southern jury, who would treat his death as a result of his own want of vigilance. Whole families have been exterminated in this way in the course of a feud without any interference from the law, and there is hardly a village or town which does not contain a surviving actor in many bloody frays.

Readiness to resort to the knife and pistols for the settlement of chance quarrels among the disorderly element in the population is not peculiar to the South. It prevails in all parts of the country outside of New England; and the amount of unpunished or insufficiently punished homicide is very large. It is the readiness of whites of the better class—that is, of men in prominent positions and comfortable circumstances—to kill on small provocation, which distinguishes the South from the North and from other civilized countries. It is easy enough to see how it must work to the detriment of Southern society. There is probably no community in Christendom to-day, in which it is more important that the most moral and best educated class should be law-abiding, peaceable, and self-controlled, owing to the very imperfect social training both of the blacks and poor whites. It is, of course, impossible to say to what extent this insecurity of life often prevents immigration to the South, but that it operates to some extent there is little question. There is one feature of its social morality which as long as it exists must give Southern life a certain insecurity from which the class of Northern or European settlers who would be most valuable to the South, must always shrink—I mean the rule that makes it incumbent on the Southern man to avenge insults by physical violence. It is safe to say that outside of a small religious circle there is no young man in the South who is not brought up to feel it to be his

duty, to commit what is called in legal parlance an "assault and intent to kill" on anybody who behaves towards him in a contemptuous, insulting, or slighting manner, or what he conceives to be such. Of course in nine cases out of ten this results in murder or wounding, and the occasion for it may arise out of any of the ordinary incidents of social intercourse or neighbourhood—a courtship, a lawsuit, an election, a horse race, or a debt, or a cattle trespass. The causes of these bloody quarrels as reported in the Southern newspapers are almost endless in their variety. No prudence, or forbearance, or politeness, seems to be sufficient to ward them off. A very slight accident, a word or look wrongly taken, often gives rise to a fight in which three or four persons perish. Within the last five years the parties to a lawsuit in Tennessee fought in open court during the trial, and then a father and his two sons were killed, and they were men of property and good standing. Moreover, the home education of the Southern youth has long made the killing of enemies as a mode of avenging a certain class of wrongs, not merely a privilege but a duty. A Southerner of high position recently wrote to me, in discussing the subject, that two Virginian farmers had some time ago been overheard conversing on the proper mode of meeting affronts, and one said to the other that he "always taught his boys when a man insulted them to kill him." The other exclaimed, "Yes, that is the right way." It would probably be difficult to find a Southerner outside the class of formal professors of religion who would really dissent from this view of social obligation. The disgrace attaching to a want of personal courage, and the readiness to treat meekness of temper as a sign of cowardice, is as great among Southerners as among Prussian military men, and the indulgence both of juries and the public for excesses committed in repelling anything which seemed never so remotely to raise a presumption of timidity, is practically limitless.

This feeling used to find expression in duelling to a far greater extent than at present. Since the war, the formal duel has fallen very much into disuse and the "street fight," or chance meeting has taken its place. When two persons have high words nowadays, they are apt to settle it on the spot if both happen to have weapons, or if not, one sends the other word that he will "shoot him on sight." Both then go on keeping a sharp look-out for each other, until they meet on the street or elsewhere, and the one who first catches sight of his enemy fires at him instantly without any warning, if he can, or at all events with as little warning as possible. As I have already said, it is difficult to obtain a conviction in these cases of homicide occurring in a fight, even if they are ever brought to trial. The prosecuting officers, judge, jury, and all sympathize with the prisoner, and consider manslaughter committed in a quarrel,

as something of which they really ought not to take cognizance. The criminal code is plain enough in all Southern States, as far as the protection of property against theft or robbery, or of life against cold-blooded attacks on it, is concerned. The common-place assassin who kills for plunder, is hunted down without mercy, but the officers of the law, high and low, are very loath to interfere with "difficulties" between private citizens.

This frequency of unpunished homicide in the South has been discussed a good deal of late in the newspapers both of the North and South, in consequence of some Northern criticisms of the indulgence shown by Southern Courts and Southern opinion towards this particular class of offence. It is but just to say that the Northern comments on them have been met by an extraordinary and unprecedented amount of acquiescence or approval at the hands of Southern writers. The admissions of the truth of Redfield's charges have been very numerous, and have come from highly respectable quarters. In fact, I do not remember before having ever seen similar confessions of shortcomings on the part of Southerners, although, as usual, most of the newspapers eventually fell into the old retort, that even if homicide were not as frequent in the North as in the South, other crimes just as discreditable were, and that the comparative merits of Northern and Southern civilization could only be fairly settled by judging them as a whole, that is, by comparing Southern crimes in the aggregate with Northern crimes in the aggregate. The South has so long been an object of criticism to Northern politicians and moralists, that its newspapers make this sort of defence almost as a matter of habit, without weighing it very carefully, or indeed, knowing exactly what they mean by it. During the anti-slavery controversy it did the South much good service, and made a certain impression on a great many people. It has, however, in this case, been produced in a more half-hearted way than ever before, and for a reason which I think strikingly illustrates a change which the war has wrought in Southern ideas, social as well as political. In the days of slavery, Northern attacks on Southern violence and swiftness to shed blood, were repelled with an air of superiority, as the criticisms of people who could not understand "the feelings of a gentleman," and who therefore placed an inordinate value on life, and displayed in their talk about its sanctity their want of appreciation of much higher things. To the charge that this readiness for revengeful killing was the sign of a low civilization they answered, that it was evidence of a different civilization from that of the North, and they intended it to be different. This tone, has, however, not shown itself at all in the late discussion. The ground now taken is either that the charges are not true, or that, if they are true, it ill becomes the North, which has enough sins of its own to answer for, to make

them, and that the South will in good time, and perhaps sooner than the North, rid itself of this stain of violence.

What has been most remarkable in it, however, is the absence of all desire to have the Southern people judged by different standards from those in use in the North or in any commercial community. One letter I received on the subject from an eminent Southerner complains bitterly of expressions which point to Southern civilization as something peculiar to the South, and distinct from that of the rest of the community. The same feeling appears very markedly in the newspaper articles. This, or I am greatly mistaken, is an unconscious, and the more valuable because unconscious, admission that the dream of producing and perpetuating in the South a new and distinct social type has completely passed away. Even Southerners who are not as yet willing to admit it publicly, have tacitly accepted for their country the *rôle* which now seems marked out for all the nations of the earth, that of peaceful traders and producers, living rather by contract than by status, and giving expediency as large a place as, if not a larger one than, sentiment in social as well as in political intercourse.

There is one other sign of the growth of the commercial spirit in the South and the consequent assimilation of Southern to Northern society, which is not so gratifying, and that is the increase of dishonesty in the management of public finances. In spite of the example of Mississippi in repudiating her bonds forty years ago when she was really a frontier State, it may be safely said that the administration of the State finances of the South in the slavery days was on the whole extremely good. The credit of all the States stood high when the war broke out. Fraud, speculation, and jobbing were rarely heard of in State government, which was generally in the hands of a class which plumed itself on other things than wealth, had not acquired a taste for luxury, had hardly learned to judge things by the money standard, and had a great deal of State pride of the better sort. The war, I am afraid, has made a great change in this, as in other things. The carpet-bag Governments in many States piled up large debts, a considerable proportion of which was undoubtedly fraudulently contracted. When the supremacy of the native whites was restored under President Hayes, they were not disposed to regard these debts by any means as debts of honour in the old sense, or as deserving of any more respect than was necessary to save the State credit from utter destruction. Accordingly there was little difficulty in inducing the whites, as in Tennessee, to sanction a scheme of partial repudiation, which has actually been carried out; and still less, in finding whites, as in Virginia, ready to contract a political alliance with the blacks, based on an attack on the State credit. It has long been felt by thoughtful observers in the South that the next

stage in Southern politics would be the secession of the more unscrupulous whites to form, in conjunction with the negroes, a new party, looking to some sort of attack on property. I remember hearing this predicted five years ago by two Virginians of prominence, differing widely in position and political opinion, as the most probable outcome of negro suffrage. The situation which negro suffrage has created, in even States like Virginia, in which the negroes are in the minority, has from the beginning been full of temptation for white demagogues. During the first ten years it only attracted those from the North, known as "Carpet-baggers." After their overthrow and expulsion in 1876, the native whites assumed complete control of the State governments, even where they were in the minority, as in South Carolina and Mississippi, and they have kept it ever since by processes so fraudulent and illegal, as for a while to excite violent animadversion in the North, and down to last year, to furnish much political capital to the Republican party. Two years ago, however, in Virginia, and more recently in Georgia and Mississippi, a split among the whites began to show itself, some joining with the negroes to revive the Republican party, which may be said to have become extinct on the downfall of the Carpet-baggers. In Virginia the programme of the new organization consisted chiefly in a plan for "re-adjusting" the State debt—that is, repudiating a portion of the principal and reducing the interest on the remainder. It was headed by a General Mahone, a man of humble, and I believe, Irish origin, who had served with distinction in the Confederate army in the war. To the Republicans in the North, the movement at first wore the appearance of the long looked for and eagerly desired division in the ranks of the "Bourbons"—*i.e.*, the whites who had not fully accepted the order of things introduced by the war. In their joy over this, the repudiating feature of the movement was at first overlooked, and Mahone received a sort of public welcome from many of the leading merchants when he came to this city a year ago. Last winter he had the cordial support of the President, and even had the Federal patronage placed at his disposal for the reward of his followers and the persecution of his enemies, and a large portion of the Northern press were disposed to look on him as the harbinger of a new era in the South.

Since then, the opinion about him has greatly changed. The grossness of his office jobbing, the like of which had never been seen in Virginia, and the character of the attacks made upon the public credit by his followers in the State Legislature, have shown clearly enough, that he is simply the demagogue for whom the negro voters had long been waiting, and whose arrival their ignorance and want of all civic training made certain sooner or later. The spirit which animates the new party and governs its relations to the State credit,

can hardly be better illustrated than by its treatment of the coupons of certain State bonds which were made receivable for taxes. The "Readjusters" repudiated these coupons—that is, deprived them of their tax-paying power as soon as they got possession of the Legislature. The Supreme Court of the State pronounced this unconstitutional, as a breach of contract, which decision was confirmed by the United States Supreme Court in Appeal. They then passed another Act, which, under pretence of providing against the reception of false coupons, compelled every tax-payer who presented a coupon in payment of his taxes, to prove its genuineness by a legal proceeding before getting a receipt. Of course, this would cost more than the taxes in any individual case, and no tax-payer would, unless his dues were very large, find it worth his while to go to law about it. The matter has since been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States, which has made a decision that may be briefly described as affirming the right of a tax-payer to pay taxes in coupons, while also affirming the right of the State, to provide, in its discretion, the legal remedy against the officer who refuses to receive them. This practically has left the tax-payer at the mercy of the Mahone party, for the remedy provided by the Legislature is valueless.

The whole affair is interesting, mainly, as throwing full light on the character of the men who have undertaken to redeem Virginia from "Bourbon" rule, and on the kind of Virginia they will make if they continue to have their way. I may add, that they seem to have their counterpart among those who are bringing about similar coalitions of native whites with negroes in Mississippi and Georgia. Any party in which the negro is in the majority, cannot help having its policy, if not shaped, greatly influenced by their political ignorance and incapacity. The leaders of a party are always necessarily the kind of leaders the rank and file call for, which is simply another way of saying, the kind of leaders they deserve. Of course, the state of things in Virginia and elsewhere, under the influence of this division among the whites has done a good deal, I will not say to reconcile people in the North to the practices by which the negroes had been deprived by the whites of their votes at State elections, but to silence or moderate Northern criticism of them. Republican platforms still contain the usual demand for a "free ballot" in the South, but the response which it meets with from the Northern voters is no longer very encouraging. The short-comings of the Southern whites are, in fact, no longer a name to conjure with. At the election of last autumn it proved utterly powerless. But a way of escape for the negroes from having themselves cheated at elections has apparently been opened by their alliance with the whites, and this furnishes a good excuse for Northern Republicans to hold their tongues about Southern affairs; still it would be a mistake to suppose that

thoughtful men in the North look on it as a solution of the Southern problem, or are yet by any means easy in their minds about the final influence of the negro vote on the politics of the country. This, of course, leads me straight to the question, what is the condition of the negro morally and intellectually as well as materially?

That the negroes are displaying great capacity for sustained labour, the crop returns of the South, as I have already remarked, show very clearly. It is also pretty certain that great numbers of them are buying or renting land, and cultivating it on their own account. The market gardening around the principal Southern towns is largely, if not wholly, in their hands. They still supply, too, by far the greater portion of the coarser skilled labour of the South, such as carpentering and blacksmithing, which in a country of wooden houses, are the two principal trades.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no part of the South in which there is much difficulty in obtaining black labour of good quality by those who pay wages regularly in cash. Most of the complaints on this score seem to come from employers who pay in kind and irregularly, and have current accounts to dispute over. There is, too, as a matter of course, a very great increase in the consumption of manufactures by the negroes, both as regards quantity and variety. This is the natural consequence of freedom. There is no denying that these things are all signs of considerable advance in material civilization. But a great many—in fact, I think it may not be unsafe to say, the majority of the whites—allege that there is no corresponding improvement in negro morality. They say that, in spite of the increase in the agricultural products of the South, the multiplication of farms, of coloured schools and pupils, and above all, of coloured churches, the bulk of the negroes are still thieves and liars and adulterers, who have thus far defied all the ordinary reformatory agencies. In States like Mississippi and South Carolina, they say there has been positive retrogression towards barbarism in districts in which the negroes are massed together, with but little exposure to white influence.

Of course there is always a great deal of vagueness, and, if I may use the word, of unprovableness, in charges of immorality against a whole race, or community. Consequently it is difficult to know exactly how much weight to attach to the accounts of negro unchastity and infanticide, and abortion and contempt of the marriage bond. But we do know very well that one of the worst effects of slavery was its constant enforcement of the lesson that black marriages were not to be considered permanent connections, and that chastity was not a virtue to be expected of slaves. Southern whites, indeed, do not deny the part that slavery has played in fostering negro vice, but

they maintain that freedom has done very little in this particular field to cure it.

There is no testimony about the moral condition of the blacks so valuable after all as that of those whites who occupy themselves with their religious training, and this testimony is, in many ways, both interesting and discouraging. One of the first results of emancipation was the great multiplication of negro churches. They sprang up in every direction, aided a good deal, in many cases, by the contributions of Northern philanthropists, and a corresponding impetus was given to negro praying and preachers, the Methodist form of worship being that most in vogue, as the one which gives the largest freedom of expression to the congregation. It seemed, in fact, as if the abolition of slavery had given the signal for a moral revival among the freed men. But it was speedily discovered that the negroes, even in the South, and in spite of their long contact with the whites, were still in that state of development through which every race seems to have passed, and in which religion has nothing to do with conduct, or in other words, furnishes no sanction for morality. The Rev. Dr. Tucker, of Mississippi, an Episcopalian minister, whose fame as a labourer for negro education has now spread all over the country, and who knows probably more than any one else of equal standing about negro morals, relates that when he opened the Bible class for adult negroes after the war, all went well until he began the explanation of the Ten Commandments.

"This broke up the school," he said. They did not want a religion which prohibited their favourite vices, and looked upon the Commandments as white inventions for the annoyance of their race. "Moses," they told Dr. Tucker, "spoke no sich trash." The story of Christ's life and sacrifice they keenly appreciate, and are very susceptible to all the emotional influences of Christianity; but a religion which concerns itself with conduct, which condemns theft and lying and adultery, they will not stand. Of any necessary connection between religious profession and right living, they seem, indeed, completely unconscious. Even the negro minister not unfrequently illustrates this unconsciousness in his own walk and conversation. Dr. Tucker told the Episcopal Church Congress last year, that he knew "one negro preacher guilty of incest, another who was an habitual thief, a third with two wives, a fourth who was an audacious liar," and yet who were all earnest and successful preachers. A friend of mine, a Massachusetts man, who was engaged for some time after the war as a volunteer in the work of establishing negro schools in the South, told me of a negro preacher who was convicted of turkey-stealing on evidence which he did not attempt to gainsay. His congregation had no more doubt of his guilt than he had himself, but his imprisonment was nevertheless treated as an affliction

which brought no stain on his professional character, and he regularly issued hortatory epistles to his flock from the jail. Stories have recently been told, on good and friendly authority, of a negro prayer-meeting being conducted in the barn, lent for the purpose by a white man, where water was kept boiling by the worshippers during the exercises, to scald a stolen hog at the close. Dr. Tucker said he has seen them stealing from each other during prayer-meeting, and says that on their way they will rob every hen-roost they see, without any sense of incongruity.

Their penchant for stealing poultry almost amounts to a passion. In some districts it is for this reason almost useless to attempt to breed them, as the chickens are sure to go at an early age into the coloured pot. Hogs fare a little, but only a little, better, owing to their greater size and weight. A witty judge, now on the Federal Bench, whose circuit lies in the Southern States, has been so impressed by the extent of the ravage made among the hogs by negro marauders that he has said that, "What the South most needed was a breed of pigs which would depend on their speed and not on the statute, for protection"—a breed, in short, which could outrun the negro.

Dr. Tucker's account of the negro view of marriage is not much brighter than that of their view of property, and it is confirmed by most other observers. The marriage of the negro during slavery was, as everybody knows, only marriage in name. After emancipation thousands of marriages contracted in slavery were suddenly dissolved for new and more attractive unions. For a good while in some regions, in fact, marriage almost wholly disappeared, and all sense of its obligation was lost. All efforts to get the blacks to take it up again were futile for a good while. In one county in Mississippi in which the whites took out in a single year three hundred marriage licences, the negroes ought to have taken out twelve hundred; they took out three only. "I know," says Dr. Tucker, speaking of Mississippi, "whole neighbourhoods, including hundreds of negro families, where there is not a single legally married couple, or a couple not married who stay faithful to each other beyond a few years, which is the rare exception. Usually it is for a single season, often but a few months or weeks." This is a pretty dark picture, and Dr. Tucker, than whom there is no better authority, denies that, as regards this field of morals, there has been any perceptible improvement during the eighteen years which have elapsed since the war. But he acknowledges that there are in all the large cities and towns, "numbers of negro families who are thoroughly respectable in every way and a credit to their race, or to any race. Such instances," he adds, "are exceptional." Nevertheless the mere fact that they exist marks a point of elevation to which the

bulk of the race may rise. Whatever a few coloured families can attain to in the matter of "respectability" the majority of the race may undoubtedly eventually reach. We are compelled to judge the limits of even Caucasian capacity through the performances of a very few.

Dr. Tucker, it is right to add, by no means despairs. He tell his story as an argument in favour of greater and more widely organized missionary effort among the blacks on the part of the white churches. The lesson of it is, however, it seems to me, that there is after all but little to be done for the morals of a race, in the condition in which emancipation found the negro, by mere teaching. It is doubtful, indeed, if any race ever learned honesty except through possessing property; in truth, all the elementary virtues seem to come in this way rather than through the catechism. No amount of preaching ever made slaves of any race feel that it was wrong or disgraceful to steal or lie. They begin to abhor theft and falsehood only when they begin to own things, and cease to be afraid. It is the multiplication, too, of comfortable households which the acquisition of property and the security of property bring with them, which exalts marriage in the eyes of the poor. The respectability which flows from proprietorship may not guarantee the permanence of any particular union, but it unquestionably tends to produce a love of legality. For these reasons I cannot doubt that there is a steady process of social training going on in the South among the blacks, which those who are accustomed to think of all education as didactic probably underrate, or fail to see. The Southern negro, in addition to his freedom, has now complete security. No man dares to make him afraid in the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, and no race has yet been discovered whose morality security does not improve.

E. D. GODKIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

IT is not wonderful in an age of obtrusive artifice in art, and sham sentiment like the present, that Mr. Browning should have written long with little appreciation ; it is rather wonderful that the public appreciation of so intensely sincere a poet as he is should be now steadily growing.

Our necessarily brief study of Browning may appropriately be prefaced by some recent words of Matthew Arnold, where he tells us to conceive of poetry more worthily than it has hitherto been the custom to conceive it. " More and more," he says, " mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console and sustain us. Science will appear incomplete without it, for well does Wordsworth call poetry the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science, the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." But Aristotle had long since observed that the superiority of poetry over history consists in its possessing a higher truth and a higher seriousness. How opposed this view is to current and fashionable theories need not be pointed out. An elegant amusement for the leisure of a cultured class, a dainty trifle, the taste for which is mostly outgrown with youth, that is what some reckon it. Critics inculcate that the form is all, and the substance nothing. This theory is assuredly fathered by men themselves impotent in respect of thought, in the interest of a metre-mongering school equally sterile. It is a theory misbegotten by critical wind upon mere versified vacuity. And accordingly we have elaborate metrical manufactures, destitute of inspiration, the sense sliding from one empty verbal abstraction to another, as on thin tinkling ice, often melodious, indeed, but affording no foothold or grasp upon definite thought, or distinct image, or sincere human feeling. This may be an

innocent amusement for idle persons, but hardly worthy the attention of strenuous men in so serious a life as human life is bound for most of us to be. At the very antipodes of all this stands Browning. Moreover, what we look for in good poetry, likely to endure beyond the hour's passing fashion, is originality, a term much abused, but rightly implying a distinctive personality, a man thinking, seeing, and feeling, in his own way behind the words; whereas there is a great deal of cultivated verse, which is merely a fair echo of other men's voices. Now, in Browning, we have most marked originality—marked, I will say, to the verge of mannerism.

From careful renewed study I derive the impression, not so much of a lyrist or singer (though he is this sometimes), as of a seer of vital truth in the concrete forms of human life, an interpreter of it, with eminent capacity also for presenting it dramatically. I have never fully felt the happiness of Mr. Arnold's definition of poetry as a *criticism of life*, for after all is said, poetry and criticism as a rule are precisely opposed. It is less the function of poetry to analyse and discriminate than to synthesize and create; yet this phrase does happily describe a good deal of Mr. Browning's work. He delights in subtle psychological analysis of motive. And in his best poems, he usually tells the story, or presents his dramatic situations, palpably to enforce some idea with which they are pregnant.

There is a school with considerable influence just now, called the "Art-for-Art" school—and its votaries tell us that the moral is nothing in art. Certainly Mr. Browning differs from them; the moral is a great deal to him. But then there are morals and morals. The significance of life is more to him than it is to good people who write tracts. Human life is an infinitely complex Divine mystery, rich, ineffable, to be prisoned in no philosophical formulæ, or code of moral rules. One is a little shy, therefore, of the excellent lessons appreciative disciples will find us in a favourite author: one is apt to suspect the clever conjuror of himself putting in what he so ingeniously drags out. True works of art, like works of Nature, are so incommensurable. *So many* lessons lie dormant there, which the very genius who created them did not even himself suspect—or at least beheld but dimly—and we rather resent being pinned down to *one* lesson, as it may chance to strike the amiable and ingenious disciple. Still, of course, the meaning deduced will be valuable according to the folly or wisdom of the critic. Yet, when we are told by the more airy and academic of our instructors that true art only blossoms for the beauty and pleasantness of blooming, we hesitate a little. There is beauty and beauty, pleasure and pleasure. What if the *highest kind* of beauty and pleasure involve ugliness and pain—aye, moral approval and disapproval—this hateful element of *profit*, as well as that more favourite one of *amusement*?

The great dramatic poet, while he unravels before us the tangled skein of life's so intricate mystery, in the very act of creating, also illuminates, with his own profound spiritual insight, the heights and depths of life, with significance we could never have discovered for ourselves. And how are you to obtain that highest kosmic unity which tragic art demands, without such intuition of central universal truth underlying the common facts of life as they appear to ordinary eyes? Historic chronicles, realistic tales, but no tragic poetry without this. Every great work of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspeare, is thus universal in significance, representative of some grand law of human destiny, some abiding relations of humanity with God. The colossal personages of the Oresteia, Prometheus, Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet, Faust, are not our neighbours over the way, but in their breathing individuality are eternal ideals also. In proportion therefore to a man's own spiritual and intellectual calibre, I do not say for practical, but for prophetic and imaginative purposes—and this apart from the question of inspiration—will be the degree of abiding value in the poetry he creates. So that for critics to commend us to poets without moral sense is more ridiculous than for them to commend us to painters afflicted with colour-blindness, or musicians without ear. If a man is to represent more than the mere surface of life, he must see it truly, or else distort it—must discriminate light from shadow, spiritual beauty from deformity, variety of moral as well as mental shape, and tone, and tint, all the soul-notes that contrasted and combined make human music, the inevitable consequences that Nature has assigned to moral good and evil. Else you will have reiterated photographs of low passions and mean motives, which, except as a foil to the higher aspects of life, and either as assisting to develop, or, at least, as antagonistic to the nobler elements of our nature, palpably corrupting and disintegrating, can only be repulsive to sane people, and therefore bad as art. Would you call a man a great painter if he (though never so skilfully) could paint you *only* varieties of leprosy and skin disease? Besides, without a clear vision of what conscience reveals, of its compensations and reproaches, of the dreadful desolating dragon-brood engendered by sin and sin's congeners, no tragedy, no true moving picture of life is possible. Now, Browning presents you with thoroughly sound and wholesome views of life—even if at times he stirs up the rottenness of it a little too curiously. But he does not persistently *obtrude* disease upon you. If you have Guido, in the "Ring and the Book," you have also the holy child Pompilia, and Caponsacchi, the frivolous but generous soul, capable of regeneration through the combined effect of Pompilia's virtues, wrongs, and the diabolical depths to which selfishness has descended in Guido, her husband. The poet's outlook upon life is large and liberal, but deep

also and sane, so that we are braced by his revelations of what he sees, better able to live and enjoy our own life, bear our own sorrows and disappointments, die our own death "in sure and certain hope." And although I cannot agree with the ultra-Browningites that the defectiveness, and obscurity of his style is a positive merit—because, forsooth, a treasure is valuable in proportion to the trouble it costs to find—yet I do think the rough shell is well worth breaking open, if there be so true a pearl as there is in this case within.

"Grand rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables, flowers on furze,"

as our poet says.

Though he has written little pure drama, yet, on the whole, he is the most eminent *dramatic* poet of modern England; while as lyricist, as singer, he cannot compete with Tennyson, whose form is as felicitous as his subject-matter is richly sensuous, intellectual, and spiritual. But I do not think any post-Elizabethan dramas of our literature have surpassed, and only one or two have rivalled, the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and "Colombe's Birthday." These are full of movement, of action, of various passion; they pulsate with life and emotion; the plot is noble and elevated; they abound in characters delineated by a master's hand; while "Colombe's Birthday" is not directly, but indirectly stimulating, and humanizing in the highest degree. Pompilia, indeed, in the "Ring and the Book," who, at the beginning, comes very near Goethe's Margaret for gracious maidenhood, grows too intellectual and Browningsque towards the end. It is far otherwise with Colombe, who, budding a pure high-born maiden in the opening scenes, rejoicing in her own fair world and little regarding others, blossoms amid the storms of adversity, under the lovelight of a lover of noble nature, though of low birth, into the highest type of womanhood, renouncing the grandest prizes of the world, and devoting herself, through the consecrating influence of this one love, to the alleviation and amelioration of the lot of those in need. I know not any drama showing more delicate insight into the shy maturing of a woman's affection, checked and chilled by the cold breath of convention, yet ripened by the vision of a heroic soul's devotion, ever itself deepening and broadening in purity and self-renouncement through his love for her. These plays abound in beautiful poetry, appropriate to the place in which it occurs, while indiscriminately euphuistic diction in season and out is entirely, and most righteously, in spite of all the bad, fashionable, academic critics of the passing hour, abjured by Browning. But assuredly this utterly dramatic Shakspearian manner of unrolling the royal robe of human life before us seamless and unrent is not that ordinarily congenial to him. Usually the inventor prefers to pull his mechanism to pieces, and show us how it works; the gardener

plucks up his growing flower to display the roots and manner of organization. There is probably implied here less sure vision into the objective manifestations of character, into how it must inevitably unfold itself in collision with its fellows. Thus Browning does not always afford us clearly constructed plots; his narratives do not develop themselves smoothly; he is not interested in the progress of the events themselves. The enormously voluminous "Ring and the Book" shows wonderfully acute and varied knowledge of life; but it is revealed through monologues, wherein many persons comment from their special point of view on a few incidents only. His play of "Strafford" deals with a grand national theme; and in Pym we have the strongly delineated figure of one of our great national heroes admirably contrasted with poor Strafford, and the weak, unreliable King Charles; but the plot seems rather confused, and the movement of the whole action somewhat indistinct. It contains, however, a noble passage of poetry at the close, wherein the poet, while impartially just to Strafford, *seems* to show, in the final utterance of Pym, that his own sympathy is with England in her liberal career of progress.

But, on the other hand, the delineation of a popular agitator in "A Soul's Tragedy" is almost cynical, and not very happy, while "Hohenstiel Schwangan" seems a quite unveraciously lenient, as well as rather unpoetical portrait of the man, whom the greatest European poet of our generation, Victor Hugo, chastised with scorpions in his "Chatiments," and the "Histoire d'un Crime." The "Patriot," however, is an excellent satire on the fickleness of mobs.

"Pippa Passes," again, is but a series of dramatic scenes, linked together as by God's own sunshine, sweet child-Pippa, the innocent bird-song of whose young heart falls, without her knowledge, though with momentous effect, upon the ears of guilty worldly souls who hear. The episode of Ottima and Sebald with their adulterous loves, after the murder by Ottima of her old husband, is one of the most tremendous things in English drama, as, in a livid flash of lightning, the whole ghastly scene starts out upon you; you hear the bloodstained couple talk, and see them move. It is of Shakespearean power.

Now, there are distinctly two schools of epic and dramatic art—one synthetic, objective, the other analytic, reflective, didactic. Certainly the former is the more perfectly dramatic; but great poets have always blended the two manners, though belonging distinctively to one or other school. The way of Æschylus and Sophocles is not that of Homer, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Scott, Thackeray, Balzac, Byron; but more akin to that of the greatest modern artists in general, Victor Hugo, Shelley, Wordsworth, George Sand, Browning, Wagner, George Eliot. But, of course, that is not to say that an artist never writes in

the manner less characteristic of him. For good or evil, the age has grown self-conscious, analytic, metaphysical, scientific. And the most important artists will assuredly reflect this temper of their age. Does it not seem silly, as well as unthankful, to resent this? to condemn such work because it is unlike the old? It is a product *sui generis*; so much is added to the old work, for which let us be thankful. Browning peers microscopically into far-away influencing causes, remote, intricately-mingled motives; these interest him almost more than the conduct to which they lead. And why not? But the work is proportionately less dramatic. For character is here presented in its more isolated and passive aspects. In this kind of work it is nearly impossible that the analyst should not colour the representation very manifestly from looking through his own special glasses; his lens will not be quite achromatic. In dramatic poetry proper the creator is a centre, radiating alien individuality, rather than diffusing his own peculiar subjective idiosyncrasy among the works of his hand. His characters possess him, rather than he them. Curiously enough, in the volume called "Pachiarotto," Mr. Browning seems to disclaim all self-revelation. Now, if this be a merit, is it true of him; and if it be true of him, is it a merit? To both questions I answer, *No*. You don't want a mere impassive mirror, reflecting surfaces, but a man, selecting vital characteristics. Even Shakspeare reveals himself in the *manner* of his representation of life; all genius must. Far more is this true of Browning, even if he had not written many poems obviously self-revealing. But every dramatist is self-revealing by the emphasis and tone of his delineations; while Browning comments like a chorus upon the action, both personally, and through one pretty obviously his mouthpiece.

The old truths remain, but their body and appearance change. They return, indeed, enriched with the result of their own denial, with the doubt thrown upon them, which has caused them to be remoulded, and recast more perfectly. And so when science cried, "Overturn! overturn!" and the old creeds suffered obscuration, arose prophets and poets of denial and despair, with their divinely appointed work to do. For who can give us a complete philosophy of life? We must gather together the special vital aspects of the whole, each artist was gifted to see. Shelley, Byron, Carlyle, Leopardi passed; we have Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Browning, Hegel, Fichte, Coleridge, Wordsworth, James Hinton. Is this a strange doctrine, that great poets *think*? Did not Dante, Milton, Lucretius? They do think, but with all their faculties fused into one organ, instead of with a wrongfully isolated, and, therefore, crippled function, the logical understanding only. Milton and Dante have powerfully helped to mould theology; and in this spiritual crisis, produced mainly by scientific discovery, men

look more and more, I think, to poets who are prophets also. And so I shall presently inquire briefly what salient lessons Browning has taught us.

But we have first to note his peculiar skill in psychological analysis, and especially in a region which he has made quite his own, wherein he has enriched our literature with such subtle studies as no other writer has given us—the twilight land of moral sophistry, where it is hard indeed to discriminate between true and false, religious and worldly, vulgar and ideal, good and evil or mean motives, where they are ever passing into one another, the Protean soul ever eluding her own self-knowledge, and the knowledge of others, by assuming infinite masks and shapes. Nor is this region so unfamiliar to the accustomed inward life of most of us, after all—for how mixed are motives even in our very religion, and the most ostensibly disinterested actions of life! To this class of work belong Paracelsus, Sludge, Blougram—and wonderfully clever studies they are, especially the two last; though these are hardly poetry, while Paracelsus is. The pictures of casuistically and scholastically trained Roman Catholic ecclesiastics; shrewd, ambitious, worldly, like Ogniben in the “Soul’s Tragedy;” sensual and superstitious, as Fra Lippo Lippi, the monk of the Spanish cloister, and the old dying bishop, who orders his tomb at St. Praxed’s Church; or semi-sceptical, outwardly conforming men of the world, like Blougram; these are quite unique and inimitable. Browning seems positively to revel, as though for the mere mental gladiatorship, suppleness of soul’s wrist, swift dazing play of intellectual fence, in these labyrinthine convolutions of juggling sophistry, wherein some unseen adversary is confounded by sheer devilry of the understanding, and the worse often made to appear the better reason. He is many-sided in sympathy, sees all round and far away, and, therefore, perhaps, is unable to take one side very pronouncedly. He even sees what may be said for an error, a bad cause, or a bad man, their redeeming or modifying qualities, and what a bad man has to say for himself. So far he becomes his *apologist*, finds a soul of good in things evil. That is notably so in the “Ring and the Book,” in Sludge, and Blougram. Guido and Blougram are in perfect dramatic keeping; all they say is a perfectly natural self-revelation of their native unloveliness; it must be confessed that the studies are somewhat unsavoury from their merciless realism, where not a wart or a wen is left out.

Another of these persons, but a secular person in this case, is the elder man, the lord in the “Inn Album”—a powerful narrative—for the two other people, the upright and just, though somewhat stern, soured, and merciless woman, and the young millionaire whom she saves, are absolutely veracious portraits; but the tempter has no redeeming quality whatever, he is a moral monster; and do we want Iago so minutely vivisected over and over again?

But Sludge is, though very clever, I think, one of Browning's less perfectly dramatic studies. His favourite method is to make these people analyse themselves in their own fashion, in a monologue addressed to some imaginary interlocutor. But in a sketch like Sludge, you too much see Browning looking into his subject, and giving his own version of what he sees, though ostensibly in the voice of the self-apologist. He is talking inside a lay figure. The author's acute glance discerns all the influences that would mould, mar, and corrupt such a man as he takes Sludge to be, and makes him comment on these; though to him probably the process of his own degeneration would not have been at all such as he could be so fully aware of, and be able to trace thus distinctly with his finger. Moreover, he displays a wealth of far-reaching speculation, and opulence of intellectual resource, a fertility and cleverness in special pleading, which we can scarcely attribute to the poor creature, whom here and there the author lets us see he intends to represent. Assuredly long monologues, laying bare the interminable inner processes of one over-intellectualized, and self-conscious mind, are apt to be wearisome. Besides which, the writer's very marked and mannered idiosyncrasy of expression is usually lent to his different characters. And you feel at times as if they were too much made mouthpieces for the abstruse, though interesting, reflections which the writer desires to utter on various topics.

Though I yield to no one in very warm admiration for a great deal of Browning's work, especially the earlier work, yet I confess I do feel that *verse* is not always the fitting and inevitable medium for many of these utterances. And I judge by the canon he himself has furnished in the verses he entitles "Transcendentalism,"—where he tells a brother in the craft not to take a harp into his hands, and after much preluding "speak bare words across the chords," however excellent, but to drape his ideas in sights and sounds. There is too much mere arguing, not enough appeal to the intuitions, emotions, perceptions, imagination. And the style accordingly wants proportionate poetic distinction, wants dignity; but if sound substance be necessary to the best poetry, a noble form is equally required. Browning's is not a *winning* style—the mere witchery of words is too often absent—we are under no spell of enchantment. His lines are not "in love with the progress of their own beauty;" it is rather our bare intellect, that is strained to understand the literary conundrums proposed to us. Perfect poetry involves the perfect harmony of word, meaning, mood, and sound, with dignity or loveliness either of subject, or interpretation; though an obtrusively artificial, is to a noble style as the deportment of a dancing master is to the unaffected demeanour of a gentleman. But we want the volatile thought, or feeling preserved for us in the crystal of pellucid expression, made a world-heritage

in the amber of a happy phrase. That is eminently the characteristic of Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, and also of Tennyson—occasionally too of lesser lights, like Gray, and Campbell.

Of course, fine philosophical poetry,* which is the imaginative expression of profound thought in symbol and metaphor, or phrase of high degree, demands corresponding attention and capacity on the part of the reader; and good poetry in general, indeed, demands this. But *unnecessary* intellectual strain the reader usually loves to be spared in poetry by a careful and captivating manner on the part of the poet—in the best poetry the very images and words lead him captive as with a chain of flowers, with “strains of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,” by the mere instinctive selection of harmonious ideas, images, and words, whose very sound, and subtle associations prolong and rivet the charm. While in Browning, not only is the grammatical construction difficult—from long parentheses, and side eddies of comment on subjects not in close relationship with the main theme, inversions of the parts of speech, and strange elisions—but the metre appears seldom as an outgrowth from the ideas, rather as an extraneous piece of adopted ingenuity, the grotesque cleverness of which, indeed, is rather diverting and confusing than helpful—the words themselves seem chosen for their direct meaning *only*, irrespective of beautiful appropriateness; their intrinsic ugliness, harshness, and disagreeableness of image, or suggestion, being altogether disregarded.

Browning, moreover—who often reminds me, both in his admirable qualities and in his defects, of Ben Jonson—is an exceedingly learned man, familiar with all manner of technical terms belonging to the various arts, sciences, and even the trades and professions of daily life,—a most remarkable combination of speculative poet, and shrewd experienced man of the world, familiar with it in all its aspects, whether elevated or vulgar. Now these learned details he is apt somewhat mercilessly to obtrude on the reader, taking for granted a familiarity with them which is uncommon. But if in poetry we are pulled up short by many terms unfamiliar, the effect is disturbing to that continuity of mood or sentiment which the enjoyment of poetry demands; and there are so many blanks and barren spaces left in our imagination; it is in that respect just like musical verse with a minimum of meaning, which we strive uncomfortably and in vain to arrive at. But here, though we have a thoughtful poet, we have not one who always helps us by sweet cadences. In “Christmas Eve and Easter Day,” he gives us a half-humorous account of how some of his metres

* There is little of this in Browning. We find, indeed, much nakedly argumentative, ratiocinative verse, but that is not, strictly speaking, poetry at all. Parts of Tennyson’s “In Memoriam,” of Mr. Buchanan’s “Balder,” of Mr. Swinburne’s “Songs Before Sunrise,” are better examples of a type very rare in English poetry. There is little of it in Coleridge, and Wordsworth, but somewhat more in Shelley.

occur to him, and this passage furnishes a fair specimen of such metres:—

“A tune was born in my head last week
Out of the thump-thump and shriek-shriek
Of the train, as I came by it up from Manchester,
And when next week I take it back again,
My head will sing to the engine's clack again,
While it only makes my neighbour's haunches stir,
Finding no dormant musical sprout
In him, as in me, to be jolted out.”

Great dramatic poets have always much humour, and this is a marked feature in Browning. I cannot but think that the bizarre surprises of his rhythm are often contrived out of sheer fun, with a sort of Rabelaisian or Aristophanic chuckle over the discomfiture they must cause to delicately constituted ears. For assuredly, the ingenuity of the rhymes is infinite. Not in *Hudibras*, *Beppo*, or *Don Juan* is it more fertile. And this is often perfectly appropriate to the subject-matter, and so agreeable—as in “*Fra Lippo Lippi*,” for instance, that utterly dramatic, most breathing portrait. Even in “*Christmas Eve*” the humour of some of the pictures is equal to Dickens. And what can exceed the tragi-comedy humour of the “*Bishop Orders his Tomb*,” the “*Spanish Cloister*,” and “*Holy Cross Day*?”

These pieces are as sharply outlined and veracious as possible. In “*The Monk's Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister*,” you have a malicious, bad, but grossly superstitious and self-righteous monk, apparently looking out from his cell window at another, who is attending to his favourite flowers in the monastery garden, a placid, innocent sort of person, but not so scrupulous in his religious observances. The wicked old bigot detests the blameless insipidity of his neighbour. Though full of grim fun, the picture is terrible too. This is what a bigot can be.

But there is no such extravagant, and out of the way word in the language that Browning will not find you a rhyme for, if not with one word, then with two, three, or even four, and if not in one language, then in another. Of these treble and quadruple rhymes he is fond. One or two strange freaks in this direction I will quote from “*Old Pictures in Florence* :—

“I that have haunted the dim San Spirito—
Or was it rather the Ognissanti?
Patient on altar steps planting a weary toe;
Nay, I shall have it yet, *detur amanti*!
My Koh-i-noor, or if that's a platitude,
Jewel of Giamschid, the Persian Sofi's eye!
So in anticipative gratitude,
What if I take up my hope and prophesy?”

Then in the same page we have *bag'em* hot rhyming to *Witanagemot*, the Latin word *Ante* to *Dante*, *perorate* to *zero*, *rate*, *cub* licks to *republics*. And “*Master Hughes of Saxe Gotha*” is a still more

extraordinary instance of wanton barbarisms in rhyming. Here we have *vociferance* and *stiffer hence*, and *corrosive* and *o sieve*! But even in his treatment of a grave tragic subject it is characteristic of our author to show a certain quaint humour, and the phrases used are frequently rude and colloquial. This, indeed, gives a *cachet* of individuality. And though not infrequently such a method gives a somewhat grotesque and inharmonious effect to Browning's serious poetry, yet how far better is it than the finical lackadaisical unreality, as of Osric, or Piercie Shafton, so in vogue now, that fears to call a spade a spade, and faints and screams with the delicate titillating delight of calling it an effodiator, or something equally silly!

The obscurity complained of comes sometimes from the monologue method, for the one person who is alone before the reader is talking at, questioning, and replying to other interlocutors, whom the author has in his mind, but the reader only guesses at; and what they are supposed to say the reader must divine from the only words he has before him.

Enough of all this, however. It needs pointing out, if you wish to do as Matthew Arnold bids you, estimate your classic fairly, and recognize where he comes short, only in order that you may the more fully and intelligently appreciate what is truly admirable in him and others. For, let me say distinctly, with whatever abatements, Browning is a great English writer, to whom we are very deeply indebted. A fissured volcano rolls you out ashes, stones, and smoke, along with its flame and burning lava. And he who never descends into the deeps shall never ascend upon the heights. A dapper dandy, with little mind and little heart, but perfect self-possession—there is not very much of him to possess—hands you his neat little gift well polished, say, a new silk hat nicely brushed. An uncouth great man, with big mind and big heart, possesses himself not so thoroughly—there is more of him to possess—and he presents you with *his* gift; say, a huge vase of gems; but the vase may have a flaw in it, and what then? One can only pity the fastidious person with the weak digestion, whose gorge so rises at some trivial fault, as he deems it, in the cookery that he cannot enjoy, and be nourished by good wholesome food, when it is offered. Perhaps because it lacks olives or truffles, he is for throwing it all away. And as Mr. Browning's style is sometimes perfectly clear, full of Saxon force and dignity, his lines and phrases here and there memorable for their strong incisive felicity, seldomer, though now and then, even for delicate grace, so his metres are frequently original, appropriate, vigorous, and perfectly germane to the sense. That is so in the fine stirring ballads of "Hervé Riel," "Gismond," the "Ride from Ghent to Aix," and, in the whole of that spirited tale, the "Flight of the Duchess." This is told by an old huntsman retainer who had assisted

the Duchess in her flight; and the easy jovial familiar canter of it is inimitably adapted to the speaker and to his charming story. The "Pied Piper of Hamelin," again, the child's story, for its light humour, and flexible dancing measure corresponding, could not be surpassed. In "Cavalier Tunes" you hear the gallop of cavalry, and the clank of the sabre. What can be finer in sound than the "Lost Leader," so elevated and human in sentiment also? What more exhilarating and interpretative of the sense than the rapid rush of the well-known "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix?"

But "Saul" is probably the finest poem Browning ever wrote, and it has the note of immortality. I know not any modern poem more glorious for substance and form both; here they interpenetrate; they are one as soul and body, character and deed, lofty aim and heroic countenance. The glory of the lilt of it, the long billowy roll of the sound, entirely corresponds to the splendour of clear imagination that burns in upon the soul, as with sunlight the whole beautiful succession of scenes, all harmonious with unity of purpose and highly human aim, rising luminous before us to the sweet song of David the Shepherd Boy, while he sings, and singing wrestles with the Kingdom of Darkness, that holds captive Saul's kingly spirit, beloved by him, until his deep-loving insight culminates in one sublime vision of Divine Love, whence his own, and all the universe have proceeded; Divine Love condescending to human weakness and death for our deliverance, ever giving itself, indeed, but most fully in young David's descendant, Jesus the Christ, the Redeemer, the elder brother of mankind.

I have said that we must certainly regard Browning as *teacher*; and so let us briefly note, in conclusion, a few of the salient impressions as to his message, conveyed by a general study of his works. And yet he is hardly a prophet—because he throws himself with so much appreciative sympathy into all the possible opposed aspects of life, and attitudes of the human actors. I think it is Mr. Hutton who has well called him a great imaginative *interpreter* of the approaches to action. Moreover, he is rather an acute psychologist than a profound metaphysician. His own convinced contribution to the solution of the world-problem is less remarkable than his keen intelligent appreciation of what others, often mutually antagonistic, have contributed. We have inevitably touched on one at least of the lessons to be learned from him in describing "Saul." He seems to believe in Divine Love, and human Love, as the best and most substantial realities. He sings:—

"If any two creatures grew into one,
They would do more than the world has done;
Though each apart were never so weak,
Yet vainly through the world should ye seek
For the knowledge and the might
Which in such union grew their right."

Some of his lines and phrases are miracles of condensation. Thus out of the passionate fragment, "In a Balcony," I take—

"Look on through years! we cannot kiss a second day like this,
Else were this earth no earth."

Usually he deals with *Scenery* as did the elder poets and Scott; it is only a background to him for his figures. But he often paints with graphic force, especially his favourite Italian scenes. How vivid the lunar rainbow and fiery sky in "Christmas Eve," and the charming Venetian poem, so full of rich, ripe passion and love-languor, "In a Gondola." Similarly beautiful is the episode of Jules and Phene; and there is quite a Keatsian lusciousness of sensuous enjoyment in the "Bishop Orders his Tomb."

Nature, however, is not to Browning a grand spiritual symbol, moving to meditative rapture, as she moves Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge. He never gives himself up to her, but asserts himself against her inquisitorially, as it were. Yet the vital function of Nature in her secret, unconfessed influence over human emotion, even when ostensibly concerned only with other human beings, is dealt with strikingly here and there, notably in these fine lines from "By the Fireside," where apparently, as in "One Word More," Mr. Browning's wife, our greatest English poetess, is referred to—the poet is speaking of the supreme moment, as he always describes it, of love given and returned. There cannot be lovelier lines:—

"We two stood there with never a third,
But each by each, as each knew well;
The sights we saw, and the sounds we heard,
The lights and the shades made up a spell,
Till the trouble grew and stirred.
Oh the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!
A moment after, and hands unseen
Were hanging the night around us fast,
But we knew that a bar was broken between
Life and life; we were mixed at last,
In spite of the mortal screen.
The forests had done it, there they stood;
We caught for a second the powers at play;
They had mingled us so for once and for good,
Their work was done, we might go or stay;
They relapsed to their ancient mood."

There is a similar thought in "Le Byron de nos jours." But God the Creator, and the human individual with his free will, stand face to face, if I rightly apprehend his teaching on this score; and external Nature (except as educating man) is of comparatively little importance: he is furious, indeed, with Byron (whom he detests) for teaching differently. Browning is no Pantheist, and no mystic. Personally I regret it, so far as he is to be regarded as teacher.

I note that in the "Return of the Druses," "Paracelsus," "Sludge," "Blougram," he deals with the same favourite topic, a man pretending

to supernatural power, partly for ambitious ends, but partly also for the sake of what he honestly believes to be the good of mankind, to engender a salutary confidence in them, to give them strength and comfort. But there is always a conflict within the man as to whether this is really justifiable or not. The insincerity will not let conscience rest. This is the point of view of *pious fraud*; but in neither case is there more than the merest passing shadow of a conviction of the genuineness of the miraculous claim preferred. Now I cannot help thinking that the subject becomes *pro tanto* less intrinsically poetical, as well as probably less true to fact. Most likely, Browning does not conceive of such men as believing in their own abnormal magical faculty (except, indeed, slightly, by an almost avowed process of self-sophistication), because he is so far at one with the scientific scepticism of his age as not himself to admit the possibility of any such pretensions being in any measure well founded. But yet the mystical, supernatural element does colour some of his most notable poems—namely, those which deal with Christianity.

It is sufficiently remarkable in this age of scepticism, that our two indisputably most eminent poets, and precisely those most eminent for intellectual power, should be on the side of *faith*, and moreover of Christian faith, though claiming liberty to interpret the articles of that faith for themselves. One of Browning's most characteristic and arresting poems is the "Experience of Karshish, an Arab Physician." He, visiting Bethany in the course of his travels, encounters there Lazarus, and writes concerning him to a friend and fellow-physician far away. In this wonderfully graphic letter he is palpably dominated by some strange impression as of a *real experience* in the case, though he is bound professionally to regard and write of it contemptuously as one of mere trance and hallucination. Indeed, he is angry with himself and surprised because he *cannot* treat the matter as lightly as his understanding assures him it ought to be treated. So that, amid his description of new remedies, gum-tragacanth, mottled spiders, the Aleppo sort of blue-flowering borage, and what not, he returns, though apologetically, to this singular condition of Lazarus, whom he describes as living in the light of another world, a stranger here, at cross-purposes with all men's ordinary views of life, with firm adoring trust in the benevolent Nazarene physician, who, as he thinks, raised him from the dead, and on whose claim to be Divine he implicitly relies. Karshish writes:—

"I crossed a ridge of short sharp broken hills,
Like an old lion's cheek-teeth: out there came
A moon made like a face, with certain spots
Multiform, manifold, and menacing;
Then a wind rose behind me; so we met
In this old sleepy town at unawares,
The man and I."

What a picture ! why is it not painted by a kindred genius ? Again :

"He holds on firmly to some thread of life
(It is the life to lead perforcedly)
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on either side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet,
The spiritual life around the earthly life !
So is the man perplex with impulses,
Sudden to start off crosswise, not straight on,
Proclaiming what is right and wrong across,
And not along this black thread thro' the blaze,
It should be baulked by here it cannot be."

Then he apologizes for devoting so much valuable space to a madman, and resumes professional talk. But in a postscript he can't help adding :—

"The very God ! think Abib ! dost thou think ?
So the All-great were the all-loving too—
So through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, O heart I made, a heart beats here !
Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself !
Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love ;
And thou must love me who have died for thee.
. . . . The madman saith he said so : it is strange."

Now, a man could scarcely have written this marvellous poem, every word of which will repay study, had he not himself believed in the story of Lazarus, and in the so-called supernatural elements which it implies : this gives the astonishing force and reality to it ; else the poet would hardly represent the ideas involved as so dominating the learned stranger.

"Caliban upon Setebos" is also remarkably powerful—it is, in vividly realized grotesque imaginative symbol, a terrible satire upon the low anthropomorphic notions men have made to themselves concerning God, and which have become formulated in some current popular theologies. Not from the best and deepest, but from the more degraded and superficial character of human nature, have our religious ideas been too much derived. So that Browning, though a Christian, might not be considered by all strictly orthodox. Caliban, Shakspeare's monster, kicks his feet in the slush of the isle, where Prospero and Miranda keep him for a drudge, and soliloquizes about his deity, Setebos, at whose arbitrary tyrannic power he gibes and jeers—until a storm bursts, and then he cowers, abjectly worshipping. This is a strong, weird poem—not liable to the objection that there is too much naked argument, which is true of "Christmas Eve," and especially of "St. John in the Desert."

"Christmas Eve and Easter Day" is an elaborate argument, set in imaginative framework, to prove the fundamental postulate of Christianity, and so is "St. John in the Desert." The argument of "Christmas Eve" is that, if man had *invented* the idea of God suffering with us and for us to redeem us, *he* would be more loving, and therefore really higher than God. And in "Easter Day" the sole

punishment of the lost soul allotted by the Judge is, that, since he has chosen for his portion, and has been fully satisfied with the fair prizes this world can offer to his senses and his ambition, he shall keep them for ever, and attain to no more, excluded by the very nature of the case from those yet diviner possibilities, the more spiritual and less earthbound aspired to reach. And here we touch upon the idea which recurs with reiterated emphasis in Browning—that earth's perfect is not the absolute perfect—that what *we* count full-orbed and consummate success is not so from a higher point of view, but that rather the apparent failures are the more full of promise and potency; they point to a yet richer completeness to be attained hereafter; they are germs still to be developed; the more slowly they ripen, the more sweet and enduring the fruit. In "Saturn" Mr. Browning says:—

" 'Tis not what man does that exalts him,
But what man would do."

This doctrine is proclaimed unceasingly, and of course implies strong faith on the proclaimer's part that the Universe is sound at heart, not "a suck and a sell," which, alas! is so dolefully and wailfully, and with more or less tunelessly sensual caterwaulings, the encouraging strain of our latest bardlets: but in all sober seriousness there is abroad now some dread paralyzing fear, that lays a cold dead hand upon the purest and most generous hearts among us. And God knows—who permits Nature, Satan, and Man, his mimic, to commit such horrible atrocities as are committed every day and night upon this earth—there is excuse enough for agony and doubt! But in Browning we find no despair; he preaches energy at our life-task, doing our chosen work with all our might; he tells us to pierce below custom and convention, and lay hold of what is true, satisfying, and abiding in our spirits; yea, even when we fail in the eyes of the world, he assures us that we may trust God, the Father of our spirits, to perfect the good honest work we have begun, in His own best manner, and to renew our youth like the eagle's, if not here, then hereafter. Shockingly unscientific! Still, unless I completely misunderstand him, so Browning believes. "Andrea del Sarto," a very beautiful sketch, proclaims the imperfection of a perfection, that has no trace of inability to grasp, hold, and express some infinitude of aspiration beyond the work actually accomplished.

"Ah! but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-grey,
Placid and perfect with my art—the worse."

He notes how he could correct some wrong drawing of an arm in a painting by Raffaele; but feels how far the young painter soars above him notwithstanding—(this may throw a side-light on our poet's own defective form). It is better to fail in technique than in more essential things, though good workmanship of course is infinitely

to be desired. The great painter-poet, Blake, will occur to us, whose technique in painting, and rhythm in poetry were often defective. And so also with Byron, and Wordsworth.

The "Grammarians' Funeral," again, vindicates the narrow limited life-work of a special student by the conception that he is justified in God's light, because he has eternity wherein to grow complete, and learn all other things. The full-orbed Divine idea is, indeed, *by* the imperfections of the isolated fragments of the curving line—by the letting go the straight line; so by the restraint of chemical affinities is the nutrition for organization, and the performance of living functions possible. Things are not in their momentary appearances, however fair and complete these may seem; they are fulfilled in their disappearance even, and their living again in richer form, wherein their old state is verily more its own true self than before; for each is in and by others—must pass away to live: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." So a rather discredited old book says. Three great writers see and teach this very distinctly—Hegel, Hinton, and Browning. Browning again and again expresses his strong belief in our personal immortality. You find that in "Evelyn Hope," "La Saisiaz," and elsewhere. He believes in compensation, the righting of all wrong, the satisfaction of our highest and holiest aspirations, the eternal permanence of righteousness and love, the supplementing of utmost human weakness by that Divine Power, which is the very basis and essence of all endeavour, yea, of all life, however feeble, though to the confused judgment of sense it appear for ever lost and annihilated. Note the fine poem "Instans Tyrannus," where the poor mean victim of persecution becomes terrible to the tyrant when he *prays*, and *God* is seen standing by his side.

"Earth being so good, would Heaven seem best?
Now Heaven and she are beyond this ride,"

the baffled, but still loyal lover sings of the "Last Ride" his lady and he enjoyed together. This doctrine is best illustrated in the two noble philosophical poems, "Abt Vogler," and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," the former unique as a chant in praise of music, that youngest and most spiritual of arts.

Notice next how strenuously Browning urges upon us *determination, strength of will*. Strong character may be warped, but twisted back again to good purpose, and even the warping, he holds, has a use. But namby-pamby negation of all character, what force and help is there in that? In this light we are to regard the "Statue and the Bust." Again, he will have no leaving of ill-savoured, inextricable entanglements of conduct to take care of themselves, and go on breeding low, deteriorated, corrupting growths. This is the idea in that terrible and most graphic narrative in his latest volume, "Ivan Ivano-

vitch," about the woman who, under whatever temptations, saved her own life at the expense of that of her children when pursued by wolves, and whom, after he has heard her apology, a strong man slays with his own private hand, the narrator approving. While in the "Inn Album," again, the young man does Heaven's justice, as if inevitably, with his own hands, on the old villain. In the grand ballad "Gismond" the traitor's lie can only be adequately refuted by the death of the traitor at the hands of the lady's avenger. And "Forgiveness" in "Pacchiarotto" has a similar issue. It is the teaching also of "Before," where the speaker advises the two men to fight it out, if the wrong-doer will not confess and ask pardon. But in "After," the view widens—

"Take the cloak from his face, and at first
 Let the corpse do its worst.
 . . . How he lies in his rights of a man!
 Death has done all death can,
 And absorbed in the new life he leads,
 He reck's not, he heeds
 Nor his wrong, nor my vengeance; both strike
 On his senses alike,
 And are lost in the solemn and strange
 Surprise of the change.
 Ha! what avails *death* to erase
 His offence, my disgrace?
 I would we were boys as of old,
 In the field, by the fold!
 His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn
 Were so easily borne!
 I stand here now; he lies in his place—
 Cover the face."

Next, we have many poems whose practical message is—break through customs and conventions, away from earthly greeds and mundane vanities, to learn that love is best, and free development of your own capacities, so far as that may be in this life! I read this lesson in "Respectability," and notably in the "Flight of the Duchess," who, finding a true human heart beat under an old gipsy woman's forbidding garb and aspect, and initiated by her into a fair, liberal life, adapted to draw forth and satisfy the human cravings in her soul, stunted and withered among the heartless, starched Court puppets with whom her lot is cast, breaks away from the world of pageant to find a real one elsewhere.

Least notable of all perhaps are the poet's pure lyrics. For these are seldom an expression of personal feeling, so embodied as to be representative, as in supreme singers like Burns, Heine, Leopardi, Shelley; they are the result of a merely conceived alien mood, being often hard and harsh in sound. Yet one would not willingly have missed three or four beautiful ones, foremost among them being "Prospice," "May and Death," and "April in England." They have sincerity, pathos, deep human feeling, and music, while the first-named is also remarkable for the writer's characteristic virile fortitude, and daring courage.

RODEN NOEL.

HEREDITARY CONSCIENCE.

THE following remarks were suggested by Miss Cobbe's response, in the June number of this REVIEW, to an article of the previous month, by Vernon Lee, on "The Responsibilities of Unbelief." Both papers were too remarkable to be soon forgotten; and in recalling the subject after an interval of four months, I do not think I shall be liable to the charge of re-opening an exhausted question, or of multiplying words on one that is impracticable and useless. The significance of conscience undoubtedly requires reconsideration by religious people in the light of certain principles of evolution, which, if not established, are at any rate increasingly accepted. I doubt whether the position assumed by Miss Cobbe is the true one. My sympathies are entirely with her in her strenuous contention for the dignity of conscience, and for the superiority of duty to expediency wherever the two are supposed to clash. But I think some of her subordinate and expository statements needlessly force the claims of conscience into antagonism with fact. Hence these remarks.

Amongst many suggestive and not a few noble utterances in Miss Cobbe's paper, the following sentence is prominent (the italics are her own):—"Even for our neighbour's sake there is nothing we can ever *do* for him half so useful as to *be* ourselves the very noblest, purest, holiest men and women we know how." Most true, and very needful to be reiterated. But how do we "know how?" Miss Cobbe says conscience tells us, and Vernon Lee, whom she assails, says precisely the same thing—at least if she is right in identifying the sentiments of Baldwin as those of the writer of the Dialogue on "The Responsibilities of Unbelief."* For Baldwin is made to say: "There is a hell in the moral world, and there is heaven, and there

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for May.

is God; the heaven of satisfied conscience, the God of our own aspirations." Not only this phrase "the heaven of satisfied conscience," but the whole scope of the fervent exhortation containing these words implies that the exhorted friend is besought to listen to his conscience. Baldwin is profoundly convinced that if the hesitating Vere would only obey that inward monitor, he would bring up his children as little infidels. "You shirk your responsibilities," concludes this fervid preacher, "and in doing so, you take upon yourself the heaviest responsibilities of any." Clearly Vere is not in a fair way for "the heaven of satisfied conscience." No less clearly the difference between Miss Cobbe and Vernon Lee does not concern the regulative function of conscience. Vere is urged to be a better father, to tell his children frankly that all the heaven they are ever likely to get is this of a "satisfied conscience," to explain to them that Christianity is played out—in fact, to be as good a father as he knows how. And if we ask how he is to know how, Baldwin anticipates the inquiry by appealing, just as Miss Cobbe with very different aims would do, to his conscience. Whatever, then, may be the ultimate issue of discussions such as that between Baldwin, Vere, and Reinhardt, with Miss Cobbe intervening, we have this comfort at least, that all parties alike will continue to address themselves to conscience.

It may be said that this is merely a verbal agreement, and not of the slightest consequence, because the four disputants would probably give four different accounts of the origin and authority of conscience. That is precisely the point to which I desire to address myself. I entirely deny that any rational theory of conscience—such, for instance as Darwin's—can in the least degree invalidate the fact that the thing is there and has to be reckoned with. I do not share Miss Cobbe's fears of "the doctrine of hereditary conscience." To say that if the moral instinct, as at present existing in humanity, can be traced back to lower forms, it is a "crowned and sceptred impostor," seems to me so perilous an assertion, that the more I sympathize with Miss Cobbe's aspirations, the more am I bound to protest against it. The faith she desires to preserve for mankind is, in its essence, immortal; but it will triumph by reconciliation with material facts—not by flying in their face.

The immediate issue is this: both Miss Cobbe and Vernon Lee show practical agreement in enthroning conscience as the director of life. But the former says that if the theory apparently accepted by the latter as to the nature of conscience be true, then they have both enthroned a "crowned and sceptred impostor," and that in fact the moral instincts become nothing more than the "mental *kitchen-middens* of generations of savages." Now, Miss Cobbe's view of the origin and nature of conscience is best expressed in that part of her argument where she insists on the moral nature as the witness to

religion.* “‘God is with mortals by conscience,’ has been generally assumed as an axiom in theological argument; and Christianity itself, by its dogma of the Third Person in the Trinity, only consecrates the conviction of the wisest pagans, that there is ‘a Holy Spirit throned within us, of our good and evil deeds the guardian and observer, who draws toward us as we draw toward Him.’ On the side of philosophy this same moral faculty was, by the long line of noblest teachers, beginning in Plato and culminating in Kant, allotted a place of exceptional honour and security. Moral truths they held to be ‘necessary truths, and our knowledge of them intuitive and transcendental.’” On the other hand, Vernon Lee’s view, as expressed by Baldwin in the *Dialogue*, is as follows:—“Morality, I now feel persuaded, is the exclusive and essential qualification of the movements of an assemblage of men, as distinguished from an assemblage of stones, or plants, or beasts, the qualification of man’s relation, not with unsentient things, but with sentient creatures. Why go into details? You know that the school of philosophy to which I adhere has traced all distinctions of right and wrong to the perceptions, enforced upon man by mankind, and upon mankind by man, of the difference between such courses as are conducive to the higher development and greater happiness of man, and such other courses as are conducive only to their degradation and extinction.” There are ambiguities in both utterances—as, indeed, there are in all human speech, not excepting even Euclid. I am not sure that I know exactly what Miss Cobbe means when she speaks of God, or of knowledge that is “intuitive and transcendental.” In the words from Vernon Lee’s *Dialogue*, I am not quite clear whether “sentient creatures” would include beasts on the one hand, or possible angels and ghosts on the other. True, an “assemblage of beasts” is distinctly excluded from morality; but whether Robinson Crusoe, surrounded only by his dog, his parrot, and his goats, had scope for morality, does not so plainly appear. Again, the words “man” and “mankind,” commonly used as synonymous, are here contrasted, and I do not quite know how to interpret them. I mention these things not at all by way of criticism, but only to guard myself against misinterpretation. Saving any misunderstanding of such phrases as quoted, I declare I see no difficulty whatever in accepting with equally hearty assent the substantial affirmations contained in both utterances.

For instance, I suppose that many readers would find a sharp contradiction between the view of moral perceptions as “intuitive” on the one hand, and that of their gradual evolution by experience on the other. But if I am right in supposing the word “intuitive” to mean here “at sight,” I really cannot understand how it is possible

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for June, p. 787.

to establish the contradiction. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, we recognize some actions as right and others as wrong, simply by looking at them. If that is not intuition, I do not understand what is. Our fathers did the same thing before us, and our grandfathers before them. They were probably less given to metaphysics than we are, and, instead of arguing the question, would have thought it an impertinence to be asked why they considered stealing or lying to be wrong. It *was* so, and that was enough. But when we go back through a sufficient number of generations, each intuitively recognizing right and wrong, we begin to find that somehow the intuitions of the fathers do not altogether agree with ours. By Cromwell's last Parliament, James Nayler, an eccentric Quaker, who, as George Fox says, "ran out into imaginations," was condemned to have his tongue bored through with a hot iron, to have B for blasphemer, burned into his skin, and to be vivisected on two separate occasions by the hangman's whip. The justice of this horrible sentence was at that time a matter of intuition. As soon as ever his crime was reported indignation awoke, and the only reasons for the long discussion of his case were, first, a difficulty as to mode of procedure, as there was neither law nor precedent to justify the Parliament, and, next, a difference of opinion as to the precise amount of torture imperatively required. But as to the righteousness of condign vengeance, no argument was possible. It was a matter of intuition. We see such things in a different light in our day. In other words, experience has altered our intuitions. We still prosecute for blasphemy; but we do it with an uneasy conscience, and it requires little prescience to foresee the time when nothing will be held to justify such prosecutions. The public peace will of course always need protection against the violence of vulgar fanatics. But it will not be the blasphemy, it will be the provocation of disturbance, that will be the matter of legal condemnation.

Opponents of the evolution of morality have a ready way of dealing with such cases. "The object of intuition here," they would say, "was the wickedness of irreverence, and the righteousness of a protest against it. But this is an intuition common to every age. The difference between us and our fathers is caused, not by the evolution of morality, but by a change in opinions and manners." Be it so. The method, then, of dealing with such indefensible proceedings of our forefathers is to generalize their purpose until it is wide enough to contain a principle or sentiment we approve. They saw the duty of reverence. So do we. But they saw it in a confused sort of way, mixing their own responsibility with that of their neighbours, and confounding opinion with blasphemy. Our reverence is not less deep, probably more profound. But we distinguish things that differ, as, for instance, the ranges of personal and

collective responsibility, or thoughts about God and feelings towards Him. To quote from a well-known formula, our forefathers' intuitions on the duty of reverence were characterized by "an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity." Ours are, at any rate, approximating towards a "definite coherent heterogeneity." But if this is not evolution, Mr. Herbert Spencer must be a falser prophet than even his opponents have ever proclaimed him to be.

Now, it may be thought that, instead of reconciling two accounts of conscience, as I said I would, I have entirely justified one and repudiated the other. Not quite, as will be seen, I hope, before I end. Meanwhile, I contend that the intuitional power of conscience is important on any theory of its origin. The conscience that argues is lost. It is precisely the swift imperative quality of this sacred faculty, that makes it so much better a guide than the faltering balance of even the purest and noblest expediency. The lines of action, reaction, and interaction in human society are such a trackless maze, that if we had always had in each case to reason out what would be best for the world, we should never move. "Do right," says conscience; "be just and fear not." And on the whole and in the long-run, it turns out that conscience has been more prescient than the most cunning policy. Miss Cobbe certainly does not contend for the infallibility of this inward monitor. But she thinks that both its truth and falsehood are accounted for by the idea that it is a holy light, refracted and confused sometimes by the medium of mortality, a divine voice veiled and misunderstood. Vernon Lee, on the other hand, holds that it is the quintessence of accumulated experience of the effects of conduct. I am fain to agree with both, and as at present instructed I see no difficulty about it. At any rate, in either case, its perceptions are intuitional, and this is one main condition of its value to mankind. There is an obvious physical analogy in the case of the eye. It is from the swift perceptions of the eye that we get the word intuition. Yet the gradual evolution of the eye is, I should suppose, almost universally accepted now. During the course of that evolution, each evanescent generation of living things received from the eternal light sufficient for its needs. As the organ grew the light seemed to abound more. But it was not the light that changed; it was the organism. And every healthy eye has a swift, clear, instantaneous power that seems to exclude the possibility of slow growth. In its supremacy among the senses, its mastery of the world, and its transparent unconsciousness of any machinery of action, it seems to the possessor a perpetual miracle, a divine wonder "sprung up for ever at a touch," structureless, without parts, partaker both of the immensity and the purity of light. Is sight robbed of these attributes when we find that the eye is the

creature of evolution? I think not. And conscience is equally scatheless.

But Miss Cobbe has other grounds of protest. Moral truths she holds to be "necessary truths." By this phrase we may legitimately understand propositions the opposite of which, or any variation from which, is unthinkable. Or we may with equal propriety understand truths fundamentally involved in the constitution of the universe. To Omniscience, if we may venture to say so, the two definitions would perhaps be co-extensive. But, at any rate, to our limited knowledge they are not so. There are only some truths, and those of the most general character, of which the contrary is obviously unthinkable. And the reason why the contrary is in these cases unthinkable is, that a single glance, or intuition, puts us into possession of the whole situation, with all the relations conceivably contained therein. When we are told, for instance, that things equal to the same are equal to one another—always supposing the mind to have arrived at the stage when equality has become a clear definite notion—we take in at once all the possibilities of the expressed relations, and even to try to think the contrary only strains and mars the frame of law within which our minds are compelled to work. Is it in this sense that we are to regard moral truths as "necessary truths?" Possibly that might be maintained in regard to some of the most general moral principles, as, for instance, that the existence of society involves the subordination of individual wills to custom or law. But even this would not exclude the evolution of morality or conscience. For just as light existed before the eye, just as the notion of equality must grow clear and definite before the first axiom of Euclid can be seen at a glance as a necessary truth, so human consciousness must have reached, by slow experience of their actual existence, the ideas of a community and of individual self-will, before even the first principle of their necessary relations could be perceived. But this need not, and does not, imply that there is anything contingent or uncertain in the principle itself. Given the relations, given the consciousness to perceive them, and the principle is recognized as obviously and invariably involved in these relations, that is, as a "necessary truth."

But it is only of very few, and those the most broadly general, moral principles that the truth becomes apparent as soon as the relations requiring its application arise. Nothing can be clearer to the civilized conscience than that cannibalism is an unspeakable crime. But that it is quite possible to think the contrary is only too certain, not merely from the practice of barbarous races, but from their transparent self-satisfaction in pursuing it. Mr. Wilfred Powell, in his "Three Years amongst the Cannibals of New Britain," tells us that the European custom of burying the slain in battle,

appeared to a warrior of that unsophisticated tribe incredibly absurd—nay, when convinced that his informant was not playing on his credulity, the savage turned away to hide emotions inconsistent with dignity. Just so infanticide, which revolts our consciences, has been, by some races, regarded not merely with indifference, but as a duty. Whatever may be the case with the Chinese, quoted by Miss Cobbe, as condemning the practice even while they pursue it, the Spartans considered it a duty to the community to stamp out bodily infirmities by slaying deformed or unhealthy children. Is it possible to contend that the custom of suttee occasioned any secret stings of conscience amongst the Hindoos? Readers of Lord Lawrence's Life, who note the patience, wariness, and strength of will required on the part of that great Christian ruler to put down the practice, and the equally cruel one of burying lepers alive, must surely be convinced that his chief difficulty lay in getting the misguided people to see such things at all from his point of view. There is one scene depicted, in which the entreaties of a miserable leper and his friends to be permitted to follow their custom are so earnest and pathetic, that the reader almost condemns the unbending firmness with which Lord Lawrence refused to permit what was to the petitioners evidently a sense of duty. What then? Is the sacredness of human life; is the wickedness of murder and suicide *not* a necessary truth? I should be very sorry to admit such an inference. I hope I should be as unwilling to do so as Miss Cobbe herself. But manifestly we cannot, in such cases, call it a necessary truth in the sense that the opposite is unthinkable. It is proved to have been thinkable; it has been actually thought by millions of men and women for many generations. Yet in the other sense given to the phrase, that of truths fundamentally involved in the constitution of the universe, the moral evil of suttee and of burying lepers alive is certainly a necessary truth. But then it is a truth easily disguised or hidden by considerations of temporary convenience, and by a disproportionate exaggeration of other moral principles, such as the duty of a wife's devotion, or of self-sacrifice to save a polluted community. And how are such errors corrected? They may be corrected by revelation, or in some cases by experience that the falsehood does not work well. But in either case what is proved is not the contingent nature of morality, but either its miraculous or its gradual dawn upon a prepared community.

Yet Miss Cobbe says: "According to this doctrine there is no such thing as an 'eternal and immutable morality,' but all orders of intelligent beings must by degrees make for themselves, what Vernon Lee aptly calls a 'rule of the road,' applicable to their particular convenience." I do not think Vernon Lee would be quite satisfied with the latter part of this description. Certainly "the differences

between such courses as are conducive to the higher development and greater happiness of man, and such other courses as are conducive only to their degradation and extinction," suggest to my mind something more than considerations of our *particular* convenience. But putting this on one side, why should there not be an "eternal and immutable" morality gradually found out by experience, just as there is an eternal light gradually revealed of old to successive generations of animals, while eyes were in course of evolution? It is quite open to any one to say that the eternal and immutable morality never could have been known apart from revelation. But that is a question with which we are not now necessarily concerned. If we were so, it might be pointed out that revelation is generally supposed to have passed through several stages, and that from the earlier of them some parts at least of the "eternal and immutable morality" are said to have been omitted because of the hardness of men's hearts. All I care to urge, however, is that the gradual evolution of conscience is by no means inconsistent with the theory of an eternal and immutable morality.

What, after all, do we mean by this phrase? Do we mean that the same acts are always right, and the same acts are always wrong, in every generation and under all conceivable circumstances? This would land us in absurdities. Some antique forms of virtue, such as almsgiving to chance mendicants in public places, have in our day become a sin. It is quite open to maintain, and it is actually maintained by countless believers in eternal and immutable morality, that the Israelites were perfectly right in marrying two or three wives, besides taking to themselves concubines, and also in holding slaves; but the same people hold that such things are very wicked now. No; we cannot mean that the same things are always right under all conceivable circumstances. What we mean is, that there are certain general principles of justice, purity, and kindness, which are applicable to all possible human or quasi-human relations, and which can never be infringed with impunity.* These universal principles are necessarily modified in their application by circumstances, and where they are imperfectly appreciated, they are sure to be applied badly. But they are so essential to human society, that they always avenge themselves when outraged. Thus mankind are disciplined. They gradually learn that it will not do to sin against these laws, and they study methods for applying them better. Thus moral feeling may be gradually developed, though morality itself is "eternal and immutable."

The deepest reason for Miss Cobbe's protest, and that which moves

* I add this, because I do not wish it supposed that I exclude the possibility of moral relations to infra-human or superhuman beings. But where such relations are possible, it is because such beings share either in a lower or a higher degree the human character of sentient needs, affections, or in the case of the superhuman, authority.

most profoundly her sympathetic readers, is that "the doctrine of inherited conscience . . . closes the door against the longed-for belief that intuitions of justice and mercy had their origin in the Maker of all." But why should it? Unless the slow but sure inductions of science can be overthrown, it is certain that the Maker has done many things very gradually which we used to think had been accomplished in an instant. Why should not the formation of man's moral nature be one of these? It is precisely here that I venture to think Miss Cobbe's protest dangerous. In her legitimate zeal for her theistic faith, she seems to be pinning it fast to a theory of instantaneous creation, which is destined to go the way of all other theories of a similar character. It may be brave sometimes to nail our colours to the mast; but it is better, if we can, to avoid choosing a sinking ship for the purpose. Is it possible for the evolution of man from lower forms to be proved, and for the "doctrine of hereditary conscience" to remain unproved? Certainly, if resort may be had to miracle the thing is conceivable. But in the case supposed, is it at all likely that such a resort will be generally allowed? Of course it is open to the opponents of "hereditary conscience" to say that the evolution of man from lower forms is *not* proved. Perhaps not; but things look so uncommonly like it, that I should be sorry to stake so inestimable a treasure as faith in God upon the chance that Darwin's theory of human origin will remain unproved for ten years. So far as Vernon Lee's "Baldwin" is insensible to the Eternal Godhead manifest in every passing phase of the universe, I am profoundly sorry for him and the like of him. Most heartily do I go with Miss Cobbe in her protest on this point. But just because I am so entirely with her here, I deprecate most earnestly the fatal position she assumes toward hereditary conscience.

What is the doctrine of hereditary conscience but the application to humanity at large of our experience concerning each generation? "The child," it is said, "is father of the man." In the same sense the baby is father of the infant, and the infant of the boy, and the boy of the adolescent youth. Each stage inherits very much from the other; but what was only germinant in an earlier stage is unfolded by experience of life in a later. The baby has no conscience. Of that every father of a family is painfully convinced. But the capacity for evolving a conscience is certainly there. Now, in the individual case, is the appearance of conscience a sudden miracle, or is it evolved by experience according to natural law? In the former case there is no reason why such an education as that of Peter the wild-boy should interfere with the miracle. But every one knows that the growth of conscience is like the growth of memory, reasoning, imagination, necessarily dependent on external influences—

that is, on experience. The infant begins, if properly managed, to have an instinct of obedience. In the well-trained boy it has become a confirmed habit. If under some strong incitement he acts against it, he feels uneasy as soon as the temporary influence has passed. He will feel so, even if he is certain no punishment can follow. As Darwin has it, the abiding instinct, having been displaced by a momentary desire, asserts its power again, and the result is inward dissidence or self-reproof. Of course boyhood could not have got a conscience unless its father and grandfather—I mean the infant and the baby—had possessed germs capable of evolution. But certain it is that the baby showed no signs of such a thing. As time goes on, the affections of home, the discipline of school, the buffets of the world, little by little, teach the boy and then the youth, the strength of the bonds that bind him to the order of the world, the imperiousness of duty, the pure joy of loyalty, the hatefulness of falsehood and treachery, the omnipotence of love, the weakness of hate. Did he learn these by a miracle? I am not denying inspiration. Heaven forbid! But I say, did the inspiration come suddenly, like a flash of lightning? If it ever does, that is because, through slowly-operating causes, the soul has accumulated, so to speak, a burden of emotion that discharges itself in light. But such flashes never came to Peter the wild-boy. When he was captured, conscience was as latent in him as it had been in babyhood, and I suppose never could be evolved at all. And why? Because the proper external influences—that is, appropriate experience—did not come at the right time.

I insist upon the manifest fact of the evolution of conscience in the individual. The grown man of average moral development recognizes conscience as a sacred monitor. It tells him, as Miss Cobbe rightly desires, not what is safe, but what is right. It tells him instantly, the moment moral relations are presented, and only then gets confused when the man begins to argue with it, and to demand the grounds of its inspirations. Is not this all that can be desired by the most "transcendental" doctrine of conscience? Yet if the history of that man be candidly examined, it will be found that once he had no conscience at all, and that all the distinctions it now makes dawned imperceptibly upon him in the course of his experience. In fact, as Vernon Lee makes Baldwin say: they have been "enforced upon him by mankind." The man inherited from the youth, the youth from the boy, the boy from the infant, the infant from the baby. And the imperceptible germ in the last was evolved through successive stages by experience—yes, experience, whether of divine or human influences. But does it follow, therefore, that this man's conscience is "a crowned and sceptred impostor?"

ainly not, any more than the eagle is a winged impostor.

because it was once an apparently lifeless speck within an egg. That speck has come to the "supreme dominion" of the air through a course of feeble pecking, and clawing, and fluttering. But it is not the less a perfect thing now, a miracle of swift perception and winged power; not the less divine because God has chosen a slow method of making it.

Now, why should it make so great a difference if the evolution is continued through a number of generations instead of being completed in one? I am permitted to believe in the divinity of a conscience which in the course of twenty-one years has been evolved, by the discipline of the world, out of a little animal to all appearance incapable of such a thing. Why may I not believe in the divinity of a conscience evolved in the course of twenty thousand or twenty million generations from a bigger animal apparently incapable of such a thing? I am told by men of authority, that each generation born into the world now traverses quickly, in the course of growth, the main stages that marked the development of the species through successive generations. But if I venture to apply this to conscience, I am reproached with making it a "crowned and sceptred impostor." And why? Because I am supposed to deny its divinity.

All turns on what we mean by this divinity. If we mean—as, of course, I know Miss Cobbe does *not* mean—an interference by supreme power with the order of Nature, I should have to plead guilty. Certainly I deny the divinity of conscience in that sense. But surely it is becoming more orthodox now to regard as specially divine, not anything that parts the veil of material Nature, but rather anything that makes it translucent and brings us face to face with the eternal power and wisdom which is the secret of all. I think that conscience does this. Granted that it represents the stored-up experience of bygone generations, there is something very wonderful in the provision of such a guide for the pilgrimage of man. Granted that the lessons of experience are enforced by the ill consequences of "courses conducive to degradation and extinction," and the pleasant consequences of others, there is a constant revelation in the transmutation of these experiences into the "categorical imperative" of duty. And this revelation brings us under the very shadow of the Almighty. For the deepest basis of all duty is closely akin to the axiom that "the whole is greater than its part." Experience reveals to us that we are "parts and proportions of one wondrous whole," and, in revealing that, awakens the sacred loyalty which is the ultimate inward appeal of duty. We are "not our own," as the apostle said. Fragments of a whole cannot be their own. And the profoundest inspiration of humanity is the loyal response we are always impelled to make to the obvious

moral demands of this undeniable fact. A member of a family is ashamed to be charged with disloyalty to it. A trades unionist will face starvation rather than play the sneak against his fellows. A patriot is a man who merges self-interest in his country. A philanthropist devotes himself to the race. It is always the greater whole that commands the loyalty of the part. But is there not a grander whole still than the idol of Positivism? Can we stand beneath the heavens without feeling our insignificance commanded by the Universal Life? It is this ultimate loyalty which makes the sacredness of duty; and it is implicitly involved in the very first stirrings of conscience.

But if God does not make conscience all at once, it is feared that it may not be His handiwork at all. Yet Jesus spoke of God as "clothing the grass of the field." I cannot believe that Jesus was thinking of the first chapter of Genesis, and of the dateless time when Elohim said, "Let the earth bring forth grass." He was thinking, I venture to believe, of the actual springtime in which he spoke. And no lapse of seasons, no regular successions of early and latter rains, no gradual germination, or slow budding and bloom, for a moment perplexed his perception of the Father's work. But every lily, though the descendant of countless generations, as it silently assumed its more than kingly glory, was in His eyes arrayed by the finger of God.

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

IF this were not an age in which men had almost ceased to wonder, and had altogether ceased to wonder much and to wonder long, the swift development of our merchant steam marine of iron and steel might well be offered to the astonishment of mankind. A hundred years ago Henry Cort's great invention for rolling iron bars and plates had not been devised, and nothing in the shape of iron plates of which ships could be built existed. Even fifty years ago, although several canal boats and some few coasting steamers had been constructed of iron, two or three of which had made sea voyages on the way to their destinations, the construction of iron ships for ocean navigation, if thought of and spoken of, had not yet commenced. But now it is a matter of daily practice for the American and the Englishman to step on board a steam palace of steel, and sweep across the vast sea desert that separates their shores at the rate of twenty miles an hour. In eight days you pass from Pall Mall to Broadway. The *City of Rome* and the *Alaska* has each steamed over the distance between Sandy Hook and Queenstown in six days and twenty-two hours. As a means of comparing this ocean speed with what was happening before the days of iron hulls propelled by steam engines, it may be instructive and amusing to refer to a piece of evidence once given to a Committee of the House of Commons. The captain of a sailing troop-transport stated that he was on one occasion lying windbound in the Downs, with troops for the West Indies, in company with another vessel similarly employed, and having the same destination. A slant of wind came of which the witness was just able to avail himself, and he got away down Channel. After an ordinary outward voyage, he exchanged troops, and made an ordinary voyage home again ;

many and many a long week elapsing, nevertheless, before he again cast anchor between the Forelands. But when he did so, he had his old companion for a companion again, for the slant of wind that sufficed for the one was insufficient for the other, and there she had lain "above her beef-bones" ever since.

It is to the introduction of iron and steel into shipbuilding that we owe the vast improvement in ocean speed. Neither the strength to resist the enormous strains of modern engines, equivalent to ten thousand horses, nor the length and fineness of form required for the acceptance, so to speak, of high speeds, could have been obtained all the time wood was the sole shipbuilding material. With iron and steel as our material we may be a long way at present from a limit to speed and size. And yet the change in size has been very striking. We may give an instance which will illustrate this, and at the same time illustrate the growth of professional opinion on these questions. M. Dupuy de Lôme, afterwards chief naval architect of the French navy under Napoleon III., made a professional visit to this country in 1842. He went to Bristol, and there inspected the "*Great Britain*," then building. In a report which he subsequently made to his Government, he referred to that ship as "the most gigantic experiment ever tried in the naval department," and stated that "the proportions of the hull depart altogether from any experiment previously made." The *Great Britain* was 274 feet in length; the *City of Rome* is 586 feet.

It is not surprising that in a new marine such as this, which has sprung into existence as an ocean steam marine in half-a-century, questions of grave importance are continually arising, and demanding the enlightened interposition of the administrator and the statesman, as well as of the man of science. It is true that this is a free country, and that the paramount desire is to err, if err we must, on the side of freedom rather than on that of restriction; it is equally true that even where some form of control is imperative, it is immeasurably better for that control to take the form of guidance than to take the form of correction and penalty. Still, even in the most highly civilized conditions of society, and among those races which are most capable of self-government, the State has to interpose between life and property and the ignorance and the recklessness which would sacrifice them; and for this reason, the mercantile marine, even of England, is repeatedly forced upon the attention of the public, the Government, and the Parliament. The purpose of the present article is, however, rather to indicate and to suggest, than to advise, still less to urge, either legislative or administrative improvements.

One matter of the greatest public importance in connection with this subject is the general increase of safety which might be brought

about by the better and more scientific employment of watertight subdivisions in merchant steamers. It is a remarkable fact that the security which may be obtained by the subdivision of the iron hull into water-tight compartments has been recognized from the very commencement of iron shipbuilding. The first iron steamer, the *Aaron Manby*, was built in 1821, by the Horsley Co., Staffordshire, for the navigation of the Seine. She crossed the Channel in 1822, in the charge of the late Admiral Sir Charles Napier, reaching Paris on June 12 of that year. She was constructed in pieces at Horsley, sent to London in that state, and there put together in dock. The use of iron bulkheads was suggested for this first steamer by a man who deserved vastly more recognition than he ever received for many services rendered to steam navigation,—the late Charles Wye Williams, of Liverpool, the founder of that City of Dublin Steam Packet Company which lately resisted with success the effort of the London and North-Western Railway Company to obtain the mail service between Holyhead and Dublin, and the founder likewise of the great Peninsular and Oriental Company. From that time forward Mr. Williams urgently advocated, often with success, the subdivision of iron ships into water-tight compartments.

But the adequate subdivision of the under-water hulls of ships into water-tight compartments is always expensive and often inconvenient, and these are two serious drawbacks in matters commercial. A collision bulkhead near the bow, and a bulkhead or box at the stern through which the shaft of the screw-propeller passed watertight into the passage or tunnel, were for long the usual and the only safety bulkheads which were voluntarily provided. After a time an Act of Parliament required that the machinery and boiler space should be separated from the cargo holds of the vessel by well-fitted bulkheads. As the space occupied at that time by the boilers and engines was comparatively large for the steam power developed, this secured a subdivision of the hull of some value, dividing it roughly into three large compartments. But as ships became longer, and engines more compact, the disproportion between the machinery compartment and the cargo-holds became serious; and in 1862, the compulsory enclosure of that compartment was abolished, and ship-owners and shipbuilders were left to their own devices in the matter. Those devices were not, as a rule, of any great value; in fact, the matter was very generally neglected. It is always exceedingly difficult to induce shipowners to adopt expensive contrivances as mere precautions against the consequences of accidents. Even those things which make a vessel more efficient for the conveyance across the sea of cargo and passengers are, not unnaturally perhaps, often adopted with reluctance when they entail some financial disability upon the shipowner. The operation of the Tonnage Laws has fur-

nished many illustrations of this fact, those laws having tempted people into forms of ship and methods of construction which are less safe than others, but have the advantage of reducing the tonnage dues imposed. And the excuse for shipowners in this respect is much stronger than many people seem to recognize; for, where the adoption of an improvement, or a safety device, is left voluntary, a conscientious shipowner may very readily not only be made to suffer financially from, but even in some trades to be ruined by, the competition of the owner who has no conscience. The loss of interest upon the extra cost of a good ship over a bad ship, even without an increase of tonnage dues, may at times exceed the profits which the cheaper ship realizes.

The facility and frequency with which iron ships have foundered after collision have often been painfully impressed upon the public mind, and the preventable losses of life and property which have thus been allowed to take place have been appalling. The scantiness and inefficiency of the subdivision have been more general and more fraught with public danger than most persons would imagine. When I was about to take my first voyage to New York, not very many years ago, I took some pains to look into the condition of the principal Atlantic mail steamers in this respect, and found surprisingly few which had even a moderate chance of surviving a serious collision. It may be an act of fairness to the White Star Line, and Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, who designed and constructed her, to state that the *Germanic* was at that time, in my judgment, the safest of all the passenger ocean steamers which I examined, and I accordingly crossed "the ferry" in her. It appeared to me then, and it appears to me now, that, for passengers at least, the question of safety under collision and like accidents at sea is incomparably the most momentous. That time is precious, and that the public set a very high value upon speed, is placed beyond doubt by the patronage accorded to each successive fastest ship as she is produced; few of us can plead exemption from even an almost morbid desire to travel quickly; but for my part the saving of a day or two out of nine or ten is a bagatelle by comparison with the sense of satisfaction one experiences in knowing—or would experience were he to know—that there is no one part of the ship upon which he is floated that might not be burst in and filled with the sea without depriving her of the power to keep afloat and complete the voyage.

The effectual subdivision of a ship into watertight compartments is not, however, so free from difficulty as might be supposed, for reasons which can readily be made plain. In the first place, the owner and the shipbuilder are bound to provide for the convenient accommodation of such cargo as the ship is intended to carry, and for its loading and discharge with speed and economy. A moment's

reflection will show that one large open hold would lend itself to these purposes much more readily than an equal space cut up into numerous close compartments. Next, it will be seen that watertight bulkheads to be of any lasting use after an accident must rise up in the ship to a considerable height above the level of the sea, because when a collision occurs and the water is admitted to a compartment, the immersion of the ship is proportionately increased, and if the bulkhead rises to the original sea level only, it will now be brought beneath the sea's surface: as soon as the injured compartment fills, the water will consequently flow over the top of the bulkhead and fill the adjacent compartments on either side and every other into which it can find its way. It is grievous to have to say that hundreds and thousands of iron ships have been sent to sea in which, from this cause, such bulkheads as existed were of little, if any, practical value, and would certainly fail to save the ship when the necessity arose. The watertight divisional partitions of a ship ought therefore, as a rule to be carried up several feet (the necessary height varying with several conditions) above her load-water-line; but in large passenger steamships, with cabin accommodation on several decks, this of course implies that the passenger space must be cut up into close compartments. The inconvenience of this state of things is obvious, and leads most naturally to the fitting of doors which can ordinarily be kept open, and promptly closed on an emergency. Unfortunately, when the emergency arrives, it sometimes happens, in merchant ships, as in war ships, that these doors do not get closed, and thus a grave element of danger is introduced. *H.M.S. Vanguard* was lost from this cause, the water-tight door between her engine-room and boiler-room being allowed to remain open after the engine-room had been pierced by the prow of the vessel which rammed her. Many another vessel has gone down in like manner. Another difficulty arises from the fact that a transverse bulkhead of a ship extending from side to side fails to serve the purpose of separating the compartments if in a collision the bulkhead itself is broken through. Many suggestions have been made for remedying this evil, among which may be mentioned (a) the bringing of the bulkhead, not to the ship's side, but to a water-tight box or casing formed of minor bulkheads, of which two start from the side at a sufficient distance apart to be fairly secure against joint injury from a single blow; (b) the separation of each bulkhead into two as the side is approached, these joining the side at a sufficient distance apart as before, this arrangement being but a variation of (a); (c) the construction of bulkheads in pairs, situated at a short distance apart, so that whichever of the two may be struck, one of the compartments that will be filled shall in every case be very small. It will be seen, however, that each of these remedies adds greatly to the cost and inconvenience of subdividing ships.

In 1875 a most important step was taken by the Government. On the suggestion of Mr. Barnaby, the President of the Construction Department of the Admiralty, the then Board of Admiralty, at the head of which was the late Mr. Ward Hunt, commenced an informal inquiry into the condition of our merchant steam fleet, in so far as bulkhead subdivision was concerned, ostensibly, and more or less certainly, for the purpose of ascertaining how far our great line of steamers were available for conversion in war time into auxiliaries of the fighting fleet. In the Royal Navy the fundamental principle which regulates this question is, that every unarmoured ship, if built of iron, shall be so divided as to be secure against foundering in ordinary weather with any one of her compartments in free communication with the sea. It is obvious that this must be the minimum requirement, if ships are to be at all safe against collisions at sea. It is not by any means a guarantee of safety, even under a single collision, because, as we have seen, a single blow struck upon a bulkhead fills two compartments. Its adoption, however, involved an enormous improvement upon the state of things which existed in 1875, when the Admiralty inquiry commenced. It would not be judicious to state here in detail, even if one possessed them, all the facts disclosed; but I have long been in possession of information which justifies me in stating that a properly subdivided ship was very rarely to be found, even among the finest and best of our great ocean steamship lines. Indeed, it has been publicly and authoritatively made known, that in 1875 there were not thirty British ocean-ships in existence which complied even with the fundamental and minimum requirement of safety.

The Admiralty, therefore, put themselves into communication with shipowners and shipbuilders, with a view to getting at least the fundamental principle, which has been laid down above, applied in some of the steamships that are constantly being built. The primary ground for this interference, if it may be so called, was the necessity for overcoming the reluctance which naval administrators properly felt to placing reliance upon our iron merchant fleet for war purposes. It was assumed that even if, however much improved in their bulkhead arrangements, they would still be no match for unarmoured ships specially built for war service, they might nevertheless, by proper subdivision, be made equal to the ships of their own kind which were likely to be employed against them by an enemy.

"And if this were not so," said Mr. Barnaby, after stating the case,* "and one could go no further than providing reasonable security against capture for our fast merchant ships, it is desirable to show the shipowner in what direction this security may be found, and to aid him in obtaining it. He

* Paper on "The Fighting Power of the Merchant Ship," read at the Institution of Naval Architects, March 22, 1877.

will, in that case, be able to take care of himself on his passages, instead of depending entirely upon the royal fleet for protection. If, as I have said, I went no further, I should have made out a case for asking the owner of our fast ocean-going ships to look after his bulkheads," &c.

It is most gratifying—and it is a striking proof of the influence exerted by the Admiralty in matters touching the scientific part of naval construction—to find that this movement on the part of the Admiralty, heartily supported as it has been by every First Lord of the Admiralty since Mr. Ward Hunt's time, has been energetically responded to by our leading shipowners. Instead of there being less than thirty British ships which could be relied upon to remain afloat with a single compartment flooded by the sea, there are now 300 such ships, including all the latest built first-class steamers, and some besides which embody the further immense advantage of being able "to dispense with the buoyancy of *any two* compartments, and still retain sufficient floating power." Mr. James Dunn (an able Admiralty officer, who has been especially charged by Mr. Barnaby with the superintendence of this question), whose words are here quoted, impressively added:—

"While congratulating ourselves on having as many as 300 well-divided ships, we must not forget that there are more than 4,000 ships of 100 tons and upwards, which would sink if any compartment between the collision and stuffing-box bulkheads were laid open to the sea in smooth water."

Mr. Dunn further said:—

"One important fact I will name before leaving this branch of the subject, and that is, that in no instance where an owner has introduced the additional bulkheads asked for by the Admiralty has he retreated, but rather has he advanced. And this, I submit, is an answer to be accepted to the proposition that bulkheads are practical and consistent with commercial success."

There can be no doubt that every necessary protection for passengers and property is consistent with commercial success, where the owners of competing classes of ships agree in common to introduce it, and do not seek to undercut each other by neglecting it, and saving expense: it is in no degree due to any scientific difficulty, and probably in no great degree due to the commercial difficulty, that we have 4,000 ships afloat liable to be sunk by a single blow. That melancholy fact is due to competition uncontrolled by legislation, unrestrained by mutual agreement among owners, and exempt from all that judicious assistance and gentle pressure which, to its immense advantage and credit, the Admiralty Office since 1875 has succeeded in applying. It would not be fair to Lloyd's Register Office if I failed to acknowledge here that in this, as in some other cases of great moment, its committee, secretary, and surveying staff have done excellent service.

I have dwelt upon this question of the bulkhead division of our steamships because, while, so far as it has gone, it furnishes

an encouraging example of wise and rapid improvement, it vividly illustrates the danger to which property and life have been, and in thousands of vessels still are, needlessly exposed at sea, and how beneficially a Government Department may influence the mercantile marine for good, if it knows how to utilize its opportunities. A public demand is now being made for a large and worthy reconstitution of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. It is scarcely possible to doubt that what the Admiralty has succeeded in accomplishing in this matter of safety bulkheads has resulted from the commanding science and skill which its technical staff is known to possess. If the Board of Trade be raised to an equal position, its staff will in the course of time acquire an equal reputation, and, that done, it is difficult to estimate the advantages which it might confer upon the merchant navy in ways already foreseen. Nor must it be inferred from what has been done, and is being done, in this matter of bulkheads that the future of the question is secured. On the contrary, it may be regarded as in a rudimentary condition at present. I am satisfied that it is possible, and compatible with every reasonable commercial requirement, to construct iron and steel steamers of an unsinkable type—unsinkable, that is, by all but the most extreme accidents, and certainly unsinkable by causes which are now continually sending fine and costly ships to the bottom. But this result must be brought about by much longitudinal as well as transverse subdivision, and by the resort to watertight decks communicated with from above by watertight trunks to an extent scarcely yet thought of. Nothing would tend more to enlarge ocean traffic, and to enable it to compare and compete with land traffic on more equal conditions than at present, than the general resort to unsinkable steamships.

Another matter which is deservedly attracting much public attention at present, and in which the well-being of our merchant marine is much involved, is that of the stability of steamships. Many deplorable accidents have happened at sea from the instability of ships, and it is not doubted by many who are familiar with the subject, and competent to speak upon it, that large numbers of ships which have disappeared at sea and left no record but the word "Missing," have capsized and gone down. It appears to us that this whole question of the stability of ships needs much and grave reconsideration. This is hardly the place in which one can with propriety speak at length of the theory or science of naval architecture, but it will not be improper to say even here that in this, as in some other branches of naval science, the extreme differences that exist between large and fast modern steamships and the ships with which alone the early writers on the subject were acquainted, have brought about conditions which were never by them foreseen. And

not only were they never foreseen by them, they were not foreseen even down to times well within our own recollection and experience. One necessity, for example, which existed in every sea-going sailing ship was stability enough to enable her to stand up fairly under the pressure of wind upon a comparatively large spread of canvas; but this, which was no long time since a quality required by every ship, now enters into consideration in the case of but few and unimportant vessels, and has not to be considered at all, or scarcely at all, in the case of most of our great steam liners. But being an indispensable quality in the old days, it naturally gave direction and form to most of the practical investigations of the stability of ships which took place, and undoubtedly led to some conclusions which have now to be abandoned. Even the very terminology of the stability of floating bodies needs revision, and needs that revision in some of its most fundamental parts. For example, there is probably no word more frequently employed in stability investigations than the word "metacentre," nor is there any word there employed superior to it in importance.

The discovery of the metacentre was made by the distinguished Frenchman, Bouguer, and published by him to the world in the year 1746. Most educated persons now know what the metacentre is in its original and most general meaning; it may be readily understood even by those who have not yet given attention to the subject. Any body whatever that floats upon a fluid at rest in a position of stable equilibrium may be supposed to have a vertical axis passing through its centre of gravity, and the metacentre may be defined as a point in that axis, so situated that were the centre of gravity raised above it the equilibrium would become unstable, and the body would incline until it found a new position of stable equilibrium. It is easy to see just how high up on the axis this point (metacentre) will be situated, because if we apply an external force to the body as it first floated, and give it a very slight inclination, there will obviously be a slight corresponding movement, so to speak, of the centre of buoyancy of the body, and the upward push of the fluid will pass through its new position, and intersect the original axis at some point. This push of the buoyancy will return the body, if you allow it, to its original position, because the equilibrium is stable, but it obviously can only do this on the assumption that the centre of gravity lies below the point of intersection. If it should lie above the intersection mentioned, the effect would clearly be to further incline or capsize the body, and therefore the equilibrium would be unstable. Thus defined, the metacentre has a clear and specific meaning, and one which Bouguer himself most plainly stated.

But unfortunately Bouguer, having in his mind the ordinary ship of his day, and thinking mainly of small inclinations, went on to sp

of the rise and of the fall of the metacentre, and of its movements through small curves, which he called *metacentriques*, or *loci* of metacentres; and this gave the word metacentre a meaning that is not strictly consistent with its fundamental signification, and which soon begins to assume a dangerous form when applied to some bodies, and more especially to ships such as he never conceived, but with which we are fast becoming familiar. Later writers went beyond Bouguer in the same mischievous direction; and in the course of time the word metacentre has come to mean any and every point in which two closely adjacent verticals through successive centres of buoyancy intersect. This use of it has become so general that I was obliged either to employ it, or else to coin a new word to replace it in the Report on the *Daphne* disaster. But in point of fact it is most inconvenient, and may become dangerously misleading to have one word used for two very different purposes, and to signify two sets of points, one set of which is, and one set of which is not, characterized by the very special function of fixing the safe limits of height for the centre of gravity.

But there is yet a fourth meaning which is sometimes given to the word metacentre: it is used to signify the point of intersection of the upright axis of equilibrium, before referred to, by a vertical through the new centre of buoyancy when a large angle of inclination is given to the body. This point the late Professor Macquorn Rankine designated the "Shifting Metacentre," but he might more appropriately have called it "the False Metacentre," for in point of fact it is no metacentre at all. In many cases it possesses none of the properties or characteristics of the true "metacentre," and its designation by that word, even when qualified by the adjective "shifting," introduces a new element of confusion into our terminology. This would be of less moment, no doubt, if the subject belonged solely to the domain of science, and came only under the cognizance of students of science. But it is daily becoming more and more manifest that shipowners, stevedores, masters, and mates of merchant vessels, and others, are much concerned to understand at least the general principles of ship-stability, and it would therefore be very unfortunate should nothing be done to remove defects, and render the subject clear and exact. This work the present writer has in hand.

But a more serious question than that of a confused nomenclature could possibly become, is that of the practice of giving to ships, when free from cargo, such a very small measure of stability that they need not only more careful supervision than they often receive, but the care of more instructed commanders and lesser officers than seem at present forthcoming. We here arrive at a matter concerning which much difference of opinion prevails, and will probably continue to prevail, for it is difficult to grasp in all its details, and

it gravely affects vested interests; let us endeavour at least to make it understood. But here, again, we have to notice a confusion of terms, and find it necessary first to make it quite plain what is intended by the term "stability"—for it is a word that may mislead if taken in its most general sense and without a due appreciation of its technical significance. Professor Osborne Reynolds drew attention to this point at the late meeting of the British Association, at Southport. In reply to an inquiry of mine, since made, he has been good enough to explain his views as follows. After referring to a proposal previously made to define stability in a quantitative sense, as measuring "the greatest angular disturbance from which a ship would recover," and to substitute the term "stiffness" to "measure the righting movement in any position;" Professor Reynolds says:—

"My object was to call attention to the importance of such a system. In recent literature on naval architecture the term stability occurs over and over again in the sense of righting moment, and this under circumstances where the context shows the meaning to be incompatible with any meaning that can be given to the word—for stability must refer to some position in which the ship is stable: so that when it is said that a ship has initial stability, and has some stability at a heel of 90 degrees, it would seem that the ship would be stable (*i.e.*, tend to hold its position) in either of the positions; but, as this is clearly not what is meant, then it would seem that some stability at 90 degrees means that a ship is stable about the erect position for angular disturbances of 90 degrees. This, however, it appears is not the sense in which the words are to be understood, some stability meaning that the ship tends to return *towards*, not necessarily *to*, its erect position, or has some positive righting moment."

Although there is nothing in this statement of the case which in any way corrects or conflicts with the well-understood science of the subject, it deserves careful attention, because it well points out an instance of the looseness with which the word "stability"—like the word "metacentre," as we have seen—has come sometimes to be employed. In its most general sense, the stability of a floating body is nothing more than its tendency to remain in, or return to, a given position of equilibrium. But, wherever this tendency exists, it so exists by virtue of the "righting force," which is called into play upon the disturbance of the body from that given position. Nothing can be more natural, and nothing more convenient, than to identify this righting force with the stability which it produces, and thus to designate the righting force at any angle of inclination (within the range of its operation) the "stability" at that angle. It is of no consequence whether the angle of inclination be small or great, provided the tendency throughout the inclination always is to restore the body to the given original position of equilibrium. Thus far all is clear, and no objection need, we think, be taken to the current use of the word stability to signify the righting force

throughout this range. Supposing, however, the inclination of the body to be carried so far that the righting force disappears, and then continued further still until a new position of stable equilibrium is reached, we shall now have a new righting force coming into play of the same kind, and acting in the same direction, as before; but it is manifest that we can no longer speak of this force as representing the "stability," except on the clear condition that we now refer the word, and the thing, to the second position of equilibrium, and *not* to the first position. Now, Professor Osborne Reynolds is perfectly correct in pointing out that this most essential distinction has not been always observed, and that, in speaking of ships, mere *righting force* acting in a given direction has been spoken of as *stability* without any plain and rigid reference to the position of equilibrium to which, and to which alone, it has relation. It is easy to see how this has been brought about. The practice of investigating the stability of ships at large angles of inclination has sprung up in quite recent years, and in ships of ordinary type and in ordinary conditions the positive righting force, or stability, which has been found to exist has always had reference to the upright position of the ship, and the word "stability" has been therefore freely used to express the righting force *towards* that upright position. Recent events have, however, brought to light the fact—which had not previously been observed—that actual ships (no less than such prismatic bodies as Atwood and other writers have considered) sometimes, in some exceptional conditions, are characterized by the fact that the righting force tending to return the body "towards" its upright position, either did not exist, or else disappeared at comparatively small angles of inclination, and, after a phase of instability had been passed through, reappeared again, while the angle of inclination was still within reasonable limits. In the case of a prismatic body 25 feet square in section, immersed 5 feet, and having its centre of gravity 1 foot above its centre of form, very small instability exists up to about 20 degrees of angle, a series of capsizing forces operating up to that inclination; then a position of stable equilibrium is reached, and there commences (as the body is further inclined) a righting force of small amount, acting, of course, in the opposite direction to those which have been capsizing the body, and therefore tending to return the body *towards* the upright position, but only so far towards it as to reach the second position of equilibrium—viz., that at which the body floats inclined at an angle of 20 degrees from the upright. Now it is very easy to see how these later righting forces happen to have been spoken of as so much stability, seeing that they oppose and overcome the further capsizing of the body; but it is equally easy to see that, as Professor Reynolds has pointed out, the stability so spoken of is not stability at all in the sense of restoring the body *to* its erect position, but is so only in

the sense of restoring the body *towards* that position. That which is true of the prism spoken of may be, under suitable conditions, equally true of a ship; and, we have now to add, is true (not quantitatively, but characteristically) of very many large and fine ships of modern type; and, being true, gives rise to some grave accidents, and to many more anxieties and apprehensions. Such vessels, when in the condition described, refuse to float upright, but loll over if allowed, to whatever angle it happens to be, at which they find a position of stable equilibrium.

Now it becomes important, at this stage of our remarks, to point out that no danger is *necessarily* involved in a ship, under some conditions, having to lie over to even a considerable angle in search of a position of rest. A ship may lie in harbour or in dock just as safely at 12, or 15, or 20 degrees from the upright as in an upright position—nay, if the inclined position be one beyond which the righting forces become great she may even be safer than some other vessel which has stability in the upright position, but the stability of which is very small in amount or in range. We may even go farther than this, and state with perfect confidence, that some ships which have little or no stability in the upright position, but which gather large stability as they incline, and go on increasing it up to very large inclinations, may be safer, very much safer, in storms at sea than some other ships which have considerable stability near the upright, but lose it as the inclination becomes great. On the other hand, it requires no special skill or judgment to see that when ships are in any given condition of stowage, incapable of standing upright or nearly so, and are liable to loll about with small changes of weight, they are in fact exposed to classes of risks from which they would otherwise be free. We have had a striking instance of this recently in the case of the *Austral*. In the state of her cargo, stowage, &c., on the night of her sinking she was exposed to a danger from which a ship endowed with large initial stability under like stowage would have been free. A moderate quantity of coal put on board through her starboard ports sufficed to bring one of her coaling ports under water. The sea poured in, and, further inclining her, brought another and somewhat higher port under the surface; and a comparatively short time sufficed to sink in this manner a splendid ship. It is perfectly true that there were many ways of preventing the catastrophe. Water-ballast might have been let in to increase the stability; the coaling ports should have been closed as they came near the water's surface; the coaling lighter certainly should have been shifted in good time to the opposite side of the ship. But none of these things was done, and the ship sank. The owners appear to have been very careful and painstaking in framing their orders, and to have understood their ship quite well.

The probability is that had their orders been strictly obeyed the accident would not have happened. But the fact remains that the ship was sunk, and that she was so sunk from those in charge of her either not understanding how to handle her, or not caring to handle her properly. I only mention the case here because it seems to illustrate in a remarkable manner the fact that the care in handling which modern ships receive is not equal to their requirements; and that one of two things, probably both, ought to happen: either ships should be built so as to possess greater stability when discharging and loading than some of the finest of them now possess, or else the competence of those who have charge of them should be better seen to. It is not sufficient to say that had the owners' orders been obeyed the ship would have been saved. Orders will always be more or less neglected, or lightly regarded, unless their importance is understood by those who have to obey them. It seems to us beyond a doubt that had the captain of the *Austral* understood the real condition of his ship, and how susceptible she was to easy inclination, he could not have gone to bed, and let strangers sink her under him, as he did.

It will occur to some readers to ask why ships are so designed and constructed as to be without stability under probable conditions of stowage? Why should not every ship that has to proceed to sea be endowed with abundant stability under all circumstances? There are many reasons why forms unfavourable to this all-prevalent stability are adopted. One is suggested by the consideration that whether a high speed be desired, or a moderate speed be sought economically, there is an obvious advantage to be gained by making the water-lines of ships finer than was usual in the days of sailing ships. But this fineness of the water-lines is in itself unfavourable to stability, as we shall presently see. It has further been supposed that not only finely terminated water-lines, but also smallness of beam or breadth, is favourable to economical propulsion; this view gaining much credence from the fact that steamships which have been lengthened by the insertion of an extra thirty, forty, or fifty feet of length amidships have been faster afterwards, with a given amount of engine-power than they were before. This fact admits of another explanation, and the belief in the desirability of making steamships very long and narrow is now rapidly declining; but while it lasted it had a great effect upon the forms and proportions of vessels. The effect of narrowness and fineness upon stability will be seen in a moment by those who remember that the expression for the height of a ship's metacentre is a fraction into the numerator of which the load water-line *length* enters only once, but is multiplied by the *cube* of the load water-line *breadth*, the denominator being the displacement of the ship. Every reduction, therefore, in the

breadth of the load water-line of the ship involves a comparatively large reduction in the height of the metacentre, and therefore in the stability. But there is another reason why very large stability in sea-going conditions should not be given to ships. We have seen that stability implies that the water has a power over the ship, and enables it to insist upon her floating in some definite position in relation to its surface—compelling her, in fact, when left free, to assume some position of stable equilibrium, whether that be an upright position or an inclined one. Now this power of the sea over the ship is not confined to still water; it exists just as effectually (though under some modifications of the conditions) when the sea itself is forced up into waves as when it lies motionless; and as this power over a given ship is measured by her stability, it becomes clear that to give very large stability to a vessel is to give to the sea a proportionate power over her, and consequently to give to the sea-waves a proportionate power of rolling her about with them. This, of course, is very undesirable, and consequently the naval architect has to seek, as others have, the happy medium—viz., stability enough for all purposes, but not an unlimited amount of it—not enough to make his ship knock about at sea to the distress of herself, her machinery, her stowage, and all on board of her. It is not surprising that with this necessity for moderate stability forced upon him in the case of ships which have to float at times without any cargo and coals, and at other times with four or five thousand tons of cargo and coals in their holds, the designer sometimes gives her no stability at all in the upright position when light, and leaves it to those who undertake her management to so regulate the cargo, coals, and water-ballast, as to keep her always safe.

This brings us face to face with a most serious question: Are the training and education of our ship-masters and junior officers such as to qualify them to discharge efficiently the duties with which we see them here confronted? It is difficult to write effectively on this subject if one writes with perfect candour, because there are so many kindly disposed persons actively employed in praising and sustaining almost everything and everybody that happens to be found fault with, that sound and honest, and what might be improving criticism is always met with fulsome adulation of the persons or class reflected upon. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the very same person performs the double function of giving and neutralizing sound advice. I am afraid that Sir Thomas Brassey is open in some degree to this reproach. Having a strong conviction that the present system of officering and manning our great steamship lines is altogether wrong, and that it is just as much a matter of science to manage and work these large and costly steam fleets as it is to construct them, I turned to the last volume of Sir Thomas Brassey's

work on "The British Navy," which treats of "British Seamen," to see what so laborious and experienced a gentleman had to say on this vital question. One of the first things my eye fell upon was this marginal note or summary—"While many merchant officers deficient, the majority competent, and some most highly qualified." Believing, as I do, that the number qualified to take charge of these steamers of varying stability is very small indeed, I looked into the adjacent paragraph, and there found it had relation solely to "navigation," and that only in the narrow sense of making the coast accurately, and avoiding dangers in thick and tempestuous weather. In the next paragraph Sir Thomas, however, goes further, and says: "The examinations introduced by the Board of Trade have unquestionably led to a rapid advance in the standard of professional attainment. Our merchant service possesses many officers who would be ornaments to any profession. England was never better prepared to furnish armaments without a rival on any sea." Sweeping adulations like these, although, if thoroughly searched to the bottom, they would probably be found to have no bearing at all upon the competence of shipmasters to handle the many crank and unstable steamships that exist, nevertheless make it very difficult to bring about any great improvements in the existing system of mercantile marine management, which, if the service were as novel as are the ships to be commanded, would be regarded as ridiculously inefficient, and which owes its toleration, as it owes its existence, to the fact that it is a continuation of a system that answered well enough under very different circumstances.

The chapter on the "Officers of the Merchant Service," in the work of Sir Thomas Brassey, already quoted, is not, however, without many indications that the author—even from his special point of view, which does not seem to regard some of the most important of the modern duties of merchant officers—is very sensible indeed of the deplorable condition of our merchant marine. To illustrate this, I take the liberty of extracting the following passages:—

"The views of the Board of Trade are sanguine and reassuring; but when we take into view the many additional facilities which science has given to navigation in modern times, the improvement in the lighting of the coasts, the immense facilities from the application of steam-power to marine propulsion, the increased tonnage of the modern sailing vessels, and, not least, the great structural strength resulting from the substitution of iron for wood in all ships of large tonnage, it is scarcely satisfactory to find that the losses have kept pace in such unbroken regularity with the increase in the tonnage. The number of collisions and disasters attributable to carelessness, tends to confirm the impression that the navigation of our merchant service falls very far short of perfection. . . . It may be appropriate to point out that in no instance has an officer been punished, except by loss of certificate, for gross negligence, even when leading to loss of life, since the case of the *Orion* in Scotland, more than twenty years ago."

Again :—

“Having called attention to the fact that many British vessels are inefficiently commanded, we must proceed to consider the various means by which an adequate professional status and efficacy may be secured for the officers of the merchant service. To raise them to a higher level, both as regards attainments and social position, would be the most effectual means of promoting the security of life and property at sea. The officers in command must be the persons best acquainted with the condition of their ships, with their behaviour at sea, the amount of cargo that can be safely carried, and the proper mode of stowage. The difficulty is to secure in the masters of vessels that personal independence without which no reliance can be placed on their judgment.”

And again :—

“There is a lamentable want of independence among the engineers and masters of ships of an inferior class. It is the natural consequence of deficient education in men promoted from the ranks, who know themselves to be in danger of instant dismissal if they have the misfortune to give offence to their employers.”

Sir Thomas Brassey goes on to offer many suggestions for the improvement of officers of the merchant marine, recommending, among other things, that the standard of their examination should be raised ; that young officers should be taken from superior classes of society ; that a certain number of such cadets should go through the theoretical course of training given to the Royal Navy cadets at Dartmouth, and side by side with them ; that the Government should otherwise aid in training officers for the merchant service, and so forth. All these suggestions are excellent, and it is lamentable to know that with the author of them installed within the walls of Whitehall, as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, and with a Government in office that considers itself a reforming one, and tries somewhat to be so, we are just as far as ever from any and every improvement of the kind. But more urgently needed than any specific item of improvement suggested in the work quoted, is the comprehension by those concerned of the great fact that the period for the shipmaster of the old type is rapidly passing away, and has altogether passed away in so far as our great steam liners are concerned, and, indeed, in so far as our whole steam fleet is concerned. The age of science has come for the merchant marine, as well as for many other services and enterprises ; and it is high time that it should be everywhere understood that it is dangerous to life, dangerous to property, dangerous to every interest involved in the mercantile marine of this country, to longer neglect the provision of officers and men competent to put steamships to their legitimate uses with due security.

In the opinion of the present writer, there is no longer any sufficient ground for the hard distinction which now exists between the nautical and engineer officers of the marine. At present neither class is properly educated and prepared for its work. When once

we set about educating both classes, we shall find that almost the whole of the theoretical education, both general and scientific, which underlies navigation and engineering is common to both. A highly educated engineer would master in a single month everything that is theoretical in the art of navigation which merchant captains now know, and only the highly educated engineer—I here use the word “engineer” in its broad sense, as representative of a man possessing a scientific knowledge of the construction and qualities of a ship and her machinery—is fit to keep a ship safe both in port and at sea. It need not be said that in the practical art of navigation there are a thousand things to be learnt which can only be acquired by practice upon the bridge and upon the deck; but there is nothing in a scientific education to disqualify men from acquiring these, or from acquiring them more efficiently than the half-educated or uneducated men who now form the larger number of ship captains ever succeed in acquiring them. Of course, the training of the bridge and of the deck, commenced in youth, and always pursued, would be indispensable to every one set to command and to navigate a ship; but there is no reason why every officer of a merchant ship should not acquire as far as needful this experience. The important thing is to recognise the undoubted fact that the command and management of steamships rests upon a scientific basis, and that some substantial scientific training should be imparted to every officer who is to command and manage them. In the Royal Navy the distinction between the ordinary executive officer and the navigating officer was obstinately persisted in until quite recently, to the great detriment of both classes. Both in the Royal and in the Merchant Navy distinctions as little reasonable are still maintained; but these also will pass away with the progress of time and the spread of intelligence. As matters now stand, it is not to be doubted that splendid and costly ships, perfectly safe and manageable when their qualities are properly understood, are involved in frequent risk, and occasionally thrown away, because as soon as completed they are handed over to the care of men who are ignorant of their characteristics, unacquainted with the scientific principles upon which their safety depends, and guided only by experience which, under such novel conditions, is less likely to lead than to mislead them.

E. J. REED D.

THE FUTURE PROSPECTS OF MADAGASCAR.

NOW that Madagascar is exciting so much interest in English circles, and the events which have occurred in connection with that island and our neighbours across the Channel have attracted the attention of so many, popular inquiry naturally centres in the questions: "How is it to end? What will be the probable effect of the action of the French on the island? and what is to be the future of its interesting and (notwithstanding the estimate of the French) rising people?"

British interests in Madagascar are too small to account for the anxiety felt in this country for the great African island. The French press would have the world believe that English jealousy of the progressive foreign policy of France is the only reason for the sympathy expressed for the Malagasy envoys and the despatches of Lord Granville to the President of the Republic. This we repudiate most emphatically. The anxiety of England is not against French aggrandizement, but she is moved by that strong John Bull feeling, which hates to see either the powerful struck after he is down, or the weak bullied, thrashed, or annihilated. But it seems impossible on the part of the French, especially those in the colonies, Bourbon, Mayotta, and Nosi-be, to believe that English feeling for the Malagasy can be disinterested. They profess to believe that we do not wish the French to take possession of Madagascar simply because we want it ourselves. True, English policy cannot come into the discussion with clean hands, but in no case has England gained possession of territory on such baseless and far-fetched, if not childish pretensions as those brought forward by the French in support of their present action in Madagascar. These pretensions, called by our credulous neighbours "claims," have already been fairly put

before the British public in the pamphlets published by the Madagascar Committee, and in this REVIEW for January last. In the tracts published by that Committee, the matter is, if anything, put far too mildly, and the utter want of manliness in the conduct of M. Le Timbre and the French Commissaire is not sufficiently dwelt upon. In fact, more recent events—the bombardment of Mojanga and Tamatave—exemplify in a remarkable way the want of this trait in the French politicians, when dealing with nations which they choose to stigmatize as “altogether uncivilized.” Shall we call it childish—or does it not require a stronger and more repulsive term—to have bombarded defenceless villages of straw huts in the north-west, while the unarmed, aged and sick inhabitants were still in their houses? What word can we use to characterize their action in bombarding Tamatave with six men-of-war for an hour and a half, while no answering fire came from the deserted forts, and scarcely a native was to be seen? What “glory” to a great and mighty nation like France was expected to accrue from fighting at such a distance from the enemy that, as was known, no weapons in the Hovas’ hands could reach them, and the only effect would be to prevent their enemy coming to a decisive conflict?

It is true that the French have gained Mojanga on the north-west and Tamatave on the east coast, but that means nothing, absolutely nothing, towards the final accomplishment of their aims, or the ratification of the so-called claims. Neither port is the centre of government, and neither place is of much importance to the ruling powers. The French admiral fondly imagined that by cutting off the supplies coming from Europe and the neighbouring islands of Bourbon and Mauritius he would soon bring the Hova Government to his feet; and that it would be only too ready to accede to his demands for the sake of regaining its posts at these two ports, and once more enriching itself with the customs duties, and its people with the profits of trade. Admiral Pierre knew so little of the country and its resources, of the people and their patriotism, that he calculated on the interception of foreign commerce producing the greatest possible calamity among the people with whom, he thought imported calico, flour, boots and shoes, &c., were absolute necessities. Never was an official more profoundly mistaken. The Hovas can exist in comfort and happiness without any of these things. Foreign commerce does not introduce a single necessary; every article from abroad is a luxury. To understand this it is needful to remember that many things which we could ill dispense with have been understood by the Hovas for but a comparatively few years, little more than half a century, and the ancient style of dress and living have never really disappeared. No very violent change then has to be made by the people, even the most luxurious, in a complete return to the condition, so far as affects their

physical wants, in which they existed previously to the time that commerce introduced her comforts.

All house-building materials are to be found in the country : wood, stone, brick, tiles, &c., have never been imported ; and although Birmingham and Sheffield supply a great quantity of the iron required in building and the cutlery of the household, yet the making of these goods has never ceased to be one of the native industries, finding employment for a great number of people in and near the capital. Cotton, hemp, flax, and silk are successfully grown and prepared in various parts of the country, and very good cloth is manufactured from these articles, especially in Imerina. These goods can in no wise compare with the imported fabrics in style, fineness, regularity and beauty of texture ; but they are durable, and have always been preferred by some tribes to the cloth from England or America. Many hides are exported, but a fair proportion are retained and tanned in the country, and from the leather thus obtained very good boots and shoes are manufactured by native workmen. The food supply is amply provided for in the products of the country ; rice is the staple commodity, but the people do not depend exclusively upon it, as there are large quantities of manioc, sweet potato, arum and yams cultivated, while wheat and the potato receive a large share of attention and repay the cultivator with good harvests and undiseased crops. Not only are the products good, but they are raised with a comparatively small expenditure either of money or labour. The minerals of the country are at present used to a very limited extent, except iron, which has, since the time that English charity sent artisans to teach the Malagasy the great value of it, been extensively worked in different parts of the island.

From these considerations it will be readily seen that not only does the country produce sufficient for the wants of the people, but the natives have shown a ready and grateful appreciation of the benefits to be derived from the arts and manufactures introduced among them by a civilized nation which was at once generous and disinterested. During the time that has elapsed since the first endeavour was made to civilize the Hovas, such a marked and rapid advance in the arts of civilization has never been made by any nation. The people have risen as at a bound from barbarism to enlightenment, from poverty to comparative wealth. Nor have they been content with simply learning various arts ; great progress has been made ; and now their houses are described as " detached villas," and their dress as " resembling that of Englishmen." Their ironwork, their knives and files, their silver and gold jewellery, and their weaving have not only interested but astonished manufacturers, and the needlework of their women has called forth the admiration of artists in this country.

It is often remarked that a country possessing no roads better than sheep-tracks, cannot be occupied by any but a barbarous people, as the formation of roads is one of the first signs of advancement, and a ready means of communication the first requirement of civilization. But in this connection it has to be remembered that not only do the Government and people possess an expeditious means of conveyance for news, despatches, &c., but their conservatism has always rendered them jealous of the interference of foreigners, and their patriotism has caused them to dread any great and sudden influx of those from the outside world who might become a source of dispute with other nations, or might even become so numerous as to wrest the Government from the hands of the ruling powers. The native runners can carry a message from the capital to Tamatave, a distance of about 220 miles, in two and a-half days; and although it seems cumbersome to Englishmen, burdens of some fifty to eighty pounds weight can be transported on men's shoulders, by the same route, in six or eight days. Hence, seeing that, as has been already shown, the people possess in their own capital, and round it, all the necessities of a life far removed from barbarism, and are able to communicate rapidly with distant parts of the country, and depend to no material extent on the imports from abroad, is it surprising that they have not expended money and labour upon road-making, which they knew would render their position in the centre of the island far less impregnable?

It may be said that this is a short-sighted policy, and, applying the rules of political economy to their case, that it is a shutting out of considerable wealth from the country. But it must be admitted that the first efforts of a Government ought to be directed to the strengthening of its position as ruler, law-maker, and judge. This the Hovas have been doing for the past eighty or ninety years, in the face of violent opposition from the tribes in the country, and at times against the machinations of a foreign power that has been ready in an underhand manner to make hollow treaties of protection with banished rebel chiefs. Who that seriously thinks of the many efforts made by the French to gain a footing in the island, and their high-handed policy with the central Government, can wonder if the people elect to place no more facilities in their way to the capital, and prefer their present position of comparative comfort to a life of greater wealth and luxury at the expense of the probable loss of political existence?

But it is not only in the arts of civilization that this great progress has been made during so short a time; the greatest and surest exponent of civilization—liberty—has also been secured. During the past twenty years a code of laws has been formulated that has been the admiration of all who are willing to see in the Malagasy anything

her than a "nation altogether uncivilized." In this code each offence has its own penalty attached, and one remarkable feature is the infrequency with which capital punishment is allowed to be inflicted. Only for such crimes as in England are punished with death is the same judgment now given in Madagascar. Remember that only forty years ago, in the same country, life was considered of secondary importance, and the greatest barbarities were inflicted in the name of the law; when the judges were corrupt, and the "fanga" ordeal was constantly resorted to for the detection of crime, one can more easily comprehend the advance which has been made in this direction. Twenty years ago the Government was a despotism, the sovereign's word was law without appeal, and "sanctity of human life" was not recognized. But a "bloodless revolution" has taken place in the country since that time. No Parliament exists, and no representative body chosen by the people has any voice in the government of the country, but the authority of the sovereign has gradually been circumscribed and limited. A Council, consisting of the nobles and officers above a certain rank, to have unrestrained entrance to the palace, is always consulted by the queen in all important matters affecting the country, and no law is formulated without the consent of the majority. In matters of very grave consequence even the mass of the people are consulted, and in this way a popular voice is introduced into the councils of the Government. As an illustration of this may be mentioned the case at "Kabary" called to decide upon the answer to be sent to the "Ultimatum" recently received by the Government from the late Admiral Pierre and Commissaire Baudais. On June 7 the people gathered in thousands, and the Prime Minister, after recounting what had taken place on the north-west coast, said:—

On Tuesday the Ultimatum arrived from Admiral Pierre and Mons. Baudais. It is a lengthy document, but these are the points to be submitted to you:—They claim a third of Madagascar, and demand two hundred thousand dollars; moreover, the time allowed for answering their despatch is eight days; that is, three days for conveying it to the capital, two for considering its contents, and three for conveying the answer to the coast; and in the event of our not acceding to their demands, or of the answer not arriving in time, should Raindriamampandry (the Governor of Tamatave) make any military preparations, or move any troops, then they will bombard and destroy all ports on the east coast. Now, shall we yield to their demands, or what do you think we should do?"

Then the people refused with a loud shout, saying, "God forbid that we should do that." They stood up one after another, and made speeches, tribe by tribe protesting against any cession of territory to the French, though but the size of a grain of rice. In many different speeches they showed that they did not in the least shrink from death in defence of their country; they begged for guns

and spears, and that every able-bodied man should be drilled so that one and all might fight in defence of their fatherland.

Then the Prime Minister spoke again as follows :—

“ This also I have to say, sirs! you have heard the demands of the French and liberty of choice has been given you, O, ye people, as to whether they should be acceded to or not. And I see that you refuse. Now, this is the message our sovereign entrusted me with :—‘ When you have heard the people’s reply, and they do not accede to the claims of the French, but reject them, then say this to them. All countries have been divided out by God, that each nation may possess its own; and God gave this land to my ancestors, and has now entrusted it to me. This country had its boundaries fixed by Andrianampoinimerina, and was conquered by the prowess of Radama I. Your grandfathers were maimed and hindered in those days as they carried into execution the purposes of Andrianampoinimerina; yea, some of you now present were there, and saw these things with your own eyes. And this kingdom has been governed in justice and righteousness, and the way in which I have ruled over it you have both seen and heard. We made treaties with foreigners across the seas; nay, whether we had treaties or not, all foreigners have received respectful and honourable treatment; and even when they did things that grieved us, I have borne with them from my desire to see wisdom advancing in this country. All foreigners who have made treaties with us have acknowledged that Madagascar belongs to me; and even the French acknowledge this in the treaty they made with me in the year 1868. Yet now, the French say: ‘ A third of Madagascar belongs to us.’ Therefore, I say to you, O, my people, that if this country, which God has entrusted to me, the country where my ancestors rest, and where the bones of your forefathers lie buried, is claimed by others; why then I stand up in defence of the goodly heritage God has given me. God made me a woman, but when anyone tries to seize the heritage He has given me, and the country subdued by my ancestors is disturbed, then I feel strong to go forth as your leader; for I should feel disgraced, O, my people, were I not to defend the heritage which God has given me. This is a righteous war in which we are engaged. I have made every possible effort to maintain friendly relations; I have borne and submitted to things that no one could have expected me to bear. I am not invading others, nor seeking to destroy others; but I am invaded by others, and others are seeking to destroy me. Fear not, therefore, seeing that you have the right on your side, for if those who are unjustly invading, and claiming what belongs to another, have no fear, much less we who are defending our own. I have all confidence, therefore, O, my people, for the right is the weapon with which we are defending this country, and the issues of war are in the hands of God. Is it not so, O, my people?”

“ It is so,” said the people.

“ I have no wish to excite you, but report says that they will come up here (into the interior), and will break open the tombs where your forefathers and your fathers rest, that they may seize your property; for the wealth of the Malagasy, they say, is to be found in their tombs. Now, can you bear that, O, my people?”

Then the people replied with a great shout, “ God forbid that we should do that.”*

The Government have, in this way, not only shown their hand to the people, but granted them a certain right of decision, which

* Translated by Rev. G. Cousins from the *Gazety Malagasy*, Antananarivo, July 1, 83.

will be so powerful a precedent that the people will never lose again the privilege of having a voice in all important political matters.

During the past ten years a marked change of opinion and sentiment regarding the slave question has been forcing itself into notice. Very many have begun to have serious doubts regarding the morality of slavery; and the efforts of the Government have been directed towards paving the way for its complete suppression. The first great departure was effected when, by royal decree simultaneously promulgated in every part of the country, the whole of the imported slaves were set at liberty, whether they had been introduced since the signing of the treaty with England in 1868 or before. By this, not only were great numbers of people set at liberty, but an effectual check was given to the illicit importation of slaves from Mozambique by the Arabs, who had up to that time been the chief agents in this abominable trade. In the code of laws already mentioned, slave-dealing—that is, in domestic slaves—is declared illegal, and that dark blot on the civilization of the capital, the “slave market,” has been abolished.

In prognosticating the future of any person or of any nation, we are driven for our data to examine the past history of either, and from such facts as are there presented to us, to make our deductions by a system of analogy. The above facts have been given here, not so much with the intention of supplying information, as to use them as a means of estimating the probable future of Madagascar.

We confess that the political horizon is dark, and the ultimate outcome of present difficulties is shrouded in gloom. But judging from the tone of the Government and the people, no concession of territory will be made to the French. The Malagasy are a most determined people—their determination approximating to obstinacy: and when they say, “God forbid that we should give up land even of the size of a grain of rice,” it means that the French will never obtain undisturbed possession of any part of the mainland till all the Hovas are exterminated. If the French are likewise determined to take possession, and send a sufficiently large army to carry out the abominations practised at the fall of Hue, as described and gloated over by one of their own people,* then the future of Madagascar will in all probability coincide very closely with the condition of Tahiti or perhaps New Caledonia, where nothing is gained from the people but their bitter hatred, and where commerce and morality are almost improved off the face of the islands.

Nothing is further from an Englishman’s wish than a prospect of war with our friends across the Channel, but every right-minded Briton feels a certain amount of indignation at the idea of a rapidly-advancing, though still young and weak, nation, being crushed by a

* See *The Standard* of October 18, 1883.

great and mighty power like France. The feeling of a growing power within animates the Malagasy character. The Hovas believe that they have the making of a great nation in them. They know and say that they are weak and ignorant, but they believe they are growing and advancing fast.

They look back to the condition that their grandfathers were in only a few years since, and compare that state with their present comfort; they put the barbarism of their people two generations back by the side of the civilization around them; and are they logically wrong when they argue that since such vast strides have been made in the past few years, the like progress will exhibit itself in the future? There is an intense desire for improvement among all the people; an earnest wish to become great among the nations, and this aspiration, after what we cannot help believing is beyond their reach, will yet land them in the not far distant future, on a pinnacle from which they will look down upon some of the older civilizations of the earth, which have renounced the struggle for eminence, and are rapidly sinking into apathy.

From a foreigner's point of view, Madagascar presents an alluring future. The resources of the country, which has long been suspected of being rich, have, nevertheless, never been developed. No industry has been fairly tried except sugar-making, which succeeded so well in the hands of its first promoters that numbers have followed in their wake, seeing in the enormous productive powers of the soil and climate a sure and ready road to fortune. This industry employs plant, &c., to the value of about one million dollars around Tamatave alone, and of this, British interests are valued at 80 per cent., while one English firm estimates its actual loss, from the impossibility of cutting this year's canes, at between eight and ten thousand pounds. Many other valuable products might, it is believed, be raised from the soil and become articles of great commercial value, such as coffee, vanilla, cloves, cinnamon, and tea, while the low-lying swampy tracts might be made a mine of wealth to the rice grower.

The mineral wealth of the country remains to the present day an unknown quantity; the extreme jealousy of all outside influence having induced the Government to make it a criminal offence for any native to search for metals, and a cause for expulsion from the country for any foreigner to prospect for gold, silver, &c., or to sink any mine. There is, nevertheless, sufficient evidence to show that the mineral wealth of the country is great.

The means of communication are at present bad; but roads would not be difficult of construction, and railways might be formed with comparatively small expense. In fact, more than one firm in London have made the offer to build a railway from the coast to the capital, the only obstacle to the enterprize being the want of security for the land, on the one hand, and the still imperfectly settled confidence in

foreigners on the part of the people. Now that these troubles have come upon the Malagasy, they are exultant that their opposition to foreigners stood sufficiently in the way of their making roads and railways; because, as they readily see, these would only have been a source of weakness in the present struggle; while the want of any easy mode of moving bodies of men accoutred as European soldiers are constitutes their greatest strength. They have cut off supplies from the French troops, who well know the difficulty and danger of penetrating into the country. But when the Government shall feel itself strong enough within, and by alliance with other nations, to cope with immigrants, there will be no difficulty either regarding the land question or the improvement of internal communication. The Government are not opposed to progress, and the life of the late Queen, just published in Madagascar, shows how much she was willing to do systematically from her private purse for the elevation of her subjects, and for the advancement of her country. The present Queen in a public "Kabary" has intimated her intention to follow the policy of her "mother"; and the Prime Minister, several years ago, in answer to a request from some traders in Tamatave, said that neither he nor the Queen would offer any opposition to the formation of canals between the lagoons near the coast. This could easily be done with but a small amount of capital, thus connecting ports and towns near the coast, which are at present with the greatest difficulty approached from the sea. The rivers are broad and fairly deep inland, and can be made a fine means of inter-communication, although they are of no use as harbours, being blocked with sand-bars at their mouths.

Another essential item in the consideration of the probable advancement of a country from a commercial point of view, and from the standpoint of the foreigner, is the labour question. In this the capitalist meets with no difficulty in Madagascar. There is plenty of good and reliable labour for those who treat the native workmen in a fair and honest fashion; who pay their wages when due, and do not try civilized dodges for cheating the labourers of their fairly-earned wages. It is true they come to Tamatave from a distance inland and farther south, but the foreigner has himself to thank for this inconvenience; the unlimited introduction of Mauritius and Bourbon rum having completely demoralized the natives in the vicinity of the ports, near which the principal demand for labour exists. If, as was earnestly desired by the native Government, a restrictive duty were placed upon this vile importation, and upon its manufacture in the sugar mills of the country, there is no reason in the world why the Betsimisaraka should not become as good workmen as the Taimoro and Tanala. But so long as 10,000 barrels of this crude spirit are introduced for consumption in one year, among a people numbering perhaps half a million, it is unreasonable to

hope that the labour market will be supplied by them. But as the Government sees this, and recognizing its evil effects upon the people, is desirous of restricting the traffic, surely European nations cannot much longer refrain from allowing the Queen to place a much higher duty on that which is killing off her subjects by thousands.

Turning to the religious and moral progress of the people during the past, there is as great hope for the future in this direction as in that of purely commercial, social, and political elevation. Although some Roman Catholics in the seventeenth century made the first endeavour to introduce Christianity, it was utterly futile; no lasting effect was made on the people, and the fruits of their zeal perished with them. It was not till 1821 that Christianity was really effectively introduced among the Hovas, and the history of its development has been one of the greatest marvels in the history of the Christian Church. A period of less than twenty years of frequently interrupted work on the part of a handful of British missionaries was succeeded by one of the fiercest persecutions for Christ's sake that the world has of late years seen. But the honesty of the people's convictions was shown in the fact that, notwithstanding the royal mandate forbidding the reading of the Bible and meetings for prayer—in spite of the number of nobles, of women and of children even, who suffered death for conscience-sake—when the country after nearly thirty years was again opened to the missionaries, the number of Christians had, instead of diminishing, increased nearly thirty-fold. From that time, 1862, to the present day, steady, rapid progress has been made, till now the churches number over 1,200, the native adherents 300,000, and the scholars in the schools over 100,000. In 1862 the only literature possessed by the people was the Bible and one or two tracts; in 1880 it was reported that "the publications of various kinds issued from the Mission Press since 1870 had not been less than 1,500,000."* From the same authority we learn that during nine and a-half years the total issue of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture amounted to 132,902, while the oldest periodical, *Good Words*, has a monthly circulation of 2,700. English is being taught and eagerly acquired by the people, who will thus find access to the stores of English literature with its ennobling influences to the thoughtful mind. These facts and figures tell their own tale of substantial progress and prospective advancement. Let us hope that whatever may be the outcome of the present difficulty there will be a glorious future for the "Great African island."

GEORGE A. SHAW.

* "Ten Years' Review of Mission Work in Madagascar." Antananarivo, 1880.

THE LEEDS CONFERENCE.

THE only critical question submitted to the great Liberal Conference at Leeds was, whether the Government should be pressed to bring forward a Bill for the extension of the franchise to householders in counties next Session. On every other subject that was likely to be discussed it was believed that the Conference would be practically unanimous; on this there were reasons for anticipating the gravest differences of opinion.

The question of urgency was, therefore, very properly raised by the first Resolution, which declared—

“That this Conference, believing that the extension of the franchise is a matter of paramount and urgent importance, is of opinion that it is the duty of Her Majesty's Government to introduce a Bill dealing with the question in the next Session of Parliament.”

This was met by two Amendments, both of which were rejected by overwhelming majorities; and finally the Resolution was passed with demonstrations of most earnest enthusiasm, and, although it would be unfair to suppose that its opponents were converted, not a solitary hand was raised against it.

Strenuous attempts have been made to depreciate the value of the decisions of the Conference as an indication of the judgment of the Liberal party. One hostile critic has insisted that there were very few Members of Parliament present. He seems to have forgotten that the Conference represented those active Liberal politicians on whose support Liberal Members of Parliament depend for their seats. Members of Parliament were not invited. Those who came, came because they were elected by Liberal Associations or Liberal Clubs, or as official representatives of the three organizations by which the Conference was convened. The 2,500 delegates were appointed by nearly 500 Liberal organizations, and at least 1,600 delegates were

present and voted on the first Resolution. The value of the opinion of an assembly constituted on this basis is to be measured by the degree to which Liberal Clubs and Liberal Associations represent the active Liberal force of the constituencies.

Everybody who knows anything of how elections are won in the great Yorkshire towns knows the power of the Liberal Clubs; and on the question of the representative character of the Liberal Associations the splendid loyalty of the Manchester Liberals to the Manchester Liberal Association in the recent election, a loyalty displayed under conditions of extraordinary severity, is decisive. I do not care to count the number of the Liberal members who were present on the seventeenth of October in the Albert Hall; it is quite enough for me to know that the hall was densely crowded by the representatives of the fighting strength of the Liberal party, and that it voted with practical unanimity for the "urgency" of Parliamentary Reform.

Other critics tell us that "the resolutions of the Committee were carried as a matter of course;" that in such an assembly there could be no discussion; that "the delegates had made up their minds before they came." But if the delegates "had made up their minds before they came," why was it that the resolutions of the Committee were carried "as a matter of course?" The reason must have been that the Committee which drew the resolutions had formed a true judgment on the temper of the Liberal party throughout the country.

It cannot be urged that the Associations represented at Leeds had not had sufficient time to consider the principal question on which the Conference was asked to pronounce a decision. Last May a meeting of the Committee of the National Liberal Federation was held in London, at which it was resolved: (1.) That the Bill for the extension of the franchise should take precedence of all other Government measures, and should be laid before Parliament next Session; (2.) That the Bill for the extension of the franchise should be separated from the Bill for the re-distribution of seats.* On both of these questions it was felt that wide differences of opinion might exist among zealous Liberals—differences which, if they were not reconciled, might occasion serious embarrassment to the Government. It was, therefore, resolved, at the same meeting, that "in

* I give the text of these two Resolutions. They are in the following words:—
1.—"That Her Majesty's Government were placed, in office by the Liberal party in order that they might carry certain urgent measures of Reform, amongst which the *Extension of the Franchise to Householders in Counties occupied the first place*. That in order to meet the justice of the case and the expectation of the country, the question of the *Extension of the Franchise should now receive the earliest attention of the Government*. That this meeting, whilst recognizing the special difficulties with which Her Majesty's Government have had to deal, and the important work which they have nevertheless accomplished, considers that *precedence ought hereafter to be accorded to the great measure of Enfranchisement for which residents in the counties, now excluded from electoral rights, have long and patiently waited*. It would, therefore, urge upon the Government the necessity of introducing in the next Session of Parliament a Bill extending to all sections of Her Majesty's subjects equal rights and qualifications as voters in elections for Members of Parliament; and it assures the Government of the hearty confidence and loyal support

order to ascertain and formulate the opinions of the Liberal party" on these questions, a Conference should be convened of the representatives of all Liberal organizations throughout the country; and in arranging for the Conference the officers of the Federation were instructed "to invite the co-operation of the National Reform Union and the London and Counties Liberal Union." The topics which the Conference was called to discuss had been before the country for five months: it was known from the first that the Conference would be asked to decide on the question of urgency, and on the question of the separation of the Bill for the extension of the franchise from the Bill for the re-distribution of seats.

It is by no means true that the resolutions were carried "as a matter of course." The urgency resolution was carried in the face of an opposition which, up to the time that its real strength was tested at the Conference, appeared to be formidable. The London and Counties Liberal Union, when it consented to join the Federation and the Reform Union in convening the assembly at Leeds, expressly "reserved their opinion as to the introduction of the Franchise Bill, and as to the policy of submitting the question of the Franchise and Re-distribution of Seats in one or two Bills." A few days before the Conference met it was announced that Mr. Firth, the member for Chelsea, who has won such just distinction by the zeal and ability with which he has agitated for London Municipal Reform, had given notice of an amendment to the resolution claiming urgency for the Franchise Bill; and it was understood that the amendment would receive the support, not only of the London delegates, but of all the delegates from the home counties. In moving his amendment he declared that it represented "the solid opinion of the south," the "unanimous opinion of the London and Counties Liberal Union," at whose request he moved it.

Hardly less ominous was the line which had been taken by the *Leeds Mercury*. That influential newspaper, in a series of vigorous articles, had insisted that to introduce a Franchise Bill next Session would necessitate an early dissolution, and that unless the Government used its great majority in the House of Commons to carry measures for the reform of the Local Government of London and of the counties, it would throw away a great opportunity for redressing enormous evils, and would bitterly disappoint the hopes of the party. The district over which the *Mercury* circulates had elected a large number of delegates. In Leeds, Bradford, Halifax and Huddersfield there are not only powerful Liberal Associations, Liberal

of Liberal electors throughout the kingdom in pressing such a measure on the acceptance of the Legislature."

2. "That a measure for the extension of the Franchise having been passed, and the Register of the new Electorate completed, in the opinion of this meeting there should follow a measure for the Re-distribution of seats in order to equalize political power and to secure the true representation of all sections of the nation in the House of Commons."

Clubs are exceptionally numerous; and as these towns are within easy reach of Leeds, it was probable that an exceptionally large proportion of the elected delegates would be actually present at the Conference. The *Mercury* had said that on opposing "urgency" it expressed the general opinion of Liberals in that part of England. That the resolution of the Committee should be carried, and carried with practical unanimity, was therefore not "a matter of course." The case on the other side had been put with great force before the Conference met; it had been supported by authorities which commanded universal respect, and which possessed the most effective means for influencing Liberal opinions; it was favoured by the unanimous vote of one of the three organizations by which the Conference was convened; it was defended in the Conference by gentlemen who spoke with great enthusiasm and energy; the Conference met in the district in which the general opinion of Liberals was supposed to be hostile to "urgency," and yet the "urgency" resolution, when it came to the vote, received the enthusiastic support of the immense majority of the delegates. I think it very probable that most of the delegates had "made up their minds" before they came to Leeds. To those who were still hesitating the reasons against delay were certain to appear decisive. If the Franchise Bill is to be secured against all risks, it must be dealt with next Session.

Mr. William Bright's Amendment, which was seconded by Mr. Dent Dent, and the substance of which before it was moved had been recommended to the Conference by Mr. Heneage, was more dangerous than Mr. Firth's.

Mr. William Bright moved:—

"That this Conference, while fully recognizing the importance of the County Franchise Bill, the London Municipality Bill, and the County Government Bill, and whilst urging on the Government the advisability of introducing these measures as early as possible, places entire confidence in the discretion of the Government as to the order in which these various measures should be submitted for the consideration of Parliament."

This was an appeal to party loyalty and, if the Conference had been less resolute, might have carried the votes of a third or even a half of the delegates. Not a single speech was made against it, and yet there were not a hundred hands held up in its favour. One of the delegates, on the moving of the amendment, said: "We might as well have stayed at home as vote for that." And he was right. There are some questions on which the Liberal party ought to speak to its chiefs and to speak in decisive and unambiguous terms. The Liberal leaders do not bear the undivided responsibility of governing the country; the responsibility is shared by their followers. For the rank and file of the party to leave every grave decision to Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet is not only to surrender a right, it is to neglect a duty. The Government itself would have reason to complain, if on

a question of this magnitude it was left to form its own judgment without any guidance from the country, and if the party generally declined to share responsibility with its leaders. Official statesmen, whose time and interest are largely absorbed in administration, must know that they are likely to exaggerate the importance of measures belonging to their own departments. Every Minister naturally desires to connect his name with some great and signal measure of reform; this is a generous ambition, an ambition necessary to the effective discharge of the great trust which a Minister has received from the nation. But if official statesmen are conscious of this tendency to attribute supreme importance to their own share of the public work, they must be anxious to have their judgment corrected and controlled, not merely by the opinion of their colleagues, who have their own schemes to carry, but by the opinion of the party in the country. The ablest Liberal Government cannot carry great measures without the energetic support of the Liberals in the constituencies. And this support, to be effective, must come, not merely from loyalty to the Government, but from an intelligent and enthusiastic desire to carry the particular measures to which the Government is committed. There are, no doubt, some questions of policy on which it is necessary to trust Ministers; they alone have the materials at command which are necessary to a wise decision. When the Government was struggling with outrage and violence in Ireland, Liberals, who most disliked the suspension of the ordinary defences of personal freedom, had a right to say that the men who were directly responsible for the government of Ireland had the best information concerning the real condition of the country, and the best means of knowing the strength of the resources which the law placed at their command for repressing disorder; and that they were therefore likely to form the best judgment as to the additional powers that were necessary to maintain the public peace. This was a reasonable course; though, perhaps, experience has shown that it would have been well if, even in relation to the policy of the Government in Ireland, there had been—not less “confidence”—but more “criticism.”

When, in the summer of 1882, many eager and loyal Liberals had nothing to say about the action taken by the Government in Egypt, except that we were bound to have confidence in Mr. Gladstone, I felt that they were committing a grave error. The questions at issue were not of the sort that should be remitted blindly to the decision of party leaders. The main facts which proved our responsibility for the condition of Egypt, and which imposed on the Government the necessity of intervention, were accessible to every one that would take the trouble to investigate them. To ask for “confidence” in Mr. Gladstone was not to render Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet the truest service; the real duty of Liberals was to form

their own judgment on the Government policy, and, if their judgment approved it, to defend it.

The extraordinary personal ascendancy of Lord Beaconsfield was not favourable to the real strength of the Conservatives. They have paid a very heavy price for the triumph of 1874. There has been a paralysis of the nobler moral elements of the party, and a suppression of its active intelligence, from which it is not likely to recover for many years to come. The Papacy may, perhaps, have rendered an immense temporary service to Christendom in times of general confusion and barbarism, but by its exaggeration of the claims of authority it inflicted permanent injury on the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual life of the Church. At the present moment the Conservative party is suffering, and suffering severely, from its unmeasured submission to the supremacy of its late chief.

Mr. Gladstone's personal ascendancy is hardly less remarkable. Happily it rests on very different grounds, and is used in a very different spirit for very different ends. It is not his habit to surround himself with an air of mystery. He is open and frank to a fault. He has always tried to carry us with him by the force of intelligent sympathy and conviction—not by appeals to personal or party loyalty. But the very splendour of his great qualities and great services may indispose the Liberal party to that free exercise of personal judgment on all matters of legislation and policy which is essential to the very life of Liberalism. To some Liberals it seems an act of presumption to form any opinion until Mr. Gladstone's opinion has been expressed. This was not the temper of the delegates at Leeds. They took it for granted that the independent judgment of the most active members of the Liberal party in the country was worth something, and that Mr. Gladstone would be glad to know it. If it turns out that he is of the same mind with themselves, they will, of course, be perfectly satisfied. If not, they assume that he will be able to give very excellent reasons for differing from them; and to these reasons their affection for their great leader, their faith in his loyalty to Liberalism, and their admiration for his brilliant genius, his wide political knowledge, and his long political experience, will lead them to attach the very greatest weight.

The "urgency" resolution of the Committee left more to the discretion of the Government than the amendment of Mr. Firth. The resolution declared that, whatever else the Government might attempt next Session, it should introduce one great measure which is universally acknowledged to be of "paramount importance"—the Franchise Bill. The amendment declared that, whatever else the Government might attempt next Session, it should introduce two great measures, each of them of exceptional difficulty—a measure for the reform of the government of London, and a measure for the reform of local government in the counties. The Government may introduce

duce a Franchise Bill next Session and also find time for a great deal besides; if it introduces a London Bill and a County Government Bill there will be time for nothing else.

The drift of opinion at the Conference was plainly in favour of the introduction of a London Bill as well as a Franchise Bill—if a London Bill is possible. The local government of the metropolis is in a condition justly described as “infamous.” Free municipal institutions would not only secure great and urgent improvements in administration—a better water supply, cheaper lighting, improved sanitary arrangements; they would contribute to the development and discipline of that interest in public affairs and of that wise and moderate political temper which ought to distinguish the people of a free country. The gain to Liberalism from a reform in the government of London can hardly be measured.

The necessity for a reform in the government of the counties is, indeed, hardly less urgent; but the Conference appeared to feel that there is little chance of carrying any effective measure until the householders in the counties are enfranchised.

The Conference, however, acted wisely in not expressing its preference for a London Bill by a resolution. For out of London there has been very little consideration of the principles on which a measure for the reform of London government should be constructed. Even on the principal questions which must be raised by a London Bill, the country constituencies have formed no judgment. It is probable that many Liberal Members of Parliament have never given the subject serious consideration, and that the proposals of the Government, whatever they may be, would, if submitted next Session, create serious division in the Liberal party in the House of Commons. Is there to be one magnificent municipality for four millions of people? Or is there to be a confederation of municipalities, with a representative board in charge of water, sewage, and other public works, which must be under the superintendence of a central authority? If there is to be only one municipality, it is clear that the City Council will have almost the dignity of a Parliament: the rank of its leaders will approach the rank of Ministers of State; its officials will require salaries nearly equal to those which are received by the high authorities in Whitehall and Downing Street. The mechanism of its departments will be almost as complicated, and probably almost as hard to work, as the mechanism of the Education Department, the Home Office, or the Board of Trade. There will be the gravest danger of a new “Circumlocution Office,” and the municipal activity of London will be likely to get entangled and restricted by the proverbial “red-tape.” But there may be decisive reasons against the creation of several independent but confederate municipalities. The single municipality, with all its possible want of elasticity, may be

inevitable. I express no judgment. I am not in a position to form one. But I think it certain that on this question there will be wide divisions of opinion among Liberals in the House of Commons, and until the subject has been much more fully discussed there is no great probability of their reaching any unanimous conclusion.

The question of the police is one which the Government may find it still harder to settle. The metropolitan police is an army. It seems to me very likely that the proposal to place it under municipal control would fill many excellent members on both sides of the House of Commons with dismay. They would argue that in the hands of authorities deriving their power directly from popular election the force might become dangerous to the State; that the protection of Parliament, of the Courts of Justice, and of the great Government offices cannot be safely transferred from a Minister of State responsible to Parliament and the Crown. On the other hand, it would be argued that to refuse to give the new municipal body the control of the police would be a violation of the principles of free municipal government, would betray a shameful distrust of free and popular institutions, and would be almost certain to lead to irritating conflicts between two rival authorities.

I had come to the conclusion that the difficulties of constructing and carrying a satisfactory measure of reform for London are so great that it would be wise to leave the task to the fresh vigour of a new Parliament. Mr. Bright believes that it may be attempted next Session in addition to the Franchise Bill. The Conference evidently inclined to that same opinion, and I shall be only too thankful if in the opinion of the Government the present House is equal to the work.

That the Conference passed no resolution pressing the Government to introduce a London Bill next Session is an illustration of the practical political sagacity which I think is being trained in the Liberal Associations. In dealing with the Franchise Bill the delegates were sure of their ground; they were certain that the question was ready for settlement. About the intolerable evils which London is suffering from the absence of an efficient system of municipal government they were also sure; but I think it probable that very few of them had any clear conception of how the evils can be most effectively remedied. They, therefore, left the Government to deal with the subject at its own time and in its own way.

The Associations have developed in their members a new sense of political responsibility. The consciousness of power has induced a spirit of moderation and caution. I do not mean to say that when a Liberal becomes one of the "Five Hundred," the "Six Hundred," or the "Eight Hundred" representing the party in his district, he no longer sees visions and dreams dreams. It would be a calamity to England if Liberal politicians were not haunted by ideals of national life and of political organization which are, as yet, very

remote from practical politics. But the members of the general committee of a Liberal Association are likely, I think, to learn to distinguish between the possible and the impossible, between what may be attempted to-day and what must be left till to-morrow.

This sense of political responsibility leads to a just and generous tolerance of differences of opinion even on grave questions of policy. Men discover that their comrades, about whose hearty loyalty to Liberal principles they are sure, are not always of the same judgment as themselves. They see what serious mischief would follow if the party were broken up, and they learn to exercise self-restraint and to practise mutual forbearance. It is my deliberate opinion that, next to the immense personal influence of Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal Associations have been the chief means of holding the party together during the last few years. The fidelity of many excellent Liberals was, for a time, severely tried by the policy of the Government in Ireland. It was tried again, and not less severely, by the policy of the Government in Egypt. It has been the sense of political responsibility developed by the Associations, as well as faith in Mr. Gladstone, which has prevented them from breaking out into open revolt. Most of the men who have troubled the Government and the House of Commons are bitter enemies of the "Caucus." It may, I think, be assumed that, unless prevented by unforeseen political troubles, the Government will deal with the Franchise question next Session. Parliament has only two years of life before it, and further delay will be perilous. Conservative newspapers, indeed, are confidently assuring us that the country is indifferent to Parliamentary Reform, and that the county householders who are without the vote do not care to have it. About the political movements which are going on in the agricultural districts of England, those of us who live in great towns can have little personal knowledge; but I am assured by gentlemen interested in this subject that during the last few years they have seen strong demonstrations of the earnestness with which the unenfranchised householders desire the franchise. They tell me that in meetings which they have attended in the villages of Northamptonshire, Buckinghamshire, Worcestershire, Bedfordshire, and Lincolnshire, the one cry of the labourers has been for the vote. These meetings are, of course, unreported in the London newspapers. Nor do they find their way into the crowded columns of the newspapers of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, or Leeds. It is not easy for the scattered populations in the agricultural counties to meet together in such numbers as to compel the attention of the whole country; but if such demonstrations are demanded as a proof that they want the franchise, I think it very likely that they will be held.

There is another class of persons who insist, at times, with in-

tense earnestness on the political emancipation of the agricultural labourers. In all our great towns there are large numbers of men who were born in agricultural villages. Having come into the towns, they have the vote, and are conscious of the power which it gives them. They are enjoying advantages which they believe that they would never have enjoyed, if the borough householders had not been enfranchised. They think, and they have reason for thinking, that there will be no great improvement in the condition of their fathers, brothers, and friends whom they have left in their old houses until the franchise is extended to the agricultural labourer.

But this is not merely an agricultural labourer's question. In the three kingdoms there are nearly two millions of men who would come on to the Parliamentary Register under a Bill which enfranchised the county householders. Of these, in all probability there are less than a million of agricultural labourers. The measure would give the vote to many thousands of miners in the north of England. It would give the vote to many thousands of skilled workmen who earn good wages, and prefer to live outside the great manufacturing towns in which they work.

Further, there are in England and Wales fifty "urban districts" not represented in Parliament, each containing a population of over 20,000; and a hundred more, each containing a population of over 10,000. Altogether there are 2,916,402 people living in towns, many of them municipal boroughs, who have no vote unless they live in houses assessed at £12. On no grounds either of justice or of policy can we refuse them enfranchisement.

The question is "urgent" and it is of "paramount importance." In the Parliamentary Boroughs of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland there are nearly two millions of electors; in the counties of the three kingdoms there are nearly two millions of men who would become electors under a County Household Franchise Bill, and who at present possess no political power.

The Conference at Leeds has proved that the Liberal party is zealous that justice should be done to the immense body of their fellow-countrymen who are still excluded from their political rights. Its deliberations were fitly presided over by Mr. John Morley, the brilliant literary representative of English Radicalism. The great public meeting with which it closed was fitly addressed by Mr. Bright, who declines to be called a Radical, but who for forty years has been one of the most conspicuous and powerful leaders of every struggle of the Liberal party for Justice and Political Freedom. The time, I trust, is near, when he will witness the triumph of another great political movement which he has guided by his sagacity and inspired by his eloquence.

R. W. DALE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN ITALY.

THE Transformation of Parties, which had been looked for as the only remedy for a Parliamentary situation that had become intolerable as well as for the uncertainty and confusion of our internal politics—is to-day considered an accomplished fact. The germs of this transformation have been visible since the Parliamentary vacation of last year, following upon the session in which the Chamber voted the electoral reforms by which the basis of the political suffrage has been so enlarged as to render it all but universal. It was the Minister Depretis who first put forth the idea of this transformation, in a speech delivered at a banquet given him by his constituents at Stradella, a few days before the general election. He spoke of the new organic law of the country; and after alluding to the various reforms, political and financial, which the Left had forced upon Parliament during what he called the seven years' war it had waged against the opposition of the Right, he insisted upon one point of supreme importance. That point was this:—*The necessity for a pause in political reform and for vigorous repression (within the limits of the law, well-understood) of all disturbances of public order, so as to insure the safety of the national institutions; and of acceptance without reserve or double-entendre of the monarchy and of those statutes which guarantee and consolidate the joints of national unity without excluding any real improvements or any political or social progress of a rational kind.* On this platform, which was a revised edition of his old Stradella programme, Signor Depretis invited his friends and his adversaries to join him. *Sinite parvulos ad me venire.*

It is certain that no one in England would ever expect to hear a Minister of Queen Victoria announce a similar programme to his constituents. Neither in England nor in any other country that is firmly established upon a constitutional basis, can the acceptance of the fundamental pact or the necessity of putting down disturbers of the public order, be raised to the rank of a cardinal item of domestic policy in the programme of Minister or Member of Parliament. But the

English reader must take into account the comparative youth and immaturity of the Italian kingdom, and the peculiar circumstances with which, up till quite recent times, our Parliamentary Left—of which party Signor Depretis has hitherto been the most eminent and authoritative leader—has had to contend. Up to 1870, when Italy, according to a famous phrase of Victor Emmanuel, was *made but not completed*, the country may be considered to have been in a state of permanent revolution. The popular clamour for Rome and Venice was too powerful and accorded too well with the innermost sentiments of the whole nation, for any Italian Ministry to think of repressing or stifling it. The Right accordingly, fettered as it was by international engagements and the responsibilities of government—(it remained in office, except for some very brief intervals, from 1860 to 1876)—was obliged to confine itself to repressing patriotic impatience and urging the wisdom of waiting upon events for an opportunity of completely vindicating the rights of the nation. Meanwhile the Left, for the moment free from pledges, sympathized with the popular movement that was going on in the country, and the patriots had resolute leaders and ardent advocates in the ranks of that party. The result of this state of things was that, during the brief intervals in 1862 and 1867 when the Left was in power, we had Sarnico, Aspromonte, and Mentana; where the irregular forces, usurping the place of the lawful and regular ones, attempted to wrest Venice and Rome from the hands of the Austrians and the Pope. A little of this revolutionary leaven is to be found at all times in the Left party. The Irreconcilables have some warm advocates in the very heart of it, and they find in Signor Cairoli himself, if not an abettor, at least a most indulgent friend—as was seen during his term of Ministry.

Now all these revolutionary elements, which up to 1870 had been concentrated upon the idea of national unity, manifested, as soon as that idea was realized, a strong tendency to upset the internal order of the State. The patriotic associations for the liberation of the tributary provinces were succeeded by democratic, republican, and socialist societies. The number of republican societies has increased incredibly: at this moment they almost double the number that existed four or five years ago; and the number of democratic and international societies of professedly subversive aims has increased also. Moreover, these associations have succeeded in sending to Parliament representatives of their own sort, such as Cavalotti, Boyio, and Andrea Costa; and these men make use of the societies to agitate the country in the name of what they call "higher ideals" and "more splendid political horizons," just as the patriotic associations formerly roused it with the cry of national unity. All the Ministers of the Left have been obliged to lay their account for compromising more or less with these subversive elements. But Signor Depretis saw that no further progress could be made upon these lines. With a majority at his back, animated by all sorts of dissimilar aims, he found himself at the point of dead-lock in the midst of the many leaders of the different groups of his party. What was to be done with Signor Cairoli, followed by his mob of Republicans, Radicals, and Irreconcilables? What with Signor Crispi, shut up in his pedantic programme of indefinite reform of the statutes and of the organic laws of the country,

and who, if he ever condescended to give a vote of confidence, let it fall almost as though it were a favour or an alms? And, finally, with Signor Nicotera, ambitious and impatient, and consequently the most impracticable of allies? Signor Depretis resolved to come out of this position, and did so by means of the programme I have briefly indicated above. It was a declaration to friends and foes that he intended to proceed on a new path, firmly and securely, without regard for cramping obligations to party, and with no aim but the general good of his country.

It must be said that neither friends nor foes were slow to understand this declaration. The words of Signor Depretis, falling in the midst of that confused amalgam of political groups and parties, acted upon them like a chemical re-agent, decomposing the plethoric majority that had supported the Minister, and leaving its elements to combine anew, according to their true and natural affinities. Signor Minghetti, the leader of the Opposition of the Right, rushed into the arena to take up the new political position that had been opened by the words of Signor Depretis. In a speech addressed to the Constitutional Association of Bologna, he said openly that those words contained the basis of a political programme that was acceptable even to the party of the Right. And he added that he was disposed to accept loyally all legislative measures so far carried by the Left, including electoral reform and the abolition of the tax upon grain; and that he was equally ready to accept the essential points of the remainder of Signor Depretis' programme relating to administrative, economical, and social reform, none of which seemed to him to offer serious obstacles to a real and lasting reconciliation between his party and that represented by Signor Depretis. Many other members of the Right made declarations corresponding to that of the head of the party, and presented themselves to their constituents as supporters of the programme of their former adversary. Certainly, if it was owing to this fusion with the advanced party (*progressisti*) that a great number of the deputies of the Right came out beaten from the electoral arena, it is still more certain that the coalition had the effect, in not a few constituencies, of preventing the victory of Radical and Republican candidates.

Naturally the words of Signor Depretis had a different effect upon the Left from that which they produced on members of the Right. Not, however, that the Stradella programme contained anything that was inconsistent with Liberal principles. After all, Signor Depretis asked for nothing but a strong Government capable of making itself respected, and in this demand only Socialists and Republicans of the Extreme Left could consistently oppose him. None the less, this advance of the Right towards the Depretis Ministry immediately excited suspicion and distrust in the bosom of the Left; for we Italians have not yet entirely cast off our old traditions of clique and clan, and we still carry into the political camp invincible hatreds and antipathies, which make it difficult to separate the personality of an adversary from the political opinions with which he first comes before us. Accordingly, the Left, exaggerating its own claims on the country, and fancying itself entitled in some sort to a monopoly of liberal ideas, looked askance at this fusion of the Right and the advanced party, notwithstanding the fact that its basis was the Liberal programme of Stradella.

The heads of the party pretended that the alliance of these ancient adversaries would, by modifying the criteria and the methods of government, debase the spirit of the Liberal programme, and impregnate the Ministry with retrograde ideas which would corrupt the administration. And upon this ground they combated it openly. Meanwhile things went on as usual. Depretis never came to such an open rupture with his colleagues of the Left as would have permitted him to make changes in his ministry. But the existence of a majority full of suspicion and distrust towards its leader, and composed of elements discordant among themselves, hindered all serious and profitable legislation, and practically interrupted the work of administration. This state of things continued until the end of last May; when, after a long debate on the domestic policy of the Government, the two Progressist Ministers, Signor Zanardelli and Signor Baccarini, withdrew from the Cabinet. Signor Baccarini had, indeed, insisted loudly upon his breach with Signor Depretis in a speech delivered at Genoa in the beginning of last October. After condemning the newly inaugurated fusion of the Right with the advanced party, as useless, dangerous, and not to be justified upon any serious ground, he, the ex-Minister of Public Works, went on to charge his late colleague with having closed by an armistice of Villafranca that which he himself had called the seven years' war waged by the Left against the Right, and declared that in doing so he had committed the very same sin against the cardinal motto of the Italian dynasty, *Sempre avanti Savoia*, by which that transaction was disgraced.

But it will be well to enlarge a little upon the debate that led to the retirement from the Cabinet of the two Ministers, Signor Zanardelli and Signor Baccarini. For in it we shall see all the different parties and sections of parties that make up our Chamber, revealing in full action the very essence of their characters and the measure of their real worth—with all their individual inconsistencies and weaknesses, their prejudices and their antipathies. This debate marks the point at which the new policy of Signor Depretis and the transformation of parties became palpable facts, giving rise to an absolutely unprecedented Parliamentary situation. That which is particularly noteworthy in this crisis is that Signor Depretis did absolutely nothing to shape or develop it beyond announcing his programme of internal policy, as shown above, at the banquet at Stradella. All the rest came of itself, and in the natural course of things. But in this instance it must be granted that the uncertain note, full of circumspection and hesitation, that characterizes the policy of Depretis has not been without its advantages—inasmuch as it has spared us all those precipitate results of sudden action, which are sometimes obtained by surprise, but can never take a lasting place in political history.

In 1878, a young man of Trieste, who had been drawn by conscription for an Austrian regiment, determined to desert rather than serve under a detested flag. He fled to Italy, established himself in Rome, and there pursued at the University the mathematical studies he had already begun at home—distinguishing himself by his zeal, his quick intelligence, and many other aptitudes for study. But he became a member of the "*Irredenta*;" and in that society of hapless exiles, all sighing for the freedom of their native country, he became so intoxi-

cated with patriotic ideas, that one day he determined to return to his country—with the design it was alleged, of attempting the life of the Emperor Francis Joseph. He started accordingly, but was arrested at the frontier by Austrian gendarmes, and conducted to Vienna, where he was tried before a military tribunal for the double crime of desertion and an attempt on the Emperor's life. He was condemned to death, and the sentence was executed.

The name of this young man was Guglielmo Oberdank. The news of his miserable death stirred his friends in Rome profoundly; he had been widely loved for his charming qualities of head and heart, and an echo of grief ringing through the whole country absolved him of guilt in consideration of the misdirected patriotism by which he had been inspired. As was to be expected, the Republicans and the Irreconcilables sought to make capital out of this popular commotion, and to gather fruit from it for their own advantage. The Radical press broke out into the most furious invectives against the Emperor Francis Joseph, whom it called a despot and a butcher imbrued with human blood; and against the Government for allowing the young man to pass the frontier, and doing nothing to save his life, though to save it was in their power.

There were funeral celebrations in a great many towns, processions of private people and of associations, and public demonstrations to the tune of "Down with Austria," "Oberdank for Ever," and other cries of even more seditious character. The Government hesitated for a few days; then seeing that the disturbances went on, and were growing to alarming proportions, they began to fear that the good understanding between Austria and Italy would be compromised, and took strong measures. Orders were given for the prompt suppression of disturbances in all parts; prosecutions were set on foot against the newspapers; busts of Oberdank, and other symbols of sedition, were confiscated, and all meetings held to do honour to the memory of the young man were broken up. Among these meetings, that which made the most noise was one that was held in a private house in the Piazza Sciarra, at Rome, but which was, nevertheless, publicly convened. Here the Irreconcilables assembled to celebrate the apotheosis of their comrade. But in the middle of the evening, agents of the Government entered the room and put a stop to the meeting by arresting every person present. Regular prosecutions followed.

These matters did not fail to come before Parliament. Two Radical deputies, Signor Fortis and Signor Bertani, took up the case: the first is an *Intransigent*, the second an *Opportunist*. The charges brought against the Government were many and violent; it was accused of trampling down the liberty of the press, of interfering with the right of meeting even in a private place, of adopting a servile policy, and basely truckling to Austria. But on the ground that Parliament was at the time occupied with urgent business (these things happened in January) the Ministry asked, and the Chamber granted, that the inquiry should be adjourned until after the debate upon the Budget. By this means discussion became impossible until the beginning of May. In the interval the accusations and the facts to which they referred lost much of their importance and practical point; and in the end, the movers of the indictment confined themselves to making a

simple protest. They abstained from asking the Chamber to pronounce upon the action of the Ministry—knowing well that apart from the thirty-three members of the extreme Left, it was in this affair more or less supported by its adversaries as well as its friends. By this course no satisfactory result was attained: it only aggravated the anomaly of a Parliamentary majority composed of incoherent and discordant elements and full of distrust towards its leader. This anomaly weighed like an incubus on the Chamber, and it became necessary to remove it. Signor Nicotera, who led one of the divisions of the Left, proposed a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry, and the whole question of the internal policy of the Depretis Cabinet was thrown open to discussion. It was noteworthy that the hardest blows dealt to the Minister came from his former friends of the Monarchical Left, from Crispi, Cairoli and Nicotera.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, since the kingdom of Italy began to exist, there have been no points in all its internal policy of such supreme importance as those which guarantee the inviolability of the person, the liberty of the press, and the right of meeting and association. These are the questions that most pre-occupy and inflame our political parties. An arrest, though essentially legal, if it have but the form and the appearance of a surprise—the breaking up of a meeting at the moment when it is beginning to degenerate into a public scandal—is counted an offence against the laws and institutions of the country; and the leaders of the Left seldom let such an opportunity pass without making it the occasion of lively discussion in the press and warm debates in the Chamber. I do not, however, complain of this. I merely state the fact, and seek to find in it good augury for the future of my country. In a young State like Italy, vigilance in the interests of public liberty can never be superfluous. A State that has ancient traditions of liberty may afford to pass over an occasional abuse of the Executive power: but a new State, never. To do so would be to inoculate the young blood of the nation with the principle of decadence and death. Judge then whether it was possible to be silent in face of the events that followed the execution of Oberdank, especially in view of the appearance the Ministerial proceedings bore of a servile and guilty complacency towards Austria. It must be said, however, that it was only the extreme Left, and in particular its leader, Fortis, that indulged in bitter abuse of the Government. The two Progressist members of the so-called Historical Left, Signor Nicotera and Signor Crispi, who know something of the responsibilities of power and of the international obligations by which Governments are bound, committed themselves to no serious censure. Signor Nicotera, indeed, went so far as to say that the Government had used too little repression. How, he asked, could it be otherwise while the Ministerial benches held two men like Signor Zanardelli and Signor Baccarini—abettors of every movement for enlarging political liberty? And he declared the hinge of the situation to be that the Depretis Ministry, whatever it did, must have—as it had, in fact—the support of the whole Chamber, excepting only the Republicans, Radicals, and Socialists of the extreme Left, who number thirty-three in all.

And, in truth, this was the real hinge of the matter. The question whether the Ministry had outraged the liberty of the Press was of

comparatively little importance. The affair was much more complicated. The real difficulty lay in the anomalous situation already pointed out—a Minister at the head of a large and incoherent majority that had no real confidence in him, and was only lavish in favourable votes in proportion as it was niggardly of efficient aid in the practical work of legislation. And this anomaly was practically represented by the presence in the Ministry of two men so violently opposed to the policy of conciliation instituted by the coalition between Signor Depretis and the Right, as were the Radical deputies Zanardelli and Baccarini. It was in vain for Signor Depretis to insist upon his Stradella programme, and protest that he would remain faithful to it through life. The mere acceptance of the programme by Signor Minghetti and a few other notabilities of the Right was enough to awaken suspicion and distrust in the bosom of the Left. They would not submit to be talked to about a Liberal programme that had for its interpreters and executors men like Signor Minghetti and Signor Bonghi. This being the state of feeling, the three principal leaders of the Left could think of no better course than to present under a common form, but with large individual differences of opinion, a memorial to Signor Depretis. Upon this, Signor Crispi, in the presence of the Chamber, appealing to the Liberal antecedents of Signor Depretis, declared that he had never been false to them, and that now least of all should he think of lowering his flag, because “parties had their history and should be proud of it.” Signor Nicotera formally invited Depretis to return to the ranks of his party. And Cairoli, following his lead, said that if the idea of assimilation with the other elements of the party was repugnant to Depretis, he would do better to return to the Radicals than remain with the Right.

It is evident that the question was one of names and words rather than of substance. In the face of this indignation of the Left Signor Depretis knew how to rise above petty considerations of party. He declared that he had but one aim in life, and that the sole guide of his conduct was the good of his country; and that this being so, it was impossible for him to refuse the co-operation of men who came to him without making terms or imposing watchwords—unless he had something more to urge against them than the fact that they were former adversaries of his own. “I do not understand,” he said, “this ostracism of men by which you would fossilize parties in the interests of Parliamentary topography!” At this point the crisis became imminent.

Several things said by Signor Minghetti, in the course of the discussion, were particularly provoking to Signor Baccarini, who rose at last to explain himself. He did so with brutal frankness, like the true Roman that he is. Alluding to the transformation of parties, and the fusion with the Right, he said, “My party stands in no need of alliance with the enemy—do you understand, the enemy?—so I call these new friends of Signor Depretis.” And he added: “If he stands in need of an alliance—and certainly I think he does—let him seek it in the Radical camp. For my part, if I knew that I had the confidence of Signor Bonghi, I should feel that I had ceased to deserve that of my friends.” Signor Zanardelli made a similar declaration though in less lively terms. But in the vote that followed, the

Chamber expressed its confidence in Signor Depretis by an immense majority, and Signor Baccarini and Signor Zanardelli went out of the Cabinet. The first was replaced by a distinguished deputy of the Right, Signor Genala, and the second by Signor Giannuzzi Savelli, a Neapolitan magistrate, who has long kept apart from political life, but is well known as a man of high character and moderate opinions.

I have already said above, that this passage of arms between Signor Depretis and his colleagues of the Left really arose out of a question of names and phrases. On this point I must explain myself a little. One of the reasons advanced by Signor Minghetti and his friends of the Right, in justification of their advance towards the Ministry of the Left, was that, with the carrying of electoral reform and the transformation of the revenue that was accomplished by the abolition of the grain tax, all serious grounds of difference between the Right and the Left had ceased to exist—that is to say, between the Right as it used to be, and that moderate Left that recognizes Signor Depretis as its authoritative leader. And as for the future, he, Signor Minghetti, promised to accept in its broad outlines the new Stradella programme, of which the principal items are social legislation, reform of the laws relating to public security, reform of the communal and provincial law, with the elective syndicate and extension of the suffrage. From this time forward, according to Signor Minghetti, there would be no place in the Italian Parliament for more than one great party, to wit, that which accepts the Monarchy and the constitutional institutions of the country, with those laws which most effectually guarantee their security. So that if we accept the views of the distinguished leader of the Right, we must no longer expect to see in our Parliament a conservative party and a party of progress opposing one another within the orbit of our national institutions, and tossing the shuttlecock of power backwards and forwards according to the practice of other constitutional kingdoms, and the spirit of constitutional government.—And why is this to be?—"Because," says Signor Minghetti, "in the Italian Parliament there are no Conservatives; the party that should be Conservative being always more or less tainted by a combative policy, adopted in obedience to the clerical watchword, *'neither electors nor elected.'*" And this fact, Signor Minghetti declares to be an evil, inasmuch as the absence of a true Conservative party leaves the Parliament without adequate counterpoise to the Liberals and Progressists; and a character of partisanship and covert violence is consequently imprinted upon all our legislative action.

This assertion of Signor Minghetti does not seem to me to be radically false. It is true that Italian Conservatives are not like Conservatives in general, who, while resisting progress, accept in the lump all the original institutions and laws of their country, and make it their policy to protect them. Our Conservatives all look more or less to the Vatican for the word of command; they all accept the motto, *'neither electors nor elected,'* and hold that until the Pope is restored to his rights of temporal sovereignty all our legislation is null and void. Certainly there are still a few moderate Conservatives who wish for the unity of Italy with Rome for capital, but they do it with so many reserves in favour of the Papacy that they practically make it impossible to attain the end they profess to desire. In Rome there are two

sovereignties in the field—that of the Pope and that of King Humbert—and the two cannot exist side by side. Therefore, so long as Italian Conservatives, inspired by the Pope, stand out for the two sovereignties together—for the Pope and for the King—so long they necessarily constitute a party not conservative but reactionary, and they tend, consciously or unconsciously, to bring back the ancient order of things. The destiny of our Conservatives is identified with the destiny of the temporal power of the Pope; they will begin to govern us in the day when the papal policy triumphs, or, as is more probable, they will be buried with it in the night of the centuries.

Given the kingdom of Italy with Rome for its capital, the State can have no other servants, no other legislators or interpreters, than those it has at present—the Moderate party, who will cement the unity of Italy and the Progressists who tend to breathe a more liberal and democratic spirit into our institutions. Apart from a few irregular movements, of a tendency too vague and ephemeral to be counted with, it may be said that these two great parties loyally accept the constitutional monarchy with the liberal institutions belonging to it; while all other parties, the Radicals as well as the so-called Conservatives, are animated by a spirit of faction, and are in rebellion against the existing order of things. This being so, I consider the disintegration of the Ministerial majority that has been brought about (as shown above) by Signor Depretis's speech at Stradella, a good thing. It has introduced into our politics a wholesome and opportune principle of natural selection by which every man will be put into his proper place. To the Right will go those who wish to make a pause in political reform, and who place above all other considerations, and demand, on all occasions and against every kind of opposition, the rigid inviolability of the statutes and the laws upholding public order; to the Left, on the other hand, those who believe that the period of political reform is not yet closed, and that a largeshare in the governing power of the country should be allowed to popular manifestations—believing that the mass of the people is as capable to-day as in the time of our mediæval republics of proving a potent factor in the sum of progress and civilization. As has been seen, the principle of natural selection began to operate with the retirement from the Cabinet of the two advanced Progressists, Signor Baccarini and Signor Zanardelli. And the result is, that in the course of the last Session the Ministry were able to get the Chamber to discuss and carry certain important measures, among which were two laws of a social character, aiming at the improvement of the working classes. It will depend upon the unanimity and the resolution of the new majority, whether our next Parliamentary Session is one of useful and fruitful legislation. The new majority has, indeed, a serious task before it, pledged as it is to carry all the measures of reform indicated above; and besides these, other more distant reforms which Signor Depretis, in concert with the Right, has promised to adopt, such as Signor Baccelli's scheme of University Reform, and that most important project for the re-organization of the railway system of the country, on which the Ministry seems determined to stake its fortune and its very existence.

But what will now be the temper of the Left? What flag will it hoist—this new Left, reinforced by the disaffected Progressists, Signor Baccarini

and Signor Zanardelli? So far nothing is known on this point. Signor Baccarini, in his speech at Genoa, confined himself to a negative position, merely attacking the coalition and denouncing as illiberal the conduct of Signor Depretis, whom he described as "entering the Capitol arm-in-arm with the vanquished." The fraction of positive matter contained in the speech may be summed up by the indefinite motto, *Sempre avanti Savoia!* It would be vain to expect a more distinct programme from Signor Cairoli. A heroic soul, but absolutely vague in his political ideas, he is quite incapable of realizing the living facts and needs of the world in which he moves, and is therefore never likely to shape a clear and practical programme of Government. The one man of the Left who stands out from his party in this respect is Signor Crispi, the celebrated author of the formula: *The Republic divides us, the Monarchy unites.* If anything is to come, it will come from him. In the matter of electoral reform, of which he was one of the first as well as the most ardent apostles, he has still several not unimportant items to carry, such as the elective senate, the payment of deputies, eligibility of deputies at five-and-twenty, and a few other points of the same nature, all tending towards what he calls the *democratization of the Monarchy.* Not that all these reforms can be properly said to belong exclusively to the Left: given the opportunity, they would certainly find supporters in the ranks of the Right. Still, the existence of a Progressist Left, even though it be not in a position to oppose a very clear and practical programme to the Liberal one of Signor Depretis is justified by the fact that it answers to those permanent aspirations after progress which are inherent in all civilized communities. Such a party should, however, confine itself to the modest task of watching and stimulating the Government, waiting for action till events shall invest it with a more tangible responsibility. This is for the moment the position of our Left. Where this section of our Chamber shows itself most wanting in political instinct and just perception is in its judgments upon foreign politics and international relations. When the Chamber was discussing the anti-Austrian demonstrations that followed the execution of Oberdank, Signor Minghetti raised a tumult among the Left by saying that the domestic policy of Italy must be co-ordinated with her foreign policy, if we wished our alliances with foreign powers to yield us the good fruits we had a right to expect from them. And assuredly this interdependence of our foreign and our domestic policy is a matter capable of mathematical demonstration; and, moreover, it does not at all involve, as the Left maintains that it does, the surrender of our laws and our liberties to the exigencies of foreign expediency. It was astonishing to hear Signor Crispi, a man of experience in Government, hold the same language on this point as Signor Fortis. Quite recently in Paris insulting protests and demonstrations have been allowed to take place in the streets without any regard to the impression such scandalous proceedings might make on foreign Governments. And it does not appear that the reputation or the authority of the French Republic has gained by the policy.

Italy is not without her internal difficulties. The monarchy that the plebiscite founded is continually infested with open and covert enemies, who have more or less of a following all over the country,

but especially among the Romans. Only a few days ago, at a Congress of Socialists held at Cesena, the speakers vied with one another to vilify the national institutions, and even the king, whom they called, in contempt, *the Austrian Colonel*. The police were obliged to interfere and break up the meeting. A few days later, at Forti, on the occasion of a fancy-fair given for some charitable purpose of the town, the Republicans began throwing stones at a window from which the arms of Savoy were displayed, and were going on to other excesses when again the police interfered and put down the disturbance by force. But in spite of these surface troubles, the internal affairs of Italy may be said to be in a sound condition, and the monarchical institutions to stand in no real danger. There is in the mind of the Italian people a substratum of natural common-sense, which enables them to appreciate the inestimable advantages of the present order of things—advantages which they will not imperil by any foolhardy tricks of political jugglery, or be tempted to exchange for hypothetical benefits or unsubstantial ideals. They will remain quiet, loyal, and industrious under the rule of a just Government that is at once prudently liberal in reform and firm in its attitude towards subversive factions. I believe that, with the transformation of parties, Italy has begun to have a Government in deed as well as in name.

GIOVANNI BOGLIETTI.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

FICTION.

THERE is a literary excellence hard to describe from its very simplicity, but which an attempt must be here made to describe, because it is "conspicuous by its absence" in the most popular of the novels which have to be noticed during the present quarter. Perhaps it may be made clear to the reader rather by illustration than definition. We mean that quality which makes each production of such writers as Thackeray, Miss Austen, or Scott, a unity in itself; which makes us feel, when once we have put ourselves into the right attitude of mind for listening to one of them, that we have, as it were, adjusted our telescope once for all, and shall not have to change its focus again till we close the volume. However little this excellence may be understood, it forms an element in all permanent literary attraction; a novel may attain momentary popularity without it, but it is indispensable to a classic. Nothing can permanently make up for the want of the sense of repose that it gives the reader. And yet many writers fail of this merit simply from not aiming at it. They think that what a novel-reader wants is variety. Perhaps he does, but variety is not heterogeneity. We must have a certain common element before we can see differences, and no fiction ever gave the impression of variety, which was not essentially homogeneous.

These considerations are offered, with a certain modest confidence, to the numerous class of novel writers, in spite of the decisive proof given by the novel of the year, that the quality they would recommend is not necessary to immediate success. There is no doubt about the book to which we must accord that position.* It has taken a space so much out of proportion to its contemporaries, that practically we have only one novel to comment on in this month of November, 1883. "*Altiora Peto*," the punning name of a young lady, and of the novel of which she is only nominally the heroine, has been in every mouth; and a certain opinion about the book is acquired by merely glancing at advertisements and listening to small talk. It does not owe its reputation entirely to its merits; Mr. Oliphant is known elsewhere in literature, and elsewhere than in literature; and the public, and especially the critics, would have given it a very different reception, if it had been the first work of somebody unknown to the world. Its plot is a trite one, its incidents are at once hackneyed and wildly improbable, while its characters are, with a single exception (this indeed being a remarkable one, Hannah Coffin, who may be called the fairy godmother of the tale) mere puppets, as little human as the Harlequin and Pantaloon, whom that clever writer, Vernon Lee, has introduced to us in her little Italian extravaganza; or else mouthpieces for Mr. Oliphant himself, in which case we find them very interesting but perfectly undramatic. But the book is full of life and movement, and we have no more right to complain of it for not being *vraisemblable* than we have to complain of champagne for not being nourishing. What we have a right to complain of is that it is heterogeneous. It is a broad farce, interspersed with the specu-

* "*Altiora Peto*." By Laurence Oliphant. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

lations of a mystic. Take a specimen from either, and let the reader ask himself whether he turns from one to the other without a sense of jar.

"The man of science has no right to say," argues a thinly-disguised Mr. Oliphant, "when he exhausts the power of his microscope, that he has got to the end of matter. He brings an electric light to bear on what he called a vacuum, because there was what he called 'nothing' in it; and, lo and behold! he finds something which can reflect rays of light: that each of those particles, so small as to exist *in vacuo*, does not seem to him as big as a mountain, is simply the result of the focus of his eye. What is there to prevent the empty spaces, in which every atom composing every molecule of the human organism is held in suspense, from being full of still minuter particles, measured by the standard of our senses, which would therefore correspond exactly to an invisible human frame, and which might continue to exist after the appreciable particles has undergone the chemical change called 'decomposition?' The body then existing, composed of those particles which hadn't changed, becomes what the theologian calls 'spirit;' but why he should shrink from this hypothesis for fear of becoming a materialist, as much as the scientific man does from fear of becoming a spiritist, passed my comprehension" (ii. 15, 16).

Now turn from this interesting speculation to the following fragment of dialogue, to understand which the reader must remember that an event has taken place very common in the world of fiction, and very rare in that of fact. The friend of a great heiress has, in order to save her from being married for her money, temporarily assumed her name and position, and a fortune-hunter is trying to make love to her.

"Confound it," he said to himself, "how much more difficult it is to think what to say when you mean business, than when you are merely spooning!" Universal experience testifies to the truth of this reflection, . . . and it occurred to Lysper, that if he blurted out her Christian name, it would break the ice effectually. Lysper had overheard Stella called Mattie by her friend in a moment of forgetfulness—for it will be remembered the two girls had changed names—and on the information so acquired, he boldly proceeded. "Oh, Mattie!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh, and an impressive squeeze on the imprisoned hand.

"Yes," said Stella, with an intensely sentimental gaze into his face, but not a little astonished at his calling her by her right name. "What—oh what about Mattie?"

"I love her," said Lysper, thinking she was timidly speaking of herself in the third person; and what a capital way she had hit upon to make him feel more at his ease. "Would she marry me if she knew my heart was wholly hers?"

"Oh!" replied Stella, turning her head to hide her laughter, as the ludicrousness of his mistake struck her, "how can I tell you without knowing more? Do you really love her very, very much?"

"I can't describe the nature of my feelings," said Lysper, again at loss for words.

"Try, dear Colonel Lysper," said Stella encouragingly. "I should so like to hear you say exactly how much you loved her. Can't you analyze the sentiment?"

"Well," said poor Lysper, "the thing is too deep for words, but I'll try and put it into them. Just sit down on that stone for a minute. I will place myself at your feet. Now, let me look into your eyes for inspiration."

Stella bent upon him those glowing orbs, charged with the most overpowering expression of tenderness they were capable of conveying, and said softly with a blush:—

"Go on, I am listening."

"Well, I have loved a lot of women, but there is something about Mattie"—and he looked up with infinite meaning—"that beats them all. Her touch sets all my pulses throbbing; the glance of her eye," and he caught hers, "seems to go all through me with a sort of something between a quiver and a shiver that I can't describe. I feel as if I could kiss the very ground she treads on; in fact, hang me if I can stand it any longer!" (ii. 3-5).

The last extract is a fair representation of Mr. Oliphant's broad farce, and the first of his serious speculation. We are not now inquiring into the merits of either; the question is—are they a part of the same whole? Do they contemplate the same reader? Is the same person to be interested by the speculations, and amused by the farce? It is not that a novel should have no light and shade. Thackeray, for instance, gives us, here and there, reflections quite as serious as the first extract, while his banter is as light as the second. But in everything he writes there is that subtle sense of continuity which is given by the writer pouring his reflections, his arguments, or his banter, into the same ideal ear. We are never jarred by feeling that he has, as it were, pursued his own train of thought, while various hearers came and went. The sense that Mr. Oliphant does so, interferes with the literary power shown in "*Altiora Peto*," and will prevent its being read with general interest when it is no longer new.

But it is not only from a literary standpoint that the book is heterogeneous. There are parts in which a new world hovers before us; we feel "that the burden of passionate pity for the misery of the crushed and suffering portion of our fellow-creatures is about to be lifted" (ii. 31). We are encouraged to hope that "under new moral conditions, higher than any which have hitherto been attempted in actual realization, new and higher spiritual faculties may be evoked which shall reveal to (us) a new and unsuspected Deity" (ii. 63). The chapter from which we have taken these quotations may be almost described as the promise of a new heaven and a new earth—of a life in which what is now the high-water mark of generous friendship shall become the sympathy of average humanity, and man shall feel for the weal or woe of his fellow-man throughout the world, as we now feel for the weal and woe of the one or two that are dearest to each of us. Nothing is nobler than this ideal; nothing so stirs the air with dim but potent hopes, that may, to the humblest of us, make life worth living. But, alas! when we turn from the visions to the narrative, we feel as if we had passed, with the mystic rapture of a Virgil still on our ears, into the smoking-room of a club in St. James's Street. The relations of Lord Sark and the various heroines of the tale need no new ideal as their background to show forth their murky hues. They look black on the ordinary morality of commonplace men and women. His mistress no doubt is a mere adventuress; we have no picture of heartless treachery, of seduction, and betrayal before us; we have merely a picture of commonplace vice. But to speak plainly, it is just here that we need a standard. Cold and worldly men dislike cruelty; it is not crime but vice that needs to be seen truly. Lord Sark and Mrs. Clymer are partners in a transaction of which there is no need to exaggerate the guilt; but, small or great, it is the guilt of two persons. It is in this book systematically treated as the guilt of one, and that the weaker one. The heroine, whose lofty aspirations are symbolized in the title of the book, drives the woman from her presence with harsh insult, at the same time that she aims at making the man, who does not lose one iota of her esteem, the husband of her friend. The two partners in a common guilt are dismissed respectively to the hell of rejected love, and the Heaven of blissful wedlock. Alas! if this be the ideal of the preacher, what can we expect in the conduct of the publican. If the voice that calls us to a loftier ideal admit that one half the race may in the meantime treat the other as the scapegoat of its vice, with what

hope shall we listen to its promise of a new power to help our kind, and obey the words of Christ?

We have spent on "*Altiora Peto*" a proportion of our space corresponding to that which it occupies in public attention, and one which therefore leaves within our narrow limits a scant margin for any other. This is less of a misfortune with respect to Mr. Black's last novel* than it would have been were we dealing with some of its predecessors. It seems written for a public who will, he knows, read whatever he writes; and as it shows us none of those charming landscapes which he almost alone among writers of fiction can set before the eye of a reader, we feel, in closing it, like a child who has been cheated of the pictures in a story-book. Its main interest—the salvation of a chloral-drinking mother by the heroine—is an original and noble ideal, but Mr. Black somewhat spoils this by a manifest hurry to get back to the more common-place business of the novelist, and weakens the story of Yolande's heroism by stripping the task of all the difficulty that would have made it, in real life, either unsuccessful or supremely heroic. This is as great a loss from a moral as from an artistic point of view. A writer of fiction can teach no more dangerous theory than that sacrifice may be done cheap, and it is the more incumbent on him to tell the truth on this head because it cannot, with any effect, be told elsewhere than in fiction. It is inartistic to reflect back a sense of futility on the anxieties which are made the motive power of a story; and in the present example the contrast between the watchful terror with which the secret has been kept from the heroine, and her prompt solution of the difficulty when once it is made known to her, gives an unreal dream-like impression to the whole; while the fact that Yolande's objectionable mother rids her of an undesirable lover, seems to mar the pathos of her dutifulness. The picture of this undesirable lover, however, is very clever. It is a prose rendering of the theme of Clough's posthumous poem, the "*Amours de Voyage*," where the hero gives up the heroine from the extreme difficulty of finding her right address—a picture of the modern lover, languid, selfish, indolent, ready to make the companion of a tour the companion of a lifetime, and ready to bid her an eternal farewell with almost equal equanimity. There is nothing of the deeper power that is shown in Clough's poem; the pathos that a poet can give his lightest work is entirely wanting to the novel, for Yolande is as indifferent as her lover is, and the dissolution of the engagement is a relief to both parties. But on the other hand there is so much cleverness in the sketch that we regret that this figure does not occupy a more prominent space on the canvas. The devotion of a conventional rival is less original and less interesting, and the title gives a true clue to the deeper interest of the tale; whatever glow of feeling it has belongs to the "*Story of a Daughter*."

No novels can present a greater contrast than this picture of touring, deer-stalking, grouse-shooting, newspaper-reading life in the nineteenth century, with its languid love, its tepid quarrels, its frivolous interests, amid which love and marriage tower as the one eminence, and the picture from a period Mr. Motley has made familiar to us, and which Mr. Ebers here illustrates with his usual wealth of knowledge, and what many readers will find equally welcome, less than his usual love of detail.† Many a well-known figure appears here—Don John of Austria, in his glory at Lepanto, the brief blaze of which lights up with a pathetic vividness his death of a broken heart, Alexander of Parma, the brilliant hero, whose genius relieves the horror of the war it helped to prolong, Antonio More, the courtly painter, venturing in the interests of art to inflict a tap with a mahl-stick on the royal shoulder of Philip himself (an incident in which, if it be not authentic, the audacity

* "*Yolande: the Story of a Daughter*." By William Black. Macmillan & Co.

† "*Only a Word*." By George Ebers. Translated by Clara Bell. Macmillan & Co.

of the inventor surpasses that of the actor), and finally the gloomy bigoted king himself, whose portrait will make the reader ask himself, what is it that enables Scott, in a few strokes and without any apparent effort, to set before us the pomp and awe of royalty, an effect which far greater knowledge here utterly fails to produce? In truth, all these figures are as much less interesting than Scott would have made them as they are based on a richer study of their originals; but one sketch remains in the reader's memory, with that peculiar power of prosaic pathos which belongs to Mr. Ebers in so high a degree—the Portuguese Jew and his dumb wife. The sketch is a slight one, the crossbow of a German huntsman removes the heroic Lopez just as he has saved the life of the man's master early in the story; but it will recall to some readers the fine simplicity of outline which has set Lessing's famous Jew among the noblest ideals of romance. The scholar and student, driven from his quiet refuge, and interrupted in his beneficent work of teaching a peasant's son by the spiteful bigotry of a monk, but carrying on his unswerving trust in a righteous rule; hoping, indeed, for a life beyond the grave when "the dumb shall speak and sing as the angels, and the tormented souls rejoice," but feeling in the meantime that good is that which gives peace to the soul here and now, and "evil that which fills it with unrest," and in this faith cherishing no bitter memory, even of that persecutor, under whose torture his wife lost the power of speech—the Jew, who reverences the name of the Teacher whose every precept he sees abused by Christians, and yet clings to his own hereditary faith with devoted and unshrinking loyalty, while he dies in saving his persecutor from the just wrath of his friend; this is a picture which may be set by the side of the gentle and heroic Nathan, as one of the many reflections of that unique image of martyrdom—the Jew in the face of the Christian. Any treatment of a theme so pregnant with meaning will be found disappointing by some readers; but the elevation and simplicity of Mr. Ebers' rendering will be felt by many sufficient to give the fiction in which it appears a tragic dignity, and bestow on the other characters something of its own interest and pathos.

The little *jeu d'esprit** which has now to be noticed has been mentioned already, and in some respects Mr. Oliphant's story reminds us of Vernon Lee's; both depend for their beneficent agency on a good fairy; in the one case an American old maid, in the other an Italian singer, whose influence, in both cases, acts as an Ithuriel's spear, and puts the powers of darkness to flight. "The Prince of a Hundred Soups," is a little fanciful story, of which the scene is laid at a tiny Italian Republic in the seventeenth century, and the characters are the well-known Christmas friends of our childhood—Pantaloon being no less a personage than the doge himself. It is a pretty little sketch for a Christmas pantomime, but surely out of place in a novelette; to the present critic, at all events, the satire seems as unfitted for young readers as the story for old ones.

The "eighteenth century idyll" of the same clever writer,† contemplates grown up readers throughout, and so far is more satisfactory, but there is something inadequate in the little picture as compared with the power and knowledge expended on its production. It is a sketch, delicately and lightly touched, of German provincial life in the Sturm und Drang period that produced Werther, and has all the interest and charm of a painting that records an actual excursion into an accessible past. It is too slight and purposeless, however, to attain fully the kind of interest at which it aims, and the reader is left with a sense of collapse and disappointment, though also with a great sense of power. We want far more concentration of light and shade, the strong parts should be stronger, the weak parts should be less

* "The Prince of the 100 Soups." Edited by Vernon Lee. T. Fisher Unwin.

† "Ottilie." By Vernon Lee. T. Fisher Unwin.

detailed; as the story stands it is neither a sketch nor a study. Vernon Lee is certainly to be one of our writers of the future; she has already acquired a style that is full of grace, and flavoured by a delicate humour, while it is also marked by that sure and rare sign of literary power—self-restraint. Moreover, she is original, in the sense that hardly any other young writer is original. She reminds the reader of nobody. Alone among our young novelists, she never inflicts on us any of those ambitious sentences which affect our mental palate like water in a glass tasting of wine, and which, in betraying a reminiscence of George Eliot, show us how a great genius may influence without inspiring. Let her only be in earnest with her theme, let her only, without losing her light touch and fine reticence, add more seriousness to her picture of life, and she may give us something that shall be remembered. There are few writers of the day of whom we can say as much.

We have this month to notice a volume, which, though not fiction, will be read with interest by all who care for fiction, as well as by many who do not, and many a novel put aside for comment must await further leisure. But a reprint of one of Mrs. Riddell's* gives an opportunity (a second edition being in some respects more worthy of notice than a first, as showing not only what authors will write, but what the public will read) of expressing the gratitude felt by surely more than one reader of novels to a writer who takes her readers out of good society! The world of fiction is truly a curious inversion of the world of fact. It may truly be called the mirror of experience, for right and left here change places. What can be more depressing in a novel than to be in company with a duke! How elated we feel, if we are introduced to a person who drops his h's! We cannot promise the readers of "Alaric Spencerly" quite such good fortune as this, but we may assure them that they are, in perusing it, secure from being introduced to a lord, a baronet, or even a landed proprietor! This original writer has discovered that life goes on among people who never dreamt of getting into Parliament, and have no acquaintance among the peerage. If all her readers are as grateful to her as one of them is, she will bring out a good many second editions. We are not without hopes that she and the author of that most entertaining book, reviewed in our September issue, "The Parish of Hilby," will set a new fashion in this respect, and teach our young writers to quit the rifled world of fashion and gentility, and open to those new realms of bourgeois life in which men and women love and hate, live and die, just as they do among the aristocracy.

* "Alaric Spencerly." By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. A new edition. James Hogg.

NEW BOOKS.

The Lord Advocates of Scotland. By George W. T. Omond, Advocate. (Edinburgh: David Douglas).—Of all State functionaries in this constitutional kingdom, the Lord Advocate of Scotland had, till only the other day, the most unlimited range of authority. As one office or public body after another became extinct, the Lord Advocate always fell heir to its powers, till he had come to engross in his own person the entire executive of the country. He was its Lord High Chancellor, its Lord Privy Seal, its Privy Council, all in one, and it seems he still enjoys the curious, if rather useless, privilege of pleading before Her Majesty's judges with his hat on. An office so important has naturally been frequently held by men of great mark, and much history has been made, or at any rate modified, by them. Mr. Omond has chosen a good subject in writing their lives, and he has done his task remarkably well. His style is simple and clear, and his judgments are always fair. Much of his matter is very interesting. As we read the account of the State trials under Lord Braxfield, we can scarcely realize that within a period covered by living memory there was as little freedom of speech and as little judicial purity in Scotland as there is in Russia now. When we think, too, of the cry made to-day, and very properly made, about the poor living so commonly, whole families of them, in one room, we seem to be separated by ages from the time when a Lord Advocate could excite the indignation of the lairds by an Act forcing them to erect houses of two rooms each for parochial schoolmasters—to provide "palaces for dominies" forsooth—and yet that was only in 1803.

The Cruise of the "Alert." By R. W. Coppinger, M.D. (London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.).—The *Alert*, which had already gone with the Expedition of 1875 to the highest northern latitude ever attained, was sent in 1878 on a four years' surveying cruise in high southern waters; and Dr. Coppinger, who was medical and scientific officer to the expedition, now writes an interesting and instructive account of it in the present handsome volume. In the course of this cruise, Dr. Coppinger saw a good deal of Patagonia and some of the lesser known of the South Sea Islands, and many of the things he tells us about the vegetable, animal, and human life of these unfamiliar regions are not only valuable but novel. He does not repeat what is known already, and when a fact interests him, his speculations upon it are suggestive and worth thinking over. In some respects we shall think worse of the Patagonians after his book, but in others certainly better, for though their only dress is a skin thrown over the shoulders, which they make no scruple about parting with for a plug of tobacco, which they cannot smoke without sickening, he found among them what, for savages, must be counted a considerable public work—a portage, or kind of ship railway, made of logs, for conveying their canoes across the neck of an isthmus.

The Field of Disease. By B. W. Richardson, M.D., &c. (London: Macmillan & Co.).—This is a work in preventive medicine meant not for professional but for general readers. Dr. Richardson thinks the time has now come when it ought to be considered the business of medicine not only to cure disease, but also and especially to prevent it. We must go to the roots of things and cure, not individual patients, but the race. This, however, cannot be done without the intelligent co-operation of the people themselves, and of their administrative authorities, and for their enlightenment Dr. Richardson goes carefully over all kinds of diseases, traces them to their causes, and points out the various means that should be taken to prevent them by individuals and by local and central government. Though much ground is gone over, yet from the author's skilful choice and summary of his materials, we are enabled to get a very good idea of the whole field of disease. He would extend the jurisdiction of authority in matters of health very considerably, and is fertile in suggestions for its inter-

vention. Some of these are important, as, for example, his idea of receiving the sewage of towns in floating tanks to permit its further utilization, and prevent the pollution of rivers. He is strong, too, for having in every town public laundries as well as public slaughterhouses, both to be under inspection. His figures about the Jewish slaughterhouses ought to be pondered by the London public. The Jewish inspectors at Deptford and Whitechapel generally find, it seems, every third ox, and some years every second ox, presented at their slaughterhouses to be diseased, and reject it.

Shakespeare's Historical Plays. By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. (London: W. Blackwood & Sons).—A family version of Shakespeare, expunging his indelicacies, or an acting version, adapting his plays to the technical requirements of the modern stage, is a legitimate and useful work in its own place; but a version that makes Shakespeare what he is not with the view of making his works more continuously interesting, more worthy of himself at his best, more like what he would have made it had he corrected it personally for the press, or at any rate more like what an editor of taste would have made it for him, freeing it from "passages by which his taste has been offended and his patience tried; instances, for example, of obscurity, of redundancy, of bombast, of slipshod diction, of far-fetched images, of quibbles devoid of wit, of allusions to obsolete customs having for the antiquarian perhaps some little interest, but none for the ordinary reader,"—that we own is not a prepossessing idea, and we can only thank the good Bishop for the clemency with which he has carried it out. He inserts but little, and the passages he omits from the text he prints in the notes, except of course the indelicate ones. His notes and introductions to the several plays are concise and to the point, and a most useful feature of the book are the brief explanations of obscure terms in the margin. We should think the book would be chiefly valued not for what it mainly aims at being, a judiciously abridged and improved version, but for what it becomes by the way, a handy annotated family version, of our great dramatist.

In the Hebrides. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming. (London: Chatto & Windus).—Miss Cumming is among the very best of our writers of travel, for with a keen and most experienced eye for whatever is interesting and picturesque, she is never content to be misled by a merely superficial observation of things. She has a habit of going about them and behind them, and getting at them as they really are, and she writes with much simple charm of description. In the Highlands she is evidently among scenes and people she loves, and wherever she goes she has always a stock of curious lore to tell us about Highland characteristics and customs, throwing on them often interesting sidelights from the results of her many wanderings elsewhere. On the present agrarian question her heart is with the crofters, and her visit to the dairy farms of Cantyre leads her to make a practical suggestion worthy of attention, that such farms "worked on a co-operative system may yet bring gold and comfort to many a district" in the North. She thinks it probable, too, that some economical use will be found for the abundant seaweed on the Highland shores, and give rise to new Highland industries, to take the place of the decayed kelpmaking.

An Autobiography. By Anthony Trollope. (London: W. Blackwood & Sons.) Mr. Trollope has written nothing more interesting than this frank account of his own literary career. That career was in some ways a remarkable one. Probably no author of our time has made so much money by his books—he had made about £70,000 when he finished this autobiography in 1879, and he wrote thirteen books after that—but though he did not begin writing very early he wrote for twelve years before he wrote anything that can be said to have brought him a penny. He was the most productive author of the time, and yet he wrote most of his books amid the occupations of another profession. He tells us his secret: it was three hours work before breakfast, and so many pages an hour; industry and method that fill us with admiration. He has other secrets, too, to tell of his art; he criticizes his own works, and he has many good remarks on contemporary novelists. He speaks kindly of other people, and of himself without airs or affectation. A happy healthy nature, manifestly, in spite of a singularly depressing boyhood and a strangely unpromising young manhood.

In the Alsatian Mountains. By Katherine Lee. (London: Bentley & Son.)—Mrs. Lee has fallen upon a picturesque and accessible region which the English tourist has not yet invaded, nor the English writer of travels described, and not without some pity for the district she has determined to make it known. Her book may attract others thither, for it is readable, but we cannot think it will give them much guidance after they are there, for it is only an extension of her diary during a three weeks' visit this summer. It makes no pretension to any special knowledge of the country or people, and it consists for the most part of the ordinary chronicle of tourist small-beer. The cheapness of her trip is remarkable, even when allowance is made for the circumstance that she is a lady that makes no scruple about roughing it a little, and trudging through rain on foot with her skirts tucked, and that carriages and expensive wines were avoided. She gives a detailed account of expenses, and the whole three weeks' excursion of herself and her husband together only cost them £25 from London to London.

Sheridan. By Mrs. Oliphant. (London: Macmillan & Co.)—None of the English Men of Letter Series is better done or more interesting than this. Mrs. Oliphant has, no doubt, been fortunate in a subject of high lights and deep shadows both, but she has done it ample justice, and presented us with a very charming study on the great dramatist and orator. She deals very fairly, and with a discriminating common sense that characterizes her, with all sides of his chequered history and not easily explicable nature.

The Paradox of Acting. Translated from Diderot's "Paradoxe sur le Comedien." By Walter Herries Pollock, with a Preface by Henry Irving. (Chatto & Windus.)—Diderot's paradox is that though an actor's business is to express emotion, he must yet have no sensibility, but only penetration and self-possession. In the great actor, he holds, sensibility is completely absent. This is an extreme position, adopted in recoil from a current error of the author's own time; and Mr. Irving, in his interesting preface, has no difficulty in rebutting it, and showing that the more sensibility the better if the actor can keep it under control. But Diderot discusses his problem with much fine insight. It need not be said he has found an admirable translator in Mr. Pollock.

Light Science for Leisure Hours. Third Series. By Richard A. Proctor, B.A. (Longmans & Co.)—Mr. Proctor has, beyond most, the gift of popularising difficult and heavy matter, and his scientific essays are always agreeable and entertaining as well as instructive reading. The present volume is no exception to this rule. Some of the essays it contains, seem indeed to be rather slight to warrant republication, but the series on the great solar eclipses observed since 1868—which constitutes nearly half the book—is full of interesting information perspicuously and easily communicated. The other essays are on very various subjects, from lotteries to boat-races, from vivisection to signal lights, from evolutionist ethics to Malthusianism. They are also of very various value.

Italian Rambles: Studies of Life and Manners in New and Old Italy. By J. J. Jarvis. (New York: G. Putnam's Sons.)—Neither of the titles of this book quite expresses its character. Its pages are more than the sketches of a rambler, but less than the studies of a thorough Italian *kenner*. The author has resided long in Italy, and has a very warm side for both the country and people—indeed, he overrates the latter much in some things; but he is a sensible observer, who has enjoyed good opportunities, and on some special features of Italian life he gives much valuable information.

Life of George Cruikshank. By Blanchard Jerrold. (Chatto & Windus.)—Mr. Jerrold has published a new edition of his *Life of George Cruikshank*, in one volume, retaining the old illustrations. It is a seemly volume, and will no doubt extend the popularity of the work.

EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS AND CHRISTIANITY.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, at the conclusion of his "Science of Ethics," a work to which I desire to pay my sincere though tardy homage,* admits, with his usual candour, that one great difficulty remains not only unsolved but insoluble. "There is," he says, "no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness. I cannot prove that it is always prudent to act rightly or that it is always happiest to be virtuous." In another passage he avows that in accepting the Altruist theory he accepts, as inseparable from it, the conclusion that "the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness;" and he compares the attempt to establish an absolute coincidence to an attempt to square the circle or discover perpetual motion. In another passage he puts the same thing in a concrete form. "The virtuous men," he says, "may be the very salt of the earth, and yet the discharge of a function socially necessary may involve their own misery." "A great moral and religious teacher," he adds, "has often been a martyr, and we are certainly not entitled to assume either that he was a fool for his pains or on the other hand that the highest conceivable degree of virtue can make martyrdom agreeable." We may doubt, in his opinion, whether it answers to be a moral hero. "In a gross society, where the temperate man is an object of ridicule and necessarily cut off from participation in the ordinary pleasures of life, he may find his moral squeamishness conducive to misery; the just and honourable man is made miser-

* The bulk of the book consists of moral analysis which is almost equally valuable on any hypothesis as to the Basis of Ethics. With regard to this part, I would only venture to suggest that a distinction should be drawn between the love of speculative truth and practical veracity. Practical veracity is a part of justice. The duty of telling a man the truth is measured by his right to be told it. He has no right to be told it when it would light him to crime. He has a right not to be told it when it would kill him with grief. Martyrdom implies a divine revelation or something equivalent to it; it is loyalty to God.

able in a corrupt society where the social combinations are simply bands of thieves, and his high spirit only awakens hatred; and the benevolent is tortured in proportion to the strength of his sympathies in a society where they meet with no return, and where he has to witness cruelty triumphant and mercy ridiculed as weakness." So that not only are men exposed to misery by reason of their superiority, but "every reformer who breaks with the world, though for the world's good, must naturally expect much pain and must be often tempted to think that peace and harmony are worth buying, even at the price of condoning evil." "'Be good if you would be happy' seems to be the verdict even of worldly prudence; but it adds, in an emphatic aside, 'Be not too good.'" Of a moral hero it is said, that "it may be true both that a less honourable man would have had a happier life, and that a temporary fall below the highest strain of heroism would have secured for him a greater chance of happiness." Had he given way, "he might have made the discovery—not a very rare one—that remorse is among the passions most easily lived down." Mr. Stephen fully recognizes the existence of men "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratification, and incapable of really enjoying any of the pleasures which imply public spirit, or private affection, or vivid imagination;" and he confesses that with regard to such men the moralist has no leverage whatever. The physician has leverage; so has the policeman; but it is possible, as Mr. Stephen would probably admit, to indulge not only covetousness but lust at great cost to others without injury to your own health, and without falling into the clutches of the law.

The inference which I (though not Mr. Stephen) should draw from these frank avowals is that it is impossible to construct a rule for individual conduct, or for the direction of life, by mere inspection of the phenomena of Evolution without some conception of the Estate and Destiny of Man. In what hands are we—in those of a Father, in those of a power indifferent to the welfare of Humanity, or in those of a Blind Fate—is a question which, let the devotees of physical science in the intoxicating rush of physical discovery say or imagine what they will, must surely have the most practical and abiding, as well as the highest, interest for man. The ship of life is not, nor is it likely ever to be made, so comfortable that the passengers will be content to float along in it without asking for what port they are bound. It is true that in the ordinary actions of life we do not think definitely of the end of our being: we eat that we may live, we work that we may eat, we sleep that we may be refreshed and go forth again to our labour until the evening; we do what the pressure of domestic or social necessity requires, and avoid breaking our heads against the law as we avoid breaking them against the wall. China and Japan, in short, exist. But there are extraordinary actions in

which we must think of the end of our being, and stake happiness on the truth of our conception of it; we must think of it in those moments of reflection to which man is liable though apes are not; and our view of it will determine our aim in the promotion of character and in the general disposition of our lives; while in disaster and bereavement, especially when we lay in the grave those whom we have loved, we can hardly help asking whether we ought to sorrow as those who have no comfort except the conservation of matter. In extraordinary actions the thought will be present to the mind of all of us: it will be habitually present to the minds of extraordinary men, those men upon whose efforts human progress most depends. Mr. Stephen founds everything upon the social tissue: that phrase is, one might almost say, the sum of his philosophy. Taken metaphorically it is a very good phrase, and conveys most important truth. Taken literally, I cannot help thinking, it conveys, mixed with the truth, a serious error. A tissue is not made up of personalities; no cell of a tissue ever retires into itself, conceives in mental solitude high designs, or deliberately sets itself against the other cells in the cause of a grand tissue reform. Can a single great benefactor of our race be named who was not upheld in his struggle with difficulties by a belief in something beyond sense and the domain of what is called science, whether he did or did not belong to any church or profess any definite creed? Comte, if he was a great benefactor, had his religion, and the language of his disciples is spiritual in the highest degree. Napoleon, no doubt, tells us that he deliberately excluded from his mind all thoughts about God or a hereafter, and that had he not done this he could not have achieved great things. Of the great things which he unquestionably did achieve his Agnosticism was not less unquestionably the condition. But of the great things which the Antonines and other Roman Stoics achieved, the condition was unquestionably the constant presence of the thoughts which Napoleon excluded. It was not a definite religious belief, but it was a belief in a Power of Righteousness and in a moral end of our being.

Can the question of our Destiny be prevented from forcing itself upon our minds? If it cannot, is it possible, without a satisfactory solution of that question, to attain the happiness to which it must be the aim of any science or system concerned with human action to light mankind? A beast may graze happily from day to day, because, so far as we can see, it has no idea of death. But man has an idea of death, and one which must grow more vivid and importunate as he draws nearer to the bourne. A captive may be in high health both of body and mind, and well fed, but he can hardly be called happy if he knows that in a few days he will be hanged. It is childish to bid us forget that which is always impending upon us

and is ever before our eyes ; that for which, in the conduct of our worldly affairs, we must always be making provision. Can a man when he buries his wife or child shut out of his mind the idea of death ? Even the enjoyments in which the thought of annihilation is to be drowned, the more intellectual they become, bring, mingled with their sweetness, more of the bitterness which springs from a sense of perishableness and imperfection, so that the advance of civilization is likely itself to defeat the counsels of the philosophy which bids us fix our minds on life and not on death. The highest of our joys is affection ; and the more intense affection becomes the more bitter will be the reflection that, if this world is all, love must die.

A pure Altruist might face all difficulties with his feet firmly planted on the Altruistic theory. But is it possible to believe in the existence of pure Altruism, that sort of Altruism which alone can render martyrdom reasonable, as Mr. Stephen affirms it to be ? Can my pleasure ever be really your pleasure, or my pain your pain ? Is not this as impossible as that my thoughts or emotions should be yours ? Social pleasure, of course, we can understand ; a Christmas dinner-party is a familiar instance of it ; but while all the members of the party contribute to the sum of enjoyment and the cheerfulness is reciprocal, the pleasure of each member is as much his own and not that of any other member as is the pleasure of an Alexander Selkirk eating his solitary meal on the desert island. The same theory is true conversely of social pains. Yet heroic self-sacrifice can surely be reconciled with reason only by showing that the happiness, to save which the hero gives his life, is in some way actually his own. If the notion that self-sacrifice pays is a tribal illusion, though the illusion may be useful to the tribe, it clearly cannot be too soon dispelled so far as regards the personal interest of those who have any propensity to self-sacrifice. It is perfectly true that Christianity is egoistic. The Christian is bidden to lose his life, but only that he may save it. The self which he sacrifices is the lower and transitory self, and he sacrifices it to the higher and more permanent. Paul merely uses a rhetorical hyperbole when he says that he is willing to be accursed for the sake of his brethren. It is true that Christianity points to a union in Christ which would ultimately, as it were, remove the barrier of individuality and make happiness actually common. This may be a dream, as it certainly is a mystery ; the Agnostics would of course say that it was the wildest of dreams ; but it is, at all events, a different thing from Altruism, and not liable to the same objection.

For the religious hope as a motive power and a justification of self-sacrifice some Evolutionists substitute the hope of a Social

Utopia, which is to be the goal of progress. If the coming of the Utopia could be certainly predicted, this would still be cold comfort to the shades of the myriads who have lived and died, and are now living and dying, in a state very far from Utopian. But Mr. Stephen is too wary to build on anything of the kind. "Speculations," he says, "about the future of society are rash." "We cannot tell that progress will be indefinite; it seems rather that science points to a time at which all life upon the planet must become extinct; and the social organism may, according to the familiar analogy, have its natural old age and death." Besides, "Progress means a stage of evolution; evolution from the earliest to the latest stages means a continuous process of adjustment, which is always determined by the fact that at any existing stage the adjustment is imperfect; complete equilibrium or an elimination of this discordant element would therefore mean, not perhaps stagnation, but a cessation of progress, an attainment of the highest arc of the curve, after which we could only expect descent." Professor Clifford distinctly looked forward to a catastrophe in which man and all his works would perish. So does Mr. Herbert Spencer. Progress under his mechanical law must end in the equilibration of death. He thinks that we ought to feel a religious or quasi-religious satisfaction in working with the Power manifested throughout evolution, since that Power is working towards the highest form of life. But supposing this to be true and certainly known to us, the highest form of life will be produced only to be thrown back, by the reversal of the machine, into primordial chaos. When differentiation and heterogeneity are complete the return to homogeneity will begin. Instead of joyfully co-operating in the process, our moral nature rebels against it, and would like, if it had the power, to arrest this ruthless Gnome in the middle of his fell sport, when he is just about to destroy that which he has brought into existence at the expense of so much labour and suffering to beings gratuitously made sentient and conscious when nothing but a mechanical result was in view. Who would endure pain and labour, who would give up his dinner, merely to increase the expensiveness of the final crash? Surely any man not extremely scientific, when he reads all this about arcs and curves and descents, and moving equilibriums and equilibrations, must profoundly feel, if he cannot distinctly prove, that it belongs to mechanics, not to morals or to any account of a universe of which morality is an essential portion.

The bearing of these mechanical theories of the universe upon Ethics seems not to be fully seen by their authors, who are apt, when treating of morality, to lay them aside or to accord them only a faint and almost nominal recognition. They must govern the character of human actions as they govern every thing else; and the

character of an action will be fundamentally determined by its relation to the mechanical process and the stage of that process in which it happens to occur. If it occurs when the movement is towards heterogeneity, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the heterogeneous, if in the other part, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the homogeneous. During the ascent of the curve an upward direction will be moral; but a downward direction will be moral when the highest arc of the curve has been passed. Opposite characteristics, and those the most essential, will be at different epochs in unison with the working of the Power which is manifested throughout Evolution, and to co-operate with which, Mr. Spencer tells us, is our bliss. In the downhill stage of Evolution, that action will be the best which most conduces to the dissolution of society. From this conclusion I see no escape: and when we add to it the doctrine of Necessity, under the new name of Determinism, the principle of morality will surely become difficult of expression to ordinary minds. That Evolution is non-moral some of its bold German hierophants at all events do, to use Bacon's quaint phrase, "ingenuously and without fig-leaves confess." But Evolution is in the contemplation of Agnostic Science the Supreme Power of the Universe, or at least the sole manifestation of that Power. What footing then, at bottom, has Morality? May it not be destined to disappear before the advancing light of Science, like Animism and other superstitions? May not those prove to be right who, with Dr. Van Buren Denslow, say that the commandment against stealing or lying is the law of the "top dog" and nothing more? When the belief that Evolution is all, and that Evolution brings forth only to destroy in the end, has thoroughly penetrated the human mind, will not the result be a moral chaos? We are still living in the twilight of Religion, and the grim features of Evolution are not yet distinctly seen.*

* In the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW of March, 1882, Mr. Herbert Spencer replied to my article "On the Basis of Morality," which appeared in the preceding number. But instead of answering me on the broad issue, he preferred to pick out from my article a sentence in which he thought I could be shown to have misrepresented him, and to ask his readers to draw general inferences of a convenient kind with regard to my trustworthiness as a critic. The sentence on which he fixed was this: "An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his (Mr. Spencer's) definitions or form parts of his system than does the religious sanction." I am here giving my own view of the fundamental character of his system, not in the way of denunciation but of description; and I use the terms in their obvious sense and in relation not to anything merely provisional, but to the ultimate basis of Ethics. If this is borne in mind I shall be acquitted of any misrepresentation. Mr. Spencer may recognize an authoritative conscience, the religious sanction and the rest, in a peculiar sense, as provisional phases of opinion, and think that he has furnished substitutes for them in his system. As a substitute for the religious sanction he tenders the design of the Power manifested throughout Evolution; but I am not bound to accept the exchange. He asks, with uplifted hands, to what conclusion such a system as I describe would lead. To the conclusion, I answer, that the best example of an absolutely right action is a woman giving suck to a child, which, as I said before, seems to involve no more morality than the suckling of a calf by a cow. It is needless, I trust, to protest that to impugn a man's theory of Ethics is not to impugn his virtue; at all events I

A mechanical theory of the Universe, if accepted, would settle the question of Free Will. Mr. Stephen's exact position on that question I should find it rather difficult to state; but I venture to differ from him if he thinks it possible to set the controversy aside as one that has been threshed out and is practically of no importance. It lies, on the contrary, as appears to me, at the very root of the matter. If "free" means arbitrary, fortuitous, or unconnected with disposition and circumstance, let the epithet be dropped, provided it is understood that volition is essentially different from mere inclination, however produced, and that it implies a power of choice; a real power of choice, and not merely the absence of one particular kind of coercion, such as forcible pressure from without. Let the doctrine be called Necessarianism or let it be called by any deodorizing name you will, if the fact is that a man's actions are absolutely determined, like the occurrences of the physical world, like the rising of a jet of water or the falling of a stone, by causes which operated before he came into existence, responsibility is an idle name and the symbol of a departing illusion. Actions will still be beneficial or noxious to Society; but a poisonous gas is noxious without being responsible. Consciousness itself apparently becomes a mere futility, so that the Pessimist will be warranted in treating it as a cruel aberration on the part of Nature, who might just as well have carried on her development without causing all this gratuitous pain. Even Personality becomes very difficult to conceive when a man is reduced to a complex phenomenon and his action to the working of a general law. That the value of an action is proportioned to the degree in which the action indicates character is true, in so far as the character is self-formed, but this of course brings us back to the point from which we started. Mr. Stephen is, to my apprehension, not quite clear upon this head. "Undoubtedly," he says, "every man is always forming his own character: every act tends to generate a habit or to modify character, and consciously to form character is an act like any other, and subject to the conditions already stated." Is it the *man* or the *act* that forms the character? If the act, is the act done by the man, or through the man by a supreme force of which the man's nature and everything that emanates from it are mere manifestations? Is there anything original in action, or is there nothing? Again I find myself a little puzzled by such words as these:—"A man's *character* is in all cases the product of all the influences to which he has been subject from his infancy acting upon his

guarded thoroughly in my article against any such inference. If Mr. Spencer fancies that I am one of his orthodox persecutors, supposing such enemies of truth and beneficence to exist, he was never more mistaken in his life. I am no more orthodox than he is, though I should think it scarcely worthy of philosophy to court sympathy by ostentation of the heterodoxy which happens to be just now in vogue.

previously existing *character*" (p. 402, American edition). Elsewhere, character seems to be identified with the "innate qualities," upon which hypothesis, and supposing the merit and demerit of actions to consist in their being manifestations of character, the two most responsible of all conceivable beings would apparently be an angel created without a capability of doing wrong, and a devil created without a capability of doing right. To tell me that any being is responsible for that which he could not possibly have helped, inasmuch as it was ordained by irresistible power long before his birth, is to put a heavier strain on my faculty of holding contradictory propositions together than is put on it by any paradox in the Athanasian Creed. Why all this perplexity and mystification? Why cannot we accept as a philosophic or scientific truth that verdict of our consciousness which we assume to be a practical truth in all our dealings with each other, in every reflection upon ourselves, in the whole course and conduct of our lives? Why is a verdict of consciousness less trustworthy than a verdict of sense? Upon what can a verdict of sense rest, if consciousness, to which the verdict of sense must first be delivered, is deceptive? "It may, perhaps, justly be concluded that since the whole process of action, through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so"—is not this reasoning as good as *Cogito ergo sum*? How can we say that in the nature of things it was impossible that after physical causation, from which our ideas are taken, there should come into existence another kind of causation, such, perhaps, as we have no language accurately to define, but of a nature consistent with our consciousness of free will? Mr. Stephen seems to assume that nothing can be which is inconsistent with the "universal postulate" of Evolution. But surely this is to turn Evolution from an observed fact, or series of facts, into a dogma just as arbitrary as any which theology has framed respecting the nature and counsels of the Deity. Evolution, after all, like Gravitation, is merely a formal law: it may describe correctly, but it can explain nothing: it postulates as the cause of movement a power which is assumed to work consistently, but of which it can give no account, and to the operations of which, therefore, it can set no rational limit. If the idea of real volition is an illusion, whence, let me ask once more, did the illusion arise? How came the Automaton automatically to fancy itself free, and again automatically to conclude that it was an Automaton? There must be a curious power in the human intellect, at all events, of rising above and surveying that to which it is all the time itself subject. Jonathan Edwards, to whom Mr. Stephen refers, reduced his own reasonings, as I have said before, to an absurdity, as he is himself half conscious, by making God the responsible author of

moral evil; and if his followers really believed in his conclusions they would give up self-improvement and cease to preach or pray. His philosophical fallacy consists in the unqualified translation to the moral sphere of ideas and language belonging to physical causation. His view has never been acted upon for a single moment by any human being.

In Mill's Autobiography there is a passage which vividly presents this question in its practical aspect, and shows that it is not a mere metaphysical puzzle:—

"During the latter returns of my dejection, the doctrine of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances: as if my character and that of all others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our power. I often said to myself, what a relief it would be if I could disbelieve the doctrine of the formation of character by circumstances; and remembering the wish of Fox respecting the doctrine of resistance to governments, that it might never be forgotten by kings nor remembered by subjects, I said that it would be a blessing if the doctrine of Necessity could be believed by all *quoad* the characters of others, and disbelieved in regard to their own. I pondered painfully on the subject till gradually I saw light through it. I perceived that the word Necessity, as a name for the doctrine of Cause and Effect, applied to human action carried with it a misleading association, and that this association was the operative force in the depressing and paralyzing influence which I had experienced. I saw that, though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances, and what is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of Free Will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing. All this was entirely consistent with the doctrine of Circumstances, or, rather, was that doctrine itself properly understood. From that time I drew, in my own mind, a clear distinction between the doctrine of Circumstances and Fatalism, discarding altogether the misleading word, Necessity. The theory, which I now for the first time rightly apprehended, ceased altogether to be discouraging. And besides the relief to my spirits, I no longer suffered under the burden, so heavy to one who aims at being a reformer in opinions, of thinking one doctrine true and the contrary doctrine morally beneficial. The train of thought which had extricated me from this dilemma, seemed to me, in after years, fitted to render a similar service to others; and it now forms the chapter on Liberty and Necessity in the concluding book of my System of Logic."

Surely it is clear that the extrication was really effected, not by the change of names or the metaphysical legerdemain, but by the dispersion of moral shadows and the reviving sense of liberty. "Desires" cannot shape circumstances, though Will may.

Without real will there can be practically and to common apprehension no such thing as effort. Mr. Stephen's view on this subject, like his view on the subject of Free Will, I shrink from attempting to condense. It can be safely gathered only from his own pages; to send readers to which may be, perhaps, the best effect of this

paper. Though he does not directly traverse, I apprehend he distinctly excludes, the opinion that effort is an essential part of human virtue, and that the highest thing of which we can conceive is excellence of character produced by overcoming evil. He would see no special value in the character which Socrates, according to his own account, had formed by victoriously battling against the naturally bad disposition betrayed by his uncomely face. That effort is in itself desirable, nobody has affirmed; much less has anybody affirmed that it is the end. This would be an ascetic doctrine indeed. Humanity struggles and stumbles towards perfection, hoping that in perfection it may rest. But effort is the law of the world and clearly a part of the plan, if plan there be. Does not Mr. Stephen himself imply as much when he says that "the whole race is perpetually, even when unconsciously, *labouring* at the production of the most vigorous type?" It might have been better to create at once infallible excellence, but this has not been done; and so foreign is the idea to our experience, that when we try to depict a seraph, the result is merely insipidity with wings. "A man," says Mr. Stephen, "who felt no disposition whatever to commit any sin, would so far be absolutely perfect, and such a character is attributed by Christians to a divine man." "Christ," he adds, "was not the less perfect if He never felt the least velleity to do wrong; on the contrary, such a character represents the unattainable moral ideal." It is perplexing in ethical discussion to be called upon to deal with the ecclesiastical conception of Christ, and I am not going to maintain the 'sweet reasonableness' of the Athanasian Creed; but the history of Christ's life given in the Gospels distinctly implies resistance to temptation, and however victorious the resistance, temptation implies liability to fall. If this world is merely a state of existence, it is a fearful failure, even in comparison with the works of man, who economizes material and tries to spare labour and avoid inflicting pain. If it is a theatre of action and a school of preparation for something higher, its imperfections may be capable of explanation; and supposing the Eye of Supreme Equity to look on all, the Parable of the Talents may be true, and the effort to be good may, for some reason beyond our ken, be more valuable than goodness without effort. In the highest of human characters there is probably as much effort as in the lowest; the lowest may be struggling to keep out of the pit, the highest is striving to realize an ideal.

To realize by effort a Moral Ideal embodied in the character of Christ has been since His coming the avowed object, and in no small degree the real endeavour of the whole progressive portion of humanity. The established belief has been that the Ideal was perfect; that in proportion as it was realized, human nature, individually and collectively, would be raised and made like that of the

Author of our being ; that the world would thus at last become the kingdom of God, and that the spiritual society so formed would survive the physical catastrophe of the planet. This belief, so far as it extended and was operative, has hitherto been the practical basis of Christian Ethics, and whether true or false, has furnished a definite rule and aim for the lives, personal and social, of those who held it. It includes, from its very nature, an assurance that man, whose form the Ideal took, is the crowning product of Creation, and will not be superseded on earth by another order of beings, of which no assurance apparently is offered by Evolutionary science. Granting that there is a plan in the world, as the most thoroughgoing Positivists and enemies of Teleology will be found, in spite of themselves, and perhaps with doubtful warranty, so far as their philosophy is concerned, to assume, there seems nothing inherently absurd in the supposition that this is the plan. Mr. Stephen recognizes the existence of Types, which in another point of view are Ideals ; there have been many of them, such as the heroic type embodied in Achilles, which probably had great influence on character in Greece ; that of the Platonic Socrates ; the great-souled man of Aristotle's Ethics ; the bastard Christian type of Rousseauism : and no one can doubt that, apart from any analytic appreciation of their qualities, they have moved admiration, love, and imitation, or that this is a peculiar and important force in the moral sphere. Not all perhaps who think that they have renounced faith in the Ideal have really done so. The Positivist worships Humanity. What is Humanity ? Is it an abstraction ? I must say again that I would rather worship a stone idol, which at least has real existence. Is it an aggregate ? Then it includes the wicked. Is it an induction ? Then it will be incomplete till the scene of history is closed. I believe that it is an Ideal, and I declare that I fail to see how it differs from the Ideal of the Christian.

In Ontology I confess that, like Mr. Stephen, I find little comfort ; and what I do find is unphilosophic and unproducible in discussion. My understanding also yields implicit assent to the array of arguments by which it is proved that with our limited capacities we should in vain attempt to comprehend the Incomprehensible. But there is surely nothing extravagant or manifestly beyond the range of human faculties in scanning our own nature or the circumstances of the dispensation under which we live, to discover the design of the Being who has placed us here. That there is a design, I repeat, almost everyone, however rigorously scientific, asserts or implies. Mr. Stephen speaks of Nature as "wanting" a particular type of man. He is careful to add that Nature is "a personification for things considered as part of a continuous system ;" yet if she "wants" she is a female Deity, and her want is the Plan. Mr.

Spencer assumes, though he does not prove, that the Power manifested through Evolution is seeking to produce the highest form of life, the term "highest" plainly assuming an Ideal. They all, in short, would apparently "find it easier to believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." One great Evolutionist is inclined to endow the primordial atoms with intelligence, and to insinuate that the universe is the product of a Pan-atomic Council. There is nothing, therefore, ridiculous or unsanctioned by high authorities in believing that the universal frame is not without meaning; or in trying to find out by inspection what it means. But if we look to the physical dispensation and the lot of man as a part of it, perplexity and despondency fill our minds. Design there is, certainly, in us, who are a part of Nature, and if we may reason from analogy in Nature at large; at least there is far-off and complex preparation for things to come, as in the case of the pre-natal provisions for life, which irresistibly raises in us a sense of design. But there is also undesign, there is abortion, there is failure, there is waste, there is wreckage on a fearful scale, not only of brute material, but of material that bleeds and groans. If there are signs of beneficence there are terrible signs also of cruelty. If there is beauty, it is mated with hideousness and loathsomeness. "Teeth," says Paley "were evidently made to eat, not to ache;" but they do ache, as do hearts also; and we should not listen to a watchmaker if he told us that though half his watches stopped they were evidently made not to stop but to go. If the Pessimist affirms that the life of man has in it no happiness, plainly he is wrong; if he affirms that, taken alone, it has in it but a tantalizing taste of happiness, that the higher and more intellectual it becomes the greater is our sense of imperfection, that hitherto toil, pain and misery have preponderated over pleasure, his assertion can hardly be gainsayed. No view of Nature, in short, can reconcile power with beneficence, or assure us that we are under the dominion of Good, not under the dominion of Evil. If a clue is to be found, apparently it must be in history; and the hypothesis that man is really the crowning work, and that the ruling power of the universe is not mechanical but moral, to which, as to any other hypothesis, we are entitled, it seems as likely that the clue should be found in history as in the pigeon-house. Great physicists neglect history; they call it gossip, and plume themselves, not without justice, on their superior ignorance of the subject; it is, therefore, at all events, a field which they have as yet left unexplored. I base nothing upon miracle, or upon supernatural evidence of any kind. It is my own belief that the proof of miracle has failed. I set aside all theological dogma respecting the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Scheme of Redemption and the Atonement. I confine

my view to the facts of history. The historical importance of the coming of Christ and of the foundation of Christianity has, it seems to me, been overlaid and obscured by the exclusive attention paid to miracle and dogma. Progress, as was said before, is conterminous with Christendom. Outside the pale of Christendom all is stationary; there have been notable outbursts of material wealth and splendour, transient flashes even of intellectual brilliancy, as in the Caliphates and the Mogul Empire, though the light in these cases was mainly borrowed; real and sustained progress there has been none. Japan, to whatever she may be destined to come, has kindled her new civilization with a coal taken from the Christian hearth. Before Christendom there was in the world generally nothing but material preparation carried on through a series of empires, each of which in turn yielded to the material law of decay. The exceptions were Judea, Greece and Rome. Jewish progress terminated in Christendom, to which, when the fulness of time was come, Judaism delivered its principle of life, and having done so itself became typically stationary. Christendom also received and assimilated the parts of Greece and Rome, in each of which progress, though real and brilliant, so far at least as intellect and politics were concerned, was comparatively brief, and carried in it from the first its own moral death-warrant. We are vaguely conscious of this fact, but we do not apprehend it distinctly because we are accustomed to talk in general terms of the progress of mankind, forgetting that the mass of mankind is not progressive, but, on the contrary, clings to and consecrates the past, as in theory and sentiment did even the Greek and the Roman. What makes the fact more notable is that Christ appeared, not in the line of such material, intellectual or political progress as there was, but out of that line, in a province of the Roman Empire which was materially poor, as the Gospel narrative shows us, intellectually backward, and, as a dependency, devoid of political life.

Philosophers speak of four universal religions, Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism and Buddhism. There is only one. No religion but Christianity has attempted to preach its Gospel to the world. Mahometan or Buddhist missionaries at London or New York! Mahometanism and Buddhism are more than tribal perhaps, but they are far less than universal. Mahometanism is military, as its Koran most plainly avows; in conquest it lives, with conquest it decays: it also practically belongs to the despotic, polygamic and slave-owning East; it has never been the religion of a western race or of a free and industrial community; by arms it has been propagated or by local influence and contagion, not by missions. Buddhism, if it is really a religion and not merely a quietist philosophy engendered of languor and helpless suffering, is the religion of a

climate and a race: its boasted myriads are all enclosed within a ring-fence, and it may have a prospect of becoming universal when an Englishman becomes a Hindoo, while in the heart of its domain Hindoos are becoming Christians. Judaism, after surrendering its universal and spiritual element to Christendom, fell back into a tribalism, which, as a relapse, is of all tribalisms the narrowest and the worst, being not primitive and natural but self-chosen and obstinately maintained in the face of humanity. Witness the Talmud, that hideous code of antagonism to the spiritual faith of the prophets and the psalmists.* Witness also the total cessation of the proselytism so rife in that epoch of Judaism when it was verging on the universal.

Wonderful treasures of spiritual lore were supposed to be hidden in the sacred books of the East. Thanks to the University of Oxford and Professor Max Müller, they have now been opened, and after a perusal of the long series, I confess my profane reflection was that there had been no such literary revelation since Monkbarus constrained Hector McIntyre, with much hesitancy, to give him a specimen of an Ossianic lay. Social and legal antiquities of the highest interest doubtless there are in these books; much, too, of the poetry of primitive nature-worship; but of anything spiritual, universal, moral, hardly a trace. "Sinful men are, he who sleeps at sunrise or at sunset, he who has deformed nails or black teeth, he whose younger brother was married first, he who married before his elder brother, the husband of a younger sister married before the elder, the husband of an elder sister whose younger sister was married first, he who extinguishes the sacred fires, and he who forgets the Veda through neglect of the daily recitation." This is about the religious level; much grosser specimens might be cited; and the consecration of caste is the perpetuation of iniquity. There is but one spiritual and universal religion. There is but one religion of which Renan could say, as he says in his passage on the words of Christ at the well, that if there were religion in another planet it could be none other than this.

Let us consider what changes came with Christianity, I do not say suddenly or without previous glimmerings, yet for the first time in a distinct form. Tribalism was abolished and gave place to brotherhood of men without distinction of race or nation, and the hope of gathering the whole of mankind into one spiritual community, the transition being marked by the substitution of baptis-

* The presentation of the Talmud by Mr. Deutsch, is, by this time, probably understood to be about equal in genuineness to Mr. Shapira's Deuteronomic Roll. "With the exception of Hillel," says Delitzsch, who is the best of authorities, "all Talmudical teachers whose maxims correspond to the words of the New Testament, are of a far later date than Jesus and the records of Christianity." Hillel manifestly belonged to that element of Judaism which passed into Christendom.

for the tribal mark of circumcision. Hope for the future of humanity, the indispensable condition of sustained progress, was proclaimed, whereas the ancient communities, as has often been observed, had looked back hopelessly to a lost Paradise of the past, and the Jewish hope, so far as it had a definite existence, was only for a single nation. The things of Cæsar were divided from the things of God, a principle entirely new, or but faintly foreshadowed in the philosophic organizations of Greece, on the immense importance of which Comte has with justice dwelt, since, without it, thought must for ever have remained enslaved to political expediency, as it would be under Hobbes' Leviathan, who is not necessarily a despot but any civil power supreme in Church as well as in State. Christianity, too, first asserted the spiritual equality of all men, and of the two sexes. The consequence of the first was the gradual but sure abolition of slavery, the doom of which we read in the Epistle to Philemon. The consequence of the second was the institution, in place of the marital despotism which prevailed in early, or the concubinage which prevailed in later, Rome, of that real union which, without subverting the headship indispensable to the unity of the family, blends two lives into one higher than either, and has been the mainstay of private virtue and of moral civilization from that hour to this. Again, the enunciation of the principle that morality is internal, that the true law is not "Do this," but "Be this," that the commandment ought to be directed not against killing but against hatred, not against adultery but against lust, is recognized by Mr. Stephen as a momentous discovery in morals, and as forming the point at which the moral code first becomes distinctly separated from other codes. "The greatness of Christ," he says, "as a moral teacher was manifested in nothing more than in the clearness with which he gave utterance to this doctrine." "It would be easy," he adds, "to show how profoundly the same doctrine, in various forms, has been bound up with other moral and religious reformations in many ages of the world." In many ages since Christ, no doubt—but in many ages before Him? It seems over-bold in the face of the fearful violations of freedom of opinion of which many who bore the Christian name have been, and still are, guilty, to say that freedom of opinion came with Christianity; yet it did come with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal; it was the principle of the Early Christians, nor did it cease to be so, I apprehend, for half a century after the union of the Church with the Empire. It certainly was not the principle of Rome, or of Athens which put to death Socrates. Wherever Gospel Christianity has appeared, it has been the enemy of persecution. The massacre of the Albigenses was the act of Papal ambition, from which Christianity suffered in all other respects as well as in this. The hideous crimes of the

sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can hardly be said, I believe, to have been mainly perpetrated by religious bigotry, though religious bigotry played its fell part: they were mainly the crimes of political despots and an enormously rich clergy alarmed, and justly alarmed, for their power and wealth by the progress of innovation. I believe it might be shown that, in almost all cases, the persecuting Catholic monarchies were willing to ally themselves for the purposes of their political ambition with heretics and even with infidels. There can be no doubt that, after the recovery of the Gospel at the Reformation, intolerance gradually departed and tolerance returned, though nothing comes or goes with a bound. When a great Evolutionist persuades himself, as the late Professor Clifford seems to have done, that the eighteen Christian centuries, with all their progress and productions, have been worse than a blank in the life of humanity, and that history has been a retrogression since the Empire of the sword and of slavery as it was under Tiberius, surely we receive a practical warning to be on our guard against the fervour of a new faith which sees facts through a medium of its own.

Is Christianity exhausted? It can hardly be thought so by those who, with too much justice, upbraid Christians for falling short of their moral standard. What says Mr. Herbert Spencer? At the end of his chapter on the Reconciliation of Egoism with Altruism, after launching anathemas against Fifeshire Militiamen* and Jingo bishops for being still in the military stage of their evolution, he says:—

“But, though men who profess Christianity and practise Paganism can feel no sympathy with such a view (as his own), there are some, classed as antagonists to the current creed, who may not think it absurd to believe that a rationalized version of its ethical principles will eventually be acted upon.”

It is not easy to see how the ethical principles of the current creed can be so rationalized as to separate the precepts of Christ from His example; or how, unless this is done, the creed of Calvary can be made to harmonize with a system which pronounces that the absolutely right and good in conduct can be that only which produces pure pleasure, unalloyed with pain anywhere, and that conduct with any concomitant of pain, or any painful consequence, is partially wrong, so that the highest claim which can be made for it is that it is the least wrong possible under the conditions, the relatively right. However, what Mr. Spencer has written, he has written. The fundamental principles of morality were enunciated by

* It seems that the anathema launched against the militiamen was mis-directed, the story of their bloodthirstiness, which Mr. Spencer tells, being as they protest, unfounded. I owe them an apology for having innocently transcribed the story. It was, indeed, not likely that a commanding officer would offer his regiment for active service against whichever Her Majesty chose of two powers, with both of which Her Majesty was at peace.

an unscientific peasant of Galilee, who died upon the Cross eighteen centuries ago. Is not this almost enough to make one doubt whether morality is a science?

A scientific hypothesis is verified by comparison with facts. A moral ideal is verified by practical experience individual and social. Each inquirer must judge for himself whether the characters and lives of the best Christians, those who have most distinctly formed themselves on the Gospel model, the state of the communities in which the ethical mode of the Gospel has most prevailed, and the general advance of society under the influence of Christianity, have not been such as to render it credible that the Christian ideal is the true ideal; that it fits the facts and meets the requirements of man's estate; that the attempt to realize it is the right line of progress for us individually and for mankind at large. This is the main question, the question by the answer to which it must be determined whether we shall adhere to Christianity or look for some other guide of our moral life. It will be noticed that Mr. Spencer, in denouncing the shortcomings of Christians, incidentally contrasts Christianity with Paganism in a manner which implies that there is an ethical difference of a radical kind between them to the advantage of Christianity.

Is the Christian Ideal anti-scientific? Why should it be so? What is there in it opposed to the love of any kind of truth? Is not its self-devotion favourable, on the contrary, to earnest and conscientious investigation, and has not this appeared in the characters of eminent discoverers? In Monotheism there can be nothing at variance with the conception or with the study of general law. Mr. Spencer tenders us an equivalent for the Divine Will, the Will of the Power manifested throughout Evolution, and it can make no difference to the scientific inquirer which of the two equivalents is chosen so long as observation is free. That belief in miracle has practically interfered with the formation of the scientific habit of mind, and thus retarded the progress of science, is true; though it need not have done anything of the kind, inasmuch as miracle, instead of denying, assumes the general law, and Newton was a firm believer in miracle: but the Moral Ideal is a thing apart from miracle. In the only prayer dictated by Christ, the physical petition implies no more than that the course of Nature to which we owe our daily bread is sustained by God, as sustained by some power it must be. Prayer for spiritual help, however irrational it may be deemed, cannot possibly interfere with physical investigation. That the character of Christ should be scientific was of course impossible; so it is that the characters of Christians who lived before science or remote from it should be scientific; but surely there are enough men who are scientific and at the same time believers in the Christian Ideal to

repel the assumption of an inherent antagonism. Any objection grounded on the theory that morality is a science and could arrive only in due course when the other sciences had been evolved, is met by the fact virtually admitted in the words quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is met so far as the principles of morality and the ideal of character are concerned; ethical analysis is a different affair, and could become possible only under intellectual conditions which were not fulfilled in Galilee, including a knowledge of physiology in its bearing on moral character.

Is the Christian Ideal ascetic and therefore opposed to sound good sense and morality? Asceticism is treated more philosophically by Mr. Stephen than by those who can see in it nothing but devil-worship. Fakirism is devil-worship, and it spread from the Ganges to the Nile, where it produced Simeon Stylites and the self-torturing monks of the Thebaid. But Asceticism, as was said before, is not devil-worship or self-torture, it is severe self-training; its aim is to give the higher part of our nature ascendancy over the lower parts; it pursues that object irrationally, and runs into extravagance; but we must judge it with reference to the days before hygiene, and before those other influences, social and intellectual, which sustain the reasonable temperance of highly civilized men. We shall then, perhaps, find that it won for us a victory which entitles it to our gratitude. We must consider too, the authority which it gave the missionary with barbarians, who were the slaves of their lusts. No one can question the services rendered to civilization by western monasticism, among other things in giving shelter to gentleness during the iron times. It may be doubted, however, whether the Ideal presented in the Gospels is really Ascetic. The career begins with a wedding feast and ends with a Paschal supper. Christ seems to mix in the social life and share the meals of the people. He is called by his enemies a glutton and a winebibber. His abstinence from food in the wilderness is not a feat of fasting, as in the life of an Ascetic it would have been, but a suspension of hunger. His homelessness and his poverty are simply those of a missionary; He could not teach except by wandering; there is nothing about Him of the Begging Friar. He is unmarried, but no merit is made of His celibacy. Yet He was in contact with the asceticism of the Essenes. The austerity of John the Baptist is not self-torture, but a preaching of repentance by signs.

"Nature," says Mr. Stephen, "wants big, strong, hearty, eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings, and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest reward of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder and robbery, or an utter absence of malice, or even highly cultivated sympathies." There is no reason

why a saint should be scrofulous or knock-kneed; bilious, if his diet is spare, he is pretty sure not to be; and we know that he may be long-lived and intellectually prolific. But if what Nature wanted was the set of qualities here enumerated, why did she not rest content when she had got it? In the museum at Oxford are some of the bones of a Saurian which must have been so large as absolutely to dwarf any creature now on earth. Here were bigness, strength, heartiness, eupepsia in perfection; here too were practical shrewdness and sense enough to make the best of physical existence; nay, the monster may be said to have reached the height of positive philosophy, for he was a real Agnostic, which hardly any human being is, and had never lapsed into Theism. Nature can hardly have attached paramount importance to the human form, so long as the essential qualities were produced. Why, I ask again, did she not rest content? Why did she retrograde to a weaker type, to say nothing of invalids like Alfred, Pascal and William the Third? After all, while we heartily recognize the advantages of soundness in mind and body, and the duty—the moral and religious duty—of cultivating it, is there much hope of attaining universal perfection in this line? Will not minds especially be always required to sacrifice something of their balance to the division of labour in a complex society? Will poets ever be thoroughly practical or pinmakers very large minded? But poet and pinmaker alike may aspire to the Christian Ideal, and to anything which the realization of that Ideal brings along with it.

Steeped in sadness the character of Christ is, though, as I conceive, it is not ascetic; and the life ends in an agony. Accepted that Ideal cannot be by any philosophy which makes pleasure and pain the unconditional tests of conduct. Yet this does not prove that the Christian Ideal affords no clue to the enigma of our being. When Origen and Butler tell us, by way of apology for a revealed religion, that the same difficulties which we find in Revelation are found in Nature also, the answer is that Revelation came to clear up the difficulties of Nature. But an Ideal in unison with a world of suffering is not to be at once pronounced on that account false or a failure, provided it brings with it the secret of turning suffering ultimately into happiness and triumphing at last over evil. Evil is a mystery as inscrutable as Being itself. We can only say that apart from a struggle with it and a triumph over it we have no conception of human excellence.

Is the Christian Ideal anti-economical? Strict economists like the late Mr. Greg seem to be repelled from it on this ground. No missionary can be commercial; but Xavier and Heber did not oppose commerce. It is said that in the Gospel poverty is blessed and wealth is cursed. But is poverty blessed apart from lowliness of

mind? Is wealth cursed apart from selfishness and insolence, which in these times were its general concomitants; for the sense of the duties of property and of what the rich owe the poor had really their origin in Christianity? Is any blessing pronounced on indolence or mendicancy? What has been the practical result? The practical result has been the wealth of Christendom, a wealth both far greater and far better distributed than any wealth elsewhere. And whence has this wealth come but from honest industry, which the Gospel preaches and to which Paul was so loyal that instead of taking that to which he had a right as a missionary, he chose to live by the work of his hands? We forget to how large an extent the world outside Christendom always has been and still is predatory, counting conquest, and conquest for the purpose of sheer plunder, not only lawful but most glorious, while of Christendom honest industry is the principle, and though the lust of conquest is but imperfectly subdued, the motive is now hardly ever sheer plunder. The substitution of free labour for slavery was another grand source of increased wealth as well as of increased happiness; and this, I repeat, it is impossible not to ascribe in a large measure to Christianity. How otherwise can we account for the fact that nowhere outside Christendom has slavery been condemned? Temperance and simplicity of life, which are certainly taught by Christianity, lead to frugality and saving, which again increase wealth. To those who seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness first, the other things are, as the Gospel says, added. The Communism of the Early Church was not, like that of the present day, a Communism of public robbery. It was a voluntary Communism of fraternity and of missionary zeal: it distinctly recognized property, telling Ananias that his field, while he chose to keep it, was his own. Allowance must be made for Eastern hyperbole and for the strong language of reform; but is it not true that it is hard for a rich man, especially for one who has not earned his riches by labour, to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? Does not wealth tempt with pleasures which make the heart gross and stifle high aims and pure affections? Has not heroic patriotism been less often found in those who had a great stake in the country than in the poor? If Christ had preached that riches were stable and that our affections might safely anchor on them, would He not have preached untruth? To provide for the morrow, it is not necessary to be vexed with care about it. To gain riches, in the way of fair and regular industry, it is not necessary to set your heart upon them. There are men who have put forth great energy, made large fortunes, won high place, yet would resign all with hardly a murmur, retaining their Christian hope. The spiritual life is an inner life which a man may live to himself, and which in that sense takes him out of the world, yet leaves him free to play his part in the world and to play it with the best effect.

Is the Christian Ideal opposed to political effort and improvement? No life could be political in a dependency of the Roman Empire, and it has been shown a hundred times that there was no political significance in Paul's submission to Nero. But, as in the case of slavery and other social questions, so in politics; the change began inwardly in the hearts of men and worked outwardly to institutions. We have seen the opposite course adopted on a large scale by the French Jacobins, and we can compare the results of the two methods. In both of the two movements to which British liberty owes its existence, that of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth, there was a moral and religious as well as a political element; of the second, the moral and religious element was the strongest part. What was valuable in the politics of Greece and Rome Christendom has absorbed, together, perhaps, with some things of doubtful value. Saving Greece and Rome, there has been no political life outside Christendom, because nowhere outside Christendom has there been a real sense of community, hope for the future of humanity or the conviction that institutions were made for man, not man for institutions. "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good," is a maxim which would hardly have a practical meaning for any but a Christian ear, or the ear of one trained up in the notions and sentiments of Christianity: it has its source in the doctrine that we are members one of another. Constantine was not a religious convert: he was a statesman who, seeing that the best citizenship, the real political life and force, were in the sect, vainly persecuted, of the Nazarene, embraced the manifest destiny of the Empire. It has been asked why the Empire was not regenerated by Christianity. For Rome, which was not a nation or the centre of a nation but merely an imperial and predatory city subsisting on the tribute of a conquered world, no regeneration was possible or to be desired: the only thing which could be done for Rome was to turn it from a military into a religious centre, and send forth the eagles of the Christian Missions to conquer the barbarians. To Constantinople, which was the centre of a nation, or at least of a people united territorially and by language, was given a new life of eleven centuries; a life was given to it which has remained inextinguishable through four centuries of Turkish conquest, and is again kindling into Hellenic nationality. If the early Christians shunned military service, it was because they shrank from the Paganism of the camp religion, perhaps also, and not without reason, from camp life. With regard to all the relations of Christianity with Paganism, including what seem and to some extent are persecutions of the Pagans, it must be borne in mind that Paganism was not a creed, though Julian tried to spin a creed out of it, but a set of practices embracing groves of Venus, orgies, and gladiatorial shows.

The Council of Arles threatened deserters with excommunication. Certainly there have been truly Christian soldiers, though not truly Christian lovers of war; and they have done their duty none the worse for knowing that war would be extinguished if Christianity prevailed.

Again, it seems to be felt in some quarters that there is an antagonism between Christianity and Art. If there were, it would be an objection to Christianity, the compass of which would thereby be shown to be less than the full circle of Humanity. Beauty is an essential part of the dispensation, and one on which it is cheering to dwell, inasmuch as it seems to indicate tenderness in the Author of our Being, while Humour, perhaps, which also falls within the scope of Art, but to which moral philosophy has paid little attention, indicates indulgence and condescension to human weakness. But is Beauty alien to the Gospel? How comes the Gospel to have furnished subjects for so many masterpieces? Sculpture, other than monumental, may have suffered by Christian aversion to worship of the flesh and nudity; but with regard to painting and music as well as with regard to poetry, has not Christianity been rather the soul of Art than its enemy? Did the passion for Art ever show itself so strong as when, in an age poor in science and mechanical appliances, above a city almost of hovels uprose the Christian Cathedral? That the love of hospital pathos did mischief, æsthetic as well as moral, is true, but it was the offspring of monkery, not of Christianity. In the most glorious works of ancient Art, and those of which the execution is most transcendent, such as the works of Phidias, is there a depth of sentiment comparable to that which is found in the works of Christian artists? If Art is itself a religion demanding exclusive devotion, there will be a contest for the throne. If it is only an instrument of expression there can be no opposition, supposing that the ideas which it wishes to express are only clean and healthy; and if they are not, the antagonism will be with the purity and welfare of society, not with the Christian Ideal alone.

Since its appearance the Ideal has passed under many successive clouds of human opinion, from which there was no supernatural intervention to save it. It has passed under the cloud of Legend, which among a primitive people in an uncritical age was sure to gather round the figure of a great Teacher; of Alexandrian Theosophy; of ecclesiasticism, and of sacerdotalism begotten by Pagan contagion; of Popery; of Monasticism; of Scholasticism; of Protestant sectarianism and the dogmatism which was left in existence and perhaps in some respects intensified by an imperfect Reformation. It has passed also under clouds of political influence, such as Byzantine Imperialism, Feudalism, Spanish and Bourbon despotism, and has been obscured and distorted in transit. Yet it

has always emerged again, and even in passing it has filled the cloud with light. Compare the Christian Legend with the Legend of any other religion; compare the dogmatism of the Nicene Creed with the dogmatism of the Zendavest, the Koran or the Talmud. Even Jesuitism had a Xavier.

The Christian Ideal has just been subjected to a test, which in its unsparing application at all events is new—the test of ridicule. Before me lies a “Comic Life of Jesus,” one of the publications of the Atheist Propaganda in France, which I bought at an anti-clerical book shop in Paris. The writer, inspired by the iconoclastic fury of his sect, has done his utmost, and has been aided throughout by the engraver. I will venture to say that any man of common taste and feeling, however hostile to Christianity he might be, would pronounce the book, as satire, a disgusting failure, a brutal and pointless outrage, not so much on Christ as on Humanity. It is the yell of a baffled fiend.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE REPUBLIC IN FRANCE.

IT is affirmed on various sides that with the death of the Comte de Chambord, the greatest obstacle to the restoration of the monarchy in France has disappeared. The representative of the Legitimist party, with his antediluvian white flag and clerical traditions, which he resolutely refused to abandon, would never have been accepted as king by either the French people or the French army. Now, the House of Bourbon is very favourably represented in the person of a modern gentleman, taught by adversity, trained in exile, experienced in travel, versed in war, and devoted to the interests of the working classes, whose condition he has specially studied, ready also to reconcile the France of the future with the France of the past. Other persons who have recently visited different parts of France affirm that the situation there is far from satisfactory, and is becoming daily still less so. The Socialists, they say, are contemplating a manifestation of their power, and military authorities meditate a *coup d'état* to re-establish the monarchy. The condition of the finances is exceedingly embarrassed. Confidence has disappeared and business suffers. This state of affairs cannot be of long duration, and a change is inevitable.

Allowing full scope for exaggeration and false reports, it is nevertheless true, and this no Frenchman will deny, that the horizon has become darkened, and that confidence in the future of the Republic is not what it was three or four years ago.

I wish "objectively" and impartially to examine the causes of this situation, and the remedies proposed for its cure. Among the causes, there are, I think, two principal ones, or rather two which at once strike the minds of all thoughtful observers. The first of these is the uncertain and, at times, incomprehensible march of French par-

liamentary administration, and the second the fears aroused by the progress of Socialism. Let us begin by examining the first of these two points.

The reproaches laid against the French Chamber of Deputies are a lack of consistency as regards their resolutions; that they overthrow Ministries too frequently and thus render any really stable Government a simple impossibility; and that they have compromised the "prestige" of France among foreign nations. Graver than all this—for here the very form of government is attacked—is the accusation that France is completely isolated among nations, that she is entirely surrounded by hostile States, and that this sad and, it may be added, perilous position is attributable to the republican form of government, and to the consequent instability of her Ministries.

It is quite true that parliamentary mechanism in France is by no means perfect, and that it is very far from realizing the hopes built upon it by its partisans. But the question we should ask ourselves is this: Does this mechanism work better in other lands? and even in those countries which are cited as models, does it answer so very admirably? As the Italian Minister Bonghi said to me, "In spite of all its imperfections it is the least bad form of government that we can have." And, after all, is it quite certain that this growing weakness of Governments is in reality an evil for which there is no compensation? Is it not rather an inevitable result of the progress of democracy, which is in itself a subject for congratulation?

No doubt, all that is said about the instability of Ministries in France is true. As M. P. Leroy-Beaulieu recently remarked, the office of Minister of the Interior has been occupied since the 4th September, 1870, by twenty-three travellers, who have been decorated for six months each with the title of Minister. Between the 20th August, 1881, and August, 1882, France had four Cabinets, which gives a three or four months' existence to each. The case reminds us of the saying of M. de Lévy in one of the proverb pieces of Alfred de Musset, *Le Caprice*:—"Your Ministries are a strange sort of inns. One enters and leaves them without knowing why and wherefore. It is a procession of Marionettes." At the close of a recent sitting of the Chamber, which, after three or four contradictory votes, had ended by rejecting everything, M. Clemenceau said:—"Parliamentary government, so understood, becomes an occupation of an altogether special kind." All that is only too true; but let us see whether the case is not the same elsewhere. A little before his death, Prince Albert expressed the following opinion:—"Now the Parliamentary system is on its trial." The fact is that the Parliamentary system is everywhere undergoing a crisis. In England even, the country of its origin, it has almost ceased to work. To overcome obstructionism, it has been found necessary to resort to the most energetic measures, and will they suffice? Every year

Mr. Gladstone, whose inexhaustible activity has been spent in obtaining so few results, laments, with an eloquent sadness, the sterility of the Session. As M. de Bismarck lately observed, the golden age of Parliamentary government is over in England. It was easy to govern when there were only two parties opposed to each other, almost equal in strength, and consequently each of them thoroughly disciplined, so as not to yield to the united votes of its adversary. But now that there is a Radical party and an Irish party, neither Whigs nor Tories can retain power, if these two groups are against them. Hence the necessity of compromise and concession, and therefore a growing difficulty of governing with authority and continuity.

In Italy the instability of Cabinets is not less than in France. An interpellation, an order of the day, and a Ministerial crisis—such is the *résumé* of parliamentary life across the Alps. As, except the Republicans, who are very few in number, there are no parties separated the one from the other by principles; the different groups form and unform themselves under the influence of municipal or provincial interests, or of personal rivalries. The Cabinet is therefore never sure of retaining a majority long. This vicious operation of Parliamentary government is more marked still in Greece and Spain. In Germany there is as yet only a representative system in appearance. The Chamber deliberates, debates sometimes with much eloquence, and votes; but, in reality, it is the Chancellor, supported by the army, who governs.

In Denmark, a Conservative Ministry remains in office in spite of a democratic majority in Parliament. In Norway, discord reigns between the Parliament and the Crown, and there probably the indictment of the Ministry will lead to a crisis, the issue of which is doubtful, but which may at all events be dreaded. Holland furnishes us with the most decisive example in support of my theory. It is a country better prepared than any for parliamentary administration. Liberty is there more ancient than in any of the modern States. When England was still wholly at the mercy of her sovereigns, the United Provinces of Holland practised perfect self-government. Communal autonomy was absolute. Each province, each town, was an independent republic. The Dutch, then, in their origin, their blood, their worship, and their history possess all the elements, all the antecedents, adapted to make a representative administration work well in their land. Nevertheless, a short sketch of the vicissitudes of their Ministries and their frequent changes, will show how little right the French have to complain, comparatively speaking. In twelve years there have been thirteen changes of Cabinet and Ministerial crises.*

* *Changes of Ministries and of Ministers in the Netherlands between the years 1871 and 1883.*

I. THORBECKE CABINET, from January 3, 1871, to July 6, 1872. Changes in Government Departments:—Two in the War Office, where three Ministers held office successively, the first from January 4 to January 28, 1871; the

All contemporary political history proves that the representative system is not conducive to a stable and powerful Government, save in very exceptional circumstances, which are frequently attended with very serious disadvantages. Must we then return to despotism? By no means; for we see everywhere the social misery it produces; but, as I have already stated, it may be questioned whether this weakening of Governments be not the inevitable result of democratic evolution, and if this be the case, whether on the whole, it be not rather an advantage than an evil. This opinion has always been defended by the most logical of our contemporary economists with as much depth of reasoning as good sense. The nations of the present day must learn to live and to develop outside and independently of their Governments. I have shown that Ministerial changes and Cabinet crises are constant in Holland. At every moment there is stoppage of the political machinery. For months together there is no Government. It is true, the nation is rather humiliated at this state of things, but the advance of economic progress is not in the least impeded thereby. In Switzerland, in nearly all the cantons, local authority and even the Federal Government is losing its power, and playing a less important part in the life of

second from January 28 to December 23, 1871; and the third from December 23, 1871, to July 6, 1872.

- II. Cabinet Crisis from May 23 to July 6, 1872.
- III. THE GEERTSEMA CABINET, from July 6, 1872, to August 27, 1874. Changes in the Government Departments:—One in the War Office, where two Ministers succeeded each other, one from July 6, 1872, to September 15, 1873, and another from September 15, 1873, to April 29, 1875. The second of these became a member of the next Cabinet formed.
- IV. Cabinet Crisis from June 22 to August 27, 1874.
- V. THE HEEMSKERK CABINET. Changes in Government Departments:—One in the Colonial Office, the first Minister holding office there from August 27, 1874, to September 11, 1876, and being then replaced by another who held office until November 3, 1877. Three changes in the War Office, where the four successive Ministers held office respectively:—First, from October 6, 1873, to April 29, 1875; second, from April 29, 1875, to January 1, 1876; third, from January 1, 1876, to September 11, 1876; and fourth, from September 11, 1876, to November 3, 1877.
- VI. Intermediate Crisis from June to September, 1876, not terminated at the fall of the Cabinet.
- VII. Cabinet Crisis from September 28 to November 3, 1877.
- VIII. KAPPEYNE CABINET, from November 3, 1877, to August 20, 1879. Changes in Government Departments:—One in the Colonial Office; the holder of this post died on February 21, 1879; and one in the War Office, where first Minister died in 1878.
- IX. Cabinet Crisis from June 19 to August 20, 1879.
- X. VAN LYNDEN VAN SANDENBERG CABINET, August 20, 1879. Changes in Government Departments:—One in the Home Office, two Ministers holding office respectively: the first from August 20, 1879, to February 10, 1882, the second from February 10, 1882. Two in the Colonial Office. The first Minister, who held the office from August 20, 1879, to September 1, 1882, being succeeded by one who retained the post until February 23, 1883. One change also in the Financial Department, the two Ministers there successively holding office from August 20, 1879, to June 13, 1881, and from this date to May, 1882. One change in the Foreign Office, the first Minister holding his post from August 20, 1879, to September 15, 1881, the second from September 15, 1881, to May 9, 1882.
- XI. Intermediate crisis terminated by the reconstitution of the Cabinet from May 9, 1882, to the middle of August, 1882.
- XII. Cabinet Crisis lasting from February 26, 1883, to April, 23, 1883.
- XIII. A new HEEMSKERK CABINET entered office the 23rd April last (1883.)

the nation. The *referendum*, which is coming into more and more general use, not only for taxation but also for ordinary legislation, places the direction of affairs in the hands of the people themselves, and the Conservatives frequently benefit the most from this arrangement, as was recently proved in the question of school inspection, which the Radical party wished to transfer to the central power. In the United States the activity of Congress has very much decreased. Venality is not unknown there, hand-to-hand fights are frequent, and even the revolver is at times brought into requisition, and is considered by the Americans a necessary possession for a politician. But ask the man who has the lowest opinion of the members of the United States Government if he feels in the slightest uneasy as to the future of the great Republic; he will be at a loss to understand your question.

I am well aware that the situation is not the same in France, where centralization is excessive, and where too many offices are assigned to the State. But the remedy for this is not a monarchy, but a reduction in the list of services required of the Government. Minds in France are still haunted by the memories of former political administrations. They think of the great Ministers of the past, of Richelieu and Colbert, or of great members of parliament such as Thiers and Guizot, of fine oratorical disputes, as during the period of the Restoration and under Louis Philippe, and certainly the present Chamber cannot bear a moment's comparison with this grand past. But it must not be forgotten that great Ministers carry out a grand policy, and that this does not make a people's happiness. In a democracy, if the people learnt to conduct their own affairs, they would not be less prosperous, and they would be freer and better educated. Let France but try to imitate the Government of Switzerland and of the United States, without regretting that of Louis XIV., and she will have no cause to repent of so doing.

But, it is objected, is it not evident that the Republic has compromised "prestige" of France abroad and that she stands now alone?

"Influence" and "prestige" are hollow and dangerous words, for they lead to international rivalries and to war. What ought to be the aim of all policy and of all government? To make the people legislated for as happy, as enlightened, as moral as possible. Does "prestige" attain this end? Not at all, for "prestige" is obtained by military glory which costs very dear in every way. Should a man's aim in life be to make a grand figure in the world and to be feared, rather than to care for his family and procure for them comforts, education for his children, and moral and intellectual enjoyment? I cannot comprehend such enlightened men as M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu and M. Gabriel Charmes urging their country respectively to colonial annexation and to the complications of the

Eastern Question. You are anxious for foreign influence. Very well; but so are England, Germany, Austria, Russia and Italy, and as all desire that their individual influence should preponderate, there is constant risk of conflicts, and to what end? The interest generally invoked is that of trade, but neither Switzerland nor Belgium possesses this influence which you wish to acquire for your country; they have not a single gun-boat on either the Lake of Geneva or the Scheldt, and yet is not the East and the whole world open to them for their exports? Why? Precisely because, having no navy to maintain and no colonies, taxation is less heavy, and they can produce at a cheaper rate. Representative administration, even with a monarchy, is a bad system of government for colonies, because it is not sufficiently consistent. Proofs of this abound. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu writes yearly several excellent articles in the *Economiste Français*, and in the *Journal des Débats*, in which he shows up the bad government of the French colonies, principally of Algeria. In England and Holland the same complaint is made with regard to India and the Dutch Indies. When I affirmed this, I was answered that it was nevertheless administration such as this that had made British India what it now is. But this is quite a mistake. The East India Company, with its traditions authoritative and autocratic managing body, made the Indian Empire, and when the Crown took possession of it, Stuart Mill predicted it would one day regret having done so.

But it is also added, in tones rendered indignant by wounded patriotic feeling, I think needlessly so, "the Republic has let England take Egypt." I persist in believing that M. de Freycinet acted most wisely in this matter. Can it be believed that the English are very delighted with the thankless mission of governing Egypt? Ask Mr. Gladstone or any other member of the Liberal party? It is a certain fact that the English would retire to-morrow, if by so doing they did not expose the country to anarchy, and consequently imperil the safety of the Canal, which is a French and European as well as English interest, and also endanger peace in the East by leaving a vacuum which others more self-interested might rush in to fill. If France had been a monarchy at the present time, is there a single French statesman who, with the example of the Austro-Prussian *condominium* in Schleswig-Holstein, which led direct to Sadowa, before him, would have dared to counsel his country to a joint occupation of Egypt? Would not the previsions of Lord Granville, who said that such policy would inevitably lead to conflicts between the two countries, be already realized? Let us suppose things to be at their worst: that the English are obliged to remain in Egypt. Could not Frenchmen trade as well at Alexandria and Cairo as if the country belonged to France and even better, and with fewer administrative impediments, if we may believe what M. Paul Leroy-I

tells us of Algeria? Those who understand the *true* state of European affairs, are of opinion that the Republic has acted both wisely and prudently in refusing to occupy Egypt in common with England, and that she would do well to continue to pursue the same course of conduct.

It is incontestable that wherever, in place of two distinctly separated parties like those of England in former times, and those of Belgium to-day, there are divers and shifting parties as in France, the instability of the Ministries is a serious obstacle to the good administration of foreign affairs, and that obstacle is greatest under a republican *régime*. If equal in merit, an extra-parliamentary Minister, maintained in power for a long course of years, ought to excel a stop-gap Ministry which a parliamentary coalition calls into being to-day, and a chance vote overturns to-morrow. The former, without in the least being either a Richelieu or a Bismarck, would know by long practical experience the personnel of the Sovereigns and Cabinets of Europe. Without genius at all, experience is enough to teach him what each of them desires, what wires must be pulled, what he can venture, and what he ought to fear. From retaining his position he is able to engage in operations that involve long periods for their evolution, to pursue designs slowly, to take advantage successively of the faults of his adversaries so as to produce situations from which he can profit, or which may be essential to secure alliances he needs. From whence comes the Minister of Foreign Affairs whom an unstable parliamentary régime calls to pilot his country through the numerous rocks of contemporary politics? He is raised suddenly and without preparation from very different occupations—from ancient literature, like M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire; from Greek and Roman antiquities, like M. Waddington; from journalism, like M. Challengel-Lacour; from railways, like M. de Freycinet. And this savant, this litterateur, is transformed into a diplomatist, and obliged to hold his own on the chessboard of Europe, with old players who know all the moves thoroughly. How can he fail to make mistakes every moment? How is he to check the often contradictory indications that reach him? How can he escape being the dupe of preconceived ideas or of the ideas of other people? He is beaten in advance. And even if he were to conceive a wise and able policy, it would be impossible for him to put it into execution in the short time he is suffered to retain the portfolio. Presently, some Ministerial crisis or another would carry him away, and another would succeed him as little prepared as he was for the functions he has to perform. Under these conditions serious alliances, or even the conduct of a continuous negotiation, is impossible. What foreign Power can disclose its views or enter upon any fundamental engagement with a Minister who may fall a little afterwards, and who can never reply with authority? conduct of foreign affairs becomes more difficult when

the Members of Parliament get into the habit, as they are more and more doing in England and France, of incessantly controlling the resolutions of the Cabinet. There is no purpose for which a parliament is more unfitted. The mass of the members know nothing of foreign politics, and the state of the facts cannot be disclosed to them. They are guided by their prejudices, or the influence of the newspapers they are in the habit of reading. A parliament is a mob that obeys the impulses of the moment, or, sometimes, perhaps, the persuasions of eloquence. It is thus absolutely incapable of continuity in its plans, and in the conduct which is indispensable in foreign affairs.

In a monarchy this inconvenience of the parliamentary *régime* is mitigated by the direct intervention of the Sovereign. He represents the spirit of continuity. Other Sovereigns can come to an understanding with him directly; they have confidence in his discretion, and they know that they will find him there again to-morrow. There is no doubt that most of the great diplomatic combinations of our time have been arranged between Sovereigns and negotiating Ministers, independently of parliaments. The president of a republic, whatever be the personal esteem in which he is held, can never play the same rôle. For he only occupies power temporarily, and his successor might, perhaps, be of different or even opposite views. Thus the Emperor of Russia would never dream of treating about any important affair directly with M. Grévy, who might presently return into private life. It may be taken as demonstrated, then, that parliamentary government, by its very constitution, and above all in a republic, is incapable of conducting foreign affairs well, because it lacks everything that is necessary for doing so—traditions, information, considered plans, and, above all, what nothing can make up for, the spirit of continuity.

If wisdom enjoins one not to do what one does ill, it follows that the French Republic would do well to abstain from interfering in high foreign politics. Far from thinking it a disadvantage to France, I believe it would be a great blessing for the French people if it frankly adopted a policy of absolute neutrality. Friend of all, and ally of none—such ought to be the motto of modern democracies. Diplomatic combinations, alliances and counter-alliances, never bring anything to nations but the curse of financial and military burdens, and at the end of the account war itself. Suppose France to succeed under republican institutions in maintaining order and liberty, in securing to every citizen education, the franchise, and well-being, is not that all it could desire at home? And as for abroad, its influence would grow in the exact measure of the progress it was able to accomplish by means of democracy.

But, it is said, "is not the isolation of France and the Triple Alliance a fact, and a very sad fact, to be imputed to the

Republic?" Not at all. The present understanding between Germany, Austria, and Italy was probably made with a view of opposing an eventual Restoration in France, and not with any hostile intentions towards the Republic. The official papers in Germany said as much, and in so doing expressed the opinions of their Government, which opinions are attributable to the existing situation itself, as I will endeavour to prove. We must not forget that Bismarck dismissed Count Arnim because this diplomatist wished to use his influence in favour of the restoration of a monarchy in France.

If we may judge from the reigns of our two model kings in Belgium, Leopold I. and Leopold II., the Orleans Princes would probably make admirable constitutional Sovereigns; for they are well-educated, hard-workers, formed by adversity, brave types of honesty and loyalty, absolutely devoted to their country, without other ambition than to be of service to it. In addition to this, the partisans of a monarchy think that the latter would find allies more easily than the Republic. But to seek for allies under existing circumstances is to prepare a war. And, besides, a restoration in France would be necessarily clerical, whatever might be the personal inclinations of the Sovereign. It is quite impossible to dissimulate the fact that the opposition to such a king would be far stronger than that which occasioned the fall of Charles X., of Louis Philippe, and of Napoleon III. Democratic instincts, ideas, and customs have prodigiously strengthened since then. The Republic, having peacefully existed for a space of fourteen or fifteen years, has taken deep root in the land: a great proportion of the army would certainly continue Republican. The restored Sovereign would, therefore, have to seek the support of what is most permanent, reliable, and really capable of devotedness in the Conservative party—that is to say, of the Clericals and the Church. I am well aware that the representatives of this party in France do not possess the power they do in Belgium, in Ireland, or in the Catholic provinces of Germany; but they have faith, and are active and enterprising. The clergy is the last traditional institution existing amongst all the ruins of the great past, and a considerable proportion of the French population—nearly the entire aristocracy, the majority of the upper middle classes, and nearly all the women in every class—would accept their watchword from the priest. The support of the clergy would be the only chance of any restoration proving lasting, opposed as it would be by many and desperate enemies leagued together to effect its downfall. There can be then no doubt on the subject: any Restoration in France must of necessity be clerical, and against this Germany and Italy would at once offer armed resistance, while the Governments of Spain, Switzerland, Belgium, and England, all upholders of Liberalism, would be no less really hostile, though probably more platonically so.

It is clear that the ally of the restored Bourbon Monarchy would, as in 1828, be Russia. Hence, mistrust on the part of Austria, for what compensation can France offer Russia other than in the East, where Austria's, and more especially Hungary's, safety would be endangered? It follows, therefore, that any understanding Germany, Austria, and Italy, may have come to in view of a possible Restoration in France is simply in the interest of their own preservation. It must be remembered also that as the Republic is supported by the most restless portion of the French population, a policy of peace may be pursued with safety by a Republican Government, whereas a prince needing "prestige" would be forced to seek it in military prowess, even though he ran more risks than Napoleon III. in so doing. The only security for the retention of his crown would be the maintenance of a permanent *état de siège*. All Frenchmen who do not place the interests of Rome above those of their country, must realize the folly of wishing to establish a Government the inevitable result of which would be to place France in either open or concealed hostility to the whole of Europe, Russia perhaps alone excepted, with a prospect of war at a very early date.

Let us now consider what are the realities of the Socialist dangers. These can only become real through the fears of wild imaginations or by the social crisis inseparable from a Restoration or from war. The Red Spectre will not be other than a spectre, unless despotism be resorted to as a protection against it, as in 1852.

I am among the first to admit the truth recognized by the Emperor William of Germany, by King Humbert, and such Ministers as Gladstone and Bismarck, that our social condition wants radical reform; but in a country where six millions of families have a share in the landed property, and other three millions, besides these, own personal property, there is no chance of a collectivist revolution succeeding. The only circumstance which could lead to such a revolution would be an attempt at a *coup d'état*, and this, it is true, might be productive of the most fearful consequences. Any such attempt would be desperately resisted by all who are attached to the Republic: by the bourgeois classes and the populace, and there would be in all probability a split in the ranks of the army. If this occurred, Nihilism, taking advantage of the general chaos and confusion, and armed with petroleum and dynamite, could set fire to Paris and other large cities far more systematically and effectually than in 1871.

No Government can so well resist revolutionary Socialism as the Republic. The citizen Brousse, a partisan of anarchical revolution, sustains this argument with great force and foresight. He says:—

"As our aim is to destroy the State, we ought not to wish for a Republic which sets the State on the same solid footing as in Switzerland and the

United States. The best form of government for us is that which is the most easily overthrown—that is to say, a Legitimist Monarchy. We maintain, and we base our opinions on the researches of sociological science, that a Conservative Republican Government, as now established in France on the ruins of Radicalism, is calculated to bind together, in a firm alliance, all the elements of the middle classes, to the detriment of the lower orders, while a return to the Government of past ages would perpetuate divisions, engender strife, and thus open to us a revolutionary era."

Nothing could be more true than these statements. Socialism alone, unsupported by the middle classes, need not be dreaded, but if a *coup d'état* were to take place, or reverses were to be experienced in a foreign war, the anarchists would at once be ready to take advantage of the collapse of power.

To be brief, in so far as a foreigner can judge of the situation, I do not think there is any immediate danger for France, save those created by vivid imaginations and by desires for change. The Republic, in spite of the imperfections of parliamentary administration, which are, moreover, to be found even in lands where liberty is an ancient tradition, is the government the best calculated to assure that country's interior and exterior safety. Terrible crises would have to be gone through before the Monarchy could be restored, and such a restoration would bring neither to France nor to the rest of Europe that security which all are so anxious for. The French electors seem to understand this, for the votes show that Republican candidates are becoming more and more popular. The greatest danger now menacing France arises from her foreign policy, which, it must be confessed, is not distinguished by the wisdom and foresight demanded by the present critical situation of Europe. M. Renan recently said to me: "Do not trouble about our home affairs; we can go on for many years as we are; but any imprudence or mistake now made by our Government might involve us suddenly in a foreign war, and then France, and Europe in general, would be launched into unknown and most formidable difficulties and dangers." All this is still the secret of destiny, but it is quite certain that those who are anxious for the restoration of the Monarchy are desirous of an event which would be as prejudicial to the happiness of France as to the interests of general peace and civilization.

Wisdom, prudence, the true spirit of conservatism, dictate the maintenance of republican institutions. It must be borne in mind that an unknown force overrules the situation of all Continental States, the will of the army. Its opinions and its bayonets may, one day, be the means of deciding between the republic and the monarchy.

EMILE DE LAVELEYE.

THE CHURCH COURTS COMMISSION.

THE Report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts has now been in circulation some three months, and short as the time has been for the consideration of the mass of information contained in the two large Blue Books which make up the Report, it is already abundantly clear, whether any legislation is founded upon the Report or not, that it is a document which cannot fail to exercise a very important influence upon the future of the Church of England. I propose, for it is impossible to attempt anything more on the present occasion, to deal merely with the broad features of the Report, and the historical appendices upon which it is founded ; next to point out the bearing of the Report on existing controversies ; and then to endeavour to indicate how far the recommendations embodied in it for the reconstruction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the Court of Final Appeal, are likely to provide a solution of the difficulties which at present perplex the Church. A fourth point will be, in what way, if it should turn out to be desirable, effect can be given, with the least risk of provoking fresh complications, to the whole or any portion of the proposals put forward by the Commissioners.

It will be convenient for the sake of the arrangement of the subject, to vary the order in which these divisions present themselves, and to begin with a statement of the controversy which led to the appointment of the Commission.

So far back as 1850 the then Bishop of London, Bishop Bloomfield, moved by the perplexities and distress which had been caused by the decision of the Privy Council in the case of Mr. Gorham, introduced a Bill into the House of Lords for the purpose of vindicating the authority of the Episcopate as the final interpreters of the Church's

doctrine. Despite the almost unanimous support of the bishops, and the emphatic warning of the Bishop of London himself, that the rejection of the Bill would cost the Church of England dear, the measure was thrown out, and the Judicial Committee, although its jurisdiction in spiritual matters was acknowledged to be the result of a mistake, remained, as it had been since 1832, the final arbiter of the Church's doctrine and discipline. The immediate result, to mention one distinguished name, was the submission of Cardinal Manning to the Holy See; the remoter consequence, the formation within the Church of England of various unions and associations, developing eventually into the English Church Union, for the purpose of vindicating rights never, it was contended, consciously surrendered by the Church.

The struggle was long and difficult. When it was urged that the Privy Council could claim no authority in matters touching the doctrine and worship of the Church, it was replied that the Court of Delegates, to whose rights it had succeeded, might also be a lay tribunal; that the Delegates, like the members of the Judicial Committee, were summoned by the sole authority of the Crown; and that to object to the appellate jurisdiction of the one, and yet be willing to acquiesce in that of the other, was to make distinctions with nothing to justify them. If it was argued that, in point of fact, the Court of Delegates had never finally determined any really spiritual case, and that an appeal to the Crown in cases of heresy, under the Statutes of Henry VIII., had never lived; it was answered, that by the Reformation Statutes an appeal to the Crown in all cases was clearly allowed, and that, even if any doubt could be thrown upon the competence of the Court of Delegates to adjudicate upon matters of doctrine, the Crown as supreme ordinary, had visitatorial powers which enabled it to correct all abuses, and decide finally in all causes; that such power had been freely used by successive Sovereigns, through the High Commission Court; and that to quarrel with its existence was to scruple at that which, whether defensible or not in theory, had, at all events, been the cardinal principle of the English Reformation.

It was not long before such principles were carried out to their legitimate consequences. Following on its decision, in regard to the doctrine of Holy Baptism, in the case of Mr. Gorham, the Judicial Committee adjudicated upon the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the "life of the world to come," in the case of "Essays and Reviews;" it pronounced upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, in the case of Mr. Voysey; it discussed the question of the Real Presence, in the case of Mr. Bennett; it claimed the power of the keys, when, in the case of *Jenkins v. Cooke*, it ordered that the complainant should be restored to communion; it suspended clergy *a divinis*, as in the case of Mr. Mackonochie;

and it adjudicated upon the manner in which the Sacraments should be administered, as in the numerous ritual cases of the last few years. It was felt it could not have claimed more, if, instead of being a court of lawyers appointed by the Crown, it had been a Synod of Bishops, and when, in order to avoid the conclusions which it was seen those hostile to the Church of England might draw from such facts, it was sought to mitigate their force by maintaining that the Final Court of Appeal did not make the law of the Church, but only interpreted it, the assertion was at once met by recalling the fact, that the Bishop of London's Bill, for transferring to the Episcopate the jurisdiction in spiritual matters exercised by the Judicial Committee, was thrown out in the Lords, on the ground that such a transfer would "put the doctrine of the Church under the control of the Bishops;" and that a later suggestion, by which it was proposed that in all matters affecting doctrine, the interpretation of the Church's formularies should be referred, by the Judicial Committee, to a committee of Bishops, was characterized by one of the highest personages in the realm as an attempt to concede to the Bishops "a power equivalent to that of making new laws, and virtually to empower them to override the written law of the Church, and so to impose new articles of faith."

Statements so contradictory were not calculated to allay anxiety.

How came it, the question was asked, if the jurisdiction claimed by the Judicial Committee amounted to no more than the power legally to interpret the Church's formularies, that in the hands of the Episcopate, or the Synods of the Church, the same right was equivalent to the power of making new laws and imposing fresh articles of faith. Mr. Gladstone had already given expression to the growing alarm by pointing out, in a letter to the Bishop of London republished with his permission, "that the license of construction claimed by the Privy Council, although disclaiming in words the decision of doctrine, did in effect leave the whole range of Church doctrine and practice at the mercy of the Court." The same thing was insisted upon with much force by Mr. Keble and Dr. Pusey. "Neither by oath nor engagement," wrote Mr. Keble, in a tract that was widely circulated, "is the Church committed to such an arrangement. It is no part of the system to which the clergy are pledged, and far from its being their duty to submit to it, it is their duty, so long as the Church Courts consider themselves bound by the decisions of the Judicial Committee, to disregard them and take the consequences." The growth in Church principles, which since 1833 had been slowly but surely leavening the country, paved the way for such an appeal. It elicited a response wherever the Oxford movement had made itself felt. It was evident that a very slight cause would kindle the flame, and that only an occasion was required for its breaking out. That occasion

was supplied by the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. The very title of the Act was in itself a provocation. Clergy and laity alike were up in arms. Mr. Keble's words were repeated from mouth to mouth. Was the worship of the Church to be regulated by Act of Parliament? Was a judge who ostentatiously refused to comply with the conditions required by the Canons of the Church, and who claimed to sit merely by virtue of a parliamentary title, to adjudicate in spiritual matters? Was the yoke of the Privy Council, the decisions of which the new judge was created to enforce, to be for ever riveted on the Church of England?

Those decisions had hitherto been in the direction of laxity, and the widest possible interpretation of the Church's formularies; as such, no opportunity had occurred for testing their authority by actual disobedience; but now when the lax interpretations in doctrinal questions were being exchanged for rigid ones in matters of worship, and when it was being sought, as it seemed to many, to deprive a perfectly plain rubric of its obvious meaning, and to declare, in the teeth of history and common-sense, that nothing in the services of the Church was legal except what was directly prescribed; in other words, to endorse the assertion that the Church of S. Augustine had perished in the struggles of the sixteenth century, and that a new religious society had been set up in its place, the occasion arose at once, and the duty of maintaining the prohibited ritual could appeal both to the value of the things forbidden, and to the duty of vindicating the Church of England from the interference of the Privy Council in spiritual matters.

Such was the state of things when the imprisonment of four clergymen for refusing compliance with the orders of the Privy Council brought matters to a climax. The most indifferent could not help perceiving that the strain upon the existing relations of Church and State was rapidly becoming too great to last, and the late Archbishop of Canterbury—a prelate certainly not deficient in caution—did not hesitate to invite those who found it impossible to recognize the authority in spiritual matters of the Judicial Committee, and of the judge-appointed under the Public Worship Regulation Act, to lay before him their grievances, with a view, if possible, of finding some remedy for them. Meanwhile it was understood that no further prosecutions would be allowed, and shortly afterwards, at the request of the Archbishop, a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the working and constitution of the Ecclesiastical Courts.

I go on to inquire how far the Report of this Commission, and the historical appendices upon which it is founded, justify the objections taken to the determination of spiritual matters by the Judicial Committee and the Courts subject to its jurisdiction, and next, how far those objections are met by the recommendations of the Commis-

sioners. For this purpose a comparison of the leading objections taken to the existing Courts, with the facts elicited by the Commission, will be convenient.

Apart from the special difficulties arising out of the Public Worship Regulation Act, the real point at issue was the claim of the Judicial Committee to adjudicate as a Final Court of Appeal in spiritual causes. The Committee had succeeded to the jurisdiction of the old Court of Delegates, and the first objection taken to the supposed consequences of Henry VIII.'s legislation for cutting off appeals to Rome was this, that there was nothing in that legislation which could justify the claim of the Crown to determine on appeal matters touching the doctrine and worship of the Church, since there was no evidence to show that the Courts, from which the appeal was given to the Crown in Chancery by the legislation in question, were themselves in the habit of deciding what we should now call spiritual cases. On the contrary, it was urged that so far as there was any record at all of such cases up to 1533, the evidence all went to prove they were dealt with in an entirely different way—viz., by the Bishop personally, or, in the last resort, by the Archbishop sitting in the Convocation of his province. In confirmation of this, it was pointed out that there was no trace of any appeals being carried to Rome from the Ecclesiastical Courts except in regard to matrimonial suits, questions of tithes, obventions, fees, faculties, &c., which were precisely the matters enumerated in the Acts of Henry as subjects upon which an appeal should lie to the Crown, that such cases of heresy of which there is record were finally adjudicated upon either by the Bishop in person, or by the Archbishop in Convocation,—facts which all harmonized with the subsequent declaration prefixed to the Articles, that if any differences arose, the clergy in their Convocation were to have license to settle them, and coincided, moreover, with the actual practice of the Court of Delegates which, during the three hundred years of its existence, cannot be said to have ever decided a spiritual case in the present sense of the term.

If these facts, it was urged, could be substantiated, it was impossible to found a claim for the authority of the Judicial Committee upon the jurisdiction of the Court of Delegates, since the former could not inherit what the latter had never possessed.

I think the Report of the Commission may be claimed in support of all these positions.

Canon Stubbs, in his historical appendix, shows very clearly the secular nature of the suits adjudicated upon in the Ecclesiastical Courts. The main part of their business was civil, not religious. All questions of marriage and legitimacy, all questions of personal property and tithes, came within their cognizance. The jurisdiction

claimed by them over the laity *pro salute animæ* was also of the widest description, and was exercised through a machinery of the most extensive character. They took cognizance of offences against morals, good faith, and good behaviour. It is with cases of this kind that the records of the Consistorial Courts are filled.

The subject-matter of appeals from them to Rome are all either disputed elections to episcopal Sees, or matrimonial and testamentary causes, disputes relating to the authority of the bishops and abbots over cathedral and conventual churches, disputes as to the construction of statutes or customs in cathedrals, &c. On the other hand, there are no recorded cases of any appeal from them in cases of heresy. Such cases, if they came before the courts at all, were either disposed of at once, or referred to the personal jurisdiction of the Bishop or the Metropolitan. Usually, it would seem, they were decided summarily by the Bishop *in camera*, or by his vicar-general; and when they could not be disposed of in this way, they were either brought before the Archbishop, or deferred till the next sitting of Convocation, where they were finally decided, without any appeal from the decision of the Archbishop in Synod.

In the Historical Appendix No. II., contained in the Report, a long list is given of cases so tried, the great majority of which were determined either by the Archbishop, or by the Archbishop with other Bishops, or by the Archbishop in Convocation; and at the close of Historical Appendix No. I. Canon Stubbs sums up the matter by pointing out—

1. "That there is no evidence to show that before the Reformation any appeal was allowed in suits for correction on points of doctrine or ritual.

2. "That there is no instance of appeal to the Pope on a charge of heresy from the Provincial Courts.

3. "That in the Statute of 25 Henry VIII. c. 19, no express mention is made of appeals on questions of doctrine and ritual, so as to give a new right of appeal on such points where it had not before existed; and that, as there was no custom of appealing on such points to the Pope, it is improbable that by this Act it was intended to allow an appeal on them to the King in Chancery—*i.e.*, to the Court of Delegates. Further that, as in the same Session of Parliament an Act was passed for the repression of heresy by other means, in which no provision for appeal of any kind is made, it is improbable that it was ever intended to apply the process before the High Court of Delegates to such questions.

4. "That notwithstanding the existence and activity of the Court of High Commission, the jurisdiction of the Diocesan and Provincial Courts for correction, &c., still subsisted, and was for all matters on which appeal was allowable subject to appeal to the Court of Delegates. Notwithstanding which, no evidence can be produced of any cause turning on matter of doctrine being carried by appeal from the Ecclesiastical Courts to the Delegates.

5. "That on the abolition of the Court of High Commission, the Court of Delegates remained the only Supreme Court of final ecclesiastical judicature in England, and that, under these circumstances, it is found to have entertained

appeals in which questions of doctrine are involved, perhaps without due consideration of the novelty of the practice, or of the importance of the principle involved. That notwithstanding this innovation, only seven causes which can be shown to have even remotely involved any question of doctrine were tried on appeal before the Delegates. In the first case sentence was given against the appellant; in five other cases the proceedings were discontinued before a final decision was given; and in the one remaining case the Delegates varied the decree of the Provincial Court in a minor point, and confirmed the decree of the Diocesan Court from which the original defendant had appealed, he being the appellant also in recourse to the Delegates. From which it may be inferred, that in no case in which the law of the Church of England as touching doctrine was concerned are the Delegates known to have reversed the decision of the Provincial Court, and that further, no sufficient ground has been established for regarding the Court of Delegates as a constitutional Court of Appeal on questions of doctrine.

6. "That when the functions of the Court of Delegates were transferred to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, there was no express intention to create a new Court of Appeal on doctrine or ritual, nor any provision made for the trying of such points by judges who had either spiritual authority or theological competence; but that, owing to the infrequency of suits in which such points were involved, the transfer was made without any regard to such contingency.

7. "That the appellate jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council having been brought about by no conscious act of the Legislature, and by no conscious acquiescence of the Church, but rather by a sense of overlookings, and takings for granted, by the assumption of successive generations of lawyers, and the laches or want of foresight on the part of the clergy, the maintenance of the existing jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, as a final tribunal of appeal in matters of doctrine and ritual, is not to be regarded as an essential part or necessary historical consequence of the Reformation settlement."

I will merely add to this complete vindication of the objections which from time to time have been urged against the jurisdiction claimed by the Judicial Committee in doctrinal and ritual matters, so far as that jurisdiction depends upon any right of appeal given to the Crown in Chancery, that, as was pointed out by Mr. Walter Phillimore, in his very lucid paper on the Report of the Commission read to the Church Congress at Reading—

"The Bishop had two officers, the official principal and the vicar-general. The official principal heard causes and sat in court—he represents the secular side of the Bishop's jurisdiction. The vicar-general had no court, but to him, when the Bishop did not interfere in person, not to the official principal, fell the correction of clerks. It does not appear that the legislation of Henry VIII. gave any appeal from the vicar-general, as it certainly did not from the Provincial Synod. Further, as Canon Stubbs shows, the idea of there being a regular system of appeal in trials for spiritual crime was apparently as unknown at the time of Henry's legislation as it was, and still is, in trials for temporal crime. Certainly there was no appeal for an unsuccessful prosecutor."

I turn next to the claims alleged to belong to the Crown by virtue of the general provisions of such statutes as 26 Henry VIII. c. 1, and 1 Eliz. c. 1, under which the Court of High Commission was

created, and which conferred upon the Sovereign such jurisdiction as "hath heretofore been, or may lawfully be, exercised or used for the visitation of the Ecclesiastical State and persons, and for reformation, order, and correction of the same; and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities." It was contended that here at least was ample justification for the jurisdiction of such a Court of Final Appeal as the Judicial Committee in spiritual matters. The Report of the Commission however, taken as a whole, shows that whatever claims may have been made by Henry VIII. and the other Tudor Sovereigns to authorize and enforce the proper exercise of ecclesiastical authority, they do not claim to be the source of all authority, but merely to license the employment of that portion of it which is over and besides what is given by the Word of Christ to the Bishops. "It may be questioned," to quote again from Appendix No. I. of the Report, whether Henry "ever goes any further, and extends his area of authorization and enforcement within that given by the Word of Christ to the Bishops, coming, that is, between Christ and his ministers, and assuming that their authority passes through him."

In his explanation of the title "*supremum caput*" to Bishop Tunstall, who had desired the words "*in temporalibus*," to be added to the title, the King distinguishes between "spiritual matters relating to this present life," in regard to which he asserts his supreme headship, "since there is no man above us here," and spiritual things, as sacraments, which have no head but Christ who instituted them, by whose ordinance they are ministered by the clergy, who for the time they do that, and in that respect, "*tanquam ministri versantur in his quæ hominum potestati non subjiciuntur, in quibus si male versantur sine scandalo, Deum ultorem habent, si cum scandalo, hominum cognitio et vindicta est,*" the prince being the chief executor of this. Such a claim hardly differs from that asserted on behalf of the Kings of France (quoted by the Dean of St. Paul's in Appendix No. VII. of the Report), who, as defenders of the canons of the Church claimed the right to watch over ecclesiastical discipline, to repress heresy, and to make regulations for Church order: "*Le Roi notre sire est Empereur en son Royaume, non tenant d'aucun que de Dieu . . . et peut faire Loix en son Royaume contre les quelles nul de son Royaume peut venir directè nec indirectè et mèmement par voye d'appel sur peine de Leze Majesté.*"*

These statements may be compared with the language of 24 Henry VIII. c. 12, which declares England to be an empire; and again with the words of the Bishops in 1536, quoted in Appendix No. I. where it is asserted that—

"God constituted and ordained the authority of Christian Kings and"

* Arrêt of the Parliament of Paris, 1417.]

princes to be the most high and supreme over all other powers, and unto them by God's commandment belongeth not only to correct offenders, . . . to conserve moral honesty among their subjects, but specially and principally to defend the faith of Christ and His religion, to conserve and maintain the true doctrine of Christ, . . . and to abolish all abuses, heresies, &c., and finally to oversee and cause that the said bishops and priests do execute their said power, office, and jurisdiction faithfully, and according to all points as it was committed to them by Christ and His Apostles."

In point of fact, however, a discussion of the exact nature of the claims in regard to ecclesiastical jurisdiction made by Henry VIII. has no very great practical importance. First, because the Act of Elizabeth, which restored to the Crown in modified form the visitatorial and corrective authority recognized by 26 Henry VIII. c. 1, as belonging to the supremacy, did not revive the indefinite claims attached to the title of supreme head. Secondly, because, even in regard to such visitatorial and corrective power, the High Commission Court through which it was exercised having been definitely abolished, no argument can be founded upon the practice of that Court for the exercise of a similar jurisdiction on the part of the Crown at the present day. Thirdly, because the jurisdiction claimed by Henry, or recognized by the Acts in question as belonging to the Sovereign, was personal to the King in his character of a Christian prince, a member of the Catholic Church, amenable to her laws, and liable, with the humblest of his subjects, to her censures if he abused his rights, but, and so long as he acted up to his obligations, the protector of the Church, the Vicar of Christ, the ruler consecrated by God to see that all his subjects in their respective positions, whether as members of the Church or of the State, discharged their appointed duties.

What place, it may be asked, as is well brought out in the evidence of the Dean of St. Paul's, can a jurisdiction founded upon such claims as these have in a parliamentary system of government like our own? To claim for the Crown of England, under existing circumstances, the prerogatives of a Theodosius, a Charlemagne, or a Louis IX., is as great an anachronism as to insist upon the maintenance of the wager of battle. The co-relative to such powers in the Sovereign was the right of their subjects to withdraw from their allegiance if he proved faithless to his obligations. The case is well put in Rosmini's "Five Wounds of the Church," recently edited by Dr. Liddon—

"'Are ye willing,' was the question addressed by the Church of the Middle Ages to the Christian princes of Europe, 'to govern God's people righteously, and, above all, protect and defend His best gift, religion?'"

"'Certainly, we are willing; it shall be our glory to govern God's people righteously and peacefully, and to defend our Mother Christ's Church.'"

"'Then swear to it in my hands before your people.'"

"'We swear.'"

"'What surety do you give for your oaths? Is it not right and just in

order that your people may have full confidence in you as the representatives of Christ that they should receive some pledge of that which you promise, so that the Christian people may never be ruled by unbelieving and rebellious princes ?

" 'It is right; may God visit us with every calamity if we are wanting to our oaths.'

" 'Say, then, are you ready to quit your thrones should you stray from the Church's obedience? Do you declare yourselves unworthy to wear a Christian crown, which marks whoso wears it as the vicar of Christ, the King of kings, if ye should become enemies to His Church? And are you willing to own that the oaths of fidelity taken by your subjects would become null and void in the case of such enormity?'

" 'We own it.'

" 'Then, princes and people, my children, take with pure hands this sacred Gospel; and may the mutual oaths by which ye now bind yourselves ever remind you of the fundamental and immutable laws of all Christian kingdoms!'

Such was the theory of mediæval monarchy; every Christian kingdom was held by an understanding that heresy and infidelity were equivalent to deposition. But now, when all this is a thing of the past, when, in the place of the godly prince, God's vicegerent upon earth, personally ruling all estates of men, we are governed by an impersonal Parliament composed of men of all creeds, or none, is it not idle to endeavour to maintain in regard to ecclesiastical matters certain portions of the mediæval system which have no application to present times, and have long since been discarded in all temporal and civil matters?

It remains to consider the actual recommendations of the Commissioners for the reconstruction of the existing Courts. Those recommendations, as far as the future constitution of the Bishops' and Archbishops' Courts is concerned, are nearly all that can be wished. They are a substantial attempt to revive the spiritual character of a jurisdiction that has become almost wholly secular, and to put the power of suspension and deprivation into the hands of the Church's officers. I note, in passing, that the subject of the discipline of the laity is omitted; but as far as the discipline of the clergy is concerned, the Report is one for which churchmen may well be thankful. It is impossible, however, to use the same language in regard to the proposed reconstruction of the Court of Final Appeal. The Report shows that cases affecting the doctrine and worship of the Church were not contemplated by the legislation which gave an appellate jurisdiction from the Ecclesiastical Courts to the Crown, that the existing Court of Final Appeal grew out of a mistaken conception of the purport of the Reformation Statutes, out of a gloss put upon them more than a century after, and that the Delegates got their jurisdiction in matters touching the doctrine and worship of the Church by a mistake, just as the Privy Council did later; yet the proposed Court of Final Appeal continues

the mistake, and recommends an appeal in all cases from the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan to a body of lay judges appointed by the Crown. The Court so constituted is to be as wholly secular as the Courts of the Diocese and Province are intended to be wholly spiritual; and yet it is to have power to overrule, not only in temporal, but in spiritual, conclusions, all these spiritual Courts. It is true that if any one member of the final lay Court should require it, reference is to be made to the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province, in order to ascertain what the mind of the Church may be upon any disputed point; but in the first place, such reference is left to depend upon the accident of some one member of the Church desiring it; and in the next, the Court is not bound by the opinion of the Episcopate when it has been ascertained. It is therefore quite possible, under the scheme of the Commissioners, that the same Metropolitan who has already pronounced a clerk to be guilty of no offence may be compelled to excommunicate, deprive, or suspend one whom he has declared to be innocent. It is no answer to say that this is an extreme case which would never occur, since no Archbishop worthy of his position as Spiritual Head under Christ of the Church of England could be found so to violate his conscience, but would resign rather than so stultify his own action; the question at the present moment is not how we may hope such a scheme would perhaps actually work if it became law, but whether it recognizes the inherent rights of the Church. This I am reluctantly compelled to say the Report, in this particular matter, does not seem to do; and yet, why should not the Church of England's rights in this particular be recognized? In Scotland, where the Kirk is in close connection with the State, the Established Church pronounces its own sentences without appeal to any State Court. The Scotch judges have always declared that, "within their spiritual province the Church Courts are supreme." In a case which came before them in 1870, the idea of a civil court being able to overrule the decisions of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court was repudiated by the highest legal authorities in the strongest way.

Why, then, should this freedom be deemed consistent with Establishment in Scotland and inconsistent with it in England? It is not so with the other Established Churches to which the Report refers. If it be said that the State must join with the Church in giving authority to the tribunals which are to exercise coercive jurisdiction, I agree, but let it join; do not let it take all to itself: and it does take all, if it takes the Court which is to interpret finally, in any given case, not merely in regard to any temporal consequence, but for all spiritual purposes, what is the meaning of the formularies of the Church. The Report, indeed, see conscious of this itself, for after stating—

"That its scheme is framed on the assumption that every subject of the Crown who feels aggrieved by the decision of any Ecclesiastical Court, has an indefeasible right to approach the throne itself with a representation that justice has not been done him, and with a claim for the full investigation of his cause,"

it goes on to say—

"When we recommend that this appeal to the Crown should be heard by an exclusively lay body of judges learned in the law, this recommendation rests mainly on the fact that we have provided in earlier stages for the full hearing of spiritual matters by spiritual judges—i.e., by judges appointed under regular ecclesiastical authority; and unless we could assume that such ecclesiastical hearing could be assured, we should not have recommended a purely lay hearing in the last resort. The function of such lay judges as may be appointed by the Crown to determine appeals is not in any sense to determine what is the doctrine or ritual of the Church, but to decide whether the impugned opinions or practices are in conflict with the authoritative formularies of the Church *in such a sense as to require correction or punishment.*"

But if so, does it not follow, from the words of the Commissioners themselves: (1). That an appeal from the Court of the Metropolitan to the Crown should be allowed, as Lord Devon in one of his reservations suggests, only in the case of the defendant? (2). That where the Crown on appeal reverses the sentence of the Metropolitan, the sentence should be operative only so far as any civil and temporal consequences are concerned? It can hardly be denied that the scheme as it stands leaves such matters as, for instance, the deprivation from cure of souls, the suspension of a priest *a sacris*, at least in principle, at the discretion of a purely civil tribunal. Is it possible to endorse such a principle? Is it not one which would justify the existing jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee in similar matters?

In view of the great value of the Report in many particulars, its reconstruction, so far as the Episcopal and Provincial Courts are concerned, of the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church now in ruins, its repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act, the condemnation it implies of the Judge appointed under that Act, the justification it affords for all which, now for so long, has been urged against the Court of Final Appeal and the tribunals subject to its decisions, above all, in view of the invaluable mass of historical information which it contains,—all this, and much else besides, make it an ungracious and an ungrateful task to criticize any portion of a scheme which in many respects has so much to recommend it. But peace cannot be secured by a sacrifice of principle; and dealing with so serious a matter as the spiritual discipline of the Kingdom of Christ—with an opportunity, which if now misused may never occur again, of freeing the exercise of that discipline from the difficulties with which the ignorance and prejudice of past times have encompassed it—ought we not to consider more the inherent and indefeasible rights of the Church, than how far a Parliament like the present may be disposed to admit them?

For my own part, I do not anticipate that any scheme which does the Church justice is likely to be endorsed by Parliament. There are too many persons, as the Bishop of Peterborough recently pointed out, interested for various reasons in preventing the removal of difficulties in the Church's way to make this probable. The most admirable scheme for the reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts might be submitted to Parliament, but what security is there for the shape in which it would ultimately be passed? Experience every day confirms the truth of the words of the present Prime Minister, written to the late Bishop Wilberforce, "That there is no good to be got for the Church from Parliament—it must be developed from within." But is this a reason for doing nothing? On the contrary, it is the precise reason why the Church should take the matter into her own hands.

Let full time be given for the Report of the Commission, with all the historical appendices and evidence attached to it, to be thoroughly weighed and sifted. Then let the two Metropolitans with the Bishops of their respective provinces agree to establish Diocesan and Provincial Courts on the lines indicated by the Report; but as voluntary tribunals and in them, putting aside for the moment any idea of coercive authority, let them adjudicate in all spiritual matters as they would do supposing legal effect to have been given to the recommendations of the Commissioners. The clergy, as a body, would, I am persuaded, be ready to welcome any scheme which secured the revival of the Church's spiritual jurisdiction; while in the case of any clerk who refused compliance with the decisions of the courts so reconstituted, the Bishop, by withdrawing his veto upon a prosecution before the existing legal tribunals, would find himself armed with all the coercive power that was practically necessary for securing obedience. In this way the Judicial Committee and the Courts subject to its jurisdiction would only take cognizance of cases previously heard and decided by the Church.

It will be objected that such a method of enforcing spiritual authority is clumsy and circuitous, and that, after all, it does nothing for the reform of the existing Ecclesiastical Courts. The reply is, that such a scheme would secure the final determination of spiritual matters by the Episcopate, which is the essential matter; and that in regard to the existing Ecclesiastical Courts, the definite acknowledgment of their mere civil authority will be almost as effectual a remedy for existing evils as the revival of their spiritual jurisdiction, and, judging by recent experience, a much easier matter to accomplish.

To conclude, none can be more anxious for the revival of a system of judicature in regard to spiritual matters which can appeal not only to fear but to conscience, than those who at the present time are

sometimes accused of lawlessness. To such persons it is a matter of very great indifference what courts and what authority may deal with the temporal accidents of spiritual things. The one point upon which they insist is, the determination of the actual spiritual things themselves by the Bishops and Synods of the Church. If this can be accomplished, in whatever form, they will be more than satisfied, and will be the last to grudge the anxieties and troubles of the present time if they should prove to be, under the good providence of God, the means for bringing about that restoration of godly discipline to the lack of which is to be attributed so much of the weakness, and so many of the difficulties, which interfere with the well-being of the Church of England at the present day.

CHARLES L. WOOD.

LITERARY FORGERIES.

IN the whole amusing history of impostures, there is no more diverting chapter than that which deals with literary frauds. None contains a more grotesque revelation of the smallness and the complexity of human nature, and none—not even the records of the Tichborne trial, and its results—reveals more pleasantly the depths of mortal credulity. The literary forger is usually a clever man, and it is necessary for him to be at least on a level with the literary knowledge and critical science of his time. But how low that level commonly appears to be! Think of the success of Ireland, a boy of eighteen; think of Chatterton; think of Surtees of Mainsforth, who took in the great Magician himself, the father of all them that are skilled in ballad lore. How simple were the artifices of these ingenious impostors, their resources how scanty; how hand-to-mouth and improvised was their whole procedure! Times have altered a little. Jo Smith's revelation and famed "Golden Bible" only carried captive the polygamous *populus qui vult decipi*, reasoners a little lower than even the believers in Anglo-Israel. The Moabite Ireland, who lately gave Mr. Shapira the famous MS. of Deuteronomy, but did not delude M. Clermont Ganneau, was doubtless a smart man; he was, however, a little too indolent, a little too easily satisfied. He might have procured better and less recognizable materials than his old "synagogue rolls;" in short, he took rather too little trouble, and came to the wrong market. A literary forgery ought first, perhaps, to appeal to the credulous, and only slowly should it come with the prestige of having already won many believers before the learned world. The inscriber of the Phœnician inscriptions in Brazil (of all places) was a clever man. His account of the voyage of Hiram to South America probably gained some

credence in Brazil, while in England it only carried captive Mr. Day, author of "The Pre-historic Use of Iron and Steel." But the Brazilians, from lack of energy, have dropped the subject, and the Phœnician inscriptions of Brazil are less successful, after all, than the Moabite stone, about which one begins to entertain disagreeable doubts.

The motives of the literary forger are curiously mixed; but they may, perhaps, be analyzed roughly into piety, greed, "push," and love of fun. Many literary forgeries have been pious frauds, perpetrated in the interests of a church, a priesthood, or a dogma. Then we have frauds of greed, as if, for example, a forger should offer his wares for a million of money to the British Museum; or when he tries to palm off his Samaritan Gospel on the "Bad Samaritan" of the Bodleian. Next we come to playful frauds, or frauds in their origin playful, like (perhaps) the Shakspearian forgeries of Ireland, the *supercheries* of Prosper Mérimée, the sham antique ballads (very spirited poems in their way) of Surtees, and many other examples. Occasionally it has happened that forgeries, begun for the mere sake of exerting the imitative faculty, and of raising a laugh against the learned, have been persevered with in earnest. The humorous deceits are, of course, the most pardonable, though it is difficult to forgive the young archæologist who took in his own father with false Greek inscriptions. But this story may be a mere fable amongst archæologists, who are constantly accusing each other of all manner of crimes. There are forgeries by "pushing" men, who hope to get a reading for poems which, if put forth as new would be neglected. There remain forgeries of which the motive is so complex as to remain for ever obscure. We may generally ascribe them to love of notoriety in the forger; such notoriety as Macpherson won by his dubious pinchbeck Ossian. More difficult still to understand are the forgeries which real scholars have committed or connived at for the purpose of supporting some opinion which they held with earnestness. There is a vein of madness and self-deceit in the character of the man who half persuades himself that his own false facts are true. The Payne Collier case is thus one of the most difficult in the world to explain, for it is equally hard to suppose that Mr. Payne Collier was taken in by the notes on the folio he gave the world, and to hold that he was himself guilty of forgery to support his own opinions.

The further we go back in the history of literary forgeries, the more (as is natural) do we find them to be of a pious or priestly character. When the clergy alone can write, only the clergy can forge. In such ages people are interested chiefly in prophecies and warnings, or, if they are careful about literature, it is only when literature contains some kind of title-deeds. Thus Solon is said to

have forged a line in the Homeric catalogue of the ships for the purpose of proving that Salamis belonged to Athens. But the great antique forger, the "Ionian father of the rest," is, doubtless, Onomacritus. There exists, to be sure, an Egyptian inscription professing to be of the fourth, but probably of the twenty-sixth, dynasty. The Germans hold the latter view; the French, from patriotic motives, maintain the opposite opinion. But this forgery is scarcely "literary." I never can think of Onomacritus without a certain respect: he began the forging business so very early, and was (apart from this failing) such an imposing and magnificently respectable character. The scene of the error and the detection of Onomacritus presents itself always to me in a kind of pictorial vision. It is night, the clear windless night of Athens, not of the Athens whose ruins remain, but of the ancient city that sank in ashes during the invasion of Xerxes. The time is the time of Pisistratus the successful tyrant, the scene is the ancient temple, the stately house of Athens, the fane where the sacred serpent was fed on cakes, and the primeval olive tree grew beside the well of Posidon. The darkness of the temple's inmost shrine is lit by the ray of one earthen lamp. You dimly discern the majestic form of a venerable man stooping above a coffer of cedar and ivory, carved with the exploits of the goddess, and with *boustrophedon* inscriptions. In his hair this archaic Athenian wears the badge of the golden grasshopper. You never saw a finer man. He is Onomacritus, the famous poet, and the trusted guardian of the ancient oracles of Musæus and Bacis. What is he doing? Why, he takes from the fragrant cedar coffer certain thin stained sheets of lead, whereon are scratched the words of doom, the prophecies of the Greek Thomas the Rhymer. From his bosom he draws another thin sheet of lead, also stained and corroded. On this he scratches, in imitation of the old "Cadmeian letters," a prophecy that "the isles near Lemnos shall disappear under the sea." So busy is he in this task, that he does not hear the rustle of a chiton behind, and suddenly a man's hand is on his shoulder! Onomacritus turns in horror. Has the goddess punished him for tampering with the oracles? No; it is Lasus, the son of Hermiones, a rival poet, who has caught the keeper of the oracles in the very act of a pious forgery. (Herodotus vii. 6). Pisistratus expelled the learned Onomacritus from Athens, but his conduct proved, in the long run, highly profitable to the reputations of Musæus and Bacis. Whenever their oracles were not fulfilled, people said, "Oh, that is merely one of the interpolations of Onomacritus!" and the matter was passed over. This Onomacritus is said to have been one of the original editors of Homer under Pisistratus. He lived long, never repented, and, many years later, deceived Xerxes into attempting his disastrous expedition. This he did by "keeping back the oracles unfavourable to the bar-

barians," and putting forward any that seemed favourable. The children of Pisistratus believed in him, as spiritualists go on giving credit to exposed and exploded "mediums."

Having once practised deceit, it is to be feared that Onomacritus acquired a liking for the practice of literary forgery, which, as will be seen in the case of Ireland, grows on a man like dram-drinking. Onomacritus is generally charged with the authorship of the poems which the ancients usually attributed to Orpheus, the companion of Jason. Perhaps the most interesting of the poems of Orpheus to us would have been his "Inferno," or *Katá βασίς ἐς ᾗδου* in which the poet gave his own account of his descent to Hades in search of Eurydice. But only a dubious reference to one adventure in the journey is quoted by Plutarch. Whatever the exact truth about the Orphic poems may be (the reader may pursue the hard and fruitless quest in Lobeck's "Aglaophanus"), it seems certain that the period between Pisistratus and Pericles, like the Alexandrian time, was a great age for literary forgeries. But of all these frauds the greatest (according to the most "advanced" theory on the subject) is the "Forgery of the Iliad and Odyssey!" The opinions of the scholars who hold that the Iliad and Odyssey which we know and which Plato knew, are not the epics known to Herodotus, but later compositions, are not very clear nor consistent. But it seems to be vaguely held that about the time of Pericles there arose a kind of Greek Macpherson. This ingenious impostor worked on old epic materials, but added many new ideas of his own about the gods, converting the Iliad (the poem which we now possess) into a kind of mocking romance, a Greek Don Quixote. He also forged a number of pseudo-archaic words, tenses, and expressions, and added the numerous references to iron, a metal practically unknown, it is asserted, to Greece before the sixth century. If we are to believe, with Professor Paley, that the chief incidents of the Iliad and Odyssey were unknown to Sophocles, Aeschylus, and the contemporary vase-painters, we must also suppose that the Greek Macpherson invented most of the situations in the Odyssey and Iliad. According to this theory the "cooker" of the extant epics was far the greatest and most successful of all literary impostors, for he deceived the whole world, from Plato downwards, till he was exposed by Mr. Paley. There are times when one is inclined to believe that Plato must have been the forger himself, as Bacon (according to the other hypothesis) was the author of Shakspeare's plays. Thus "Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam," would be "the first of those who" forge! Next to this prodigious imposture, no doubt, the false "Letters of Phalaris" are the most important of classical forgeries. And these illustrate, like most literary forgeries, the extreme worthlessness of literary taste as a criterion of the authenticity of writings. For what man ever was more a man of taste than

Sir William Temple, "the most accomplished writer of the age," whom Mr. Boyle never thought of without calling to mind those happy lines of Lucretius,

"Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus."

Well, the ornate and excellent Temple held that "the Epistles of Phalaris have more race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others he had ever seen, either ancient or modern." So much for what Bentley calls Temple's "Nicety of Tast." The greatest of English scholars readily proved that Phalaris used (in the spirit of prophecy) an idiom which did not exist to write about matters in his time not invented, but "many centuries younger than he." So let the Nicety of Temple's Tast and its absolute failure be a warning to us when we read (if read we must) German critics who deny Homer's claim to this or that passage, and Plato's right to half his accepted dialogues, on grounds of literary taste. And farewell, as Herodotus would have said, to the Letters of Phalaris, of Socrates, of Plato; to the Lives of Pythagoras and of Homer, and to all the other uncounted literary forgeries of the classical world, from the Sibylline prophecies to the battle of the frogs and mice.

Early Christian forgeries were, naturally, pious. We have the apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which were not exposed till Erasmus's time. Perhaps the most important of pious forgeries (if forgery be exactly the right word in this case), was that of "The False Decretals." "On a sudden," says Milman, speaking of the pontificate of Nicholas I. (*ob.* 867 A.D.), "Of a sudden was promulgated, unannounced, without preparation, not absolutely unquestioned, but apparently overawing at once all doubt, a new Code, which to the former authentic documents added fifty-nine letters and decrees of the twenty oldest Popes from Clement to Melchiades, and the donation of Constantine, and in the third part, among the decrees of the Popes and of the Councils from Sylvester to Gregory II., thirty-nine false decrees, and the acts of several unauthentic Councils." "The whole is composed," Milman adds, "with an air of profound piety and reverence." The False Decretals naturally assert the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. "They are full and minute on Church Property" (they were sure to be that); in fact, they remind one of another forgery, pious and Aryan, "The Institutes of Vishnu." "Let him not levy any tax upon Brahmans," says the Brahman forger of the Institutes, which "came from the mouths of Vishnu," as he sat "clad in a yellow robe, imperturbable, decorated with all kinds of gems, while Lakshmi was stroking his feet with her soft palms." The Institutes took excellent care of Brahmans and cows, as the Decretals did of the Pope and the clergy, and the earliest Popes

had about as much hand in the Decretals as Vishnu had in his Institutes. Hommenay, in "Pantagruel," did well to have the praise of the Decretals sung by *filles belles, blondelettes, doulcettes et de bonne grace*. And then Hommenay drank to the Decretals and their very good health. "O dives Décretales, tant par vous est le vin bon bon trouvé"—"Oh divine Decretals, how good you make good wine taste!" "The miracle would be greater," said Pantagruel, "if they made bad wine taste good." The most that can now be done by the devout for the Decretals is "to palliate the guilt of their forger," whose name, like that of the Greek Macpherson, is unknown.

If the Early Christian centuries, and the Middle Ages, were chiefly occupied with pious frauds, with forgeries of gospels, epistles, and Decretals, the impostors of the Renaissance were busy with classical imitations. After the Turks took Constantinople, when the learned Greeks were scattered all over Southern Europe, when many genuine classical MSS. were recovered by the zeal of scholars, when the plays of Menander were seen once, and then lost for ever, it was natural that literary forgery should thrive. As yet scholars were eager rather than critical; they were collecting and unearthing, rather than minutely examining the remains of classic literature. They had found so much, and every year were finding so much more, that no discovery seemed impossible. The lost books of Livy and Cicero, the songs of Sappho, the perished plays of Sophocles and Æschylus might any day be brought to light. This was the very moment for the literary forger; but it is improbable that any forgery of the period has escaped detection. Three or four years ago some one published a book to show that the "Annals of Tacitus" were written by Poggio Bracciolini. This paradox gained no more converts than the bolder hypothesis of Hardouin. The theory of Hardouin was that all the ancient classics were productions of a learned company which worked, in the thirteenth century, under Severus Archontius. Hardouin made some exception to his sweeping general theory. Cicero's writings were genuine, he admitted, so were Pliny's, of Virgil the Georgics; the satires and epistles of Horace, Herodotus, and Homer. All the rest of the classics were a magnificent forgery of the illiterate thirteenth century, which had scarce any Greek, and whose Latin, abundant in quantity, in quality left much to be desired.

Among literary forgers, or passers of false literary coin, at the time of the Renaissance, Annus is the most notorious. Annus (his real vernacular name was Nanni), was born at Viterbo, in 1432. He became a Dominican, and (after publishing his forged classics) rose to the position of Maître du Palais, to the Pope, Alexander Borgia. With Cæsar Borgia, it is said that Annus was never on

good terms. He persisted in preaching "the sacred truth" to his highness, and this (according to the detractors of Annii) was the only use he had for the sacred truth. There is a legend that Cæsar Borgia poisoned the preacher (1502), but people usually brought that charge against Cæsar when any one in any way connected with him happened to die. Annii wrote on the History and Empire of the Turks, who took Constantinople in his time; but he is better remembered by his "*Antiquitatum Variarum Volumina XVII. cum comment. Fr. Jo. Annii.*" These fragments of antiquity included, among many other desirable things, the historical writings of Fabius Pictor, the predecessor of Livy. One is surprised that Annii, when he had his hand in, did not publish choice extracts from the "*Libri Lintei*," the ancient Roman annals, written on linen, and preserved in the temple of Juno Moneta. Among the other discoveries of Annii were treatises by Berosus, Manetho, Cato, and poems by Archilochus. Opinion has been divided as to whether Annii was wholly a knave, or whether he was himself imposed upon. Or, again, whether he had some genuine fragments, and eked them out with his own inventions. It is observed that he did not dovetail the really genuine relics of Berosus and Manetho into the works attributed to them. This may be explained as the result of ignorance or of cunning; there can be no certain inference. "Even the Dominicans," as Bayle says, admit that Annii's discoveries are false, though they excuse them by averring that the pious man was the dupe of others. But a learned Lutheran has been found to defend the "*Antiquitates*" of the Dominican.

It is amusing to remember that the great and erudite Rabelais was taken in by some pseudo-classical fragments. The joker of jokes was hoaxed. He published, says Mr. Besant, "a couple of Latin forgeries, which he proudly called '*Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis*,' consisting of a pretended will and a contract." The name of the book is "*Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis. Lucci Cuspidii Testamentum. Item contractus venditionis antiquis Romanorum temporibus initus. Lugduni apud Gryphium* (pet. in 8°)." Pomponius Lætus and Jovianus Pontanus were apparently authors of the hoax.

Socrates said that he "would never lift up his hand against his father Parmenides." The fathers of the Church have not been so respectfully treated by literary forgers during the Renaissance. The "*Flowers of Theology*" of St. Bernard, which were to be a primrose path *ad gaudia Paradisi* (Strasburg, 1478), were really, it seems, the production of Jean de Garlande. Athanasius, his "*Eleven Books concerning the Trinity*," are attributed to Vigilius, a colonial Bishop in Northern Africa. Among false classics were two comic Latin fragments with which Muretus beguiled Scaliger. Meursius

has suffered, posthumously, from the attribution to him of a very disreputable volume indeed. In 1583, a book on "Consolations," by Cicero, was published at Venice, containing the reflections with which Cicero consoled himself for the death of Tullia. It might as well have been attributed to Mrs. Blimber, and described as replete with the thoughts with which that lady supported herself under the affliction of never having seen Cicero or his Tusculan villa. The real author was Charles Sigonius, of Modena. Sigonius really did discover some Ciceronian fragments, and, if he was not the builder, at least he was the restorer of Tully's lofty theme. In 1693, François Nodot, conceiving the world had not already enough of Petronius Arbiter, published an edition, in which he added to the works of that lax though accomplished author. Nodot's story was that he had found a whole MS. of Petrarch, at Belgrade, and he published it with a translation of his own Latin into French. Still dissatisfied with the existing supply of Petronius' humour was Marchena, a writer of Spanish books, who printed at Bâle a translation and edition of a new fragment. This fragment was very cleverly inserted in a presumed *lacuna*. In spite of the ironical style of the preface many scholars were taken in by this fragment, and their credulity led Marchena to find a new fragment (of Catullus this time) at Herculaneum. Eichstadt, a Jena professor, gravely announced that the same fragment existed in a MS. in the University library, and, under pretence of giving various readings, converted Marchena's faults in prosody. Another sham Catullus, by Corradino, a Venetian, was published in 1738.

The most famous forgeries of the eighteenth century were those of Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland. Space (fortunately) does not permit a discussion of the Ossianic question. That fragments of Ossianic legend (if not of Ossianic poetry) survive in oral Gaelic traditions, seems certain. How much Macpherson knew of these, and how little he used them in the bombastic prose which Napoleon loved (and spelled "Ocean") it is next to impossible to discover. The case of Chatterton is too well known to need much more than mention. The most extraordinary poet for his years who ever lived, began with the forgery of a sham feudal pedigree for Mr. Bergum, a pewterer. Ireland started on his career in much the same way, unless Ireland's "Confessions" be themselves a fraud, based on what he knew about Chatterton. Once launched in his career, Chatterton drew endless stores of poetry from "Rowley's MS.," and the muniment chest in St. Mary Redcliffe's. Jacob Bryant believed in them and wrote an "Apology" for the credulous. Bryant, who believed in his own system of mythology, might have believed in anything. When Chatterton sent his "discoveries" to Walpole (himself somewhat of a mediæval imitator), Gray and Mason detected

the imposture, and Walpole, his feelings as an antiquary injured, took no more notice of the boy. Chatterton's death was due to his precocity. Had his genius come to him later, it would have found him wiser, and better able to command the fatal demon of intellect, for which he had to find work, like Michael Scott in the legend.

The end of the eighteenth century, which had been puzzled or diverted by the Chatterton and Macpherson frauds, witnessed also the great and famous Shakspearian forgeries. We shall never know the exact truth about the fabrication of the Shakspearian documents, and Vortigern and the other plays. We have, indeed, the confession of the culprit: *habemus confitentem reum*, but Mr. W. H. Ireland was a liar and a solicitor's clerk, so versatile and accomplished that we cannot always believe him, even when he is narrating the tale of his own iniquities. The temporary but wide and turbulent success of the Ireland forgeries suggests the disagreeable reflection that criticism and learning are (or, a hundred years ago were) worth very little as literary touchstones. A polished and learned society, a society devoted to Shakespeare and to the stage, was taken in by a boy of eighteen. Young Ireland not only palmed off his sham documents, most makeshift imitations of the antique, but even his ridiculous verse on the experts. James Boswell went down on his knees and thanked Heaven for the sight of them, and feeling thirsty after these devotions, drank hot brandy and water. Dr. Parr was as readily gulled, and probably the experts, like Malone, who held aloof, were as much influenced by jealousy as by science. The whole story of young Ireland's forgeries is not only too long to be told here, but forms the topic of a novel ("The Talk of the Town") on which Mr. James Payn is at present engaged. The frauds are not likely in his hands to lose either their humour or their complicated interest of plot. To be brief, then, Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentleman extremely fond of old literature and old books. If we may trust the Confessions (1805) of his candid son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, a more harmless and confiding old person than Samuel never collected early English tracts. Living in his learned society, his son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, acquired not only a passion for black letters, but a desire to emulate Chatterton. His first step in guilt was the forgery of an autograph on an old pamphlet, with which he gratified Samuel Ireland. He also wrote a sham inscription on a modern bust of Cromwell, which he represented as an authentic antique. Finding that the critics were taken in, and attributed this new bust to the old sculptor Simon, Ireland conceived a very low and not unjustifiable opinion of critical tact. Critics would find merit in anything which seemed old enough. Ireland's next achievement was the forgery of some legal documents concerning Shakspeare. Just as the bad man who deceived the guileless

Mr. Shapira, forged his Deuteronomy on the blank spaces of old synagogue rolls, so young Ireland used the cut-off ends of old rent rolls. He next bought up quantities of old fly-leaves of books, and on this ancient paper he indited a sham confession of faith, which he attributed to Shakspeare. Being a strong "evangelical," young Mr. Ireland gave a very Protestant complexion to this edifying document. And still the critics gaped and wondered and believed. Ireland's method was to write in an ink made by blending various liquids used in the marbling of paper for bookbinding. This stuff was supplied to him by a bookbinder's apprentice. When people asked questions as to whence all the new Shakspeare manuscripts came, he said they were presented to him by a gentleman who wished to remain anonymous. Finally, the impossibility of producing this gentleman was one of the causes of the detection of the fraud. According to himself, Ireland performed prodigies of acuteness. Once he had forged, at random, the name of a contemporary of Shakspeare. He was confronted with a genuine signature, which, of course, was quite different. He obtained leave to consult his "anonymous gentleman," rushed home, forged the name on the model of what had been shown to him, and returned with this signature as a new gift from his benefactor. That nameless friend had informed him that there were two persons of the same name, and that both signatures were genuine. Ireland's impudence went the length of introducing an ancestor of his own, with the same name as himself, among the companions of Shakspeare. If Vortigern had succeeded (and it was actually put on the stage with all possible pomp), Ireland meant to have produced a series of pseudo-Shakspearian plays from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth. When busy with Vortigern, he was detected by a friend of his own age, who pounced on him while he was at work, as Lasus pounced on Onomacritus. The discoverer, however, consented to "stand in" with Ireland, and did not divulge his secret. At last, after the fiasco of Vortigern, suspicion waxed so strong, and disagreeable inquiries for the anonymous benefactor were so numerous, that Ireland fled from his father's house. He confessed all, and, according to his own account, fell under the undying wrath of Samuel Ireland. Any reader of Ireland's confessions will be likely to sympathize with old Samuel as the dupe of his son. The whole story is told with a curious mixture of impudence and humour, and with great plausibility. Young Ireland admits that his "desire for laughter" was almost irresistible, when people—learned, pompous, sagacious people—listened attentively to the papers. One feels half inclined to forgive the rogue for the sake of his youth, his cleverness, his humour. But the confessions are, not improbably, almost as apocryphal as the original documents. They were written for the sake of money, and

it is impossible to say how far the same mercenary motive actuated Ireland in his forgeries. Dr. Ingleby, in his "Shakspeare Fabrications," takes a very rigid view of the conduct, not only of William, but of old Samuel Ireland. Sam, according to Dr. Ingleby, was a partner in the whole imposture, and the "Confession" was only one element in the scheme of fraud. Old Samuel was the Fagan of a band of young literary Dodgers. He "positively trained his whole family to trade in forgery," and as for Mr. W. H. Ireland, he was "the most accomplished liar that ever lived," which is certainly a distinction in its way. The point of the joke is that, after the whole conspiracy exploded, people were anxious to buy examples of the forgeries. Mr. W. H. Ireland was equal to the occasion. He actually forged his own, or (according to Dr. Ingleby) his father's forgeries, and, by thus increasing the supply, he deluged the market with sham shams, with imitations of imitations. If this accusation be correct, it is impossible not to admire the colossal impudence of Mr. W. H. Ireland. Dr. Ingleby, in the ardour of his honest indignation, pursues William into his private life, which, it appears, was far from exemplary. But literary criticism should be content with a man's works, his domestic life is matter, as Aristotle often says, "for a separate kind of investigation." Old Ritson used to say that "every literary impostor deserved hanging as much as a common thief." W. H. Ireland's merits were never recognized by the law.

How old Ritson would have punished "the old corrector," it is "better only guessing," as the wicked say, according to Clough, in regard to their own possible chastisement. The difficulty is to ascertain who the apocryphal old corrector really was. The story of his misdeeds was recently brought back to mind by the death, at an advanced age, of the learned Shakspearian, Mr. J. Payne Collier. Mr. Collier was, to put it mildly, the Shapira of the old corrector. He brought that artist's works before the public; but *why*? how deceived, or how influenced it is once more "better only guessing." Mr. Collier first brought to the public notice his singular copy of a folio Shakspeare (second edition) loaded with ancient manuscript emendations, in 1849. Mr. Collier's account of this book was simple and plausible. He chanced, one day, to be in the shop of Mr. Rudd, the bookseller, in Great Newport Street, when a parcel of second-hand volumes arrived from the country. When the parcel was opened, the heart of the Bibliophile began to sing, for the packet contained two old folios, one of them an old folio Shakspeare of the second edition (1632). The volume (mark this) was "much cropped," greasy, and imperfect. Now the student of Mr. Hamilton's "inquiry" into the whole affair is already puzzled. In later days, Mr. Collier said that his folio had previously been in the possession of a Mr. Parry. On the other hand, Mr.

Parry (then a very aged man) failed to recognize his folio in Mr. Collier's, for *his* copy was "cropped," whereas the leaves of Mr. Collier's example were *not* mutilated. Here, then ("Inquiry," pp. 12, 61), we have two descriptions of the outward aspect of Mr. Collier's dubious treasure. In one account it is "much cropped" by the bookbinder's cruel shears; in the other, its un mutilated condition is contrasted with that of a copy which has been "cropped." In any case, Mr. Collier hoped, he says, to complete an imperfect folio he possessed, with leaves taken from the folio newly acquired for thirty shillings. But the volumes happened to have the same defects, and the healing process was impossible. Mr. Collier chanced to be going into the country, when in packing the folio he had bought of Rudd, he saw it was covered with manuscript corrections in an old hand. These he was inclined to attribute to one Thomas Perkins, whose name was written on the fly-leaf, and who might have been a connection of Richard Perkins, the actor (*flor.* 1633). The notes contained many various readings, and very numerous changes in punctuation. Some of these Mr. Collier published in his "Notes and Emendations" (1852), and in an edition of the "Plays." There was much discussion, much doubt, and the previous folio of the old corrector (who was presumed to have marked the book in the theatre during early performances) was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries. Then Mr. Collier presented the treasure to the Duke of Devonshire, who again lent it for examination to the British Museum. Mr. Hamilton published in the *Times* (July, 1859) the results of his examination of the old corrector. It turned out that the old corrector was a modern myth. He had first made his corrections in pencil, and in a modern hand, and then he had copied them over in ink, and in a forged ancient hand. The same word sometimes recurred in both handwritings. The ink, which looked old, was really no English ink at all, not even Ireland's mixture. It seemed to be sepia, sometimes mixed with a little Indian ink. Mr. Hamilton made many other sad discoveries. He pointed out that Mr. Collier had published, from a Dulwich MS., a letter of Mrs. Alleyne's (the actor's wife), referring to Shakspeare as "Mr. Shakspeare of the Globe." Now the Dulwich MS. was mutilated and blank in the very place where this interesting reference should have occurred. Such is a skeleton history of the old corrector, his works and ways. It is probable that—thanks to his assiduities—new Shakspearian documents will in future be received with extreme scepticism; and this is all the fruit, except acres of newspaper correspondence, which the world has derived from Mr. Collier's greasy and imperfect but unique "corrected folio."

The recency and (to a Shakspearian critic) the importance of these forgeries, obscures the humble merit of Surtees, with his ballad of

the "Slaying of Antony Featherstonhaugh," and of "Bartram's Dirge." Surtees left clever *lacunæ* in these songs, "collected from oral traditions," and furnished notes so learned that they took in Sir Walter Scott. There are moments when I half suspect "the Shirra himsel" (who forged so many extracts from "Old Plays") of having composed "Kinmont Willie." To compare old Scott of Satchell's account of Kinmont Willie with the ballad is to feel uncomfortable doubts. But this is a rank impiety. The last ballad forgery of much note was the set of sham Macedonian epics and popular songs (all about Alexander the Great, and other heroes) which a schoolmaster in the Rhodope imposed on M. Verkovich. The trick was not badly done, and the imitation of "ballad slang" was excellent. The "Oera Linda book," too, was successful enough to be translated into English. With this latest effort of the tenth muse, the crafty muse of Literary Forgery, we may leave a topic which could not be exhausted in a ponderous volume. We have not room even for the forged letters of Shelley, to which Mr. Browning, being taken in thereby, wrote a preface, nor for the forged letters of Mr. Ruskin, which hoaxed all the newspapers not long ago. Even as we write, the *Academy* has been gulled by a literary fraud in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Spectator* by an American imposition, forged poems. Impostures will not cease while dupes are found among critics.

A. LANG.

THE NATIONALIZATION OF THE LAND.

UP till recent years no such phrase as the Nationalization of the Land was heard in England. It is doubtful whether the idea it conveys was even intelligible to the mass of the people. In other countries it may possibly have been used as a symbol of extreme socialistic theories, but to all intents and purposes it is only within the last three or four years that the group of ideas indicated by this novel term has taken any hold of the average British mind.

It can, however, be no longer said that those ideas lie outside the scope of public discussion; though it is true that very few of our leading statesmen have deigned to notice them, and, though few publicists of any weight have lent their advocacy to the cause, it cannot be denied that they are making way among considerable classes of the community, especially the artisans of our great towns. This rapid progress is no doubt owing very much to the wide circulation of that remarkable book by Henry George, of America, entitled "Progress and Poverty," a book which I shall treat in this paper as the chief exponent of those views. It appears to me that our leading statesmen must no longer keep silence on this subject. Though it may appear to them too visionary to admit of serious discussion, it is being diffused so widely among the masses as to forebode trouble in the future unless met by rational argument.

So far as I understand this novel doctrine, it is that the State ought to own the entire land of the country, on the ground that it is the legitimate property of the whole community, that it ought never to have been alienated to private owners, whose rights are usurped and must be brought to an end, either by compulsory purchase or by simple confiscation. Mr. George goes so far as to advocate the latter method, on the ground that private property in

land is as immoral as slavery; and he extends his anathema not only to agricultural land, but to building land in towns, and argues that even a freehold on which the owner has built a house is as much a robbery of the public domain as the largest estate of a Highland Laird. He condemns not only the great estates of our aristocracy, but the small properties of the French peasantry and the homestead farms of the American yeomen. In his eyes the possession of any portion of the earth's surface by a private owner is theft, and the stolen goods ought to be restored to the public that has been defrauded.

I am not aware that any body of British opinion has endorsed these extreme views. When the Trades' Congress last year advocated the Nationalization of the Land, I don't suppose they meant confiscation, and I question whether they extended the term to property in towns. Probably their leading idea was the improvement of British agriculture; and I much doubt whether they or any of their sympathizers in this country have clearly thought out the subject, or perfected any plan for the acquisition of the soil or its cultivation after it was acquired. This phrase has a fine grandiose sound about it, like other well-known catchwords, which take captive minds that have not analyzed the question or grappled with the real difficulties of the case. It has a delightful vagueness, which covers many shades of meaning, and makes it no easy task to analyze or refute it.

I shall, in the first instance, deal with the form it assumes in Mr. George's book, where he boldly recommends confiscation on the ground of the immorality of private ownership. I do so because it is quite obvious that the State cannot acquire possession of the soil at full market value without to a certainty making a loss on the transaction, as was well shown by Professor Fawcett in his Liverpool address some two years ago. It is plain to me that, as this agitation proceeds, it will develop more and more into Communistic lines, and tend to assume the form of naked spoliation.

Now the main ground on which Mr. George makes this startling proposal is, that the land originally belonged to the State or community, and that it was wrongfully granted away to favoured individuals, and he compiles a brief history of ancient civilization to prove his point. I will go with him so far as to allow that before the earth was peopled land was not appropriated, and that while population was very sparse it was not worth the while of individuals to claim special plots of land. The origin of all communities that we know anything of was the tribal state, when a clan or tribe, under a chieftain of their choice, roamed over a wide tract of country, supported by the produce of the chase or by their flocks and herds. Agriculture, in our sense of the word, did not exist in the infancy of the race. Our ancestors lived, as savage tribes now do, by hunting

and fishing, and afterwards by pastoral pursuits; and so there was no motive for the private appropriation of land. But the point I wish to bring out is that usually private ownership of land arose when agriculture commenced, for the simple reason that no one would toil to raise crops which he could not enjoy. Indeed, so invariable has been this rule, that we may almost say that civilization has never made a commencement, or at least has never advanced beyond a rudimentary stage, till private ownership in land, or at least individual occupancy, was recognized by the law of the State. The necessary stimulus for cultivating and improving the soil was wanting, till security was given that he who laboured should enjoy the fruits of his labour.

But without going back to the dim and dusty records of antiquity, we have only to take a survey of the condition of the globe to-day to prove the truth of my assertion. We still have in active existence every form of human society, from the most barbarous to the most refined. We still see a large part of the earth tenanted by races as primitive in their habits as our forefathers were when they were clothed with skins of beasts and possessed the soil of this island in common. Nearly all Africa, considerable portions of North and South America, a large portion of Central Asia, the interior of Australia, New Guinea, and many other islands of Polynesia are all in that state of primitive simplicity. In these regions the land is not appropriated, it is either the common possession of the tribe or the battle-ground of contending tribes. Now, Mr. George gravely assumes that all our modern poverty and degradation are the result of private land ownership, that all would disappear if we reverted to the happy Arcadian times when land communism prevailed; and it is natural for us to ask whether we find an absence of poverty and degradation among those portions of mankind who have preserved the primitive tradition unimpaired.

Let us travel through Africa with Stanley or Livingstone, let us accompany our expeditions to Ashantee, or Abyssinia, or Zululand, in quest of the golden age of plenty—do we find anywhere even a trace of such social well-being as to be worthy of comparison with the worst governed country in Europe? Do we not find slavery, polygamy, the most horrid oppression and barbarous cruelty the invariable accompaniments of this primitive state of existence? Do not famines and pestilences periodically desolate those tribes, while human life is scarcely valued more than that of the brutes? The Red Indians who once roamed over the North American Continent, and who still hold large reserves in the far West, were all Land Communists; there was never private appropriation, nor, as a necessary consequence, was there any agriculture worthy of the name. These tribes lived by the chase, and a province that will now support

in plenty a million of Anglo-Saxons could scarcely sustain a thousand of these roaming savages. Wherever we find the land unappropriated, whether among Zulus, Red Indians, or Maoris, or roving Tartars in Central Asia, we find a savage and degraded state of mankind, and we find almost invariably that the first step in civilization is coincident with the private appropriation and careful cultivation of the soil.

So far from the sweeping generalization of Mr. George being true, that human misery and degradation have sprung from private ownership of land, we find from actual survey of the earth at the present time that precisely the opposite is true—that human misery is deepest where the land is not appropriated, and human happiness and civilization most advanced where the land is held by private owners.

I am aware that it will be objected that other than agrarian causes account for the progress of the advanced races. Christianity, science and trade have elevated Europe, while Africa remains in primitive darkness. This is self-evident to any ordinary person; but Mr. George virtually ignores all moral causes for social progress, or treats them so lightly as to leave the reader to infer that the possession of the soil is the only vital question for a nation's welfare—that if this be secured to the State, all other things will right themselves, and social perfection be speedily reached. The retort is obvious. Why have those communities that have acted on this principle for thousands of years remained in primitive barbarism, while all advance has been made by nations that discarded them? The reason is plain—Because they are not suited for mankind in a civilized state. Whenever progress has attained to a certain stage the land becomes appropriated, while at the same time arts and literature arise, cities are built, and laws are framed. At that stage of human progress where slavery and polygamy prevail, where private rights are at the mercy of the chief or despot, where agriculture is unknown and population is kept down by incessant wars and famines, we find the land unappropriated. Wherever these abuses disappear, and the garments of civilization are put on, then private ownership of land appears. The pastoral or nomadic state is exchanged for the agricultural, and dense populations take the place of thinly scattered tribes.

I am aware that some exceptions may be taken to this large generalization. I cannot go into minute details in such a paper as this. The case of India will present itself as an exception to some of my readers, regarding which I will only say that the State from time immemorial has owned the soil of India and leased it to cultivating tenants; but so far has this system been from abolishing poverty that India has always been one of the poorest countries in

the world. Speaking broadly, I contend that the theory of human progress I have sketched is nearer the mark than that of Mr. George. I hold that in place of private appropriation of land causing the deterioration of mankind, it usually accompanies their upward progress, and marks the first great advance from barbarism to civilization. If this be true, the main plank of the communist platform disappears, and the ground is cleared for looking at some other sides of the question.

But, it will now be objected, granted that private ownership of land is the law of civilization, the methods by which it was brought about were unjust; large grants of land were made by kings to courtiers and favourites, great estates were gained by conquest and confiscation, might took the place of right, and the descendants of those "land robbers" to-day should receive no mercy. This is an argument we constantly hear. What is the practical worth of it? No student of history will deny that there have been many cruel conquests, many displacements of population, as weaker races were subdued by stronger; and one incident that usually accompanied those conquests was the allocation of the soil to the conquerors. In this way the corpus of the old Roman Empire was transferred to the chieftains and warriors of the rude tribes that overran it; the Goths, the Vandals, the Huns and the Franks paid little regard to the rights of the subject populations. The feudal system of modern Europe arose out of those conquests, and the land was conveyed by the chiefs to their vassals upon military tenure. In this way the soil of England changed hands, first upon the Saxon, then upon the Danish, and lastly upon the Norman conquest, and that of Ireland some centuries later upon the English conquest. Very much the same process is going on at this day in all our colonies; the white race is gradually dispossessing the coloured races of their land in South Africa, in New Zealand, in Polynesia, while our American kinsmen have pretty nearly completed the spoliation of the Red Indians of North America;

These processes have usually been cruel and unjust, but it is the work of an archaeologist rather than a statesman to investigate the original titles by which most of the earth's surface passed to our ancestors. None but a dreamer could seriously think that modern titles should be impugned because Alaric, or Attila, or William the Conqueror acted unjustly. Modern civilization is the web woven of the warp and woof of conqueror and conquered, and it is well for humanity that time, which wears away all things, covers with the mantle of oblivion the rough processes by which they were knit together. Nations that are wise seek to bury the hatchet; it is only worthy of children to be ever seeking to keep alive race injuries that are irreparable and hoary with antiquity.

Indeed those very processes by which the land of most countries has been transferred have been the prelude to a higher civili-

zation. No educated man can doubt that the Norman Conquest has made England a greater nation than it would otherwise have been, and every historian admits that the warlike tribes which overran the rotten and effete Roman Empire paved the way for the far higher civilization of modern Europe.

I dismiss, as the dream of Utopia, the idea that modern land tenures can be upset because ages ago they originated in conquest.

But again we are told that the feudal tenures of mediæval Europe were very different from modern property rights; they were conditional on military service; the holder of a fief had to appear in the field with his retainers when called upon by his Sovereign; and these obligations, we are told, were unfairly commuted when standing armies took the place of feudal service. I reply, it is quite probable that the nobles made too good a bargain with their Sovereigns when the feudal system broke up and the military baron was transmuted into the modern squire; but it is far too late in the day to overhaul titles on the ground of dubious transactions in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. In all countries the statutes of limitation bar inquiry into wrongs after a lapse of years. In England forty years of undisputed possession is adequate to give a valid title, and surely two or three centuries should be enough to satisfy even a legal purist. Further, the greater part of the land of Europe has changed hands by purchase since feudal times; much of it has been transferred many times over. The State has in all these cases recognized the title as indefeasible, and I could not conceive a grosser act of injustice than to confiscate the property of a modern purchaser of land in England, France, or Germany, because some dusty parchment threw doubt upon a transfer effected in the Middle Ages. Were States to act on such principles in all their dealings the world would be convulsed with strife; feuds between nations, races, and individuals would be endless; no settlement could ever be regarded as final, and modern civilization would perish as ancient civilization did in the smoke of internecine strife.

It is an undoubted fact that the first conditions of all national progress are security for life and property. Till these are attained no wealth can be accumulated, nor any material prosperity enjoyed by the mass of the people. The wretched condition of the people of Egypt and Turkey to-day arises from the circumstance that no man feels secure in the possession of his property, and consequently few will take the trouble to produce wealth of which they may any day be robbed. Now in all countries that enjoy settled government the first property to claim protection of the laws is that in land. All other industries hang upon it; and so long as it is liable to violent seizure there will be no industry, and no trade of any moment. I defy any one to point to a country where the title to the soil is

violently attacked, where any trade or industry flourishes. In the South and West of Ireland, where land agitation constantly goes on, there is virtually no commerce, nor will there be any real revival of industry till there is a general acquiescence in the land settlement.

I could not conceive anything more destructive of the social welfare of any old and peaceful country than to tear up the foundation of all property by disputing existing titles to the soil. There have been times in past history when long-continued and cruel wrongs have furnished a partial justification for dispossessing a ruling caste of its property and privileges. Such a time was the first French Revolution. The old French *noblesse* had shockingly abused its power for ages. The ancient *régime* was rotten to the core, and the downtrodden people tore the rotten fabric to pieces, and shocked the world with their frightful excesses. The land system of France was remodelled as a consequence of that Revolution, and, no doubt, a much healthier system arose out of the ashes; but no one, save a madman, would wish to see a repetition of that carnival of blood. Nothing but the most desperate agony of a nation could justify or even palliate such a convulsion, and it would be absurd to suppose that there is any analogy between the just constitutional government of England now and the grinding tyranny of the ancient *régime* in France.

But I pass now to consider another argument by which the Nationalization of the Soil is advocated. It is said that land differs from all other forms of wealth because it is limited in quantity and not the product of human labour: it should, therefore, not be the monopoly of the few, but the property of the many. I reply that the productiveness of the soil is mainly the result of ages of careful cultivation. In ancient times most of this country, as of the Continent of Europe, was covered with dense forests, and it has been transformed by untold expenditure of labour into the smiling garden it now appears.

I can conceive no equitable reason why this form of wealth should not have the protection of the law like all other kinds. All wealth may be called stored-up labour, and none is more valuable to the community than that which makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before. What was it that induced the hardy emigrant to settle in the wilds of North America, to hew down the primeval forest, and with intense labour and privation to turn the wilderness into a fruitful field? What, but the hope that he or his family after him would own a comfortable homestead? Could we conceive that no private property in land had ever been permitted, how would the continent of North America have been settled? How would the Anglo-Saxon race have been spread over the globe? What

would have drawn the emigrant ship to the desolate shores of Australia and New Zealand? No magnet would have charmed the hardy pioneer of civilization but the hope of bequeathing a freehold to his posterity. And now, after vast regions have been settled on the faith of the solemn sanction of the State, it is coolly proposed to rob these people or their descendants of the land on which they have spent their life blood, on the ground that it should never have been granted to them. Could human folly go further? Well, the process by which the wilds of North America were reclaimed within the past two centuries is just the process by which our own and other countries were settled at a still earlier period. You will always reach a point at which human labour gave its first value to land, and without that labour it would have been as worthless as the soil of Kamschatka is to-day.

Then we are told that it is the industry of the whole community which gives its high value to land, and that the community has a right to take back what it gives. On that ground the late John Stuart Mill advocated the retention by the State of what he called "the unearned increment of the soil."

I grant that in all old and settled countries land rises in value just as the community prospers, but so do most other kinds of property—railways, canals, house property, the public funds and nearly all good and sound investments rise as the nation flourishes; and I cannot see in justice why one form of property should be singled out for attack. The motive that led the settler to clear the primeval forest was partly the expectation that population would follow in his track, and raise the value of his investment. But for that hope he would hardly have forfeited all the comforts of civilized life. Would it be fair, after he has cleared a pathway through the jungle for more effeminate followers, to deny him the legitimate fruit of his enterprise? Surely one of the greatest stimulants to material progress is just the knowledge that good orderly government will increase the value of property. It affords the strongest inducement to all the propertied classes in a community to avoid warfare and civil strife. Take away from the owners of property all hope of improving their position, and you abolish one of the greatest safeguards of peaceful progress.

But again we are told by Mr. George that private property in land reduces the labourers to the condition of slaves, that it keeps down their wages to the lowest minimum on which they can exist, and that its tendency is everywhere to reduce the masses to a deeper and deeper degree of degradation. He says that modern civilization must perish as ancient civilization did, because it ensures the steady descent of the great mass of the people to a condition of hopeless servitude.

It is really difficult to meet such outrageous assertions. One would suppose that any competent acquaintance with modern history would show that the facts were all the other way. Nothing is more absolutely certain than that the condition of the great mass of the people in all civilized countries has been steadily improving at least for a century back. Let any one who doubts this read any impartial account of the state of our manufacturing districts during the Chartist agitation forty years ago, when the chronic condition of most of the operatives was semi-starvation; let him carefully examine the state of England during the Napoleonic wars, when the State took annually in taxation fully 20 per cent. of the entire national income, against about 6 per cent. which it takes now, and when, as Sydney Smith said, every act of a man's life from the cradle to the grave paid toll to the tax-gatherer. Let him remember that before the era of free trade the average wage of an agricultural labourer did not exceed 7s. to 8s. per week, which only sufficed to buy one bushel of wheat, whereas now it is 14s. to 16s., while the bushel of wheat is 5s. to 6s.; that is to say, a labourer can earn $2\frac{1}{2}$ times as much of the staff of life as he could then. Let him read Mr. Bright's speech at Birmingham, where he compared the wages paid in his factory now with those paid in his boyhood, showing about 80 per cent. advance. Whatever test of national progress we adopt, we see a prodigious increase of well-being since the beginning of this century. I believe I am within the mark when I state that the income of every class in the community has at least doubled in the last eighty years. The national income has increased from about 250 millions to 1,300 millions for Great Britain alone, while population has increased from 16 to 35 millions.

No better tests of a nation's material progress can be given than the consumption of food per head and the annual death-rate. I give the following table of consumption :—*

		1840.	1880.
Tea	ozs.	22	73
Sugar	lbs.	15	54
Wheat	„	269	358
Meat	„	84	118

With regard to death-rate no accurate return was made for England before 1840, but in London the mortality in the first half of the last century was estimated at about 40 per thousand (per Mulhall). Since then it has been steadily diminishing, till now it stands at 21·7 per 1,000. No doubt this is a fair index of the whole country. Then, as compared with the great Continental nations, our country shows a decided gain. I take from the Registrar-General's report the following figures : average for twenty years :—

* Taken from an article by Mr. M. G. Mulhall, in this REVIEW, February, 1882.

England	21·9 per 1,000
France	23·7 „ „
Germany	26·9 per 1,000
Austria	30·9 „ „
Italy	30 „ „
Spain	29·7 „ „

The only countries that surpass us are the thinly populated and healthy Scandinavian States, which is not to be wondered at.

Now, to return to Mr. George, his allegation is that rent eats up all the increase of a nation's wealth, that whatever labour and capital succeed in adding to the national production is immediately consumed by the idle and bloated landowners. I ask is this true, or even partially true? The facts are just the reverse; the rent of land has increased far less than any other form of wealth. The rent of Agricultural Land in the United Kingdom in 1814 was £49,000,000, now it is £69,000,000; the national income is supposed to have increased in the same time from 250 to 1,300 millions, or fully five-fold—*i.e.*, rent has increased 41 per cent., while general income has increased 520 per cent.; in other words, landlords, instead of taking 19 per cent. of the whole income of the community, now only take 5½ per cent.; and if their whole property was confiscated and divided among the people, it would only add about 1s. in the £ to their income. Again: the rent of the land is only about half as much as is spent annually upon intoxicating drink; the working classes alone spend considerably more than the agricultural rent of the United Kingdom. A temperance reformation would put more money into the pockets of the people than the confiscation of the land, and it would do so without staining the national conscience or convulsing our social system.

One further remark I would make. Even if all the rent was confiscated and paid to the State in relief of taxation, the only effect on the poorer classes would be that they would get their alcohol, tobacco, and tea, cheaper. They pay scarcely anything to the State except through taxes on these three articles. Would any one be insane enough to hold that cheap whisky, beer, tobacco, and tea, would extinguish poverty, or even reduce it perceptibly?

It is singular that so acute a reasoner as Mr. George entirely overlooks the main reason why rent is restrained from rising indefinitely in such a country as Great Britain. I refer to our free trade policy. He argues as if a country must subsist exclusively upon its own produce, so that, as population increases and presses upon the resources of the soil, landlords can exact more and more rent from a starving people. No doubt this is what would have happened had our old system of protection continued, had we prohibited the importation

of corn, at least till wheat rose to 60s. a quarter. We should seldom have had wheat below 60s. and sometimes it would have reached 80s. or 100s., as happened repeatedly in the early part of the century. In such a case the growth of population would have brought us nearer and nearer to famine: indeed it is impossible to imagine how 35 millions of people could have lived in this island on home produce alone. But we have acted for forty years on the principle of taking all the food the world can send us; and the whole increase of our population during that period may be said to be fed with foreign food. The British landlord has no longer a monopoly of the means of subsistence, he shares it with the grain-grower of Illinois and Manitoba, of India and California. To all intents and purposes the soil of Western America is annexed to Great Britain, so far as food supply is concerned, and the price of the quartern loaf in London is really governed by the price of wheat in Chicago. We now import about two-thirds of the wheat consumed in this country, and more than one-third of our total food supply. This is the reason why rent does not increase as all other forms of wealth do; every one knows that of late years rents have considerably fallen; and it seems to me that, as means of transport are always being improved, we may expect cheaper and yet cheaper food from abroad, and lower and yet lower rents for agricultural land. Instead of the land of the little island being limited and a monopoly, it is virtually co-extensive with the vast regions of the New World, and is as much affected by their food supplies as if it were towed across the Atlantic and moored alongside of New York.

In this connection I would also refer to the idea vaguely entertained by many that another system of land tenure would marvellously increase the supply of home-grown food. Mr. Joseph Arch puts this possible increase at eighty-seven millions sterling, and the Trades' Congress seemed to agree with him. No doubt this would come true under the principle of protection: the excessive price of food in that case would admit of the profitable cultivation of much land that is now in pasture. Just as the iron and cotton industries of America have been much increased by protection—that is, by a tax levied on the rest of the community—so would agriculture be stimulated by artificial prices, which would be a tax levied on the consumer; but it puzzles me to see how under a system of free imports of food we can force cultivation beyond the point at which it is profitable. Surely farmers and proprietors of land know best how to get the largest profit out of the soil; if they grow less wheat year by year, it is because wheat-growing will not pay in face of the enormous imports at lower and yet lower prices. If more of our land is going into pasture, it is because we cannot raise crops as cheaply on poor land as we can import them from abroad. No

doubt it is true that much of the soil could be improved by drainage; but the question that every sensible agriculturist asks is, Will it pay? It can hardly be expected that men will court bankruptcy in order to please speculative writers who have no practical knowledge of the subject. Any trade when left to itself finds the most suitable ways of working. Men who have spent their lives in trying to get the most out of the soil are as likely to understand their business as mere theorists; and I assert that it is nonsense to suppose that any vast increase of food can be got out of our soil in such a way as to recompense the labour and capital employed.

I have no doubt that it is possible to grow eighty millions more food in Great Britain, but it would probably cost 100 millions to accomplish it. You can hardly expect that any class would sacrifice twenty millions a year for pure patriotism. So long as wheat can be imported at 40s. a quarter, it is vain to expect that it will be grown on land where it costs 50s. The cost of production settles this question just as surely as the law of gravitation settles how water will flow.

If the commercial history of this country has taught us anything it is the futility of fighting against the laws of Nature, and the folly of trying to override economical laws by legislation. A great deal of what is written on the subject of land reform is just on the lines of the old protectionist theories, which demand that the State should compel a nation's industry to be turned to whatever direction it thinks best. We hear it constantly said that there is a vast amount of waste land that ought to be reclaimed, that the State should either buy or take them itself, and cause them to be cultivated. The simple answer is that they are not cultivated because it does not pay. Many landlords are great improvers. Many spend annually a third or a half of their rent in improvements; but so far as I can gather very few of them earn even 3 per cent. on these improvements. Indeed, I have rarely heard of a case where full commercial interest was obtained. Before the State enters on the gigantic task of cultivating several millions of acres of waste land, let it buy a few thousand acres, and work them as best it can. If the experiment pays, it can attempt more; if it fails, as I feel sure it will do, this foolish agitation will be silenced. The cry for the nationalization of the land is a reversal of the policy which all civilized States have been following for many years—viz., the liberation of private enterprise from State control, and the restriction of the State to those functions which properly belong to it. There was a time when the State claimed monopolies of various trades; these it either carried on in a most slovenly manner, or jobbed out to privileged individuals with great political corruption. The India and China trade was once a monopoly of this kind, and the sale of tobacco and management of

railways is still a Government monopoly in some Continental countries.

Experience always proves that Governments cannot conduct ordinary business so well as private individuals, and all sound and cool thinkers have for long urged the exclusion of the State from the sphere of private industry. The nationalization of the land would overturn every sound principle that nations have painfully learned by experience, and it is truly humiliating to all lovers of progress to see old fallacies of the crudest kind again raising their heads, as if mankind must for ever revolve in a vicious circle of error.

But let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the scheme was somehow carried out, and consider briefly some of the consequences; and I will suppose that the State acts honestly in the matter, and expropriates the owners of land at the full value of their property. I will make the concession that the State possesses the abstract right to effect compulsory purchase of any property that is necessary to the national well-being, just as land is taken compulsorily for railroads and other necessary purposes, and streets are widened or demolished in towns when necessary for the public good. I admit that there exists a power in the community to purchase, at a fair price, the land of the country, if a clear and valid reason can be shown for so doing.

Let us, however, point out, in passing, what a ruinous investment it would be. The price to be paid, Professor Fawcett assumes, is two thousand millions. It is hard to believe that even so wealthy a country as ours could raise all this money; but if it went even so far as to compel the landowners to take assignments of Consols, paying interest at 3 per cent. in lieu of money payment, it would lose at least $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the operation, for the land of this country does not yield a net return of more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Indeed I doubt if it yields so much. Now $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on two thousand millions is ten millions a year, which would be a dead loss to the country, and must be raised by adding so much to the taxes. It is obvious that such a scheme would not work; the loss would have to be recouped somehow, and the first thing that would be thought of would be to raise the rent of the farmers so as to make up this deficiency. Now I have little doubt that the land of this country, if put up to auction and let to the highest bidder, would yield ten millions more rent than it pays at present. Most British landlords take less rent than they could get in the open market. Many of the large estates are rented 20 per cent. below what could be extorted by open competition; the tenantry are seldom changed, and a kindly relation exists between the landlord and his tenantry which has continued for generations. All that would be reversed. The system of rack-renting which we have put down with infinite labour in Ireland would be fastened on

Great Britain, and would soon raise up in this country a storm of indignation at the cruel treatment the farming interest was subjected to. It seems perfectly clear to me that the position of farmers would be far worse under a national system than under one of private ownership. There could be no abatement of rents in bad seasons, no permission of arrears of rent to stand over, but a hard and rigid system of merciless precision must prevail.

You cannot administer a great department of State except by fixed rules. If you leave discretion to the heads of a department as to the rents they should take, the allowances to be made in bad years, the consideration to be shown to old and infirm tenants, to widows, &c. you would of necessity introduce jobbery and corruption wholesale. Such enormous power could not be entrusted with safety to any officials, and even the heads of the Government would be under frightful temptations to use this prodigious power for either private or political purposes. Think of over a million of farmers holding direct from the State and at the mercy of a Government department. Would no pressure be put upon them at election times? Would no promise to abate rents be given as the price of their support? Would not this huge State department become, what all similar departments have become in the United States, a hotbed of bribery? We know that with every change of Government in America more than 100,000 officials are turned out, from the President of the United States down to the humblest letter-carrier. Would it be safe as our Government becomes increasingly democratic, to place at its mercy so vast an interest as the agriculture of the United Kingdom?

Further, we would ask, where is the money to come from to improve the soil under this system? At present a large percentage of rent is returned to the soil in the shape of improvements. I should not be surprised if over 20 per cent. of the rental of the land be returned to it in one shape or another, and probably another 30 to 40 per cent. is spent by the landlords in keeping up their country-houses and supporting a host of domestic servants—gardeners, game-keepers, grooms, and other retainers—not to speak of the custom they give to the country shopkeepers. All this great expenditure, which is the life-blood of the rural community, would be stopped. The landlords, who would now be mere pensioners of the State, would have no inducement to live in the country any longer. They would drift into our towns or live abroad, and bring all the evils of absenteeism on this country that have been felt so keenly in Ireland. The hosts of people that depend upon them in the country would starve, or have to add to the congestion of our over-crowded towns. A great decrease in the rural population would take place—the very last thing that any good Government should desire. Those beautiful mansions, which are the ornament of this country, and which afford

pleasure to multitudes of tourists and sightseers, historical places such as Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, would fall into ruins. We should have rudely torn down the social edifice which it took centuries to build up, and have left nothing to fill the void.

It may be said that the farmers would now become the improvers of the land, seeing that we have passed a Tenants' Compensation Bill. I fear little outlay would be made by them under the State as landlord, unless they got fixity of tenure and judicial rents, and I have little doubt that this would be the ultimate outcome of Nationalization. It would be found impossible to secure proper cultivation under the dreadful sense of insecurity caused by competition rents fixed by Government officials; it would be found that we were turning Great Britain rapidly into an Ireland, and we should have to resort to the state of things we have established there. So this most arbitrary system of judicial rents would have to be introduced. If it merely confirmed existing rents the State would lose ten millions a-year, as already stated. If it recouped that ten millions by adding to the rents, the tenantry would be bitterly discontented. It would be a choice of evils, and the extraordinary result would be reached that under the guise of Nationalization of the Land, we should have constituted a new set of permanent holders of the soil, subject to a fixed quit rent, and the nation would have no greater control of the soil of the country than it had before!

Some may suggest that there are other ways of dealing with the land after the nation has acquired it. No doubt there are various ways. The Democratic Federation says it is to be cultivated by agricultural and industrial armies, whatever that may mean; but I believe every one of them would prove utterly impracticable, and all would be vitiated by the political danger of entrusting so large a business to the management of a State department. There was an agitation some years ago for the nationalization of the railways. Some theorists held that the State should purchase and work our railway system. Most fortunately, as I think, this scheme was defeated by the practical good sense of the British people. But the management of the railways would have been simplicity itself compared with the management of a landed estate worth two thousand millions. No doubt bribery and corruption would soon have been rampant in the railway department, but that would have been a trifle compared with the powers that an unscrupulous Minister might exercise over the vast agricultural interest.

I think I have now said sufficient to show that the scheme of Nationalizing the Land is about as absurd as the South Sea Bubble, or as any other delusion that history records. If it were carried out by confiscation, it would be the most gigantic piece of wickedness perpetrated in modern times; if effected by purchase, it would

be the worst investment which the State ever made. Under no circumstances that I can conceive would it work successfully, and it may be dismissed to the region of Utopia.

I might have gone farther in my attempts to explode it by pointing out that Mr. George recommends the confiscation of all the freehold land in towns as well as in the country, so that any house which the owner had built on his plot of land would virtually be confiscated to the State, for it is very evident that if the land were taken by the State, and it had the power of exacting whatever ground rent it chose, it would virtually be the owner of the house. An obvious reply to Mr. George would be that it is difficult to conceive that any person would ever be so foolish as to build a house again. No lease given by the Government would be worth a day's purchase; for after a State had perpetrated such a piece of iniquity as suddenly and without compensation to take possession of every freehold in the country, it would be a small thing to break any leases it might afterwards give. I would simply point out that every man who could save anything from the general wreck would flee from a country abandoned to legalized robbery, and the time would come within measurable distance when Macaulay's New Zealander would stand on a broken arch of London Bridge and survey the ruins of the modern Babylon. There is nothing more certain than that if you set at naught the primary laws of morality, of which the eighth commandment is one, the descent to anarchy is swift and sure. It is vain to suppose that men who would confiscate this principal form of property would stop short at it; if a thief puts his hand into my pocket and tells me he will only abstract the half-crowns, but that the shillings are sacred, I will put both my shillings and half-crowns out of reach as soon as possible. The principles of Mr. George's book are already amplified by the Democratic Federation, recently formed in London, so as to include the repudiation of the national debt and the confiscation of railways, banks, and most other forms of property.

The descent is rapid to the simple aphorism of Proudhon, the celebrated French Communist, that "Property is robbery." We may safely predict that if such views were spread so widely in our country as to lead to the return of many of their advocates to Parliament, the era of free government in this country would be drawing to a close. Long before such schemes could be put in force the propertied classes would do in England as they have often done in France, sacrifice liberty rather than run the risk of Communism. Some "saviour of society" will be found in all countries before Communism, which is another name for organized theft, is allowed to get the upper hand.

Liberty requires justice for its handmaid and due respect for the

rights of all. It will only flourish permanently in communities that are essentially honest, enlightened and law-abiding. As the suffrage in our country becomes wider and wider, and power passes increasingly into the hands of the masses, it is increasingly necessary that education in the highest sense of the term should be universal. By education I mean the harmonious development of all our powers, based on the immutable precepts of religion and morality. There is no doubt that demagogues will be found to appeal to the basest motives of the most degraded classes. In all ages men are to be found who are willing to prostitute great talents to the vilest purposes; men who, like Catiline of old, or Robespierre and Danton of modern times, would climb to power on the ruins of their country. We need not be astonished if schemes that combine the principles of Atheism and Communism are flaunted before the constituencies of the future, but I shall be much surprised if the sober common sense that has hitherto distinguished the British people is beguiled by their enchantments.

Before parting with the subject of Land Nationalization, I would point out, in a word or two, that not only the owners of land would be defrauded on Mr. George's plan, but likewise all the mortgagees, whose name is legion. Much of the land of this country is heavily burdened; probably hundreds of millions are lent on its security. As the State has encouraged the belief that land was the safest form of property, it has long been the custom of insurance companies, loan societies and other agencies that gather up the savings of the nation to lend them on the security of the soil. The sole livelihood of multitudes of widows and orphans depends upon trust money so invested. It is difficult to conceive what frightful misery would be caused by suddenly pulling away the platform on which such a pile of obligations has been reared. The ruin of the landlords themselves would be but a part, perhaps a small part, of the general disaster. As when dynamite is exploded in a crowded thoroughfare, helpless women and children would be among the chief sufferers.

I must, however, before concluding, point out in a few words the direction in which true land reform must run.

I am not one of those who regard our land system as at all perfect. The proprietors are far too few either for the social welfare of the country or for the stability of property itself. There were in the United Kingdom, by the last Parliamentary return (that of 1872), 314,000 owners of more than an acre each, and 852,000 owners of less than an acre each, the latter mostly in towns. It would be greatly for the advantage of society if more people were interested in the soil of the country. The large estates are very much the creation of the law of entail, a law which is doomed and is already in a great measure set aside. The ordinary laws of Nature are opposed to the perpetuation of gigantic fortunes, either in land or movable wealth. The

heirs of the rich are often spendthrifts and dissipate what their fathers have gained.

The law of entail has overridden the wiser law of Nature and kept estates intact, though the proprietor was bankrupt; that unjust provision is tottering to its fall. The law of primogeniture, which passed all real estate when entailed, or in case of intestacy, to the eldest son, will fall along with it, and liberty will be given to parents to leave their estates more in accordance with the dictates of justice. Then the system of limited ownership, which springs out of the law of entail, will disappear along with it. Many estates are starved at present because the landlord is merely a life-renter, with little power and no inducement to make improvements; that injurious system will pass away with entail. I should hope and expect that many of the large estates will naturally be subdivided, and many of them will certainly come into the market as soon as entails are broken. The farmers also under the Tenants' Compensation Bill will tend to become fixtures; and if compensation be extended to the sitting tenant upon rise of rent, as is proposed by Sir James Caird and many of our best agriculturists, there would gradually arise something analogous to the Ulster tenant right, and we should have two classes instead of one permanently interested in the soil.

The assessment of mansions and pleasure-grounds and also of waste lands in the vicinity of towns should likewise be adjusted to their selling value, not to their nominal letting value, which is often quite deceptive. There are large tracts of land allowed to lie idle in the outskirts of rising towns, that they may be sold at a vast advance in price when required for building purposes. Some of our greatest fortunes have been made in this way, and yet these lands escape taxation so long as they are unoccupied. This is a great blot which must be removed.

I can see no reason whatever why the Death duties, as Mr. Gladstone calls them, should be so very much heavier on personal than on real property. This most unjust distinction must be swept away, nor should I object to a graduated duty as estates increase in value. Besides this I have always thought that a difference should be made between income derived from fixed property and that derived from labour, either of hand or brain; the one is certain, the other precarious, and it is fair that the former should pay higher income tax than the latter.

I am also in favour of extending the Bright clauses of the Irish Land Act to Great Britain, so that the State may be empowered to advance three-fourths of the purchase money to occupying tenants desiring to buy their farms; and I would give special facilities for the creation of small properties, say of ten or twenty acres, to encourage the more thrifty of the peasantry to acquire land, and to facilitate the creation of market gardens on a large scale.

It is also a fair question whether the State should not aid agricultural labourers by loans to purchase their cottages along with garden allotments. No one can doubt the immense boon to a farm labourer of a plot of ground he can call his own; and if any reasonable way could be shown whereby the State could facilitate this desirable result, without incurring undue risk, all land reformers would favour it. I have, however, little faith in the extension of the French system of peasant proprietary to this country. Our soil and climate are not favourable to it. The habits of our people are radically opposed to the excessive thrift and discouragement of families which characterize the French peasantry, and which are essential to the successful working of their system. Nations develop their own modes of life, and you cannot force imitations. We can as little copy the land system of France as she can copy our manufacturing and commercial system. The case of Ireland is different; and there I think that a peasant proprietary, arrived at by honest purchase, with some aid from the State, may perhaps prove to be the ultimate solution of the land question.

There is another point also on which I will partly go with the views of the Nationalists. I allow that property in land ought not to be as absolute as property in chattels. You may make and destroy a chair or a table, and no one has any right to complain; but the owner of land has no moral right to destroy its value, or debar the public from all access to it, when such access is no personal injury to himself. I think it is contrary to natural law that vast tracts of barren land in the Highlands should be shut up against the harmless tourist, because a deer-stalker does not want his game to be disturbed. I would neither acknowledge nor permit such a usurpation. I would not permit the elementary rights of the earth's inhabitants to be sacrificed to extreme theories of game preserving. In the same way I would uphold the rights of town populations to common rights of way wherever practicable, and not allow them to be debarred from the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature at the whim of landowners who may happen to be of a boorish disposition.

I greatly regret the abstraction of so many village commons in past ages, and it is fairly a question whether portions of these should not be re-purchased for the public good. Our town populations are far too much cramped, and I would take, by compulsory purchase, whatever land is required for recreation ground, or even, in case of necessity, for building purposes, and for the legitimate development of growing towns. The rights of landowners can never be so interpreted as to override the primary necessities of life for the toiling masses of the country. There will probably be directions, not yet clear to us, in which the State must do more than it has yet done to sweeten the lot of our labouring poor; and as these become plain, common sense

will impose any restrictions on landed property that may be shown to be necessary.

Another important suggestion I would make, is the compulsory registration of titles to real property, with an authoritative record of all charges upon it. One of the chief obstacles to the transfer of property in England is the cumbrous and costly process by which titles are verified. It operates very much against the multiplication of small owners. The State must do here what it has done in France, Belgium, and other countries: establish land courts to register titles and make transfers cheap and easy. I believe nothing would do more to multiply small owners. I would also establish agricultural schools, as is done in Switzerland and other Continental countries, where farmers' sons can learn the science of their profession.

In the Colonial possessions of this country I think that a most wasteful system of dealing with the land has been adopted. There we had the opportunity of applying sound principles of land tenure to virgin territory unencumbered by old proprietary rights; but we have allowed vast tracts of land to be alienated to speculative buyers almost for nothing; and so have laid the foundation for even greater inequalities of wealth than we have in England. It would have been a wise policy had our Colonies in America, Australia, and elsewhere refused to give freehold possession to any but *bond fide* settlers, and not alienated more than 100 or 200 acres to any individual, and they might even have retained the right of imposing a moderate land tax, say of 10 per cent., on its future annual value. No settler would have objected, when he was getting land almost gratuitously, to come under such an obligation. These new States would thereby have laid the foundation of a splendid revenue in the future, and would have kept their boundless stores of land for the relief of the dense population of Europe. Instead of that they have sold vast stretches of territory to squatters, to railway companies, to speculative land companies, and to foreign adventurers. Some of these men own millions of acres, and will pile up incredible fortunes from the labour of the toiling emigrants, who are compelled to apply to them for the right to settle on those vast domains. It is only the other day that I was asked to take a share in a grant of three millions of acres in an American State, which a speculative builder had received as payment for putting up a State house. It is easy to see that future agrarian difficulties are being created wholesale in the new countries of the world by such reckless procedure. It was, no doubt, this ruinous system of dealing with unappropriated land, and the abuses of these land speculators, which contributed largely to form Mr. George's opinions. The old countries of Europe are exempt from this special class of evils; but it is a great injustice

that their emigrant population should in this way be cut off from much of the advantage that the new countries of the world would otherwise offer.

Our rulers were not wise in permitting the Colonies in their infancy to do as they liked with their vast possessions. They should have acted as trustees for our future population, and carefully guarded the rights of unborn millions. It is a question even yet whether our Government should not acquire and hold a quantity of virgin soil in Manitoba, Australia, or New Zealand, as trustee for future emigrants from the old country. If we wait a few years longer these lands may all be appropriated, as is the case over most of the United States. It is a grave question whether the poverty of masses of our people may not compel us to adopt some system of State emigration, and it would be an infinite pity if we allowed all the vast domain acquired by the courage of our forefathers to be granted away, so that this country ceased to have any beneficial interest in it.

In conclusion: while I dismiss as a chimera the idea of nationalizing the land in the old countries of Europe, I admit that there is a possibility of doing something in that direction with the unoccupied portions of the world. I willingly recognize the philanthropic spirit that underlies this movement. I sympathize with its desire to elevate the poorer classes, and would gladly join in any practicable scheme founded upon justice which aims at that result.

I admit with deep sorrow that modern civilization has failed to eradicate poverty and suffering among large sections of the population. The struggle and strain of life with many is excessive, and if by wiser social adjustment we can lessen this, who would not thankfully welcome them? But the causes of the inequality of wealth lie deep in the foundation of human nature and the constitution of the world, and no laws can essentially alter them. Mankind vary enormously in natural and acquired gifts; it is impossible to hinder a strong man from succeeding where a weak man fails, or a wise man from rising where a foolish man falls: till we can make men equally wise, strong and virtuous, there will be profound differences of condition just as there are profound differences of character. No laws can hinder a good workman from getting better employment and higher pay than a bad one, a good physician or lawyer from attracting crowds of clients while the dull and careless practitioner starves, the prudent merchant or tradesman from amassing a fortune while the idle or reckless loses one. Modern civilization does not diminish but accentuate moral and intellectual differences; it is more difficult for the idle, the improvident and the vicious to hold their own in the race of life now than in ruder ages; all our processes are more refined, all require greater skill and higher character, and there is an increased tendency to precipitate the

coarser material to the bottom of the social edifice ; hence we see in all our cities a huge and melancholy deposit of human wretchedness and vice. It is an honest desire to raise this sunken mass of human beings which accounts for much of the socialism of the day. These schemes for compulsorily dividing the land and distributing wealth among the poor, are the outcome of mistaken philanthropy ; but they will never succeed while such vital differences exist in the capabilities of mankind. The utmost you can expect of a State is to give a fair chance to every one, and free play to all the powers and capacities of its citizens ; it never can, by any laws or social arrangements, produce equality of condition. "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags ;" "he becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich." These laws are unchangeable ; they have operated in all ages and all climes, and human legislation cannot override them, nor should it try to do so. Yet benevolence has its functions as well, and much that the State cannot do ought to be done by private philanthropy. Where there may not be a legal obligation there is often a moral one, not less binding, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Nor am I one of those who would exclude the State altogether from the sphere of benevolence. The conscience of the community is impersonated in its Government, and I regard with hopefulness the increasing responsibility felt by the State for the care of the weak and helpless. I expect rich results to flow from this principle in the future : yet we must guard against sapping individual self-reliance and leading the people to look to the State as a Special Providence. Our strength in the past has sprung from individual initiative, and we must beware of weakening that mainspring of our national greatness.

SAMUEL SMITH.

MIDDLE SCHOOLS.

ARCHBISHOP BENSON has given the great sanction of his office and his powerful personal support to a proposal to establish an extensive system of "Church Middle Schools." In doing so he has brought to the front some questions of great difficulty and delicacy.

Nonconformists are in number and influence a very important portion of the English middle class. So numerous and influential are they that no position taken by intermediate schools, claiming to be public schools, can be considered satisfactory which does not commend itself for goodwill and co-operation to Dissenters as well as Churchmen. It has been from consideration of this fact that many Churchmen warmly interested in the extension and improvement of secondary education have not thought it fair to ask, or reasonable to expect, that Dissenting parents should look favourably on schools claiming to be distinctively "Church schools," and reserving to members of the Church of England the responsible tuition. It has seemed to them too probable that the active promotion of such schools would act as a challenge to rival denominations, and tend to the multiplication of sectarian schools, including those which the growing sect of secularists would like to establish by State aid.

It was on these grounds that a proposal was made (twenty-five years ago) to take a county rather than a diocese as the area for an attempt to establish proprietary schools similar in every other respect to those Archbishop Benson wishes to encourage. To that proposal even so pronounced a Churchman as the late Bishop of Exeter gave his marked and cordial approval as in his opinion "the best solution of a very difficult problem."

Archbishop Benson appears to think that the objections to a dis-

tinctively Church basis for middle schools may be avoided or greatly mitigated by assuming that there will be a general preference for day-schools, and by the spontaneous adoption of a conscience clause. The influence of teachers in day schools must necessarily be much less than in boarding-schools, and may always be checked or counteracted by different influences at home. Under these considerations the liberty to withdraw from any specific lesson, offered under the guarantee of a conscience clause, may be expected to satisfy many parents whose dissent from Church teaching is sincere. On the other hand, it may be observed that the financial difficulty of establishing and maintaining rival day-schools is not very great, especially when once religious rivalry is provoked, as it is almost sure to be by the assumption of a superiority in teaching important subjects implied by the title, "Church schools."

But whether or not day schools may lessen the danger of religious antagonism, it is by no means certain that, even in towns, day schools will satisfy the demand for improved secondary education; while the rural middle class must of necessity be to a great extent dependent upon boarding-schools if they are to keep their children up to the general standard of the time. Already the middle class are showing an honourable emulation to have at their disposal "public schools" of the same type as those which are the pride and strength of the upper class. In pursuance of this object a very great educational reform—that of cost—may certainly be secured. There is no need to perpetuate in middle schools the abuse of allowing public school teachers to make profits out of charges for board. Parents are already finding that boarding-schools, which leave nothing to be desired in the way of food, lodging, and supervision, may be actually cheaper than day schools with home living. And notwithstanding all that may truly be said of the inestimable advantages of home life, it must be remembered that, as a general rule, few homes can be really so well suited to the wholesome needs of a learner's life as a school which is specially adapted and entirely given up to the supply of those needs.

There can be no reason why the tuition in a boarding-school shall not be at least as efficient as that in a day-school. And when a higher view is taken of tuition than that which aims at and is tested by mere examination, and schools are expected to elicit character and form habits as well as to impart knowledge, the advantages of the corporate life and discipline of a large public boarding-school are indisputable.

In public boarding-schools the religious problem cannot be solved by a conscience clause. The whole responsibility of the home as well as the class-room is transferred by the parent to the teacher. Exemption from a particular lesson or service is no protection if the whole atmosphere of the school is pervaded with an odour or colour

of religion alien to that of the parent. And yet to exclude religion from a boarding-school would be like shutting out the sun and rain from a garden. What could be expected but stunted fruits and reptile abominations? If, indeed, the only alternative to non-religious schools were distinctive schools with conscience clauses, the movement which Archbishop Benson is favouring ought to be welcomed, not only by Churchmen, but by Dissenters. And in the case of boarding-schools, more decidedly than that of day-schools, it might be accepted as a challenge to every religious sect to provide in its own way for the religious education of its own children.

Yet surely there is an alternative, a more excellent way. The religion which pervades a school need neither be so without savour or colour as to be worthless, nor yet so identified with ecclesiastical distinctions as to be offensive to the convictions and traditions of a large number of the worthiest and most religious of English families. That this can be affirmed with confidence is the happy result of two striking and indisputable facts: (1) The first is that now for many generations both within and without the membership of the National Church the water of a common well, the Christianity of the New Testament, has been the spiritual drink of English households. Whatever may be the depth and durability of the basis of the Established Church, still deeper and more lasting are the foundations of the common Christianity of the English people. It is very well for Chief Justice Coleridge to think himself called upon to rule that, as a consequence of the admission of Jews to Parliament, Christianity is no longer part and parcel of England's legal constitution. The fact remains that the country is essentially more Christian than it has ever been. Every party in the Church, every sect outside it, only flourish and will only exist so long as they plunge their tap-roots into this common Christianity. A strong evidence of the reality of a common faith, wider and deeper than that of any single communion, is the growing use, both in public and private worship, of Christian hymns common to all Churches. These, like flowering creepers that overclimb partition walls, are tokens of mutual amity and converging sentiment. What Dissenter thinks of Church differences when Keble inspires all to pray for the rulers of this *Christian* land? Or what Churchman, when a Nonconformist poet teaches a little one to "bless the goodness and the grace that on my birth has smiled, and made me in these *Christian* days a happy English child?" The common Christianity of England is an ample meeting ground for the religious education of her children. (2) Not only is there a common religion pervading the families of England, especially in the middle ranks of life, but already this common Christianity has been applied to public education with the most striking and successful results. Those who fear that national Christianity resting on the reverent

study of the New Testament is too indefinite a basis for schools, and ask for further pledges and guarantees implied by ecclesiastical membership, will do well to consider whether the highest type of Christian education yet aimed at, or at all realized, is not that of our great public schools, such as Arnold and Cotton (not to speak of the late and present Archbishops of Canterbury, and of other eminent head masters) laboured and prayed to make them. It would be most unfair to define these schools as "Church public schools." That Arnold and Cotton were loyal members and ministers of the Church of England is the strongest possible argument for trusting that in the future as in the past, in middle schools as in the higher, that Church will take the first rank in the united service of learning and religion. But neither learning nor religion can be appropriated as its own domain by any section of the community. So far as the Church prominently and on the whole truly represents the religion of the nation, it will be allowed, nay, required, to take the lead in the teaching and conduct of the public schools. But till the time comes (and who expects it?) that the Church has the exclusive confidence of the nation as the exponent of its religion, it is more likely to provoke antagonism, and embitter differences, than to promote godliness and study by setting up public schools of an exclusive type.

There is no reason to think that the Archbishop and the promoters of these "Church schools" wish by them to give annoyance to Non-conformists. Probably their chief motive is to enter the field of middle class education while it is still avowedly in a state of public neglect, and by pre-occupation of some of the ground to guard, by anticipation, against the establishment of State schools with a secular initiation and irreligious bias. It is not to be wondered at if those who are purely anxious for freedom of conscience may think that as a safeguard for that precious inheritance the Church, as the chief religious body, should take independent action and secure its own foothold in the great central region of English life. It is notorious that board-schools are driving the so-called voluntary schools to great difficulties in keeping their hold on elementary education. It is also well known that the advocates of State education are becoming very anxious to extend its action through super-elementary schools to the children of parents above the manual labour class. By adopting the sound principle that the cost of education should be primarily and mainly borne by the parent, and offering the advantages of the limited proprietary system to parents who, as a rule, can afford the fair cost, the Church is undoubtedly taking the strongest and soundest ground for fighting the battle of religious freedom. Government subsidies, whether levied through taxes or rates, can only be distributed on principles of such marked neutrality as really to discourage religion generally in the fear of encouraging any one of its represen-

tatives. The increased expenditure of the State upon education brings out the tendency of the secular interests to advance under lavish and ostentatious public aid, while the religious interests recede as matters comparatively of public indifference. He who pays the piper calls for the tune; and the more the State pays the less will the free voice of religion be allowed expression in elementary schools. The parents of the labouring class have been so pauperized, both by benevolence and neglect, that their voice goes for little. They pay for their beer and value it. They have been taught that others will pay for their children's teaching, and they leave it to others what shall be taught. The middle class parent is more responsible, and therefore more religious, and till his responsibility is sapped by the proffer of State aid he will have a voice in the teaching of his child. It has been his misfortune rather than his fault, if hitherto his child has been badly educated. For while public attention and public aid have been almost unduly turned to the elementary schools, and the upper class have, through the united resources of endowments and private wealth, secured for themselves the best public schools in the world, the middle class parent has had little or no public encouragement or assistance. He is likely to welcome gratefully the proffer of such aid; especially on terms that respect his ability and willingness to bear the cost of his child's schooling. He is likely to give a decided preference to religious over merely secular education. But if he is asked to separate his son from his coevals and coequals, on the ground that there are religious differences more important than the common Christianity of England can bridge over, and that the sons of Churchmen and Nonconformists cannot teach or be taught together in the same schools, he will hesitate before he acquiesces in what he will feel to be a painful and humiliating acknowledgment.

J. L. BRERETON.

THE ETHICS OF ARIOSTO.

THE gradual evolution of the Italian epic from the songs of the people can be distinctly traced in one of its most characteristic features, the address to the public at the opening and close of each canto. With the *giullari* and *cantastorie* of the street corners, these invariable apostrophes, called *saluto* and *commiato*, or greeting and adieu, had a religious character, and recommended the audience to heaven or the saints in a spirit of piety, sometimes startlingly at variance with the theme of the intervening narrative. The subjoined examples will give an idea of these invocations.

“ In my next canto, fitly to describe
This fierce and furious fight I will endeavour ;
Christ and his blessed mother keep ye ever.”

Thus closes the tenth canto of an old poem called *Spagna*, while the fiftieth canto of an early version of Rinaldo's adventures concludes in a similar spirit—

“ When next I sing I'll with the end reward ye,
The king of heavenly virtues ever guard ye.”

Matteo Boiardo, who first fused the raw material of the marketplace into a courtly and classical mould, shaped too its simple prefatory utterances into that consummate perfection of form which only waited at the hands of Ariosto the stamp of his powerful individuality to gain currency for all time. Through the cantos of the “*Orlando Innamorato*” we can trace this progressive transformation of the rude greetings of the street singer into a series of melodious preludes, to whose infinitely modulated cadences the chords of the poet's lyre are swept with all the freedom of improvisation. Adopting the form as well as the matter of their humbler prototypes of the piazza, the masterpieces of Renaissance song still retained

the character of recitations, each canto being designed for a separate day's declamation. Their aim being thus different from that of a purely literary work, in requiring rather a succession of striking episodes giving independent interest to each chapter, than the sustained development of a continuous action, we find in them the faults and beauties created by such a plan of construction; on the one hand, absence of unity and sequence, and want of due proportion between the parts; on the other, inexhaustible fertility of invention, lavish profusion of incident, and florid brilliancy in descriptive detail. Abounding in rhetorical perfections and constructive defects, they scarcely bear to be read as a whole, and would perhaps be best enjoyed by modern readers in the form of extracts connected by a slight thread of explanatory narrative. In contrast with the severe unity of design exhibited in the "*Divina Commedia*," they produce the same impression on the mind as a gorgeous specimen of flamboyant architecture studied side by side with the majestic outlines of an Early Gothic cathedral. And as the former, while defective in contour, is rich in suggestion for the artist's pencil when studied in detail, so the romantic poems of Italy gain rather than lose by analysis of their parts, and we do them no injustice by detaching from the general mass of the structure some of its ornamental capitals for separate examination.*

In his earlier chapters, Boiardo, still mindful of his plebeian models, occasionally recurs to the religious ejaculatory form, as in the following lines, closing the nineteenth canto of his first book:—

"But since this canto over long hath been,
Another day the rest I will recount;
If you return to hear the pleasant story,
So keep ye all the mighty king of glory."

His prologue stanzas throughout the early part of the poem are invariably recapitulations of the previous situation. Of this explanatory formula the two following may serve as specimens:—

"Fair sirs, in the last canto I left off,
Where at the Saracen Astolfo jeers,
And 'villain,' saith, 'thy vaunting fashion doff,
Unless thou vaunt in hell amid thy peers,
Of barons proud laid low to be thy scoff;
To what I plan for thee now ope thine ears,
Since with thy giant frame such rank doth tally,
First boatswain I will make thee in a galley.'"[†]

"Above, ye saw the havoc and dismay
Wrought by King Agricane fierce of soul,
Like torrent through the coast that cleaves its way,
Or petard breaching ranks where it doth roll,
So with his sword he makes no idle play,
But strikes each standard and high banner pole,
Hews down the foe, and his own men doth scatter,
Nor cares which falls, the former or the latter."[‡]

* The extracts from the "*Orlando Innamorato*" are translated throughout from Sir Anthony Panizzi's edition, published in 1830.

† "*Orl. Inn.*" Book I. canto iv.

‡ *Idem.* Book I. canto ii.

It is not until the fifteenth canto that he first breaks through the trammels of prescription by introducing one of those passages of abstract reflection definitively adopted by him as an invariable introductory form from the twenty-sixth canto onwards, and handed down by him as a legacy to his successor. We subjoin the first example of this later style of preface, which thus superseded the earlier fashion :—

"All things beneath the moon—wealth's vast increase—
Kingdoms, and realms, and rule, the whole world o'er,
Are subject to Dame Fortune's light caprice,
Who, when least thought of, opes and shuts the door,
And seeming white turns black, nor e'er doth cease
From change, but doth in war display her more
Unstable, fickle, shifty, and ungracious,
And beyond all things flighty and fallacious."*

It is in these preliminary passages that the poet, liberated from the restrictions of convention, had free scope for the development of his personal genius, suppressed in the narrative portions of his work by the exigencies of his theme. Thus Boiardo's vivid fancy, expatiating here in its enlargement, seized on every mood of Nature and his own mind, as a means of reintroducing himself to his audience. Here is a stanza in the form of a spring greeting, a class of opening in which he evidently took especial delight :—

"The season that doth heaven with light illumine,
And gives the trees a vesture green to wear,
That fills the air and earth with love and bloom,
And tuneful birds, and flowrets blushing fair,
My song of love doth lead me to resume,
And bids me to all here once more declare,
The prowess and the deeds of lofty fashion
Wrought by Orlando in his amorous passion."†

In the same spirit is the May carol, with which he opens the nineteenth canto of his second book :—

"I found myself, one merry morn in May,
In a fair meadow decked with blossoms fair;
'Twas on a hill, the sea beside it lay,
All tremulous with splendour shining there;
'Mid roses on a thorn-bush green, her lay
Of love a damsel sang and thrilled the air,
So sweetly moved her lips to dulcet phrases,
The thought of it my heart still stirs and raises."

A classical simile furnishes another introduction with which he presents himself to his audience as follows :—

"A story-teller, Arion was his name,
In the Sicilian sea, or near those bounds,
Had voice and words so sweet that round him came
Dolphins and tunny-fish to hear the sounds.
That fishes in the sea should music tame,
Is in good sooth a thing that much astounds,
But for my lyre 'tis greater grace and glory
If it draw you, fair sirs, to hear my story."‡

Sometimes he stimulates the curiosity of his hearers by a fore-

* "Orl. Inn." Book I. canto xv.

† *Idem.* Book II. canto xx.

‡ *Idem.* Book II. canto xxvii.

shadowing of the exciting subject of his narrative in the following fashion :—

"Morgana and Alcina and their charms,
Have long delayed my song in its career,
Nor have I shown one brilliant feat of arms,
Or the sky full of shivered lance and spear.
Now must the world all shake to war's alarms,
And blood above the saddle-bows rise clear,
For towards this canto's close, or I'm in error,
You'll come upon wounds, flames, fire, sword and terror."*

Again, when invoking, as follows, inspiration from his subject, he contrives to herald its importance :—

"Now must my voice to my song's level soar,
And lordlier measure I must seek to find,
With bow more rapid sweep my lyre-strings o'er,
Since of a youth to tell I have a mind,
So rude and fierce, in ruin drenched with gore,
To lay the world he well had been inclined,
Hight Rodamonte was this braggart heady,
Of whom I more than once have spoke already."†

In another preface he takes the audience into his confidence, expounding the plan of his work with consummate grace and beguiling simplicity in the subjoined stanzas :—

"Of many a flower, blue, yellow, red, and white,
And every kind that in the woodland blows,
With beauteous herbs I've made a nosegay bright,
Pinks, gillyflowers, fair lily, blushing rose,
Come forward all whom fragrance doth delight,
And pick and choose as fancy doth dispose,
For some delight in lilies, some in roses,
And this and that show varying choice in posies.
So I in divers mode have planted o'er,
With fights and love-affairs mine orchard plot,
Fierce hearts with joy on tales of battle pore,
The soft and gentle on the lover's lot.
Now to Ruggiero left in battle sore,
With Rodamonte on the meadow-spot,
Mid blows so stormy, and assaults so cruel,
That ne'er was seen the like of this fierce duel."‡

The foregoing specimens will serve to show how completely the traditional forms at first adhered to in the composition of the "*Orlando Innamorato*," were discarded before its completion, and how great was the variety of the prefatory addresses by which they were gradually superseded. Now it is somewhat remarkable that Ariosto, having so wide a field of choice, should have contracted instead of enlarging its limits, practically confining himself to one style of exordium, that couched in the sermonizing vein of philosophical abstraction. The key to this anomaly lies in the character of his mind, which instinctively selected human nature as its first, if not its sole, subject of study.

Some modern critics see in the author of the "*Furioso*" an embodiment of the pictorial genius of the Renaissance, but it seems

* "*Orl. Inn.*" Book II. canto xiv.

† *Idem.* Book II. canto vi.

‡ *Idem.* Book III. canto. v. ;

to us that they have mistaken his temper and tendency, misled by the wonderful command of language, which not only clothed but decorated his ideas. For he was in reality totally wanting in the painter's first gift, that discriminating power which seizes on the salient and suggestive features of the subject, and assigns due proportion to its relative parts. His descriptions are catalogues, not paintings; he can compile an inventory, but not create a picture; and there is not throughout the "*Orlando Furioso*" a single passage that calls up to the mind a clear vision of any external scene or object, such as Boiardo can evoke with a sketch in verse, like that of the May morning just quoted.

Ariosto's strength lay in a different direction, in dramatic power of describing, and dramatic insight in analyzing human actions and motives, in keen though not profound comprehension of character; in realizing, in short, the world within instead of the world without. With external Nature indeed, he has little or no sympathy, and there is scarcely a trace in his poem that he was ever touched by her varying aspects. We know that he passed three years as Governor of the Garfagnana, in the heart of some of the finest scenery in Italy or the world. Morning by morning he must have seen the blanched and shattered pinnacles of Carrara flush and pale as the great conflagration of the dawn fired and faded; day after day watched the tossing crests of the Modenese Apennines sculptured in sunshine, the violet shadows on their flanks deepening and shoaling as the light came and went above them; year after year seen the moving pageantry of nature, the shifting panorama of the seasons, roll to and fro over the wide valley of the Serchio, winding like a highway among the hills to where it was swallowed up in their blue gulfs of distance. Yet of all this we find no hint in his verse, and despite its elegant garrulity, his references to scenery are of the scantiest. At most a garden or two planted with ornamental flowers carefully enumerated, a well-kept shrubbery with fruit-trees and shady arbours, occasionally a fountain, and more rarely a low hill, are mentioned with approval. Some of the adventures recounted by him take place during maritime travel, and Notus or Boreas are even evoked to call up a storm, which is, however, introduced as a purely conventional piece of stage mechanism, and in the strictest subordination to the human action it promotes. Boiardo, on the contrary, when he describes the sea quivering in the morning splendour, suggests the whole ocean in a single line, as a skilled draughtsman does, by the sweep of his pencil limiting its horizon.

Keeping in mind this difference in mental constitution, it ceases to be surprising that Ariosto should have rejected for his exordiums all the models of pictorial and descriptive style left by his predecessor, and followed him only in those which gave free play to his own

analytical and reflective turn of mind. His initial stanzas being thus wholly devoted to moral generalities, we can reconstruct from them with tolerable accuracy the poet's scheme of life, regarded from the genially cynical point of view befitting a man well satisfied, in the main, with himself and his surroundings. For it must be remembered that all the philosophy handed down to us is necessarily, from the mere fact of its survival, the philosophy of success, and that the real bitterness of life remains mute in the inarticulate oblivion of obscurity. Your true cynic is the man who has failed, but whose opinions consequently no one thinks worth listening to; while triumph, trumpet-tongued, has the ear of the world and futurity. Diogenes in his tub, blazoning obtrusive self-abnegation in the pride that apes humility, is but a sham pessimist compared to Lazarus amid his potsherds, who, though proposing no paradoxes, and formulating no theories, is the more genuine if less noisy philosopher.

Ariosto's cynicism, we feel, is but the imaginative bitterness of prosperity, just sharp enough, like the *agro dolce* sauce of Italian cooks, to give piquancy of savour to dainty viands, but with no sting of the real gall and wormwood of life. The foibles and inconsistencies of humanity he touches with a light hand, as much in caress as in chastisement; but its struggles and sufferings, its doubts and self-questionings, he leaves unexplored in his brilliant verse. Theology has no place in his system, and there is no longer a reminiscence of the religious invocations so long adhered to by his predecessors. Indeed, his code of morality is rather of a Pagan than Christian type, and inculcating only a certain measure of truth and kindness, without any ascetic self-restraint, would have sat lightly on an ancient Greek. The following stanzas (first and second of canto xxi.), emphasizing the obligation of good faith, represent about the highest moral level to which he soars:—

“ No hempen rope doth bind a load so fast,
Or nail hold wood with such a forceful strain,
As faith, when o'er a lofty soul is cast
The bond of its indissoluble chain.
Nor was true faith by artists of the past,
Depicted, save in vesture without stain,
Draped in a fair white veil like a religious,
Since slightest soil or speck would make her hideous.
Good faith should be maintained then without spot,
Whether to thousands pledged, or one alone,
Though in lone forest or sequestered grot,
Remote from towns 'twere plighted all unknown,
And as before tribunals and the knot
Of witnesses, in deed or parchment shown,
So without oath or vow or any token
The simplest promise should be kept unbroken.”

Against this sermon on truth, however, may be set off the following defence of dissimulation when used against an unscrupulous opponent by his heroine Bradamante:—

"Though simulation oft doth meet rebuke,
And index of an evil mind may be,
In many cases, if we closely look,
That it hath wrought much good we plainly see,
And cause of death and blame and loss hath took.
Since not with friends in converse aye are we,
In this our mortal life, where more prevaieth
Darkness than light, and envy oft assaileth.

Though from long proof and toil we, in the end,
Find one in friendship true, in kindness dear,
To whom full trust undoubting we may lend,
And every thought discover without fear.
How now should act Ruggiero's lovely friend,
With false Brunel, disloyal, insincere ;
To feigning and to artifice addicted,
As by the wizard he had been depicted !"*

In the two stanzas next quoted, opening respectively the sixth and twenty-third cantos, sound moral lessons are taught, perhaps all the more effectively that the motive invoked is none of the highest:—

"Ill fares the evil-doer who doth trust
That hidden crime will secrecy aye shroud,
For if all else were mute the entombing dust
Of earth—nay, air itself—would cry aloud.
And heaven ordains the sin itself shall thrust
The sinner—spent his term—to stand avowed ;
His own accuser, though by none suspected,
In unforeseen betrayal self-detected."

"Let each one help the other—rarely fate
Omits the recompense good actions claim,
Or if she do, at least they bear no freight
Of death or loss, or ignominious shame.
Who injures others payeth soon or late
The unforgotten score against his name.
The proverb says, Men go forth nimble-footed
To meet each other, but the hills stand rooted."

Ariosto, however, is not seen to advantage in this commonplace garb of sententious morality which ill beseems his gay and worldly temperament. He is at his best in the vein of playful sarcasm, which characterizes most of his philosophical utterances, and is his favourite method of rebuke for falsehood or folly. His caustic irony, indeed, spared nothing, not even himself, for we can hardly believe that the following stanzas on poetical chroniclers were penned without conscious satirical reference to his own servility to princely patrons. They form an exception to his ordinary rhetorical outbursts, occurring in the middle, not at the opening of a canto, and are part of St. John's discourse to Astolfo, on his journey to the limbo of lost property in the moon, in search of the vanished reason of Orlando:—

"Less pious was Eneas—nor so bold
Achilles—as Fame tells—less Hector's fire—
And thousands there have been in days of old,
Who might to higher place than these aspire;
But palaces and villas, lands and gold,
Conferred by their descendants were the hire
Paid for transcendent and immortal glory,
Bestowed on them by writers of their story.

* "Orlando Furioso," canto iv.

Scarce was Augustus so benign and good
 As Virgil's sounding trumpet doth proclaim;
 His taste in poetry, 'tis understood,
 Doth cancel the proscription's debt of shame.
 Of Nero's crimes far less perchance we should
 Have heard, and glorious yet might be his name,
 Though earth and heaven he equally offended,
 If scribes and authors he had but befriended.

In Homer's page Atrides now we see,
 With triumph crowned—the Trojans dull and cold
 And faithful to her spouse, Penelope
 Bear from her suitors insults manifold.
 But whoso wishes truth from falsehood free,
 Reversed and changed should have the story told:
 Troy should victorious be, and Hellas routed,
 And as a flirt Penelope be scouted.

And then, again, by history see betrayed
 The fame of Dido, who, though pure of heart,
 Is now reputed as a worthless jade
 Since Virgil played her an unfriendly part.
 Nor marvel if some warmth I have displayed,
 Or if my views at some length I impart;
 Writers I love, as suits my former station,
 Since I on earth pursued the same vocation.”*

Like all flatterers, Ariosto occasionally vented his repressed feelings in an outburst of candour, in the style of the subjoined sly hit at his fair auditors, on their most sensitive point:—

“ Oh, happy cavaliers of elder days,
 Who in lone valley or sequestered dell,
 In cavern dark, or savage forest ways,
 In den of serpents, bears, or lions fell,
 Found what in palaces scarce meets the gaze
 In our time, e'en of eyes that seek it well,
 Women, I mean, who in their youth's fresh morning
 With beauty's title merit the adorning.”†

And in another passage, under the form of a defence of the fair sex against their slanderers, he contrives to insinuate the truth of the charges brought against them by describing his own very unfavourable experience of women. He seems slightly unfair to his lady friends, in judging them by a standard of constancy he evidently did not apply to himself:—

“ Mid these complaints, and many more beside,
 Along his road the King of Sarza spurred,
 As now in murmurs low he faintly sighed,
 Now spake in tones that distant echo stirred;
 While thus the female sex he vilified,
 We must allow his reasoning was absurd,
 Since for a bad one here and there detected,
 At least a hundred good might be selected.

Though mid the many I have loved, I vow
 I have not found a single constant dame;
 That all are false I never will allow,
 But on harsh destiny still throw the blame.
 Many there are and have been before now,
 'Gainst whom to lodge complaint no man can claim,
 But 'tis my fate, if 'mid five score ronsuches
 There be one jade, to fall into her clutches.

* *Orl. Fur.* canto xxxiv. stanzas 24, &c.

† *Idem.* canto xvi. stanza 1.

Nor will I cease to seek till, ere I die—
 Nay, ere my locks more threads of silver show—
 One day I yet may boast that even I
 Some fair have found whose faith no change doth know.
 If this occur (and yet my hopes are high
 That it may be) I ne'er will weary grow
 Of crowning her, as best I can, with glory,
 With pen and tongue, in prose and verse and story.*

Ariosto's tone in speaking of women, of whom his real estimate was very low, alternates between raillery and panegyric. We subjoin a specimen of the latter, selecting two stanzas from the long opening passage of the thirty-sixth canto, leading up to a tribute of flattery to Vittoria Colonna:—

"Not Tomyris or Harpalyce, dread,
 Nor those who came to Turnus—Hector's aid—
 Not she who Tyrians and Sidonians led,
 Across the sea to Libya's shore embayed,
 Zenobia not, nor she before whom fled
 Assyria's, India's, Persia's hosts dismayed,
 Not these alone, with others famed in story,
 Deserve to shine for ever crowned with glory.
 For women strong and faithful, pure and wise,
 Not Rome and Greece alone have had to boast,
 But every land on which the sun doth rise,
 From the Hesperides to India's coast,
 Whose worth and fame are smothered in such guise,
 That of a thousand one is known at most,
 Since of their deeds there then were none to tell us,
 Save only writers masculine and jealous."†

The ethics of love occupy the largest space in the poet's lucubrations, as the vicissitudes of the tender passion itself supplied no doubt the subject of his most frequent meditations and the source of his keenest emotions. Adhering to the principle of allowing him as far as possible to speak for himself, we extract one of the few passages in which he takes an ennobling view of the sentiment:—

"In love full many a one feels pangs full sore,
 Of which the greater part have I essayed,
 And for my hurt so varied o'er and o'er,
 That I can speak as one who's of the trade,
 Hence if I say, as I have said before,
 In speech and writing and have ne'er gainsaid,
 That pain is light, or sharp and keen this latter,
 Accept as truth my verdict in the matter.
 I say and said, and will say till I die,
 Who knows himself entrapped in worthy snare,
 Although he finds his lady cold and shy,
 Averse and distant to his burning prayer;
 Though hope be none, though love all wage deny,
 Though toil and time be vainly wasted there,
 If high his heart be set, in deepest anguish
 He need not weep, although he droop and languish.
 But weep should he, who hath enslaved his will,
 To a fair tress of hair and bright eyes twain,
 'Neath which doth hide a heart defiled with ill,
 Where nought is pure and only dregs remain;

* "Orl. Fur." canto xxvii. stanza 122, &c.

† *Idem.* canto xxxvi. stanzas 5 and 6.

The wretch would fly but with him carries still,
Like stricken deer, the arrow's rankling pain,
Shame of himself, and of his love he feeleth,
Nor dares disclose a wound no balsam healeth."*

Ariosto always treats this subject from an autobiographical point of view, alleging his experience or bemoaning his weakness with ingenuous naïveté and frankness. The following three stanzas were evidently penned in one of those moments of disillusion which were no doubt frequent with him :—

"Who sets his foot in love's entangling snare,
Withdraw it ere his wings are limed as well.
That love is madness all the wise declare,
With concord that our doubts should sure dispel.
Though all may not Orlando's fury share,
Some other sign their lunacy doth tell ;
And of insanity what proof more striking
Than sacrifice of self for others' liking ?

By varied symptoms shown, the cause is one,
Alike the frenzied folly whence they spring,
Like a great wood untracked and vast, where none
Finds the straight road 'mid paths all wandering,
To left, to right, and here and there they run—
In short, my reasoning to an end to bring,
He who grows old in love deserves no better,
For all his pains, than manacle and fetter.

Well might ye answer me—another's fault,
Friend, thou dost show, unmindful of thine own ;
Full well (I answer) now my mind makes halt
In lucid interval, my case is known ;
And much I strive and hope (the last assault
Repelled) to rest and leave this dance alone,
But all at once to do't my strength exceedeth,
Since on my very bones the poison feedeth."†

From the subjoined stanzas on jealousy we should have inferred that the susceptible poet was a victim to the green-eyed monster, even if his biographers had not expressly stated it :—

"What happier or more joyous state had been
Than that of tender heart in amorous mood ?
What life more beatific and serene
Than to be bound by love's sweet servitude ?
Were man not goaded by that sting so keen
Of black suspicion—by that fear pursued—
And martyred by that dark and deadly passion
Of jealousy, whose rage takes every fashion.

While every other bitter interblent
Amid the honey of this sweetest sweet,
Is but additional perfection lent
To love, its joy to heighten and complete,
More dainty tastes the liquid element
From thirst prolonged, and after fasting meat ;
Nor can the joys of peace be duly rated
Save first the ills of war are known and hated.

Though eyes behold not what the heart would see,
And ever craves—e'en this may be made light,
The longer the slow hours of absence be,
The greater joy when time doth reunite.
To service without wage we may agree
If hope survive, however faint and slight.

* "Orl. Fur." canto xvi. stanza 1, &c.

† *Idem* canto xxiv. stanza 1, &c.

For service true is in the end rewarded,
 Though long it seem to pass quite unregarded.
 The angers, the repulses, and in short
 All pains and torments love has to endure,
 Do by their recollection but exhort
 To fuller sense of joy that we secure.
 But this infernal plague if it distort
 And poison the sick mind with ills past cure,
 Makes even mirth and gladness when they follow,
 Seem to the lover flavourless and hollow.*

Though Ariosto's views of life may not seem to the modern reader very novel or profound, we can well believe that his contemporaries, dazzled by the florid and brilliant language in which they were expressed, may not have perceived that these sparkling epigrams in octaves embodied only commonplace and obvious truths. Indeed, they may perhaps be best summed up in the celebrated definition of a popular proverb as, "the wisdom of many, and the wit of one." For he converted the common stock of ideas around him into an intellectual currency, stamped with the impress of his genius, and coined in the authority of his name.

This novelty of form may be accepted as a substitute for absolute originality of substance, but it does not atone for the absence of moral elevation in the utterances of the laughing philosopher of Ferrara. The best that can be said for him in this respect is, that his morality, if not lofty, was sincere; that he assumed nothing he did not feel; and that if his ideal was placed low, he at least lived up to it. There is abundant evidence in his biography that he practised the facile virtues he preached, and attained the level of the low standard he set before him.

In his so-called satires, which are, however, little more than epistles versified in *terza-rima*, he conveys his theories of life with a still stronger infusion of the personal element than was admissible in a narrative poem. In the fourth satire, addressed to Annibale Maleguccio, he expresses himself as follows in regard to worldly ambition:—

"If honour and vast wealth the soul could fill
 With true content, then would I praise, indeed,
 Pursuit of them with all the heart and will.

But if to popes and monarchs we give heed,
 Esteemed as gods on earth, yet full of care,
 That here contentment dwells we cannot plead.

Though with the Turk in riches I compare—
 In greatness with the Pope—yet still aspire
 To further rise—what happiness were there?

Needful it is, and fit, that I desire
 To want for nought required that life to feed,
 I justly prize above my goods entire.

But if one be so rich as nought to need
 For nature's wants, then should he be content
 If he but place a curb on evil greed.

* "Orl. Fur." canto xxx. stanza 1, &c.

If he fast not when hunger's pangs torment
 And crave allay—if roof and fire be there,
 When on escape from sun and cold intent.
 Nor were it fitting he on foot should fare—
 If driven to roam—nor that his house have none
 His board to garnish and his bed prepare.”*

He concludes this moderate programme of requirements by summing up the moral of ambition in the following lines:—

To dress in homespun and be good and true,
 Rather than wearing cloth of gold, be known
 As knave and traitor, aye would be my view.”

Side by side with these homely generalizations on life in the abstract, we give a specimen of the poet's views on its practical aspects, embodied in the first satire, addressed to his brother Galasso, and containing directions of housewifely minuteness for the hire of a lodging in Rome:—

“ Since need doth urge me, rather than desire,
 To visit Rome, when at this time of year
 The cardinals, like serpents, change attire,†
 Now that less sharp and perilous appear
 Our ills of body, while worse sickness tries
 The troubled minds of mortal sufferers here,‡
 How the great wheel that doth not e'en chastise
 Ixion guilty, here in Rome doth spin
 To vex men's souls with travail as it plies!§
 Galasso, near the temple that doth win
 Its name from that bold priest who Malchus' ear
 So deftly shore away from hair and skin,
 Lodging provide me for four beasts and gear,
 Reckoning a room apiece for me and Jack;
 My mule and one old jade be stabled near.
 Where'er I lodge, in room or attic back,
 Be few the stairs and much the light, I pray,
 Nor place for fire and chimney let it lack;
 Nor for the steeds less thought and care display.
 Since quarters fine would serve them not a pin
 If wanting in due store of straw and hay.
 A wool or cotton mattress (not too thin),
 My ribs to flatter, in my couch be laid,
 So that for sleep I need not seek the inn.
 Of dry and seasoned firewood store be made,
 That one accustomed homely fare to dress
 May cook plain beef or mutton by its aid;
 I want not one to furnish forth a mess
 So spiced as e'en death's palate to provoke,
 And the grave's inmates rouse to fresh excess.
 Let Ser Vorano—born the earth to soak
 With dripping fat—in such one's spits and pans
 Up to the ears his greasy muzzle poke;
 Who hunger for food's sake desires and fans—
 Not food for hunger's—may on viands brood,
 And for such dainty meals lay all his plans.
 By my new va'et be a bond made good
 By earnest money, with a cook home-fed
 On bread and garlic, with his brethren chewed,

* Translated with the subsequent passages from the edition of the “*Opere Minori di Lodovico Ariosto*,” published in Florence in 1857.

† In Advent, when they wear violet robes.

‡ Alludes to the cessation of some epidemic.

§ In reference to the intrigues at Court, and political affairs generally.

Fresh from their spades, while he the oxen led ;
 Who now doth sigh for pheasant, pigeon, quail,
 And tires of sameness in his daily bread ;
 And who can tell the difference without fail
 'Twixt flesh of goat or boar when mountain-bred
 And that which fattened in the Elysian vale."

Another of the satires is equally circumstantial in its advice to a friend on his choice of a wife. The poet recommends a just medium in all things, even in beauty and piety ; and would prefer that the lady should be neither too handsome nor too ugly ; while though he would not choose her altogether without religion, he would wish it to be of a character to be contented with one Mass in the day. It may be suspected that, like many other sages, he was more discreet for others than for himself ; and that though he might have been satisfied with the same measure of devotion, in the matter of personal attractions he would in his own case have been more exacting. All his wisdom and experience would scarcely have been proof against the potent counter-spells of a coquettish glance or beguiling smile, nor would his constant raillery against woman-kind in general have availed to steel his heart against the charms of any one of the sex in particular. So, at least, we may fairly conclude from the following sonnet, one of many inspired by the golden locks of Alessandra Bennucci, the fair widow whom he certainly loved, and probably married. It furnishes a not inappropriate sequel to the philosophy formulated by the singer of the amorous frenzy of Orlando, and in despite of all the sententious aphorisms culled from his pages, it may raise a suspicion that the bard, like his hero, " loved not wisely, but too well :"—

"How can I worthily the praise unfold
 Due to thy charms angelic and divine,
 Since e'en at thought of those fair locks of thine
 The tongue doth fail, and speech grows dull and cold ?
 Though lofty style and phrase of dulcet mould,
 Taught by all Greek and Latin schools, were mine,
 Not half or part the meed could they assign
 Of praise to these bright knots of rippling gold.
 To see them shine so even and so long
 In wealth of golden skeins, to many a late
 Might furnish matter for eternal song.
 Ah ! had I bit, like Asra's bard, the fruit
 Of laurel, so my praise would I prolong,
 That I should die a swan, where I die mute."

E. M. CLERKE.

ANCIENT INTERNATIONAL LAW.

PART II.

IN the February number of this REVIEW, I endeavoured to show that a system of rules regulating the mutual intercourse of States, and properly denoted by the expression "International Law," did actually exist among the States of the ancient world. In support of this position I referred to various passages in the writings of contemporary historians, in which such a system is clearly recognized: in this article I propose to adduce the more special evidence derived from an examination of the treaties and other documents of a diplomatic nature which have been transmitted to us mainly through the medium of the Greek inscriptions.

The general progress of modern civilization has, as might be expected, developed a number of new international questions, the complication of which is increased, owing to the circumstance that the several members of the civilized fraternity have not, as regards their moral progress, advanced with equal strides. The questions connected with slavery, which is still recognized by some civilized States, present an instance of the difficulties arising from this cause. It is, of course, not unlikely that in the ancient world similar perplexities may have arisen; but they were probably resolved in a rough-and-ready way which modern enlightenment could not tolerate.

But in several departments International Law advanced in a manner not altogether disproportionate to its progress in later times. The treaty system, the rights of ambassadors, the systems of consular agency and of arbitration, and the usages of war, all present points of analogy with the corresponding modern institutions. To some of these subjects I have already incidentally alluded in discussing the phraseology which marks the recognition of International Law. Each of them now demands a few further remarks, to which will be added

a brief notice of the more important diplomatic records whence our knowledge is derived.

The oldest text of a treaty now in existence is that of the convention made between Ramses II., king of Egypt, and the Prince of the Kheta. Even those who are aware of the early progress made by the Egyptians in the arts of writing and of diplomacy, cannot fail to be surprised at the length, nature, and precision of this remarkable document. The original was engraved on a large silver plate with a ring at the top; an official copy on a *stèle* of stone was found embedded in the ground at Karnak, with a portion of the surface protruding. It contains, according to the arrangement of the Vicomte de Rougè, forty-nine clauses, many of which are mutilated. The earlier clauses contain recitals of the relations previously existing between the two peoples, and of the manner in which the Prince of the Kheta on his accession directed his thoughts towards peace. The articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance are then inserted, and are followed by clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, and in particular of skilled workmen. The arrangement is then, in a series of articles, commended to the protection of innumerable gods and goddesses of Egypt and the Kheta. There follow special provisions to the effect that in the case of the extradition of any runaway, his delinquency shall not be brought up against him; further, that no punishment shall be inflicted on any member of his family, and that no tortures or cruelties, which from their accurate specification would seem to have been common, shall be practised on himself. The final clause refers to a relief at the top of the tablet, in which a figure representing the King of Heaven, protector of the stipulations proposed by the Prince of the Kheta, is embracing a figure of that prince. I have described this treaty somewhat in detail, as it may fairly be considered, having regard to its antiquity (about the fourteenth century B.C.), the most remarkable document now in existence which records an international transaction.

In Greece, on the other hand, ignorance or an imperfect knowledge of the art of writing for a long time retarded a similar development of diplomatic documents. Passing over a mythical treaty supposed to have been made between Athens and Eleusis in the reign of Erechtheus, and arriving at a time hardly less fabulous, the earliest account of a treaty or of an agreement in the nature thereof, and of the ceremonial with which it was concluded, is that given in the third book of the *Iliad* (245 *sqq.*)—a scene imitated by Virgil in the twelfth book of the *Æneid*. In such cases, the preliminaries having been arranged, the making of the treaty consisted in the public declaration of its terms, and invocation of the gods, sacrifices and libations, with a solemn imprecation of

vengeance on any one who should set it at nought. This custom of imprecating Divine vengeance upon him who violated an oath was common to many nations of antiquity—among others, to the Jews and Phœnicians. The publicity of the proceedings imported as much certainty into the transaction as was required, while the brevity and simplicity of the terms sufficiently ensured their remembrance without the assistance of documentary records.

Descending to more historical times, the earliest formula which we find in connection with alliances is the oath taken by the several members of the Amphictyonic Confederacy. The orator Æschines has preserved this oath in his speech *περὶ παραπρεσβείας*, s. 116. In that against Ktesiphon, s. 109, he refers to the time of Solon a formula of imprecation which formed part of the Amphictyonic proceedings, and which would seem to have been the usual complement of the oath before mentioned; for he remarks, immediately after repeating the terms of the oath, that "it was sanctioned by a mighty imprecation:"—*καὶ προσῆν τῷ ὄρκῳ ἂρὰ ἰσχυρὴ*. The archaic simplicity and brevity of these documents assign their composition to an early period. The formula by which the Greeks bound themselves together on the approach of the Persians, set out by Herodotus, vii. 132, and the oath which the Athenians took individually, are couched in a similar style.

The treaty made between the Eleans and the Heræans, the original of which was discovered at Olympia in 1813, is the oldest original document in existence belonging to European diplomacy. It is written in the Doric dialect, and the translation runs somewhat thus:—

"Treaty of the Eleans and Heræans. Let there be an alliance for one hundred years commencing from this year. Should there be need of words or action, let them unite, as well for other purposes as for war. Let those who refuse so to do pay a silver talent to Olympian Zeus by way of fine. Whosoever shall destroy this writing, whether private person, magistrate, or town, shall be liable to the penalty herein written."

This laconic document suggests several points of importance. The custom prevailed among the Greeks, which, as already noticed, existed in Egypt, of placing a treaty under the specific guardianship of one or more deities. The preservation of so many documents of this sort is owing mainly to this custom; for the *στήλαι* or tablets were naturally deposited in the temple of the guardian deity, so as to be within his special cognisance. Thus, it was prescribed by the terms of the fifty years' truce between Athens and Lacedæmon (B.C. 421), that counterparts should be placed in the temples of the Olympian Zeus, of the Isthmian and Delphian Apollo, upon the Athenian Akropolis, and in the sanctuary of the Amyklæan Apollo at Sparta. At Rome, Janus was the guardian deity of alliances,

and such records were kept at first in the temple of *Dius Fidius*, and afterwards in that of *Bona Fides* on the Capitol.

Another point is suggested by the provision which fixes a definite period during which the treaty is to remain in force. The idea may have been that the progress of events might, at the end of the period named, demand a revision of the arrangement; or possibly, the rise and fall of States being so rapid in those times, a treaty for one hundred years may have been looked upon in the light in which a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years is regarded by us. In somewhat later times special articles were inserted in treaties (*Thuc.* v. 18), empowering the contracting parties to revise and alter with mutual consent. The principle is here recognized, which, though formally admitted, was practically disregarded by Russia in 1871, that no State can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, or modify its stipulations, without the consent of the other signatories. It is the practice in modern times neither to define the period during which the treaty is to remain in force, nor to insert a clause providing for its periodical revision. This system would seem to have been instrumental in producing a loose morality with regard to the obligatory force of such documents; and the question is thereby raised whether a return to the ancient system would not be advisable, by the definition of a period long enough to secure the subsidence of angry feelings and the re-establishment of amicable relations. This practice would, at any rate, have the advantage of making the disregard of such obligations during the prescribed period more glaring, and consequently of bringing a stronger public opinion to bear upon the international offender. According to the present system, the State upon which a restriction is imposed itself selects the time for making the desired alteration; and it is needless to add that it finds its opportunity, as Russia did in 1871, in the difficulties of those who have imposed the burden. Nor does such a proceeding want the justification of a high and independent authority. Professor Mommsen, speaking of the transaction at the Caudine Forks, of which his particular view is correct, states the general principle thus:—"A great nation does not surrender what it possesses except under the pressure of extreme necessity. All treaties which make concessions are acknowledgments of such a necessity, not moral obligations. Every people justly reckons it a point of honour to tear in pieces by force of arms treaties that are disgraceful."

It was confessedly the prevalence of this doctrine, and the knowledge that it would meet with a practical recognition in France, that induced the Germans, after the war of 1870, to impose such conditions as would materially cripple that country in a future struggle with the German Empire. The victors, no doubt, estimated with care the circumstances of the position, and it may be presumed that

they were competent judges of it; yet the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine renders inevitable a war which might otherwise have been indefinitely postponed, and which, in the event of danger to the German Empire from religious discontent or other causes, may prove disastrous in its results to those who took so hazardous a security.

When in subsequent times treaties were made with the intention that friendly relations should continue to exist without interruption, a provision was inserted to the effect that the treaty was to remain in operation for ever. This clause is found in the treaty between Olonte and Lato, two Cretan towns (*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, No. 2554). The Roman treaties, on the other hand, resemble in this respect those of modern times. The first treaty between Rome and Carthage, a translation of which is given by Polybius, and which is generally supposed to have been made shortly after the expulsion of the kings, contains no limitation of this kind. It has some clauses of a protective nature, indicative of the jealous spirit which naturally pervaded a great mercantile community. Roman vessels generally are forbidden to pass the promontory called Kalon; and if compelled to do so by stress of weather or of the enemy, are not to trade, but may purchase necessities for refitting or for religious observances, and must leave within five days. The regular traders (probably those who were licensed) are to transact no business except in the presence of a herald or a notary; if they observe this regulation, the public credit is pledged for the merchandise which they sell. Romans coming into the part of Sicily owning Carthaginian sway, are to enjoy a complete equality of rights with the Carthaginians.

The mention of the Carthaginians in connection with Sicily, recalls a remarkable treaty to which this State was a party a few years subsequently. Simultaneously with the triumph achieved by the Greeks at Salamis, Gelon and Theron, the Greek despots of Sicily gained a great victory at the Himera over the Carthaginian forces. In the treaty which settled the terms of peace, if we are to believe Theophrastus, an article was inserted which imposed upon the Carthaginians the obligation of abandoning the practice of human sacrifice. Some writers are inclined to be incredulous as to this, on the ground that Theophrastus is the only author who mentions the circumstance, and that, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus (xx. 14), the practice was not permanently discontinued at Carthage. Failing, however, further means of discrediting Theophrastus as to a statement the reverse of incredible, this may be regarded as an instance in which the principle of humanity dictated the imposition of a condition upon a subject about which those who imposed it were not materially concerned.

Coming to a somewhat later period, we shall find a considerable

development in the art of treaty-making. The various negotiations which were carried on during the Peloponnesian war show a marked advance in this direction. The strict observance of the recognized formalities of International Law is shown by the statement made at the commencement of Thucydides' second book, that thenceforward the two parties opened no communication with one another except through the intervention of heralds. This historian adopted the practice, too much neglected by others, of inserting into his work not only the texts of official documents, but also in some cases a detailed account of the negotiations which preceded them. The first of these documents which requires notice is that which records the terms of the truce for a year made in 425 B.C. (Thuc. iv. 118). From this it appears that three classes of persons were concerned in such negotiations—heralds, ambassadors, and their suites (κήρυκι δὲ καὶ πρεσβείᾳ καὶ ἀκολούθοις κ. τ. λ.). The herald, to whom the preliminary arrangements were assigned, had played an important part in the heroic times. About the age of Solon this office seems to have been a recognized part of the Athenian constitution, and to have been regarded as a sort of magistracy, as may be inferred from the oath of the Heliasts, quoted by Demosthenes in his speech against Timocrates (§ 149). The ambassadors, styled αὐτοκράτορες when entrusted with the authority of plenipotentiaries, of course conducted the main business; their chief was termed ἀρχιπρεσβευτής. The ἀκόλουθοι were probably the ordinary attendants of an ambassador, such as Cicero calls "assecræ." The two Athenian State galleys, the *Paralus* and *Salaminia*, were set apart, amongst other duties, for the conveyance of embassies; and it was possibly from this employment that they derived their name of εἰρηναρχίδες.

It would appear from the hypothetical form of the document that it was drafted at Sparta and sent to Athens for approval. Its final clause contains a request to the Athenians, if they think any alteration desirable, to send ambassadors with full powers for its discussion. The course thus adopted was the same as that pursued in the case of the Egyptian treaty already mentioned. The text of the agreement is followed in Thucydides by the formal decree of ratification on the part of the Athenians. This decree records the name of the presiding tribe, of the clerk of the council, and of the chairman or speaker. It was moved by Laches, and by it the truce was accepted as the basis for negotiations which should determine the war. It was sworn to by three representatives of Athens and Sparta respectively, and by two belonging to each of the other contracting parties.

The similarity in form between this document and the three treaties set out at length by Thucydides in his fifth book shows that by this time

a fixed and peculiar style had been adopted for the recording of international transactions. In these treaties the rights of the several parties are accurately stated, and their mutual concessions and engagements set out with much precision. The alliance, offensive and defensive, of the Athenians with the Argives, Mantineans and Eleans, contains, among other minute provisions, a clause regulating the pay to be given to the troops of any State from which assistance may have been required, a higher rate being fixed for the cavalry than for the light and heavy infantry and archers. The religious formalities are prescribed with scrupulous care, as is also the form of the oath, which is to be sworn by the several States in their most solemn fashion. The various bodies and individuals who must take the oath are mentioned, as well as the officers who are to administer it. Provision too is made for the periodic renewal of these oaths, and the times and places for such ceremonies are determined. Copies of the treaty are to be kept in the respective capitals, and the several States are to join in depositing a copy at Olympia. In the final clause of each treaty mentioned in this book, there is a provision for making such alterations as events may demand, to the validity of which the consent of all parties is required; while the several modifications of the arrangement between the Lacedæmonians and the Persian satraps, recorded in the eighth book, present an instance of the manner in which such provisions were carried into effect.

One of the points which strikes us most forcibly in reading the account of Thucydides is the great publicity amidst which these negotiations were conducted, as compared with the excessive secrecy which characterizes the operations of modern diplomacy. Ambassadors arriving at Athens or Sparta announced their powers and discussed the business with which they were charged, in presence of the general assembly of the citizens. This seems to have been almost the universal practice of the Greek States, including those whose form of government was not democratic. At times, indeed, when it was desirable to avoid the turbulence of a public discussion, or for other reasons, a private conference with some of the leading statesmen was proposed. Such a proposition was acceded to in the case of the Melians, and Thucydides gives a detailed account of the manner in which the discussion was conducted. Sufficient reason for the granting of this request is to be found in the nature of the argument advanced by the Athenian envoys. That its general character was such as Thucydides has stated, there is little reason to doubt, even though Dionysius of Halicarnassus accuses the historian of attempting to discredit the country which sent him into exile. But we may readily hesitate to believe that the Athenians, though demoralized, as any nation might be, by the long continuance of the war, would have advanced before a public assembly the arguments by which they then sustained their cause. Mention is made occa-

sionally of such a request being refused. The Spartan envoys who came to Athens to treat for the release of the men blockaded at Sphakteria requested that commissioners (ξύνεδροι) might be appointed, with whom they might discuss each point in quietude, and arrange such terms as they might persuade one another to accede to. This, through Kleon's influence, was refused, and the envoys—not sufficiently confident of their ability to face the assembly, and feeling that the popular expectation would not be satisfied with the concessions which they were empowered to make—retired without having accomplished anything.

It might have been thought that the documents already referred to were sufficiently minute; but the treaties made in the ensuing century show a further development in this direction. A treaty between the towns of Hierapytna and Priansos (C.I. 2556), confirming and extending the terms of a previous alliance, contains a number of provisions relative to favours which are mutually bestowed. The rights of citizenship in general, including that of intermarriage, of the acquisition of property, of participation in religious observances, of buying and selling, borrowing and lending at interest, and of entering into every sort of contract according to the *lex loci*, are interchanged. A system of free trade is established between the two towns, with the exception of certain articles imported by sea, and a right of search is given. The Cosmi or chief magistrates of each town are to supply with necessaries the envoys of the other, failing the performance of which duty they are to pay them ten *staters*. The magistrates of each town are to have the right of entry to the senate and seats in the public assembly of the other town, along with the magistrates of the latter. Thenceforth and for ever, the terms of the alliance are to be read publicly every year during a certain festival, and ten days' notice is to be given to the other town of the intention to perform this ceremony. The omission to do this, or to give the proper notice, is visited with a fine of one hundred *staters*. Any offender against the terms of the treaty may be brought to justice before the "Common Court," at the suit of an informer, who, if he proves the offence, is to have one-third of the penalty, the remainder to be consigned to the public chest. In case of spoil taken from the enemy, either on a joint expedition or otherwise, each soldier is to draw a share by lot, after a certain portion has been set apart for one or both of the towns. With respect to any wrongs still unredressed, or claims unsatisfied, they are to be settled by a mixed commission, composed of the chief magistrates of both towns, whose decisions are to be given within one month after the ratification of the treaty. As regards the settlement of future wrongs, advocates are to be employed, according to the prescribed general orders. The place for the sittings of the Common Court is to be regulated by the annual magistrates, and mutual guarantees are to

be given for the due discharge of this business within two months of their taking office. Then follow regulations providing for the revision of the treaty, and for the setting up of the tablets in the temples, with specified fines for neglect.

The texts of the treaty between Hierapytna and Rhodes, and of that between Olonte and Lato—two Cretan towns—are each somewhat longer than that of which an abstract has been given; but the most remarkable of all the records of this class which have survived is the stone on which are engraved three documents, settling the relations of the Smyrneans and Magnesians, 244 B.C. (C.I. 3137). The first of these documents is the decree promulgating the alliance, the length of which is almost equal to that of the treaty between Hierapytna and Priansos. The second is the text of the treaty itself, which is about twice as long as the decree. The third shows that the proceedings were rather one-sided, as it records a proposal on the part of the Smyrneans, in the interest of Seleucus, that the Magnesians should admit a garrison into their town, and the acceptance of the proposal by the latter people.

Reviewing generally these last-mentioned treaties, and others of the same period, it may be said that their most curious provisions are those which regulate the formalities to be observed in their ratification and future publication at intervals. Several of them contain, in addition to the form of the oaths, and the specification of the functionaries who are to administer them, provisions that the expense of the marble tablets, and of engraving and setting them up, shall be furnished by the treasury, while economy is secured by limiting the sum to be expended for this purpose. The special attention paid to these matters will not seem strange, when it is remembered that the inscribing of a treaty upon marble and its deposit in a temple, may be taken to represent the practice of publishing State papers in the official *Gazette*.

The Roman diplomatic documents, of which but a few have reached us, present a marked contrast to those which have been examined. Livy unfortunately contents himself with stating the purport of a treaty instead of recording the text. In addition to the early treaty between Rome and Carthage, already mentioned, Polybius (iii. 24, 25) sets out the text of two further documents by which the previous arrangements were revised and altered. The second treaty is directed especially against the encroachment of either party on the domain of the other. The Romans are forbidden to trade, colonize, or go on pilfering expeditions outside certain limits; while the Carthaginians, if they capture a city in the Latin territory not subject to Rome, may carry off the inhabitants and movables, but must give up the city. The third treaty, made in the expectation of the arrival of Pyrrhus, is remarkable as containing the form of invocation of Zeus Lithos, and an imprecation of disaster on him who, in

intention or in deed, violates its provisions. The treaties by which the first and second Punic wars were concluded adopted the practice introduced by Gelon of Syracuse, and becoming prevalent in modern times, of making the vanquished party pay the expenses of the war. This idea, once started, seems to have recommended itself to the Romans; for they followed it up by seizing Sardinia in the midst of the distress occasioned to Carthage by the Libyan war, and by making the Carthaginians, as the price of peace, pay the costs incurred in that most unjustifiable proceeding. The treaty which closed the first Punic war also fully recognized the principles embodied in our Foreign Enlistment Acts, inasmuch as by one of its provisions each party was forbidden to enlist recruits in the territory of the other.

The conciseness which marks these treaties displays a remarkable contrast to the luxuriant verbiage and excessive formality which characterize contemporary Greek documents of a similar kind. In these latter, mutual covenants and agreements are set out with almost as much prolixity as the covenants in a modern settlement. Here, on the other hand, an undertaking by one of the contracting parties is frequently provided for by reference to a similar undertaking on the part of the other. Amongst the other treaties noticed by Polybius, the most deserving of mention is that made between Hannibal and Philip of Macedon for the prosecution of the war against Rome (vii. 9). In this document a successful issue of the war is anticipated with much confidence. It goes so far as to mention some of the conditions to be imposed upon the vanquished Romans; and concludes with the clause so usual, as above mentioned, in Greece, which provides for the revision of the terms of the alliance.

But from the time when Rome became mistress of Italy, and felt her power thoroughly consolidated at home, her international discussions began to be conducted in a manner in which the refinements of diplomacy were but little regarded. Livy gives an interesting account of a conference (xxxiv. 57, 58) between ten Roman representatives and two ambassadors of Antiochus. An Œcumenical Meeting of Legates was then being held at Rome, each of whom stated his business in the presence of the Senate. In this case a private conference had been arranged, *quia longior disceptatio erat*. When Menippus, the envoy of Antiochus, was proceeding to settle in true diplomatic style the basis upon which the discussion should proceed, the Roman Quinctius, coming to the point at once, offered him one or other of two conditions. The argument had but just started upon these alternatives, when Sulpicius, the senior Roman delegate, cut it short: "What is the use of circumlocution? Choose one or other of the two conditions, or give over the question of an amicable arrangement." At times, however, Roman diplomacy would seem to have been less ungenerous and exacting. The letter of the Roman

Senate recognizing the right of asylum at Teos, and exempting that city from tribute, which has reached us through a Greek inscription (C.I. 3045), besides indicating a regard for the principles of humanity, is one among many instances of the consideration displayed by Rome for the smaller States with which she came into contact. This letter, moreover, mentions Menippus as the ambassador of Antiochus and the Teians—probably the same person whose plausibility failed to convince the Roman legates. It seems, indeed, to have been her policy to endeavour to weaken the influence of the larger kingdoms, by encouraging a spirit of independence among the more insignificant communities. As an instance of this, it is recorded by a fragmentary inscription (C.I. 2485) that about the year 105 B.C. the petty Dorian community of Astypalæa, one of the Sporades, concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Roman Senate. Thus did the kingdom of iron consolidate her power by conciliating the petty nationalities against which the employment of force would have been almost ridiculous. This remnant of a treaty is fraught with a lesson which has not always been remembered by the statesmen of modern times.

A few other documents of this kind have survived, mainly through the Greek inscriptions, the Books of the Maccabees, and the History of Josephus; but an examination of them fails to show any progress such as that which marks the development of Greek diplomacy. Once impressed with the imperious tone which it was not unnatural that a conquering nation should assume, Roman diplomacy pursued the even tenor of its way, until, having ceased to be required, it was succeeded by the system of imperial rescripts, in reply to queries of provincial governors.

Touching the duties and privileges of ambassadors, to a part of which subject incidental allusion has already been made, the literature of antiquity is plenteous in information. The position of an ambassador was well defined from a very early time. Whatever offence he might commit, he was amenable solely to the jurisdiction of the country which he represented. This rule of International Law, recognized, as will be seen, by the Greeks and Romans, was settled in modern times, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, when an attempt was made to bring the ambassadors of Spain and Scotland within the criminal jurisdiction. The extension of similar immunities to an ambassador's suite was analogous to the privileges now conceded to such persons, and to the extra-territoriality which by a legal fiction belongs to an ambassador's residence. The case of Bomilcar (De Bell. Jug. c. xxxv.) may aptly be quoted here. Bomilcar, at the instigation of Jugurtha, then sojourning at Rome, had treacherously slain Massiva, and been detected through the information of an accomplice. "*Fit reus,*" says the historian, "*magis ex æquo bonoque quam ex jure gentium Bomilcar comes ejus, qui Romana*

fide publica venerat." Bomilcar, no doubt, belonged to a royal suite: but the principle which the historian here recognizes as a part of the *jus gentium* is the same, for such privileges are extended to an ambassador solely upon the ground that he represents a king, or other sovereign authority.

As the Athenians frequently bestowed public honours on those who successfully discharged their missions, so they were at times called upon to punish their representatives for malversation or other misconduct. An inscription (Rangabè, ii. 422) records a decree of this nature in favour of Demetrius the Phalerean. According to another inscription (Rangabè, ii. 2298) a similar honour was paid to one Posidippus, who had rendered much service to an embassy accredited to Cassander. The modern practice analogous to this is the bestowal of the thanks of Parliament—a favour, however, which is generally reserved for military or naval success.

Malversation on the part of an envoy was deemed a crime of the gravest character. A law quoted by Demosthenes (*περὶ τῆς παραπροσβείας*, § 7), and probably attributable to Solon, specially forbids an ambassador to receive presents; and it is recorded by Xenophon and Plutarch that Timagoras, an Athenian envoy to Artaxerxes, was accused by his fellow envoy and put to death for this offence. "If it was for the quantity he got," says Plutarch, "it served him right;" and he subjoins a list of the presents, adding that the hire of the vessel chartered to convey them amounted to four talents. It is stated by Demosthenes in the same speech (§§ 126 and 131) that death was the penalty for merely pretending to be an ambassador, and acting in that capacity without due authority; with so great jealousy did the Athenians regard the attempt to usurp a function which carried with it such important privileges.

Few instances are recorded of violence offered to the persons of ambassadors by those to whom they were accredited in consequence of offences committed against them. The rule was well recognized and almost universally acted upon by both Greeks and Romans, that they were amenable only to the jurisdiction of their own country. The outrage offered to their ambassadors by Alexander of Pheræ, B.C. 366, was considered by the Thebans to constitute a *casus belli*. Pelopidas and Ismenias having been thrown into prison by that prince, on suspicion of a design on their part to overthrow the independence of Thessaly, the Thebans forthwith declared war, and despatched two expeditions in succession to the rescue of their envoys. It would appear from the account of Cornelius Nepos (Pelopidas, c. v.) that the suspicion was not without foundation; for he describes Pelopidas as "aiming at the reduction of Thessaly beneath Theban sway, and deeming himself sufficiently protected by his right as ambassador, which was customarily held sacred among all nations."

An incident narrated in Livy's second book (c. 4) indicates the

historian's belief that this principle of International Law was held in respect by the Romans at a very early time. The Tarquins, shortly after their expulsion, sent envoys to Rome nominally to demand possession of the property which had belonged to them. This request was granted by the Senate after some hesitation, and a time allowed to the envoys within which the property should be removed. They employed this interval in organizing a conspiracy for the restoration of the royal family, but were detected through the instrumentality of a slave. For a while there was some doubt as to the course to be adopted with regard to the envoys; "and though their conduct seemed to entitle them to be treated as enemies, nevertheless the law of nations prevailed."

The story told by the same historian (viii. 5, 6) of Annius, the Latin ambassador, shows a similar spirit on the part of the Roman senators of that day, and reflects much credit on their moderation in rather aggravating circumstances. Annius, having addressed the Senate in a violent and insulting speech, was answered by the Consul Manlius in a similar tone. Amid the uproar which ensued the voice of Annius was heard, raised in blasphemous contempt of the Roman divinities whom the consul had invoked. Quitting the Senate-house the Latin ambassador fell, and striking his head against a stone, for a time lying senseless. So furious was the commotion which arose over his prostrate body that, according to the historian, "it was the care of the officers who, by the Consul's orders, were in attendance on the departing envoys, rather than regard for the law of nations, which saved them from the infuriated onset of the populace." Livy relates another instance (xxv. 7) in which the offence seemed so unpardonable that the rules of law were for the moment forgotten, and all concerned were put to death. During the second Punic war, Phileas of Tarentum, an envoy to Rome from that city, established a communication with some Thurian and Tarentine hostages, and persuaded them to attempt an escape. Having bribed their keepers and made all the arrangements, he accompanied them in their flight; but the party was overtaken and captured, and all were executed without delay, upon their return to Rome. The severity of this procedure against an envoy seems to be without parallel in Roman history; and doubtless the Romans themselves ere long regretted their hasty action, as it occasioned them the loss of both Thurii and Tarentum. There were, however, some extenuating circumstances: the Tarentines were notoriously regardless of international obligations, as shown by their wanton attack upon a Roman fleet some seventy years before, and their outrageous insolence to the Roman envoy Postumius, who was sent to demand satisfaction. Moreover, the historian freely intimates that the embassy of Phileas was merely a cloak for his design; for he describes him as sojourning at Rome *diu jam per speciem*

legationis. The occurrence, too, took place when the war was at its height, at a time when the excited temper of the people would be more likely to resent so treacherous a proceeding.

We have the authority of Diodorus Siculus for an incident nearly contemporaneous with that last mentioned, which, if true, to some extent redeems that error. During the same war, some envoys sent by Scipio on a mission to another State, had been roughly handled and subjected to much indignity by the Carthaginians; shortly afterwards, by a sort of Divine retribution, a Carthaginian embassy fell into his hands; and though, according to the recognized doctrine of reprisals, he would have been justified in retaliating, he declined to follow a bad precedent, and sent them back in safety to Carthage.

A further instance, unique in all its particulars, may be subjoined. In this case a State not only submitted to the execution of its ambassador by the prince to whom he was sent, but ratified the sentence by inflicting the further penalty of confiscation of his property in favour of that prince. The document which records this remarkable circumstance (C.I. 2691) deserves to be set out in full:—

“In the thirty-ninth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, and during the satrapy of Mausolus, a decree of the sovereign assembly of the Mylasians, confirmed by the three tribes: Whereas Araissis, son of Thyssolus, has failed of the duties of his mission and conspired against Mausolus, the benefactor of the city of Mylasa, not to mention his father and their ancestors; and the king having convicted Araissis of his crime, has caused him to be put to death; the assembly decides to proceed in the matter of his estate according to the laws of the country: it declares such estate forfeited to Mausolus, and forbids the proposing or voting upon any amendment opposed to these resolutions. Let whosoever infringes them be annihilated with all his race.”

It is not necessary, of course, to assign much weight to the final paragraph: it was probably a legal formula, adopted, like many others, at a time when the weakness of the community required such stringent sanctions for its enactments, and retained in official documents of this class long after it had practically become obsolete.

But the strongest proof of the sanctity with which the person of an ambassador was invested is to be found in the circumstances consequent on the maltreatment by Sparta and Athens of the Persian envoys of Darius. This case is also of importance as suggesting a refutation of the charge advanced by so many modern writers, that the Greeks, even as between their own cities, were bound by no obligations except such as had been the subject of actual compact. These outrages, probably the result of an outbreak of popular indignation caused by the insolent nature of the demand, were committed upon the envoys of a foreign prince, considered by the Greeks as a barbarian, and outside the pale. But the story of the remorse of the Spartans, as told by Herodotus (vii. 137), shows how thoroughly they recognized the obligation, even as towards the barbarian, the breach of which they regretted so bitterly, and were at such pains to expiate.

According to Herodotus, the wrath of the herald Talthybius, whose shrine was worshipped at Sparta, displayed itself in the continued untowardness of the sacrificial offerings. Thereupon two high-born and wealthy Spartans—Sperthies the son of Aneristus, and Bulis the son of Nikolas—volunteered to make atonement to Xerxes in their own persons for the maltreatment of the Persian heralds. When, on their arrival at Susa, they made known their mission to the king, he declared that he would not place himself on the same level as the Spartans, who had been guilty of confounding ordinances that were universally recognized; that he would not himself do what he censured in them, nor release them from their guilt in the way that they proposed. The wrath of Talthybius was therefore allayed but for a time, and revived during the Peloponnesian war; nor was it entirely appeased until the occurrence of the following event. Aneristus and Nikolas, the sons of the men who had gone to Susa to tender their lives, were sent as envoys to the great king to solicit his alliance for Sparta. Having turned aside for the purpose of seducing Sitalkes from the Athenian alliance, they were by him handed over to the Athenians, and unceremoniously put to death.

These facts related by a contemporary historian so reliable as Herodotus go far to refute statements, such as those of Manning, that "the Greeks had a few customary observances; but their slaying of prisoners, and occasional maltreatment of ambassadors, show them to have had nothing that can properly be called a notion of the law of nations." This, being the only known case of such maltreatment by any leading Greek States—for Alexander of Phæræ can hardly be considered in this light, and the Megarian outrage on the herald Anthemokritus rests on more than doubtful authority—was probably the ground of that jurist's assertion; but having upon this matter exactly that amount of knowledge which is justly called dangerous, he committed himself to an inference directly contrary to that which the sequel of the story warrants.

I think that I may now fairly claim to have shown that, as far, at any rate, as treaty obligations and ambassadorial privileges are concerned, the contemptuous indifference with which this branch of their subject has been treated by English writers is not warranted by the facts. The usages of war recognized by the peoples of the ancient world, their practice with regard to arbitration and extradition, and the institution called *προξενία*, which is strikingly analogous to our consular system, all point to the same conclusion. The discussion of these subjects must, however, be reserved for a future occasion.

H. BROUGHAM LEECH.

PROPORTIONATE REPRESENTATION.

IT is agreed on all hands that in a true democracy the affairs of the nation should be governed by the majority of votes in a Parliament based upon a fair representation of the people.

The question is how this fair representation is to be obtained.

In the first place, it must be recognized that a Parliament is only a device for conveniently arriving at the will of the nation after proper discussion.

If a nation were one vast constituency, and could declare its will like a vestry, by a majority of direct votes on every question submitted to it, no system of representation would be needed. The process might be clumsy, and the proper discussion of each question imperfect, but the result would be simple, and in theory it would be a true government by the majority.

But in practice such a mode of government by *plebiscite* would be full of evils. A nation cannot deliberate and act *en masse*, and hence arises the necessity for a system of representation.

Now it is obvious that if instead of deciding each question by the direct vote of the whole nation, a certain number of members of Parliament were chosen by the majority of votes of the whole nation acting as one great constituency, Parliament would consist of members representing only the majority—*i.e.*, the larger half of the people—whilst the smaller half of the people would be unrepresented. The discussion in Parliament might be thus all on one side, and it would be possible that the conclusion arrived at by a majority of votes in such a Parliament might express the opinion of little more than a *fourth* of the *people*.

This, in a country pretty evenly divided in its political interests, would be recognized by every one as an altogether pernicious result—

a complete failure of fair popular representation. For supposing, for instance, that there happened to be a contention of interests between trade and land, and that voters representing land had for the time the majority over those interested in trade. Parliament might find itself composed solely of landowners of various shades of opinion. The majority of these landowners might be the more bigoted half of their class; and thus a Parliament of bigots as regards land, representing little more than a fourth of the nation, might adopt a policy of Protection and cripple trade in the supposed interests of land, even against the will of the better though smaller half of their own class.

This is an extreme case, no doubt, but it is useful to put it, so that it may be seen clearly that government by the majority of a majority is no true popular representation. And further because it brings out the fact that the division of the nation into a multitude of separate constituencies is, after all, a device for securing that fair representation, which dealing with the nation as one great constituency would fail to secure. In old times, when only certain privileged classes had votes, it was the *only* device thought needful to obtain true representation. And it remained so till the introduction of the rough attempt, contained in the last Reform Bill, to provide for the representation of minorities in three-cornered constituencies.

The Leeds Conference carried the other day, by an overwhelming majority, a sweeping resolution, condemning the attempt to represent minorities, by any special legislation. That Conference evidently aimed (though its leaders hardly had the courage to avow it) at the division of the country into equal electoral districts, with one member to each, thus returning to an old-fashioned faith in the ancient device and reliance upon it alone.

Before the nation accepts this conclusion, it is well, I think, that it should be clearly understood that the degree in which fair popular representation may be secured by this device is entirely dependent on the way in which the division is made, and the number and the character of the sections into which the nation is divided for the purpose of voting for members of Parliament.

The fact is that the division of an area into sections may, without any improper design, give by haphazard an actual minority a majority of members, so unjustly ousting the majority even from its due proportion of influence. Indeed, it would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, so to divide some of our great constituencies as certainly to secure that the Liberal majority should retain its proper weight or even remain a majority.

Take the case of Manchester, when it shall have received its full quota of eight members, and it becomes needful to divide it up into eight wards. The Liberals polled roughly, in 1880, 25,000 votes for

each candidate, and the Conservatives 20,000. There were thus 45,000 voters. Divided by eight, this would give about 5,600 voters to each of the eight wards. If three out of the eight wards happened to contain an undue proportion of the working classes and so of Liberals, say 3,700 Liberals and 1,900 Tories in each, the remaining votes polled evenly in the other five wards might return five Tories. Or, again, take the case of Bristol, with the three members to which it may, perhaps, be considered entitled under the new Reform Bill. In 1880 there were about 10,700 Liberal voters and 9,400 Tories—20,100 in all. Divided into wards there would be 6,700 in each. Is it not quite possible that the 1,300 majority of Liberals might by chance happen to reside in one of the three wards, so leaving the other two to return Tory members?

The opponents of proportionate representation complain of the reduction of the power in Parliament of a three-cornered Liberal constituency by the return of one Conservative out of the three. It seems to me, that the same result would very often happen under the system of division into wards, and that sometimes a majority might find itself even with a minority of members. Something like this has actually happened before now.

Thus (in 1874) in the Metropolis, outside the City, there were 70,000 votes polled for the favourite Tory candidates, and only 66,000 votes polled for the favourite Liberal candidates. Thus this district as a whole polled a Tory majority of about 4,000 votes. Had the members been elected by the majority of votes in the whole as one constituency, eighteen Tory members would have been returned to Parliament to speak for the larger or Tory half of its population, and the Liberal or smaller half would have been unrepresented. But, in fact, certain magic lines had been drawn across the map, cutting it up into nine sections, and the majorities in these sections returned to Parliament eleven Liberal and only seven Tory members, thus, quite unintentionally, by a sort of haphazard effort at fair representation, making a district containing a majority of Tories return more Liberal than Tory members to the House of Commons.

To illustrate still further the haphazard result of the device of the division of an area into sections, another example may be taken.

The five south-eastern counties of England—viz., Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Middlesex, and Essex regarded as county constituencies (the boroughs being otherwise provided for)—polled in 1880 roughly 60,000 Tory votes, and 45,000 Liberal votes. In two divisions there were no contests. There were twenty-four members elected. Had the votes been polled for these five counties as a single constituency, they would have returned twenty-four Tories. In fact, they were divided into twelve constituencies, and they still sent to Parliament notwithstanding twenty-four Tories, so that in this case of five con-

tigious counties the division of the area into sections still left the 45,000 Liberals without a single voice in Parliament.

It is obvious, then, that the simple device of dividing the country into small constituencies, the majority in each of which returns members to Parliament, is at best a clumsy and a haphazard way of approaching the fair representation of the people. In the case of the Metropolis a district more than half Tory threw the balance of its influence in Parliament against the Tory Government, the minority being over-represented and counting as a majority. In the second case the majority had all the members, and the minority was not represented at all. During the last Session, in which the Agricultural Holdings Act was passing through the House, a number of Liberal voters in five agricultural counties, greater than the number of Liberal voters in Birmingham, had actually no voice at all, whilst the party representing the landlord's side of the question was represented by twenty-four votes. Had these five counties been divided into twice as many sections, it is impossible to say whether the result would have been better; it certainly could not have been worse.

These illustrations are enough, I think, to show that the fair representation of the people would not necessarily be secured by the division of the country into equal electoral districts with one or two members to each. I will not here more than simply allude to the still graver, and, as I think, fatal objections which may be urged against the proposal to divide our large constituencies into wards; the utterly artificial character of an arrangement which would break up into fragments a great political unit like Birmingham, and make Mr. Bright the member for Ward No. 1 or No. 2, and the tendency it would have to provincialize Parliament and to exaggerate petty local interests at the expense of far greater national ones.

If the system cannot be relied on to secure even to the majority its proper weight in Parliament, it is surely self-condemned, apart from the other grave reasons which may be urged against it; and, therefore, it is not necessary here to urge them. The nation will hardly be persuaded to break up its natural political units, and to sacrifice much of its best political life, for an object which cannot after all be attained by the sacrifice.

Are we then to fall back upon large constituencies *without* any direct attempt to secure proportionate voting? Is a bare majority in a large constituency to return all the members of one colour to Parliament?

This brings us back to the point that a system by which the minority in each constituency is eliminated and the majority only is represented in Parliament, cannot be made to secure a fair representation of the people. The objections to it become still more

apparent and morally serious when we look at the character of the representation produced by it in each individual constituency, whether small or large—when we consider how easily it may fail in securing a fair representation of the majority itself, and also how often it may give undue representation to elements in the nation which certainly ought not to be over-represented.

It so happens in England, and probably wherever there is government by parties, that in a great number of constituencies the voters are nearly evenly divided between the two parties. In Liverpool and Manchester, for example, two or three thousand voters—a tenth, perhaps, of the whole number—swinging over from one side to the other—can convert a minority into a majority, and have done so over and over again. In many boroughs a still smaller fraction holds the key to the result of the election in its own hands; and Professor Fawcett has long ago pointed out with great force and truth that this fraction—this miserably small minority—is thus infinitely over-represented, and has artificially placed in its hand a power for good or for evil, altogether disproportioned to its numbers or legitimate influence.

This oscillating class of voters, swinging like a ferry-boat from side to side of the stream, is not composed of the sober-minded men of solid opinion, whether Tory or Liberal. It is too often composed of injured or frightened interests, or of dissatisfied spirits, or of cliques representing special crotchets, and the result of an election at any given time depends far too much upon which way it may cast its votes. It is bad enough that a fickle fraction of the people should have it in their power, by fits and starts, to change the lines of the Government of England, when the bulk of the nation has not changed. But it becomes still worse when a compact and organized clique is tempted to make a test point of its special crotchet or object, however honestly pursued. It is a mockery of representative Government that such a clique should have the power deliberately to force its views upon political parties by putting them in the position of choosing between success and defeat according as they accept or reject its dictates.

This is, in truth, an interference with fair popular representation. It is an act of intimidation analogous to that of the highwayman who demands your purse, pointing a pistol at your breast. It is undue influence of the worst kind, all the more demoralizing in its results, because the stake is so large. And why should we allow so corrupt a practice to continue? The fact is that the power of this fraction of voters, in the absence of proportionate voting, is simply and unnaturally magnified in a large constituency by the unjust and clumsy and artificial arrangement that a bare majority shall shift the whole representation over in a lump from one side to the other, instead of

the representation corresponding with the proportionate strength of parties.

The absurdity and unfairness of this arrangement may be still further illustrated by comparing the relative weight of constituencies in the House of Commons. The great constituencies claim to have a weight in proportion to their population—*i.e.*, a member roughly for each 50,000 of the population. Manchester and Liverpool, if this claim were conceded, would have perhaps, as we have said, eight members a-piece. Their voters are pretty evenly divided between the two parties. If only the majority in each city is to be represented in Parliament the Tories of Liverpool, by sending eight Tory members, would be claiming to vote in Parliament not only with the weight of their own members, but with the combined weight of their own and their opponents' numbers. And the Liberals of Manchester in the same way would be claiming to throw into the Liberal scale in Parliament the weight of Manchester Tories as well as their own weight. In other words, these great constituencies would be claiming to exercise as much Liberal or Tory influence, as the case might be, as if every one of their voters were Liberal or Tory. And a city like Birmingham, Liberal in its rank and file, would speak in the House of Commons with no greater weight on the Liberal side than a city of equal size whose Liberal majority was perhaps the result of the whim and caprice of a few hundred voters, swinging for the moment from the other camp.

In answer to these obvious and serious objections to the system of representing local majorities only, what must be called a merely "clap-trap" reply has been sometimes given, that those who urge these objections have not confidence in the people, that they are of Tory invention*, and result from a wish to thwart the popular will by artificial devices.

It is important, then, that we should for a moment regard them from a democratic point of view—from the point of view of the working classes, the mass of whom we may assume to be Liberal. Is it likely that the solid and substantial part of the working classes of our large towns would submit for long to their voice being every now and then swamped and silenced in Parliament by any little organized clique on the one hand, or by the mere swing of unreasoning voters on the other hand?

Would the working men of Manchester or Liverpool, for instance, be likely to remain long satisfied with the altogether needless and absurd and unjust arrangement that should place the sixteen members which the two cities might send to Parliament in the hands of a

* It does not matter much who first proposed it, but Mr. Mill, in his "Representative Government," p. 139, attributed it to Lord John Russell, who introduced the "three-cornered" constituency in his Reform Bill of 1854, and was scornfully reproached by Mr. Disraeli for doing so!

section of Home Rulers? so giving the latter, though perhaps a mere fraction of the voters, the power to swamp their own deliberate convictions, and throw the sixteen votes in Parliament into the one scale or the other on the single question of Home Rule, and at the beck and call of Mr. Parnell?

When they have fully considered it, they will surely say that this is not fair popular representation. Let the Home Rulers have their due weight by all means, according to their numbers, but do not let them have power to control the whole representation.

Again, is it likely that the Liberals in the counties will for ever rest satisfied with no representation, while their own questions of Local Government and Disestablishment, and Labourers' Cottages and Reform of the Land Laws, are being discussed in Parliament, in order that the Liberals in the large town constituencies may be over-represented? And yet this might be the result if local majorities only are to be represented. Lastly, what is the reason why even strong Liberals often express themselves as unwilling to concede to the large constituencies their full quota of members? If Liverpool and Manchester want to have eight members apiece, let them be willing to divide them in proper proportion between the two parties according to their numbers. They will never get their eight members so long as the party happening to get the ascendancy claims all and gives to its opponents none. It would be ruin to representative government to emphasize the violence of the fluctuations which the swing of the whole number from one side to another would produce.

I have purposely treated this question from a Liberal point of view. But it is not a party question. When the result of the imperfect system of representing only majorities is considered from a broad point of view, its dangers and its evils are found to be by no means counteracted by the mere subdivision of constituencies, by trusting to the laws of chance, or to the correction which is sometimes obtained in an average result. The last two or three elections have already given proof enough of the reality of the danger of exaggerating the influence of the class of oscillating and dissatisfied voters. For six years the nation was dragged by a majority in the House of Commons, which probably did not represent the majority of voters,* into a line of foreign policy which the conscience of a majority of the nation condemned, and from which it is now found impossible altogether to retire.

And there is another national danger from which we may well be anxious to protect our country—viz., the tendency of minorities remaining long unrepresented hopelessly to retire from political life, leaving the majority without that natural and just and wholesome

*There were about 300,000 more Liberal than Tory votes polled in 1874 in the contested constituencies.

restraint which the presence of an active minority puts upon their actions. Our faith in the democracy of the future, if it rest upon a rational basis, rests chiefly upon the fair representation of the whole people; upon the success with which the mass of sound political conviction, which we believe to lie at the bottom of our national life, is secured its due weight by means of fair representation in Parliament; upon keeping the best minds in the nation interested in politics, and upon the growth in the constituencies of a solid and stable public opinion, which will have its due influence in steering the vessel of the State in a steady course. To attain this object, to save the democracy of the future from the rocks which, in the experience of other nations, have wrecked it in the past, it seems to me essential that true popular representation should be steadily aimed at and as far as possible secured. Nor do I see how to secure that Parliament shall represent the sober sense of the majority of voters in the nation with anything like substantial correctness, without proportionate voting in large constituencies. The question remains how this can best be attained?

To attain this object, it will be needful to increase the number of large constituencies by throwing into them the small ones, retaining only such small constituencies as can be justified on the ground of their being mutual political units with special interests.

In fact, apply the same rules to Ireland as to the rest of the kingdom, making the redistribution follow population in the same degree throughout. The necessity of including Ireland will, perhaps, have a wholesome effect in securing the thoroughness of that portion of the Reform Bill which applies to Great Britain, especially as regards proportionate representation.

Only we must have the courage to rise above mere party politics, to put before the nation the scheme for both franchise and redistribution *together* as one consistent whole for the three kingdoms, so that the nation may grasp its provisions; and convinced of its value and substantial fairness all around, accept it in its integrity. Then as on the occasion of the first Reform Bill, the nation may be trusted to hold on to "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill," till it shall surmount all obstacles, and become the law of the three kingdoms.

What is perhaps most likely to happen may be stated somewhat as follows:—

1. Some small political units, with one member each, will probably remain or be created by grouping, on the ground that they have special interests. In these cases a special provision may be made for the special interest, and the majority in each may rule. Some day, perhaps, the electors may ask for further grouping, so as to obtain proportionate representation, but it is hardly likely at present.

2. A certain number of boroughs will no doubt remain with two members each so as to maintain their natural political unity. Some of these again may at some future time be coupled together like the Elgin Burghs, and obtain proportionate representation.

3. Small agricultural boroughs in agricultural districts will be thrown into the counties, or divisions of counties, which perhaps will then mostly have three or four members each.

Always having in view approximation to a sound result, we may at least move in the right direction, and prepare the way for future advances in the same path.

So much as regards redistribution. The practical point will remain, how in the larger constituencies you are to arrange for proportionate representation, and whether in the constituencies returning two members, in which parties are nearly equally divided, the majority is to elect both members or each party to elect one member, according to a true system of proportionate voting?

It is submitted that proportionate voting in both these cases, if it can be obtained by a process sufficiently straightforward and simple, is an object worth the most serious effort. But I am dealing now only with what is within the range of practical politics to-day.

Mr. Hare's system, even as modified by Mr. Parker Smith, is understood by nearly all practical politicians to be too complicated, and to leave too much to chance.

The present system adopted in three-cornered constituencies is not popular because of some of its awkward incidents. Nor is the system of cumulative voting in use in the election of School Boards free from practical difficulties.

Mr. Fawcett has suggested for constituencies of more than two members a variation of the practice which now is in force.

He suggests that each voter should have as many votes as there are members to be elected, and that he should be able to give all these votes to one candidate or to divide them *equally* between such candidates as he supports. He suggests that the division of the votes might be perfectly easily arranged in the counting up of the totals.

This plan would entirely obviate the needlessly vexatious and irritating difficulty which has brought the present system of voting in three-cornered constituencies into such disrepute in Birmingham. The Liberals there would under this plan have been able to vote for all three of their candidates, and the Conservatives would have been able to give all their votes to their one candidate, or to divide the force of their votes between two.

But this system is proposed only for constituencies with more than two members. It may be that this is all that can be attempted at present. It may be the only plan which is at present within the

range of practical politics. And all that can be said is, that if this be so, the interests of proportionate voting require that, by grouping or otherwise, the number of constituencies with more than two members should be increased until there are only such small constituencies left as are justified by the policy of representing *special* interests, in which case, perhaps, the desire that the special interest should be represented may be allowed to outweigh other considerations. On the other hand, if there is to be a large number of double constituencies, some system of proportionate voting should be applied to them.

There remains the question of bye-elections.

As regards this, I have in the first place to say that much may be left to the courtesy and sense of justice of political parties. One may hope that a member seeking re-election on appointment to office (if the process be needful) would not be opposed without reason. And that in the case of vacancies by death similar courtesy might (within proper limits) sometimes be shown. A sort of customary rule might perhaps prevent undue advantage being taken.

But cases will remain in which a contest will be needful. To meet these cases choice will, I think, have to be made between (1), allowing the majority as at present to get the seat if it can by a single contest; (2), requiring that if a contest be demanded there must be a re-election of *all* the members for the constituency. There can be little doubt that at present, the cost of elections being so large as it still will be in the counties when the franchise is extended, the latter suggestion would not find general support in the House of Commons. And it is perfectly consistent with the general course suggested in this article to give the majority the benefit of any advantage it can steal over the minority from the results of bye-elections, especially as the strength of parties in the House can hardly be much altered by them.

And now one word on the suggestions here made when applied to Ireland.

There may be many politicians who will sorrowfully shrink from the extension of the New Reform Bill to Ireland.

I trust that the course taken will be at once courageous and consistent. If there is to be representation at all it ought to be as nearly as possible a true representation. If there be a majority of Home Rulers all over Ireland there can be no gain in covering up and concealing the fact. Let us know its full weight *constitutionally*, whatever it be. And if there be a loyal or disloyal minority, let that minority also be represented. This is more needful in Ireland than anywhere.

In conclusion, I beg that this imperfect article may be taken only as breaking ground upon an important question, which ought to be

carefully considered in approaching the new Reform Bill. This or that particular method may or may not ultimately be chosen as the best practicable way of substantially securing proportionate representation; but what I have endeavoured to make clear is, that proportionate representation, in some form or other, is an essential to a real democracy—*i.e.*, to any real government of the nation by the nation. A Parliament representing only local majorities, shifted from side to side by the oscillation of the least stable and the least intelligent class of fluctuating voters, is no fair representation of the nation—it may, at certain crises in national history, become government by the mob. A system which robs the sober mass of the nation of its due weight and power in controlling its own destinies, and which puts it in the power of a mere tithe of the nation periodically to drag it against its will into lines of action, which, when the mischief is done, it has at the first opportunity to repudiate, and the evil results of which even a long repentance cannot wipe out, whatever else it is, is hardly in any true sense democratic. And surely the time when the franchise is extended, and a redistribution of seats becomes necessary, is the right time to consider how the sober and solid mass of the nation can best make its voice heard, so that the democracy we are creating may at least be a real one. To refuse to do this because it involves some fresh effort of thought, and some deviation from old-fashioned ways, would be, in my humble opinion, to shirk a responsibility which rightly rests upon the shoulders of this generation of statesmen.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

THE OUTCAST POOR.

I.—ESAU'S CRY.

WHEN the elder son of Jacob found himself supplanted in the chieftainship of the tribe by his craftier younger brother, he raised an exceeding bitter cry, "Bless me, even me also, O my father." Dissatisfied with such blessing as he got, he went out vowing vengeance against his brother, and when next he appears in the story, he is seen advancing in war against that brother, now prosperous enough to claim the headship. Only at the last moment do we find the conflict averted, and the two reconciled. The story may be a parable to us, *absit* omen, *adsit* omen. The bitter cry of outcast London has been raised, raised not only in the pamphlet which bears that name—for that would not have created such a stir had not the public mind been already interested—if the cry be disregarded the outcast poor will be driven to desperation. They will nurture vengeance, and when the fitting opportunity comes, those who have been deprived of their birthright, and are discontented with their blessing, will seek it in courses which will threaten the well-being of the State. A threat of civil war there was in 1832-36, in 1846-48, and in 1866-68, the Fenian outbreak seemed not unlikely to have its counterpart in an English uprising. *Absit* omen. Happily at the last moment the storm which seemed likely to burst in fury over the land passed off; the thunder muttered and the lightning flashed, but the storm rolled away without perceptible damage. *Adsit* omen. But if the deliverance is to come it must come as it did with Jacob. There was deep communing of the patriarch's overwrought heart with an invisible power, there was a fierce struggle with a visible assailant, and thus the victory was won. Jacob goes away halting on his thigh, for the work has been hard, but the wife and children are safe, and the brother is no longer a foe. Now is the

time for thought, which shall prepare us for the wrestle with physical evils. For the cry may soon become a howl—the howl of a crowd of injured brothers—and the East London Esau may advance not with 400, but with 400,000 men to meet us.

The cry of Outcast London, and Horrible London, is a terrible one. The men who raise it have lost their birthright, and have no blessing. Men and women live shut out from faith, hope and love. No faith in God, or man, no hope in religion, or reform, no love to cheer them in the absence of these. Men, women and children live in dens and hovels unhealthy and unclean. Men and women want to earn and cannot. Men earn what cannot support life, and are driven to dishonesty; women finding work cannot support them take to prostitution; children from the earliest age possible go the way of the men, and God help them! of the women too, and this not deliberately, as we may sin for the pleasure of the thing. They do not say, Evil be thou my good. Evil is their good.

Let it be at once said there is exaggeration in all this. There are no streets of hovels such as are here described, there is no special district wholly given over to evil courses, there is no Sahara in London destitute of all that supports the higher life. The honest and worthy poor, who out of starvation earnings are always working their way up, are mingled with those given to evil. Jacob, when an outcast, proves to demonstration that if he had depended on Laban he must have been ruined—these Jacobs too find a ladder which leads them to the heaven of respectability. But none the less the story is true. There are cases such as are described, and these grouped with artist skill into a picture call attention to facts too often ignored. Those who have worked among the poor of London have long wished that prosperous London could realize how outcast London lived. They are glad that the attention of the public has been aroused, and their only fear is lest the cry should be answered by some sudden act of impulsive generosity, or ill-regulated interference, which would create new evils. Slow march is the hardest drill. It is hard to teach untrained men to reserve their fire. We need to remember how powerful the enemy is, how long he has held his position, and to advance with caution to the attack. There are three evils specially to be noticed; small hope is there that the remedy of mission halls, suggested by the author of the "Bitter Cry," will cure them.

I. The evil of bad houses. This seems an evil to be at once attacked. Yet any wholesale scheme of demolition only increases the evils of overcrowding. Any attempt to lower rents or (as Esau wishes) to do away with rents would only increase the tendency of men to crowd to London. And any attempt to better the houses without bettering the manners would be useless. A colonial governor, shocked at the idea of the Buck Indians appearing before

her ladyship in Nature's costume, had some shirts purchased, wherein the deputation thus duly clad made their bow. But alas! within an hour the Indians were to be seen by all but the governor and his wife in their habitual costume, or no costume. The money was thrown away. Similar though more expensive experiments on house property have had the same results. But two things may be done. *a.* The laws regulating these matters may be put in force. Mr. W. M. Wilkinson (*Daily News*, 16th November), sets forth the statutes which relate to this matter. All the evils relating to bad house accommodation in "Outcast London," or "Horrible London," are due to breaches of law, or to the carelessness of local authorities. Let one answer to the bitter cry of the abject poor be a determination on the part of men of ease and education to take their part in those local parliaments, which need as much intelligence for carrying out the laws, as the greater one needs for making them; or at any rate let the vigilance committees suggested by Mr. C. S. Loch, (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 15), be established to bring the force of public opinion to bear on them. There is a craze for law making and State action now-a-days, we want a reaction in favour of making laws effective. Gibbon tells us of a practice amongst the Locrians, by which every man who proposed a law did so with a rope round his neck. If the law was not passed he was hanged out of hand. We cannot use the noose now-a-days, but the other end of the rope, or its equivalent, might be used with advantage on those who do not carry out the laws. Since men of education took their place on Boards of Guardians much has been done for the Poor Law in London. That was I think a direct result of the cry about the poor in 1866-68, whereof the Charity Organization Society was one outcome. If this second cry results in a similar broadening of the *personnel* of local boards a like advantage will follow. Local self-government is better than State control, but the governors must not be of one class only.

b. A second remedy is to be found in following out the lines of Miss Octavia Hill's scheme. We have thousands of volunteers raised by the dread of invasion in '58. There are thousands of women who might form a social volunteer corps to carry out the scheme of bringing rich and poor together by making house property the care of educated persons. There is at any rate at least £65,000 invested in this scheme under the direction of the founder, or those who have taken up her work, in London alone. Let any one go to that part of hideous London which lies between the Whitechapel-road and Spitalfields, and he will find houses built for the poor, the rents of which are collected by ladies from the West end. These are not tenanted by a select class, but by the shiftless poor of East London. Those who have been permanently bettered by

intercourse with women of higher views may have left to carry elsewhere the lessons learnt there. But the success of the system is rather in preventing a large number from falling into the slough of despond from loss of hope and self-respect. The supply of evil is stopped. This system has been successful because it has combined sound economical principles with human and humane action. The houses are made to pay, to pay cost of repair and collection, and to return from four to five per cent. They pay, because the rent collector makes them understand that the equitable rent must be paid. The large owners of "Horrible London" property live by exacting inequitable rents from those who can pay, when they can pay. It was found in Whitecross Street that different rents were paid for the same accommodation, the higher rents being paid by those respectable people whom the situation suited. It was just the system of the West-end retailers to which the Stores were the answer. But what losses such owners have to make up, may be judged from this fact. A large owner of East-end property showed by his books that in the week before last, out of a rental of £25, he had received £4. No wonder such men put on extra rents when improvements are required by the local boards, and oftener make no improvements. The other element of success is the human sympathy of a lady who comes introduced by her business as rent collector, not to patronize or to proselytize, but to make friends of those who soon learn under her influence better ways. The aim is not to produce hothouse growth under the forcing of exceptional help, but to develop the best possible growth under the unfavourable circumstances. Each of these two remedies is capable of indefinite extension. The work on local boards is the easier.* But that is hard. Those who go on such boards must expect opposition. The man of culture is as prone to outlay as the parochial man to what he calls economy. It is true this economy is often the grossest waste. Paring of salaries and profusion of pensions, dread of large outlay, and constant increase in smaller items, these are the traps into which the parish man falls. But he is a good fellow, and when convinced will do the right. Men of culture, on the other hand, are too fond of nostrums, too much swayed by the last pamphlet they have read. It will do them good to find a wholesome drag put on visionary plans by the impenetrable opposition to new-fangled remedies. The product of this parallelogram of forces is an excellent mean resultant.

II. The second evil on which writers have dwelt is insufficient earnings. Mr. Mearns contrasts unfairly the earnings with the price paid for the manufactured article. You must take into account the cost of other forms of production, rent of large premises, advertising,

* In this and not in the police control, which Mr. Sims wishes (*Daily News*, November 19) is the real cure for bad houses.

which reduce profits to a minimum. The competition of cheap goods makes large gains impossible, and reduces profits as it reduces prices. But the evil exists. The Mission Hall will not cure that. Religion is to be the remedy, and the evil be as described, religious effort must take the form not of a mission to the poor, but to the manufacturers, and missionaries must be sent to counting-houses and offices to reason with employers. But, in fact, the remedy is largely in our own hands. We are always wanting a prophet to bid us do some great thing, and we despise the muddy Jordan at our feet wherein the cure lies. The habits of society rich and poor are responsible for the public opinion, which allows men to do evil without scold to their conscience. The prevailing craze for cheapness, for purchasing what looks well, not what is really good; the carelessness with which many of us treat our dependents, allowing public charity to take the burdens we ought to bear; these are the motives which translated into the circumstances of trade create the results which seem to us shocking. We need a public conscience on these matters, which will make something but cheapness the test of excellence, something beyond economy the ruling principle in spending. There is force in the trite remark, that men and women now called hands were once talked of as souls. It is a curious thing that the class who know most of the way in which slop-shop goods are made, do not seem to refuse to buy them. One would have thought there would have been a larger development of co-operative stores for making clothes, which, if then they cost more money, would be better made, and would not cost human lives. The revelations of the conduct of middlemen should create more trades'-unions amongst the women of East London. The one side of trades'-unionism too often forgotten is the way in which it prevents competition from playing into the hands of unrighteous employers. It should be the birthright of those born to toil, not a mere adventitious blessing that they should get a fair remuneration for labour, and one of the questions of the immediate future is the form which participation in profits should take. Capital and labour are coequal forces, mutually necessary to each other. That formula will solve the equation which represents the just profits each, is a question for thinkers.

But III., underlying these special evils is the misery in every form which reduces life into a struggle for bare existence. Let those to whom the cost of this magazine represents no sensible outlay, to whom half a crown is only a silvered penny, think what 2s. 6d. means to large masses of the people. Imagine your life such that one good meal in the week would be an event. Conceive of a state of things in which the loss of a child should represent this amount of comfort, that at least the others would go less hungry. Think of a fog of prevailing hopelessness, chilling effort and deadening

action. How long would you keep self-respect, how long would you care to be honest? These things have to be realized as well as we can realize them. There comes the temptation to remedy all this by some sudden cure. Charity and religion are the favourite nostrums. Charity can do great things, if by charity be meant as careful an examination as a doctor would give to a difficult case. Charity means much if it means a careful view of all the circumstances, and the administration of a remedy nicely proportioned, wherein the chief ingredient is human sympathy. But like the doctor the experienced visitor will trust as much to diet as to medicine. Unless the remedy is applied in connection with efforts to change the surroundings of the sufferer, relief will be poison, not medicine. And so of religion. When the Son of man was on earth, he healed the sick, and said "Go and sin no more." We say, Go and sin no more, but we do not heal the sick. Faith has been crushed out of these people, and not believing in men in whom they have seen, how can they believe in God, whom they have not seen? If anything could increase the sense of despair which the "Bitter Cry" creates, it would be the evident belief on the part of the writer that the Mission Hall is the cure for the evil he describes. Let him read the signs of the Kingdom as given by the King himself. The last clause in the Magna Charta of Christianity is, "To the poor the gospel is preached." It is the last among many clauses, not the first, not the only one. The gospel is the cure for the ills of all men. The Communism of the Socialist is a miserable parody of the message of Christ. But believing in the Christian Socialism preached by Maurice and Kingsley and Davies, believing that this is a practicable system, not a wild theory, one is forced to protest against the notion, that the multiplication of Mission Halls is likely to help the poor. It is no use to throw the life-buoy within a few feet of the man who cannot swim, you must put out in the life-boat, and drag him in. And what we want is somehow or other to infuse hope into the lives of these men and women. Now much is done in the system above mentioned to help the tenants of the houses, which ladies superintend, to a gleam of hope. They are reminded that by effort it is possible to avoid the shipwreck of the "House." Long and patient effort, never-wearying kindness, not omitting the tonic of refusal to condone self-indulgent weakness, does result in the gradual uplifting of these poor folk on to a higher level. Could we do more? Could emigration be used as a lever? Emigration, as now used, is too often but the shooting of rubbish on one's neighbour's land. To send out to the Colonies those who will become parents of children in whom the pauper taint is inbred, is a doubtful blessing to the colony, even if it sometimes benefits the individual. The Colonies have a "loafer" class as well as ourselves. Labour colonies in Holland failed; but might not the same experiment

tried under other conditions succeed? The failure of the labour colonies in Holland was probably due to the absence of the element of hope. They became mere penal settlements. But suppose you could take one hundred families and set them to reclaim, or to work at their trades amongst those who were reclaiming the estuaries of this indented island, and promised them that if they lived honestly there, they should be provided with new homes in Canada, or New Zealand, might not the experiment be worth the trouble? You would be separating them from the influences which are the parents of degradation. You would be reclaiming land much needed as well as men. You would give their life an element of hope. Mr. Sims speaks of separating children from their parents who are immoral. But a mother is a mother after all, and unless you are obliged to put them in the "House" or in an Industrial School (in both of which cases the shame is an element to prevent abuse) you would by his plan only put a premium on evil living. But if you remove the whole family to purer air, and better conditions of life, the parental relation, in which is the salvation of both parents and children, would not be broken, and a new existence would make the relation effectual. How great is the burden of hopelessness, let one incident tell. In a lodging-house in Spitalfields, a few winters ago, there were gathered round the fire a number of the waifs of society. There had been nearly a week of fog, and fog which means to us discomfort and extra fuel, means to them starvation, for the docks are stopped, and much trade stops with them. The rector was talking to them, and one said: "If there is a God I wish he would send an earthquake and swallow us all up, and so put us out of our misery at once." Such hopelessness cannot be cured by small doses of relief, or the sticking-plaster of goody talk. At times of great pressure men might be induced to sign their own committal (as they do in the United States to the poor-house) to a labour colony. The discipline would be strict, the residence there compulsory; but with the absence of degrading associations, with good food, pure air, and the hope of a new start, the alternative would be gladly welcomed.

If in discussing these subjects one has spoken despondingly, it is because there is cause for anxiety. There are elements at work which make the outlook of the future serious. The Nationalization of Land question may take a form for which some are little prepared. Since the days of Chartism nothing has so stirred the working classes, or at any rate that part of them, which has all to gain and nothing to lose. If we have a hard winter, and employment is, as seems probable, scarce, we shall have that condition of things in which, as experience shows, the seed of discontent takes root. When men of education like Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Wallace preach their gospel,

they may find disciples anxious to put the doctrine to the test by sharp and short remedies which they would not be prepared to counsel. But that the heart of the nation is sound, that the outcome of trades'-unions has been the education of the artisan class, the Paris Congress will satisfy most. The leaders of the working-men will not head the scramble, but the rank-and-file may be attracted by sympathy. And if one has faith in the mass of Englishmen, one has faith also in the attitude of the educated classes. There is deep sympathy for the classes doomed to wretched toil, there is growing earnestness to find a remedy. That long roll of volunteers from Maurice and Kingsley to Denison and to Toynbee,* which in our generation has led the way, has not fought in vain. And the actual condition of things, bad as it is, compares favourably with what was. There are not streets of hovels, and quarters of the town given over to evil, but there were. Lord Shaftesbury, no optimist, bears witness to the improvement. Even Mr. Sims sees hope for the next generation. And if hope be the great need of the poor, so is hope the great want of those who have to fight the battle which has yet to be fought. Once grasp the magnitude of the evil with which we have to contend—an extent of evil which makes men, like Mr. George, almost wild with horror at the ever deepening misery of the toilers—and we shall want courage born of hope to stir us to our difficult work. We shall need something of the spirit of our old hero Alfred the Great, the man who never despaired of his country. Of the great battle of Ashdown he writes thus: "Bagsac and the two Sidrocs, at the top of the Down, with double my numbers already overlapping my flanks—Ethelred still at Mass—dare I go up at them? In the name of God and St. Cuthbert, yes!" He went up and conquered. We need the lion heart which, taking in the real danger, does not quail before it. We need the true spirit of religion which can construe the old monkish maxim, "*Laborare est orare*," the laboratory is also an oratory. Then we shall go with no light heart, but with grim earnestness, to a conflict which will tax all our powers. If we do not fight the evils of social conditions we shall have to fight mayhap with our own flesh and blood. In the story of Jacob, which we have ventured to use as a parable to introduce these remarks, it was the silent struggle with no mean opponent which warded off the attack of Esau. And if we would win over our Esau, whose bitter cry rings in our ears, we must first dispose of difficulties which our own carelessness and self-indulgence have allowed to become serious.

BROOKE LAMBERT.

* In his last speech the words "we will give our lives for you" (the working-men) were a prophecy.

II.—OUTCAST LONDON.

THE publication of the pamphlet, "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," two months ago, has brought me, day by day, a considerable number of letters bearing on the question, and containing various suggestions. At the same time the press has given special prominence to the condition of the poor, and their dwellings. The object of this paper is to present in a few pages what seem to me to be the most important of the suggestions.

No one dreams of disputing the fact that in most quarters of the metropolis—not in the east end only—there are districts in which are to be found houses that are utterly unfit for human beings to occupy. Everybody knows it, and has long known it. Those who have recently called attention to the subject are told that they need not suppose they have discovered some new thing. If it had been a new thing, denial would have been certain. Slums, such as exist in London and elsewhere, were not and could not have been made in a day. They are old sores, and therefore need most stringent measures before their cure can be effected. But there are not only existent slums; there are, if I may so put it, "embryo slums." London is surrounded by them. Houses by the thousand are run up regardless of everything but expense to the builder, and very many of them are from the outset unsanitary dwellings. One of the main causes of this has been pointed out by the press again and again, and has been echoed from many a platform, yet it remains undealt with. It is simply this, that slums and embryo slums are a property held on the short-lease system.

"The perennial curse of the system," says a writer in the *Echo*, November 10, "is that the vast majority of suburban London houses are constructed so as to last no longer than the duration of the lease, with inevitable discomfort to the inhabitants throughout the period. Mark the word 'inhabitants.' It is not the leaseholders alone who suffer, but every man, woman, and child that lives in a house built under the system of periodic forfeiture."

To meet this difficulty—if it is to be met effectually—it is clear that land must be dealt with in a more liberal spirit than at present. It should be an easier matter than it is to secure freeholds. It would then be to the interest of the owners of house property to put up houses that would last, and to keep them in thorough repair. This is done on a very large scale by the Artisans, Labourers and General Dwellings Co. (Limited), and the results are in every way encouraging and instructive. This company secures a freehold estate on which it erects dwellings of various sizes, with of course varying rentals. They are well built, well drained, well ventilated—thoroughly adapted for the class for whom they are designed—they are seldom

vacant, and they pay a good dividend. The *Building Times* of Nov. 10, gives the following description of these houses :

"The interior arrangement and accommodation provided in each class of house is as follows :—A fifth-class house contains two bedrooms, a parlour, a kitchen and washhouse. In the fourth-class, the rooms are the same in number ; but larger. In the third-class, there are three bedrooms. In the second-class, there are three bedrooms upstairs, and on the ground-floor a parlour, kitchen, and a third room which may be used either as a bedroom or second parlour. Finally, in a first-class, there are eight rooms, four bedrooms, two parlours, a kitchen, and a scullery. The following table shows the weekly rentals :—

	s.	d.
Fifth-class house	6	0
Fourth-class house	7	6
Third-class house	9	0
Second-class house	10	0
First-class house	11	6."

I see no reason why this cannot be done on a far more extended scale, provided always that the difficulties in the way of getting freehold sites at reasonable rates are removed. Substantial dwellings at rentals that are not prohibitive will not lack tenants in any of our large towns, and least of all in London, with its now nearly five millions of inhabitants.

It will be said, however, that the houses above referred to are situated in the suburbs, and that the problem of providing suitable homes for those who must live in or near the City, because they cannot afford to be far from the scene of their daily toil, remains to be solved. But if freehold plots could be secured, surely companies could be formed which should pay at least 3 per cent. dividend, with the certainty that satisfies so many who invest in Consols. A writer in the *Building Times* says that 6 per cent. is possible, and that too on leasehold land. He is dealing with the requirements of people who cannot afford to pay for more than a limited space—one or at the most two rooms. He says :—

"Each of these rooms may be 12 ft. by 9 ft. by 9 ft. high. The cubical contents of these rooms, adding 9 in. on each side for the thickness of the walls and ceilings, would be 2,835 cubic feet to each family; add one-third of this space for passages, stairs, and offices, it will equal 3,780 cubic feet. This, at 6d. per cubic foot (an ample amount for the cost of such humble accommodation), would cost to build £95. Add £3 for ground-rent, £4 for furniture, the total cost of two rooms would be £102. If these rooms were let for 6s. the two (there would also be provision for single rooms at 3s. each), they would produce £15 6s., or 15 per cent. on the outlay. Deduct from this gross income 9 per cent. for expenses of management and the necessary repairs and empty rooms ; we then have 6 per cent. as return for the capital outlay."

Miss Octavia Hill warmly advocates the formation of such companies, and it is well known that in spite of difficulties which to many would have been counted insurmountable, that lady has now

under her supervision blocks of houses which prove the possibility of doing much for the very poor in this direction. And these houses pay. Writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Oct. 31, Miss Hill says:—

“I have no hesitation in saying that if a site cleared under the Artisans’ Dwellings Act were handed over to me at a price such as that usually paid by one of the large companies or builders for it, I could accommodate on it a large proportion of the very poor, providing them with all that is essential at rents they could pay, and which should yield a fair percentage on the capital expended.”

A great and righteous outcry has been made with regard to the London slums, and the demand for their immediate destruction has been heard. To those who made this demand, all thoughtful men will say *Festina lente*. To turn people out of their houses—miserable though these houses may be—without finding them new quarters, is only transferring a giant evil from one locality to another. These people must get shelter somewhere, and unless some provision is made for them they swarm off to districts that are already overcrowded. It would be impossible to exaggerate the resulting evils. Lodgers are taken in where there is really no room for them, the number of one-room families is increased, and it becomes impossible for an ever-multiplying class among the poorest of the poor to maintain even the commonest decencies of life. Lowering influences outweigh all others, and thousands of men and women—ay, even of tender children—are compelled to abandon themselves to a life in which self-respect and the respect of others are well-nigh impossible. If rookeries are destroyed, they must be destroyed gradually, and as spaces are cleared, these should be occupied by new dwellings, designed and constructed to meet the requirements and the pockets of those who most need them. There are many open spaces within the metropolitan area which could be utilized for the purpose of erecting cheap-rented houses or rooms; and when these spaces are thus occupied, the way would be so far cleared for the removal of the dens and hovels about which so much is now being said. It appears that in Glasgow only a limited number of families were moved from the rookeries at one time, and these were provided for before further demolition was proceeded with. Only the worst houses were demolished at first, and to the rest temporary remedies were applied. Why cannot this be done in London? What is the position of the Metropolitan Board of Works in regard to this question of re-housing the poor? Mr. Selway tells us that there are now 12,000 persons occupying houses erected under the auspices of the Board, and that before long accommodation will be available for 2,000 more. So far so good. But he admits that there were 22,000 persons compelled to leave their unsanitary dwellings under the powers of the Industrial Dwellings Acts. Where, meanwhile, are

the 8,000? It is something to know that the Board has plenty of vacant land—it would be a great satisfaction to know that this land was actually being built on for working-men and their families. What is to be done with the cleared site in Golden Lane? It has been lying vacant since 1878 or 1879. If we may judge from the past there is no great wish on the part of the Commissioners to provide dwellings for the working classes. It has rather been, as a writer who signs himself “Battleaxe” says, “the steady, settled policy of the City Corporation for many years to drive out the poor from within their borders.” How is it that spaces are cleared for new buildings, and yet left for years before a single brick is laid?

Meanwhile it is certain that much, very much, might be done to improve the condition of some of the courts and alleys and houses which have lately been exposed to the public gaze. Some of them are past mending—but by no means all of them. If action were taken at once, many places that are now in a disgraceful condition, and not to be distinguished by an unpractised eye from the very worst, might be made decent and healthy. But it is often very difficult to excite landlords to action. The occupants dare not complain directly, for they fear either ejection or an increase of rent if anything is done for them. To meet this difficulty, experienced workers in poor neighbourhoods advocate the formation of local sanitary aid committees. I have before me a letter from the Rev. S. Barnett, Vicar of St. Jude’s, Whitechapel, a gentleman whose experience entitles him to a hearing on the general subject of the housing of the poor, and to whose judgment great prominence should be given. He says in this letter:—“Cleaning can be enforced, and what is needed is a vigilance committee of volunteers, who shall daily collect information of such nuisances and force the notice of them upon the medical officer.” In regard to infectious diseases and overcrowding, he says: “All that is wanted is again an active vigilance committee, which, of course, should be in connection with, or rather should include, all those working the district in lay or clerical capacity.” Such committees are in existence in some parts of London, and are working well. Multiplied so as to cover the whole metropolitan area they would do wonders. But they must be large, and they must work systematically. It is to be hoped that this point will not be lost sight of.

I pass now to another view of the general subject. To repeat Mr. Barnett’s words, quoted above, “cleaning can be enforced.” In other words, the existing laws, if properly administered, would meet and effectually grapple with a very large amount of the evils now so common—filth, overcrowding, and vice.

The “Public Health Act of 1866,” gives ample powers for enforcing attention to the sanitary condition of houses occupied by two or

more families, and Torrens' Act can effectually deal with houses unfit for human beings to occupy. The closing powers granted by these acts are large, and if enforced would soon bring about a wonderful change. So long as compensation is given to the owners of condemned dwellings there is every reason for desiring to possess them. If, however, the local authorities would close such dwellings and call upon the owner to repair or to demolish them, without compensation, it would be to the interest of landlords to have nothing to do with slums. But there are difficulties in the way of working these Acts which ought to be at once removed. In the first place, it is often a matter of no small difficulty for a surveyor to pronounce definitively upon the condition of any given house. Granted that it is in a bad state. He must ask himself what the cause of its condition is. Is it the house itself that is at fault? And if so, can the evil be remedied, or rather removed? Or is it the occupants whose habits have made the place what it is? It is no doubt often very perplexing to know what should be done. But passing that by, is it not true that it is not uncommon to find that the action of surveyors and of medical officers of health is less free than the gravity of their duties requires? They are subject to the vestries, and "too frequently," says the *Saturday Review*, "the owners of these rookeries are either members of the vestries, or have influence with the vestries which should sweep the property away."

A lady of rank writes in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 8:—

"Some of the worst offenders in the respect of rookeries are to be found among City companies, rich merchants, large employers of labour, and even peers of the realm. In one instance a whole street of bad houses was owned by the Drapers' Company, and only after great pressure was it possible to clear the houses on the large East-end estate of a peer; these were until quite recently the very worst description of unsanitary dwellings, and even now there is a great number scarcely habitable."

If this be so—if, that is, our guardians of health are fettered by the very nature of the authority they have, it is clearly time that they should be made officers of the Crown, and freed from the possibility of being tyrannized over or dismissed by their present superiors. Another point is clear. We have not nearly enough officers of health. Have we *any* whose whole time is devoted to this work? State-appointed and State-paid men would be at least free, and moreover it would be to their interest to ferret out cases which it may now be equally to their interest not to know. With such a matter as the public health so largely in their keeping they ought to be placed upon an equal footing with Inspectors of Factories, and given a status which should be sufficiently safeguarded to raise them above the shadow of suspicion. As things go, their very position courts suspicion, especially if the vestry they represent has on it owners of house property.

Having referred to owners of rookeries, I would ask a question which is more pertinent than many will perhaps believe. Are there not many landlords who are really ignorant of the actual condition of their property, and who, if the truth were told them, would refuse to believe except on ocular demonstration? A case was brought under my notice not long ago. A well-known East London clergyman was visited by a gentleman, who was asked to accompany his clerical friend on a tour of inspection in Bow Common, where lived some poor people in whom he was interested. "It is one of the worst parts of London," said the clergyman. "What street is it?" he was asked. "—— street." "Why, nearly the whole of that street belongs to me, but I haven't seen it for twenty years." The two gentlemen visited the street, and it was not long before a goodly number of workmen were on the spot to put things right. This house-owner had fallen into the trap laid by middlemen. They paid him his rents, making what they could by sub-letting; and it was to their interest to spend little on repairs, and nothing at all on improvements. Is this a solitary case?

Something should be done to make landlords, or their legally authorized deputies, directly responsible for the state of their houses, and to facilitate any action that tenants may wish to take. It has been suggested by a writer to the *Times*, that it should be in the power of an intending tenant to demand from the owner of a house a written guarantee of its being in a proper sanitary condition. This would be well, but would come better from such a State-appointed officer of health as referred to above. But as regards the actual owner, it would be a good plan to have an authorized numbered list of house-owners published, and to require all house-owners to have their number painted on the door of the house—say inside, and just behind the street number usually found outside. Tenants could then have no difficulty in appealing, in case of need, to the actual and responsible owner of the property. They can now in many cases only approach him through his agent.

One of the most difficult questions to deal with in connection with the poor is that of wages. How some of the people manage to exist on the miserable pittance they earn is, even to those who know them best, a mystery. There are thousands to-day in this boasted London of ours who do not know where their next bit of bread is to come from. The cry of multitudes is, "Give us work—and enough of it at fair wages for us to make a decent living." How to meet these masses who would but who cannot find work is one of the phases of this many-sided problem. To an appreciable extent the State might help, though it is hardly in my province to enter upon that question. But I would express my opinion in another direction, and say that employers of labour would do well to consult more than they

do the interests of their people. It would pay them in the long run to give their workmen enough to live on. Poverty, which is the result of ill-paid work, can be grappled with in detail if only patient helpfulness is shown towards the victims of that poverty. Single families taken under the watchful yet unobtrusive care of kind-hearted men and women may often be raised to a position in which they can live an honest life.

Yet here again we are confronted with the fact that there are tens of thousands who are to all intents and purposes utterly incorrigible. They are very largely to blame for the deplorable state of things now existing. It is almost useless to talk to house-owners or to house-agents about putting their property into a decent condition when the occupants love to have it otherwise. And in trying to solve the question that is now so prominent, this element cannot be left out. To lay the whole blame at the door of the landlord is often to violently distort the truth. Let Dr. Main Talbot, the medical officer of health for Bow and Bromley, speak to the habits of many of the outcast poor. In a letter which cannot be too widely known he says that—

“The dirt of which so much is being written, is, more often than not, the filth engendered by the habits of the occupants themselves. Paint-work is never cleansed, cupboards are never scrubbed out, and walls are left besmeared with the blood of hundreds of slaughtered vermin. Granted that it is the landlord's duty to keep the house in good sanitary condition, it should not be too much to expect of the tenant-landlord or the lodger that he should help—that if the wall-paper becomes loose he should refasten it; that if the ceiling becomes smoky, he should cleanse it. But when everything is done for the lodger, it is futile. He brings into his room his belongings, the chief of which are an old four-post bedstead, occupying two-thirds of the room, and a bed so reeking with vermin and filth that to repose on it is impossible, without acclimatization.”

And Mr. A. G. Crowder, writing in the *Pall Mall*, Nov. 1, says—

“Many of the landlords are careless and grasping enough, but I protest against indiscriminate abuse of them. In 1877, under the auspices of Miss Octavia Hill, I built a block of model dwellings in the worst part of White-chapel. The tenants are of the unskilled labouring class, each family in a single room. For several years the practice was not to disturb any tenant who paid his rent, with the result that I became literally ashamed of the state of my property, though managed by experienced and judicious ladies, visiting weekly. The vicious, dirty, and destructive habits of the lowest strata have obliged me at last to decline them as tenants. These are the people who are the despair of small property-owners, and drive even the most considerate of them to regard expenditure on repairs and health-appliances as money thrown away.”

Here we have the opinion of two gentlemen, one of whom speaks officially, the other as an owner of property. And their testimony cannot be gainsaid. It reveals to us a distinct difficulty which must be resolutely faced. The present condition of affairs would be—I

was going to say, easily—met if this factor could be expunged. But it cannot. What then is to be done? The law of the land might accomplish something—the law of Christian helpfulness something more. As it is, the Government offers great facilities for wastefulness, simply because it allows such frightful multiplication of public-houses. The mischievous licensing laws of the country are a prime cause of the almost hopeless condition of a large proportion of our outcast poor. Mr. George R. Sims, whose papers on “Horrible London” are the outcome of a long experience of work among the poor, states that “more than one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the slums goes over the bars of the public-houses and gin-palaces,” and he draws a terrible picture of a London slum from the drink point of view. But he says that “much of the intemperance of these people is due to their wretched surroundings.” The drunkard drinks because his life is a burden, and he adds to the burden of life by drinking. Cause becomes effect, and effect cause; and the only effectual way of dealing with the outcast, is to remove altogether, or at least to minimize the operation of these two causes. As things go, both are virtually encouraged. Filthy houses are not done away with, and gin-palaces are multiplied. Let the law deal with the liquor-traffic from a truly national point of view, and it will not put temptation in the way of the miserable beings who drown their troubles in drink. But it might also, as Mr. Francis Peek says, punish severely parents who waste in drink the money which ought to go to providing for the maintenance of their families. “But,” he adds—and every word is full of weight:—

“So long as the law allows parents to bring up their families under the conditions now existing, so long as the law permits them to spend their money upon drink instead of the support of their children, so long as the law allows vestries of property-owners to defeat the law itself, so long the case is hopeless.”

That is one matter not to be lightly passed over. But much more could be done than even has been accomplished, if real lovers of the poor would, in every district of London, band themselves together to watch over the true interests of these their brethren. I know that much, very much, is being done. But those who are in the thick of the battle against the evils referred to would be the last to say that their number is sufficient. More individual effort is needed. Personal contact with these people, personal visitation of them regularly, personal help and sympathy, given in a spirit as far as possible removed from the spirit of mere patronage—this would prove without fail an untold blessing.

* Mr. G. R. Sims advocates the separation of class from class. He points out that many of the once honest poor have been ruined by their almost forced association with the criminal classes,

and urges the method of segregation. It is difficult to see how this is to be effected. Something at least could be done with the children, and for the children. Education will, no doubt, tell in the long run, even more than at present; but we should not leave the present generation of poor children without making increased efforts to save them from a life that is scarce worth living. Many of them are now being rescued in homes, reformatories, and training institutions. The work carried on in many of these deserves to be more widely known, and more liberally supported. It would be invidious to refer by name to any of these institutions. Under wise supervision many of them are gathering year by year, scores of little waifs and providing for their ultimate removal to spheres of work for which they may be individually suited. Work of this kind might be almost indefinitely extended. The formation of new homes of this description—begun, of course on a small scale, and patiently developed under wise management—would yield most encouraging results.

A very good suggestion has been made to me privately to the following effect. Let an appeal be made with a view to taking measures for boarding out children in respectable suburban working men's families, and let this scheme be worked by small committees who shall be responsible for a judicious selection of children. Further, let some central committee gather funds and clothing, so that at the outset the expenses of placing children in homes may be met, and a small weekly payment for their board afterwards assured so long as might be really necessary. Surely a great deal of quiet work might be done in this direction.

Such are some of the criticisms and suggestions which have poured out like a flood from the press of this country, or from other sources. My space forbids me to refer to others. Many thoughts of many minds have been expressed dealing with the points touched upon in this paper, and with such others as emigration on a very extended scale, the institution of a Royal Commission to go into the whole question of the condition of the poor, and the holding of Conferences, some of which should unquestionably include representatives of the poor. Whatever can be done should be done to keep the general subject before the attention of the public. It is satisfactory to know that Sir Charles Dilke is making personal investigation of the homes of the "outcast" classes. We may confidently expect that Parliament will legislate in no party spirit. Mr. Goschen, in his lecture on "*Laissez-faire*," said a few days ago—

"Two evils have to be met—the existence of vast tracts of buildings, partly themselves dangerous to health, partly so occupied and crowded as to be dangerous to health; and, secondly, the absence of sufficient suitable dwellings. The State is more capable of dealing with the former than the

atter, and here is the key to the situation. No element in the whole matter is more important than how, and at what price, sites can be obtained. The readiness to embark capital will depend on the cost of sites. It is possible that when purchasers, armed with loans from the State, enter the market, the value of building sites will rise still further if the owners of the filthiest dens commanding monopoly rents are to be allowed, under a compulsory sale, to value the profits of their own wrong. The principle of "laissez-faire" has never been extended to prevent us from prohibiting the sale of noxious food. It cannot be invoked to forbid the valuation of house property according to its value for legal use, and for legal use alone. It remains for the State to define what, looking to the requirements of health, and the prevention of crime and immorality, such legal use shall be."

To sum up. The directions in which action seems to be demanded are:—

- (a) The facilitating the acquisition of freehold land.
- (b) The formation of dwellings companies.
- (c) The organization of vigilance committees.
- (d) The enforcement of existent closing powers.
- (e) The appointment by the State of officers of health.
- (f) The registration of owners of house property.
- (g) Direct dealing with the seemingly incorrigible classes, separating them where possible from the well-intentioned poor.
- (h) The revision of the licensing system; and especially
- (j) State interference, as well as Christian and philanthropic effort, on behalf of the young.

ANDREW MEARNS.

NOTE.—I ought to explain that I have no wish to be described as the author of "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," but having seen printed statements to the effect that two others who acted as my assistants are credited with the pamphlet, it seems necessary that I should say that the inception was entirely mine, the investigation was carried out under my direction, and the pamphlet was prepared according to my instructions and subject to my revision. I was ably helped in the investigation by the Rev. James Munro, formerly of Limerick, and in the literary work by the Rev. W. C. Preston, formerly of Hull, and acknowledge my indebtedness to both. Others helped, but to a less degree.—A. M.

CONTEMPORARY RECORDS.

I.—ANCIENT ORIENTAL HISTORY.

THOSE of the public who take an interest in Oriental matters must have read with interest the notices that have from time to time appeared respecting the alleged discoveries of M. Terrien de Lacouperie in early Chinese history. M. de Lacouperie claims to have solved the mystery of the ancient Chinese book, called the "Yh-King," which has puzzled generations of Chinese antiquarians, and more recently European scholars. He claims at the same time to be able to trace the ancestors of the Chinese back to their original home in Western Asia, and to connect the beginnings of Chinese writing with those of Babylonian cuneiform. We have still to wait for a detailed proof of these discoveries which shall place them beyond cavil. The work promised by himself and his fellow-labourer, Professor Douglas, is not yet published. But recent volumes of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (xiv. 4, xv. 2), contain a sample of what it will contain, and show that the method, at all events, followed by M. de Lacouperie is a thoroughly scientific one. He has here given an account of his researches into the "Yh-King," the mode of investigation he has pursued, and the chief results he has obtained. These possess an interest for others besides purely Chinese scholars.

The "Yh-King" is the oldest of Chinese books. It contains figures formed of lines, with words like "lucky" and "unlucky" attached to them, and a text which has exercised the wits of commentators for the last three thousand years. Dr. Legge, its last interpreter according to the traditional method, allows that the meaning he has extracted from it is in large measure the result of divination, although to the ordinary reader this meaning itself seems like the wildest production of the Abbot of Unreason. The text, in fact, consists of short, unconnected sentences which are full of obscure words. It is, therefore, no wonder that among the 1,450 native works upon the book, enumerated in the great catalogue of the library of the emperor Kien-lung, there is a great diversity of interpretations, and an almost entire absence of any that would commend itself by reason of its probability. The book has been mainly used by the Chinese for the purposes of divination, but mysteries of all kinds have been discovered in it, and as early as the second century B.C. it was declared to be a treatise on alchemy.

M. de Lacouperie began by distinguishing the text proper from the commentaries in which it was imbedded. These commentaries or "wings" are usually regarded as ten in number, and the oldest portion of them is attributed to a certain Wen Wang in the twelfth century before our era. The primitive signification of the text has been arrived at by an analysis of the Chinese characters, and a recovery of the history through which they have passed. This is one of the most interesting parts of M. de Lacouperie's work, and shows conclusively how ancient the Chinese system of writing must be. He points out that the "rough hieroglyphic signs" usually given as the originals of the Chinese characters are really pseudo-archaic, the products either of "the hieroglyphical revival of 820 B.C.," when the system of writing was

reformed, or of antiquarian blundering. Before the time of Wen Wang, the primitive forms and values of the Chinese characters were already obscure to the native student.

M. de Lacouperie sums up his researches into the real nature of the "Yh-King," by saying that it "has been made up of various documents of very ancient date, of which the contents were forgotten, or misunderstood, so that in consequence it was considered as a book of fate, for which purpose many foretelling words, according to the Chinese tradition, were surreptitiously introduced and interpolated in the old rows of characters." It seems to have been first compiled under the Hia dynasty (B.C. 2205-1766), and to have consisted of lists of characters with their various significations, interspersed with old ballads, ethnographical notices, and the like. It resembled, in short, the syllabaries, vocabularies, and bilingual tablets that have been found in the ruined libraries of Assyria and Babylonia, and it is these curious relics of primitive Chinese literature which M. de Lacouperie claims to have recovered and translated.

So far it is possible to follow him; but when he asks us to pass beyond the documentary evidence, and trace the ancestors of the Chinese, or the Bak families as he prefers to call them, to the mountains of Bactria and Elam, a severe strain is put upon our faith. The literature he has discovered in the "Yh-King" certainly bears a striking likeness to the more scientific portions of the literature of early Babylonia, and a connection between Babylonian and Chinese astronomy has long been suspected. But this peculiar form of literature might easily have grown up independently in two countries both of which used a hieroglyphic system of writing, and contained populations speaking various languages. Certainly the comparisons made by M. de Lacouperie between the cuneiform characters and what he believes to be the primitive forms of the Chinese are not convincing, and the similarities he thinks he has detected between the phonetic values of them are too great, when we consider the enormous distance which divides the Hoang-Ho from the Euphrates, and the barbarous and hostile tribes that must have occupied it at the time of the Chinese emigration. Future investigation may, of course, show that M. de Lacouperie's theory is founded on fact, but at present the verdict must be *non liquet*.

Turning now from the extreme east of Asia to the extreme west, we find that here also fresh light has been thrown upon the remote past. In a work just published,* Dr. Schliemann describes the results of the excavations he undertook a year and a half ago, for the last time, in the Troad. This little corner of Asia has now been completely excavated, and all the story it can tell us has been forced from it. Every ancient site it contains has been thoroughly explored, while Hissarlik itself has been probed to the very foundations in the presence of trained architects. Dr. Schliemann has now proved once for all that if the Troy of Homer had any earthly existence, it could only have been here. Besides Hissarlik, there are only two other pre-historic sites in the Troad, the Khanai Tepé near the ancient Thymbra, and the Beshik Tepé, overlooking Besika Bay, and neither of these suit the requirements of the legendary Ilion as regards either character or position. The claims of Bunarbashi to represent the Troy of Homer, though advocated by so many distinguished scholars, have been finally disposed of. On the other hand, we have at Hissarlik seven successive strata of remains laid one above the other, six of them pre-historic, and the uppermost alone containing the relics of the Novum Ilium of classical antiquity, the foundation of which went back to the age of Gyges. The excavations of 1882 have shown that it was the second

* "Troja; Results of the latest Researches and Discoveries on the Site of Homer's Troy." Murray. 1883.

stratum which covered the ashes of a burnt city, and in which the golden treasures were found, not the third stratum as the imperfect excavations of a former year had led the explorer to suppose. They have further shown that this burnt city was not confined to the mound of Hissarlik; on the contrary, it extended over the plain below, and only the temples and other public edifices were built on the mound itself. The mound, in fact, was the Pergamos or citadel of the pre-historic town. For a pre-historic city, the place must have been of remarkable size, and wealth, and its ruler must have been master not only of the surrounding country, but of the neighbouring seaboard as well. Dr. Schliemann's architects have made it clear, moreover, that the Pergamos of the city underwent a partial destruction and restoration at a period long antecedent to its final overthrow. All this agrees wonderfully well with the legendary history of Troy, and gives some colour to Dr. Schliemann's claim that he has uncovered the Ilium of Homer.

One of the most interesting results of his latest excavations, is to show that the population both of this and of the first pre-historic city came from Europe and not from Asia. The pottery and bone implements found in the Khanai Tepé and the Beshik Tepé differ completely from those of the first two pre-historic cities of Hissarlik, whereas the latter exactly resemble similar remains discovered by Dr. Schliemann on the European side of the Hellespont. Here he has partially explored the so-called Tumulus of Protesilaos, and found that it stands on the site of an ancient city, the inhabitants of which used the same ware and the same implements as the earlier settlers at Hissarlik. This fits in with the evidence presented by the skulls exhumed in the lowest stratum at Hissarlik, and pronounced by Professor Virchow to be Thracian, as well as with the statements of classical writers that the Trojans were a branch of the Phrygians, the Phrygians themselves being a colony from Thrace. The same testimony is also borne by language, Fick having shown that the Phrygian words preserved in ancient authors belong to the European and not to the Asiatic section of the Indo-European family of speech. It may be added that recent investigations into the Armenian language prove that it, too, is European in character and not Iranian, as was formerly supposed, thus confirming the assertion of Herodotus, which made the Armenians an offshoot from the Phrygians. Little by little the early history and ethnology of Asia Minor are being cleared up, and we are learning to appreciate the important part it played in handing on the culture of the East to the still barbarous populations of the West.

A. H. SAYCE.

II.—GREEK CLASSICS AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

(FOR LAST SIX MONTHS.)

THOUGH it cannot be said that English scholarship has not been fairly active in these departments, there is only one book in our record which will challenge marked attention by the boldness and novelty of its views—Mr. Sayce's first three books of Herodotus (Macmillan). Taking up the lines of Blakesley, whose valuable commentary seems to have been obscured by the larger but less critical work of Rawlinson, Mr. Sayce in the first place reduces the historical value of our greatest and earliest Greek history to the level of mere respectable gossip—hardly indeed so much, since he accuses Herodotus not only of dishonest plagiarism from Cætes and others, but of deliberately attempting to deceive his readers.

It is quite right that the views of Blakesley should be revived, and that in the case of all Greek historians we should adopt a critical attitude, but it cannot be expected by Mr. Sayce that his views will be accepted without sharp controversy. Indeed, he seems at times carried away by that personal feeling which almost all scholars acquire for or against an author on whom they have spent much labour. Without entering into detail, for which we have here no space, we will only say that in this portion of his work Mr. Sayce's destructive spirit is far more valuable and suggestive to the student than the blind *cult* of their author which many editors exhibit. But critical scholars are sure to find much fault with the hastiness of some of his exegetical notes.

The main part of the book, however, consists, like a young lady's letter, in the postscript. Mr. Sayce has given essays on the principal civilizations of the early world—Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, not forgetting his favourite and now accredited Hittites. In these essays he has brought together all the newest discoveries, and all the special researches of the latest date, so that there is now no general sketch in English approaching it in value for the student of these early civilizations. He has no doubt indulged in many conjectures, and at times his combinations are very problematical; but that is the duty of a bold discoverer in these fields, and his work will remain a monument of acuteness and learning, even when many of its conclusions are corrected or superseded.

There can be no greater contrast than there is between this brilliant and suggestive work, and Mr. Blaydes' *Pax of Aristophanes* (the Waisenhause Press, Halle), which is brought out to match the other Aristophanic plays he has already published. This cumbersome book (330 close-printed demy 8vo. pages) is a regular Variorum edition, such as was common a century ago. Everybody's learning is foisted into it. The scholia are given and generally translated first in a Latin note, except, indeed, when we come to the very difficult and important metrical scholia (on vv. 459, 755, 939, &c.), on which he gives us not a word of explanation. This in a commentary where space seems no object, nay, even where prolixity seems to be, is surely a grave blot. When we say this concerning prolixity, we allude to the constant repetition of the same facts, to the number of hardly relevant passages quoted in illustration of obvious constructions, with which the commentary is overlaid, above all, to the diarrhoea of emendations when the editor comes to a disputed passage. Thus, on v. 605, after giving six various readings, supported by ten previous scholars, he adds twelve of his own, without any attempt at selection, merely quoting parallel passages for each construction. The reader will think this was enough, but in turning to his Addenda and Corrigenda, which occupy sixteen pages at the end of the book, he will find six more! The ingenuity of proposing eighteen variants which will scan, is no doubt wonderful, but what about the reader, who desires to understand Aristophanes?

This farrago, drawn from a very learned man's note-book, though abounding not only in trivialities, but probably in inaccuracies, is nevertheless full of solid and suggestive matter, and future editors will find much of their toil abridged by Mr. Blaydes' herculean labour, though they may be inclined to say that he has left them an Augean stable, of which the last state is worse than the first. It is because these faults have been often pointed out as regards the earlier plays of this edition, that we may be pardoned very plain and strong language.

We come to a more modest, but very much more satisfactory piece of work, Mr. Holden's *Hiero of Xenophon* (Macmillan). As Mr. Holden has shown in his admirable *Plutarch's Themistocles*, he possesses the very best qualities of a commentator. He knows all the modern learning on his

author; he selects with care and discretion, and adds from his own great stores short and really instructive notes. Whenever the silly prejudices of narrow teachers about Plutarch's Greek are dispelled, and the *matter* which boys learn is regarded as of some importance, this earlier book will take the highest place as a school-book. The Hiero is equally good, but there are things about the private life of Greek tyrants which are disagreeable for boys to read, and for teachers to explain. We are promised the charming *Æconomicus* of Xenophon from the same master-hand.

Turning to Mr. England's *Iphigenia in Tauris* (Macmillan), in the same series, we have also a book of considerable merit, and with much honest work, but like the majority of English classics, and not like Mr. Holden's books, too much beholden to German and French editions. The critical notes are very careful, and the editor uses at times his own discretion. But we hear far too much of what Weil or Wecklein, or somebody else, has said. The distinctive feature of this book is the intelligent way in which the metres are handled—this, too, following the recent German researches. So long as these are unknown in England, it is well to show at least some rational way of reading Greek choruses. But while the old absurdity of reading everything possible into quadrisyllabic feet is exploded, the ingenious solution of holding out one syllable to the length of a foot is certainly overdone. Thus, in the first *stasimon* (vv. 393 *sq.*), where the first line is rightly scanned by the aid of this license, v. 404 is read as four feet, each of one syllable! This is certainly riding the theory to death. But still in this department Mr. England's edition is good.

It is not so when we come to the literary and æsthetic side of the play. He does little to help the student to understand its beauty, or the allusions it contains; and what he does is often wrong. Thus, he implies that there was no play of Euripides without a prologue (except the unfinished *Iph. in Aulis*), whereas we know that the *Andromeda* had none, and more than probably the *Ion* had none either. When he touches Greek architecture he shows himself devoid of the most elementary knowledge to be found in any Primer. We will not cite the notes on vv. 113, 128, out of regard for him, but the sooner they are withdrawn from publication the better. So also his remarks on the difficulty of making Iphigenia write (v. 584), are quite beside the point. Euripides need not have feared any anachronism with his audience, and instead of showing any backwardness in female education (a perfectly irrelevant remark), the editor should rather have discussed whether writing was not *infra dig.* in a princess, and, therefore, entrusted with dramatic propriety to any dependant who could be found to do it. But we did not mean to criticise this excellent book; we will only express a hope that Mr. England will very soon have the opportunity of revising the notes we have mentioned.

Mr. Gwatkins' *First Philippic of Demosthenes* (Macmillan) is not worthy of its brethren in the series. It honestly professes to be copied from Rehdantz; but we are sure that Rehdantz, were he able to see it, would repudiate a good deal of the knowledge attributed to him. It might also be fairly expected from the editor that he should acquaint himself with the recent books on his subject in England, where he might have corrected his inaccuracies. Thus Prof. Butcher's monograph on Demosthenes is unknown to him, not to speak of larger books, and he regrets the want of research into the rhetoric of Demosthenes, referring to the obsolete chapter in Müller's Greek Literature, without one word about Blass's *Attische Beredsamkeit* and the great modern controversies on this very subject.

A word must be said in conclusion on the translations which have appeared—a branch of classical study which is daily assuming greater importance in England. Foremost is Mr. Welldon's *Politics* of Aristotle, with an exhaus-

tive analysis of the matter, and a promise of essays and the Greek text. Mr. Welldon's heavy official duties may possibly delay the completion of this great work; but of all the monuments of Greek genius, there is none so eminently suited to appear in English as the *Politics*. Essentially modern and practical in matter, it is so loose and rough in form that it probably gains more than it loses in Mr. Welldon's clear and vigorous prose, and as it is not a book to teach us Greek, but rather politics, so good and reliable a version is a really valuable addition to any gentleman's library. We are glad to remark that he does not follow the most recent German editor's capricious and unnecessary dislocations of the text.

As regards versions of the poets, we know of only three—all of them very creditable—the complete versions of Sophocles, by Prof. Campbell and by Mr. Whitelaw, and Mr. Tyrrell's *Achærians*. The former two books are very ambitious, claiming, as they do, to give us the whole remains of one of the greatest of the world's poets in an English dress. They both adopt the right principle, that no poet can be rendered adequately in prose, except, indeed, it be a Hebrew poet, where the form is little more than a balancing of clauses. But to think that the English public will accept a prose version of Homer, or Æschylus, or Sophocles, is chimerical, however archaic and *recherché* may be the diction, or however accurately the translator may fancy he has reproduced the exact force of the particles. The general verdict of the critics has pronounced Mr. Whitelaw's Sophocles to be the best, and perhaps the best, essay in translation which has yet appeared of any such magnitude. But Professor Campbell's work is also full of sweetness and beauty, and will find many admirers. Mr. Tyrrell's work is racy and vigorous, and he has had the good sense to follow an older translator (Walsh) freely, where he thought him successful. Whether the rendering of Megarian dialect by Scotch will indeed please the English public is doubtful; but in one respect Mr. Tyrrell may fairly claim pre-eminence. He has stuck to the sense of the original more closely than his rivals.

The Hellenic Society continues to show increased vitality, and, besides their journal, have undertaken various enterprises of importance. One is the photographing of the Laurentian Codex of Sophocles, so that scholars who can read a Greek MS. can now collate it at home, or have it read to them by people who can, if they are not able to do it themselves. But if the Society had no special object in view, why select this codex, so often and thoroughly collated, and not the Laurentian Codex of Euripides, which is very imperfectly known?

Secondly, the proposal to found a Greek school at Athens, long since suggested by various scholars, has now found a practical voice and probable fulfilment by the movement of last summer, and we may hope to see a third archæological school at Athens, besides the excellent French and German establishments. Let us hope that its members will not confine themselves to copying from their neighbours, as has been, alas! so much the case in our classical philology.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

NEW BOOKS.

Egypt and the Egyptian Question. By D. Mackenzie Wallace. (London: Macmillan & Co.)—This is the first English work which describes with any pretensions to exactitude the rural economy of Egypt, and the existing condition of the fellahen. For such a study Mr. Wallace possesses exceptional qualifications, from his thorough knowledge of more than one country with semi-Oriental institutions, and he has used these qualifications to some purpose in the course of his six months' wanderings in the various districts of Egypt. He has studied the fellahen in their own villages, has examined the working of their system of land tenure, of agriculture, of taxation, of local government, has discussed things with village rulers, with government officials, with Copts and Moslems and English settlers, and has checked all with his own clear and experienced eye. The result is a most valuable book, whether we agree with his conclusions or not. Some of these are hardly borne out by the facts he adduces, and some of the facts would themselves require closer sifting. But they deserve to be carefully weighed by all who seek to form a sound opinion on the subject. The practical application of the whole book is to enforce the necessity for a much more prolonged English occupation of Egypt than many Liberals contemplate, if any serious good is to be done in the way of reorganizing the institutions of the country and putting the people securely on the road to cultivating its resources. There is naturally much matter in the book on subjects of party controversy, but Mr. Wallace observes an entirely independent and impartial attitude throughout.

Life and Letters of William Ballantyne Hodgson, LL.D. By J. M. D. Meiklejohn, Professor of Education, St. Andrew's. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)—Professor Meiklejohn says that his aim in this book has been to "build up an intellectual portrait in mosaic" of the late Professor Hodgson by means of such a selection from his correspondence "as will give the public a just idea of his mind and character." But Dr. Hodgson's letters are disappointing. We can get from them surprisingly little idea of the strong original faculty and the unusual range of intellectual interest that marked the man, or even of the kindly and abundant sparkle he showed in conversation. But they give us, from first to last, constant and growing evidences of the noble and elevated nature, of the concentrated, patient, and practical enthusiasm, of the large and wise views by which Dr. Hodgson rendered solid service to some of the best public causes of his generation. They show us, too—and so do the family prayers published in the appendix—how deeply his life was pervaded with religious feeling, though he avoided and undervalued ecclesiastical corporations. "If we do not frequent churches," he writes to the lady who was just to become his second wife, "we must try to make our house a church, not for weekly ceremonials but for daily offerings of good deeds and high thoughts and love, which ever springing in our own hearts, shall reach over on all around near, and far." Professor Meiklejohn has done his task simply and well, but there are perhaps few men you can give a very complete and satisfactory picture of from their letters, and we feel we get in some respects a better idea of Dr. Hodgson from the short narrative of one of his students quoted in the book.

The Voyage of the "Jeannette": The Ship and Ice Journals of George W. De Long, Lieut.-Commander, U.S.N. Edited by his Wife, Emma De Long. (London:

Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)—We have already had several works dealing with the unfortunate Expedition sent in 1879 to the Polar Regions by the United States Government at the expense of Mr. Gordon Bennett, and the present volume completes the record by the publication of the entire journals kept by the brave commander of the expedition from day to day during the voyage, and continued by him during his subsequent weary wanderings up to almost the very last hour of his life. It seems to be to some extent true that the Expedition was despatched with less previous elaboration of plan and mastery of the conditions of successful exploration in so trying a region than were desirable, but there cannot be two opinions as to the heroic endurance, courage, and resolution of the commander or the unselfish devotion with which he cared for his men and his mission. His is a singularly attractive figure, from his bright, plucky, and hopeful youth described by his widow in the introductory chapter, down to the miracles of manly patience with which he bore on through the long privations which closed his career. The Expedition was not destitute of scientific results, and future explorers may find much to guide them in this book, but its chief value will lie in the moral record it contains. In the words with which Mrs. De Long ends her sad task, "Sacrifice is nobler than ease; unselfish life is consummated in lonely death, and the world is richer by this gift of suffering."

Arminius Vambéry: His Life and Adventures. Written by Himself. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.)—Professor Vambéry's career is one of the most romantic and individual in modern times. The feat by which he chiefly won his name—his successful journey through Central Asia in the guise of a dervish—is certainly a wonderful evidence of his courage, endurance, and resource, but it is really not more remarkable than most of his earlier life. It is made of the same stuff, only ampler, and it could never have been done but for the shiftiness and utter indifference to danger and privation in which he had lived almost all his days. And he seems always to have lived happily in them; they were his native element, perhaps his amusement, for even yet he has no other—"I never had nor did I practise any amusement in life." Troubles, in fact, were things he seems to have had no idea of till he began to write books, and be written down, and till an ingenious American, taking a leaf out of his own book, mystified the public by lecturing through the United States as the ex-dervish Vambéry. This autobiography is a most fascinating work, full of interesting and curious experiences in the most varied countries and conditions of life.

A Book of Sibyls. By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). (London: Smith, Elder & Co.)—The Sibyls are four authoresses of an earlier generation, who, if they had not the Sibylline gift of seeing the future, had the better and, perhaps, rarer gift of seeing something of the present. Perhaps, too, there is a hint in the name at the element of wondering admiration in which they lived when literary ladies were yet so few. "Dukes, editors, prime ministers, waited their convenience on their staircases, while theatres rose up *en masse* to greet the gifted creatures of this or that tragedy." Except Miss Austen, the authoresses here treated of are now little read. Mrs. Barbauld is chiefly remembered by her verses on sudden death, which, in spite of the Litany, express too general a prayer, and express it too well, to be willingly let die. There seems, indeed, to be a growing interest in her which will be deepened by Miss Thackeray's touching story of her life of many sorrows. All the four sketches in the book are uncommonly excellent and interesting. They are not so much literary portraits as personal portraits of literary women, and are drawn with all the delicate discernment and careless—perhaps often too careless—grace that belong to the writer. Her sketch of Miss Edgeworth is the fullest and, on the whole, the best.

Memories of Seventy Years. Edited by Mrs. H. Martin. (London: Griffith & Farran.)—These Memories, written by a niece of Mrs. Barbauld's, wander desultorily among interesting people, the literary figures of Presbyterian society in the beginning of the century, and the greater planets that sometimes moved among them. Of the Aikins and the Baillies we of course have much; but we find Walter Scott there too, coming to meet Mrs. Barbauld, and nonplussed to

be introduced to a Mrs. Barbo; and Campbell going to dine with Mrs. Barbauld, and finding his way instead to Dr. Aikin's, without discovering his mistake till Mrs. Barbauld comes to tea. Sometimes a good story is told—an excellent one of Samuel Rogers—but generally the authoress seems to have carried away little recollection of the conversations of the celebrities she knew. The Presbyterians in those days suffered much; Lucy Aikin says she has "sat a whole evening whilst others were dancing because nobody would dance with a Presbyterian;" their only comfort was that Jews—like their neighbour, "Old Mr. Israel," Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather—suffered still more; "nobody would visit them."

The Isle of Skye in 1882-1883. By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Sc. (Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie.)—Mr. Mackenzie is a strong crofter's friend, and, on the whole, not an unreasonable one, although he does contend in the abstract for what he calls the *natural* right of the individual to live on the soil he was born on, forgetting that rights only begin in society, and can only be maintained so far as society deems them beneficial. But practically he would be satisfied in this connection with the abolition of the landlord's power of capricious eviction, and he endeavours, not unsuccessfully, to prove his case in the present volume from the evidence of the Skye factors themselves before the present Commission. Regarding this Commission, we are glad to observe that he handsomely acknowledges his error in attacking its composition when it was first announced, and declares that it has done its work in an "absolutely impartial and searching manner." Most of his book is taken up with a narrative of the disturbances in Skye last year, and of the two crofter trials that followed; and he prints as an appendix the entire report of the trial of Mr. Sellar, in 1816, written by Mr. Sellar's own counsel. He does so as a matter of fairness, in answer to complaints that in a previous work on "Highland Clearances," he had not done sufficient justice to the fact of Mr. Sellar's acquittal, but he has, at the same time, a shrewd belief that the document is itself a telling testimony to the abuse of the power of eviction.

The Proposed Political, Legal, and Social Reforms in the Ottoman Empire and other Mohammadan States. By Moulavi Cheragh Ali, H.H. the Nizam's Civil Service. (Bombay: Education Society's Press.)—This book is written in reply to a charge brought against Mohammedanism by the Rev. Malcolm McColl in this REVIEW in August, 1881, to the effect that reforms were impossible in a Mussulman State, because Mussulman States were branches of a theocracy, bound by an infallible and unchangeable code of civil and religious rules, whose sanctity is guarded by a powerful and wealthy corporation, whose business it is to prevent reforms. The author of the work before us contends that a Moslem State is not a theocracy, but a democratic republic, because the Caliphs were chosen by popular consent, which, however, they might be, and yet be theocratic rulers all the same. His truer defence would have been that even were it a theocracy, it is not on that account necessarily unprogressive, and that Moslem States do not stand alone in being saddled with powerful and wealthy religious corporations who obstruct every reform. It is all a matter of more or less. Where should we be if the Church had had its way for the last fifty years?

The Poet's Sketch-book. By Robert Buchanan. (London: Chatto & Windus.)—Mr. Buchanan has apparently made these selections from his prose writings for some theoretical object which he does not distinctly explain. They are meant for those who "take an interest in him as a poet;" they are introduced by a philosophical dissertation on the nature of the true poet—"The Poet: a Definition"—and they conclude with a beautiful Highland tale, which "to his own thinking is far more completely a poem than anything he has published in verse." The "Sketch-book" seems, therefore, meant to have some special character and significance; but if so, we have failed to penetrate its secret. His theory of "the Poet" is not very striking; it leads him to the conclusion that "Scott was no poet," because "he saw but was not moved enough to sing." The essays on Peacock and David Gray are both interesting, and the numerous little vignettes of Highland landscapes and social life are pretty.

Essays: I. Classical; II. Modern. By F. W. H. Myers. (London: Macmillan & Co.)—Mr. Myers's high quality as a critic and writer, his wide culture, his fine thoughtfulness, his pure and graceful English, are so well known, that we need say little in giving a glad welcome to the appearance of these careful and suggestive studies in a permanent form. They deal with very various subjects—with politics, theology, poetry, art, fiction, philosophy, and they touch nothing without to some extent enlightening as well as adorning. In the Classical group we like the "Virgil," on the whole, best. The essay on Greek Oracles, with which the volume opens, suffers from a certain indecision as to how phenomena of that kind are in general to be taken. The Modern group contains admirable studies on George Sand and Victor Hugo—the latter being severe, but discriminating—on George Eliot, Mazzini, and Rossetti.

The Encyclopædia Americana. Vol. I. A—Cen. (New York: J. M. Stodart.)—This is designed as an American companion and supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. The latter work, though only halfway through its course, is already getting old, and its earlier articles must be brought down to date; and extensive though it is, it makes many important omissions. Being written primarily for an English public, its treatment of American subjects was naturally felt to be very imperfect by American readers, and the present publication undertakes to rectify this want. In doing so it renders a service which will be as sincerely—we can, perhaps, hardly hope as widely—acknowledged on this side the Atlantic as on the other, for we do not know where we should look for so much well-digested information on American geography, science, archaeology, politics, or history, as we find in the articles connected with these departments in the present volume. There is an important article, or rather series of articles, for example, on American agriculture, and others on American banking, American archaeology, and Americanisms. English severity excludes from such cyclopædias biographical notices of eminent contemporaries; these are here supplied, as are also notices of distinguished persons who have died since the Britannica volume that would have contained them was issued. Of these we have an agreeable example in the article on Walter Bagehot, by R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*. The writer of the article on Capital is imbued with Mr. George's errors on the subject, and Professor Morris strangely describes Agnosticism as if it were identical with the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge. The articles are written by eminent American authorities on the subjects treated of, and are, as a rule, quite worthy to stand beside those of the Encyclopædia they seek to accompany and supplement.

The Story of Merv. By Edmond O'Donovan. (London: Smith, Elder & Co.)—This is a popular epitome of the two large volumes in which Mr. O'Donovan narrates his memorable journey to Merv, and as the abridgment has been effected mainly by the exclusion of political matter of only passing interest, the book is rather improved by it than otherwise, because the attention is concentrated on the personal adventures of the writer, and the ethnological peculiarities of the untravelled country he passed through.

Bordighera and the Western Riviera. By F. F. Hamilton. Translated from the French by A. C. Dawson. (London: Edward Stanford.)—This is an excellent handbook. The idea and execution are both good. Most previous English works on the subject have been either of an entirely medical character, describing the qualities of the district as a health resort, or *impressions du voyage*, describing its places of interest, or ordinary guide-books for the passing traveller. Mr. Hamilton takes a wider range than this, and offers such full information on almost every topic of interest as will enable the sojourner to understand and enjoy the country. A useful chapter has been written by the author for the present translation on "Practical Hints to English Residents in Italy," describing certain legal and administrative peculiarities that sometimes bewilder them.

Margaret Fuller. By Julia Ward Howe. (London: W. H. Allen & Co.)—Mrs. Howe's appreciative and well-written account of "Margaret Fuller" will

probably only confirm the impression most people are apt to entertain that she was a considerably over-estimated woman. It is true that her premature and tragic death deprived us of the final fruit of her talent; but the work she actually did falls far short of the figure she played among the Transcendentalists. She was a centre of unquestionable force among them, and it ought to be borne in mind that, though Transcendentalism was a thing of little value in the history of thought, it was a factor of the highest importance in the intellectual development of America. It was in this movement we first see the American mind trying to strike out for itself, and feeling after ideals and aspirations worthy of the new nation. Her connection with these will keep her name green, though her works are already dead.

Some Professional Recollections. (London: Bentley.)—Nobody's recollections of life could furnish more materials for plots to the novelist than those of a solicitor in good and especially in aristocratic practice. He sees phases of life full of human interests, and he sees their hidden springs and threads beneath. The writer of the work before us selects from his professional experiences as a London solicitor a few of the more curious stories, just as they happened, except for a thin disguise of names, and he tells them with considerable narrative skill.

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